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THE
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART-INDUSTRY, MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,
ETC. ETC.

VOLUME II.

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IN concluding the second volume of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, the publisher takes the opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the continued and increasing success of his work. Encouraged by the flattering reception hitherto awarded to it, he is resolved to bring to bear upon it every improvement of which it is susceptible; nor will he relax his efforts till he has made it, both in an artistic and literary point of view, justly deserving of the wide circulation it enjoys. It will be his aim, by a judicious selection of topics and a superior style of execution, to render its pages still more varied, interesting, and instructive; and he trusts in this way to secure for it even a larger body of readers.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1853.

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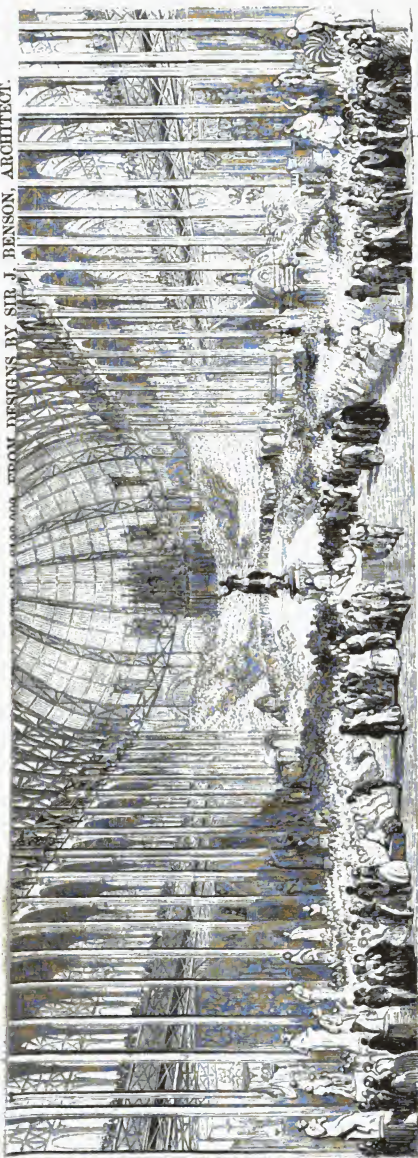
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GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, DUBLIN, 1853.

DESIGNED BY SIR J. BENSON, ARCHITECT.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, DUBLIN—OPENED MAY 12, 1853.

DRAWN BY GILBERT, FROM DESIGNS BY J. MAHONY, ESQ.]

[ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON AND G. PEARSON.]

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS OF THE BUILDING.

Main Frontage	403 feet.	Length of Main Columns supporting the trellised roof	45 feet.	Length of Agricultural Court	250 feet.
Length of Central Hall	425 "	Length of Side Halls	325 "	Length of Machinery Court	450 "
Breadth of ditto	100 "	Width of ditto	50 "	Length of Fine Arts Court	350 "
Height of ditto	104 "	Height of Circular Roofs to ditto	65 "	Width of Outer Gallery	20 "

THE ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF ART.



WYCLIFFE, ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF LANCASTER, APPEARING IN ST. PAUL'S, AT THE CITATION OF THE PRILATES.
VOL. II.—No. VII.

WYCLIFFE.

THE history of Wycliffe is intimately connected with that of the stormy period in which he lived. He was born in the year 1324, in the parish of Wickliff, a village upon the banks of the Tees, near Richmond, Yorkshire. His name, taken from the place of his birth, like that of many of his contemporaries, is spelt in a variety of ways; thus in the document which appointed him papal delegate in 1374, we find it as John Wiclif; and in other places as Wickliff, Wiclef, and De Wycliffe.

Long before Wycliffe had attained any celebrity as a divine, he had won for himself a high position at Oxford as one of the first scholars at that famous university. At a comparatively early age he had entered as a commoner at Queen's College, founded by Thomas Eaglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa; but he soon removed to Merton, where he distinguished himself as a laborious student of law and philosophy. But, besides this, he made himself so thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures as to obtain for himself among the eminent divines of his day the title of Evangelical Doctor.

The first public recognition of his talents, however, was obtained by his famous controversy with the mendicant friars. These friars were divided into four principal orders—the Dominicans, established by St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition; the Franciscan, or Grey Friars, founded by St. Francis, of Assisi; the Carmelites, or White Friars; and the Augustinian or Austin Friars. Among these friars the ecclesiastical government of many cities was divided, and thus, in London, the districts where they were licensed to beg are to this day known as Black-friars, White-friars, Gray-friars, and Austin-friars. Their authority for mendicancy was derived, they said, from the example of their great Master, who was himself of poor and low estate. But, unlike Him, they soon began to arrogate to themselves enormous power and privileges, and vast estates were made over to them as death-bed gifts by the superstitious wealthy.

Into the controversial warfare on behalf of the university, in which he held the post of Divinity Professor, Wycliffe entered heart and soul; but on the death of Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, he was deposed from the wardenship of Baliol, in exchange for which he was presented with the living of Fillingham in the county of Lincoln,—an exchange which he did not submit to, however, without an unsuccessful appeal to the Pope.

It is not necessary for us further to enter into the history of this remarkable controversy than to mention, that while it was going on, a war of principles seemed to have commenced between the King of England and the Pope. Urban V. demanded of Edward that the tribute promised by the weak-minded John, in token of submission to the papacy, should be paid. This demand, however, came a day too late, for the House of Commons, just then erected into a real political estate and power in the realm, united with the monarch in resisting the claim. To bring the dispute to an issue, an embassy was sent to meet the Pope at Bruges, composed of Englishmen of the highest rank and station. Among them were the Bishop of Bangor, Wycliffe, and his future patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. To this celebrated man, the third son of Edward III., was confided the task of defending the English Commons before the pontiff; and much of the real business of the state, during the end of this, and the beginning of the next, reign, was committed to his management. The immediate effects of the mission to the fine old continental city of Bruges were a species of reconciliation between the King and the Pope, and a partial settlement of some disputed points concerning church government; but of the steps which led to these changes no certain records remain.

It would be beyond our scope to trace the disputant Wycliffe through all the changes of opinion his mind underwent during his residence at Bruges, or to speak of those writings, full of invective, which assailed the principal doctrines of his church, and charged its propounders with corruption in doctrine and depravity in practice,—with pride,

avarice, tyranny, and usurpation, and which, in the one word "Antichrist," hurled defiance at its head. We should rather follow the Christian Wycliffe to his quiet living at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where, from the old pulpit, yet preserved, he preached the truth on Sundays to the poor and unlearned; and from the altar chair—a relic yet among the village valuables—he dispensed that "good and comfortable" doctrine which inculcates charity with all men. We would rather linger amid the shades of that retirement, where, like Chaucer's good parish priest, he went about preaching and teaching in the way-sides and waste places of the world, visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and keeping himself unspotted from the world.

But we cannot, if we would, linger in this quiet village. Wycliffe's out-spoken opinions were far too plain and honest for his enemies; and scarcely had he settled at Lutterworth, ere he was cited by the prelates to appear before them at St. Paul's, to answer for alleged false doctrines and heresies.

From Lutterworth to London was no day's journey in 1377; but the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London was by no means to be neglected, and so Wycliffe was, perforce, obliged to appear. The wise old king had died ere the message had arrived, and the child-sovereign, Richard II., sat upon the throne. But Wycliffe had a firm protector in the Duke of Lancaster, and so to him he appealed for aid in this extremity; and John of Gaunt, as regent during Richard's minority, had perhaps many reasons besides friendship which induced him to lend his countenance to the Reformer; and so, supported by Lancaster and Earl Percy, the Marshal of England, and attended by a vast concourse of people, the venerable divine appeared before his judges in old St. Paul's.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, attended by a great crowd of ecclesiastics, was there to meet him, as he entered escorted by the Duke and his armed retainers; and hundreds of the "common people" pressed forward to catch a glimpse or request a blessing of the defender of their rights. It was a matter of no small difficulty for Wycliffe to make his way through the people, and the Earl Marshal demanded of the Bishop that honourable place should be accorded to the divine. Then the Bishop, annoyed to find Wycliffe so attended, exclaimed,—“Lord Percy, if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have kept you from coming hither.”

But John of Gaunt was ready to beard the Bishop in his stronghold, and so he tauntingly replied, with a loud voice,—“He shall keep such masteries here, though you say nay.”

Lord Percy. Wycliffe! sit down; for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.

The Bishop. It is unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit during his answer. He must and shall stand!

The Duke of Lancaster. The Lord Percy his motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelate in England!

The Bishop. Do your worst, sir.

Duke of Lancaster. Thou bearest thyself, so brag upon thy parents [Courtenay's father was the powerful Duke of Devonshire], which shall not be able to help thee.

The Bishop. My confidence is not in my parents nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust; by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

On this the duke exclaimed in great wrath, “Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I would pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church!”

This last inconsiderate expression, though spoken in undertone, was caught up by the bystanders, and a great tumult ensued, by which the trial was suspended.

The mob, ever prone to act upon impulse, immediately proceeded to violence. Spreading themselves over the city, they committed several acts of depredations: “broke open,” says Fox, “the Marshalsea, and Fleet, and all the prisons;”

and, not content with this, a vast number of them went to the duke's palace at the Savoy, where, missing his person, they plundered his house."

But the tumult did not end here. While the mob were rioting in the town, murdering a clergyman in mistake for the Earl Marshal, and committing various other acts of unwarrantable violence, the duke proceeded to the house of peers, and preferred a bill against the City of London to deprive it of its privileges, and alter its jurisdiction. In the midst of the tumult Wycliffe escaped from the city.

Once more Wycliffe sought the retirement of his favourite Lutterworth. But not for long was he allowed to repose amidst its quiet scenery. The church, baffled in its first endeavour to punish the boldness of the divine, resolved to make another attempt to exterminate both him and the new doctrines which he taught. News summonses arrived from Rome, and Wycliffe was again called to appear. Once more therefore—this time at Lambeth, and fortunately without the protection of Lancaster and his soldiers—the aged man appeared: but, in the midst of the explanation and defence of Wycliffe, a mandate from the queen-mother, the widow of the Black Prince, stopped all further progress. The legal proceedings were set aside, and the notion of imprisonment for opinion alone, as being contrary to the laws of England, rejected; and Wycliffe was dismissed by the prelates, with the injunction "not to preach any more those doctrines which had been objected to."

But a nobler work than defending himself from factious accusations now engaged his attention: no less a work than the translation of the Bible into English. The "Gospel Doctor," despite of the opposition of Courtenay and the ecclesiastics, succeeded in his design; and, though Bishop Arundel declared it "a dangerous thing to translate the Holy Scriptures out of one tongue into another, for in a translation the same sense is not easily kept," the English Bible of Wycliffe was eagerly sought for and perused by the people.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, was strenuous in his opposition to Wycliffe; and, as the Reformer himself was protected from the effects of his power, he violently persecuted his followers, who were called Lollards. This name is supposed to have been derived from Walter Lollardus, one of the teachers of these truths on the continent, or from a German word which signifies psalm-singers.

Richard II. countenanced Courtenay in persecuting the Lollards, and a proclamation was issued against all persons who should teach or maintain these opinions, or possess any of the books and pamphlets written by Wycliffe and his followers. Many suffered imprisonment, and were required to do penance under the most degrading circumstances; although it does not appear that any were actually put to death during this reign.

Having finished his translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe again became obnoxious to the clergy. It had long been a political tenet among certain of the clergy, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and, therefore, the Bible had been locked up from the common people. But Wycliffe was not satisfied with exposing this religious tyranny: he ventured to attack the grand doctrines of his opponents in what he called his "Sixteen Conclusions." These conclusions being reluctantly condemned by the Chancellor of Oxford, at the instigation of Courtenay, at this time primate, Wycliffe appealed to the king and parliament; but being deserted by his fickle patron, the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to make a kind of recantation at Oxford, before Courtenay, six bishops, and other clergymen, who had condemned his doctrines as heretical; and by the king's order was expelled the university, where he had annually read lectures on divinity.

Once more, and finally, the persecuted Wycliffe found an asylum at Lutterworth, but giving fresh provocation by his writings, he was again exposed to the vengeance of his enemies. But Providence delivered him from human hands. He was struck with a palsy soon after, but still attended divine worship; till a repetition of this fatal malady carried him off, in his church at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, and he was buried in its chancel.

The malice of his enemies, however, sought him in the grave. The council of Constance, in 1415, passed a decree, condemning forty-five articles of his doctrines; and, pronouncing him to have died an obstinate heretic, ordered that his bones should be dug up and thrown upon a dunghill. The execution of this act of malice was deferred till the year 1428. But in that year, Fleming, then Bishop of Lincoln, sent his officers to Lutterworth. The grave of Wycliffe was opened, and his bones taken out and burned. The ashes being carefully collected, were thrown into the Swift, a brook which flows near the town: his enemies thinking, no doubt, that his name and doctrines, as well as his remains, would perish for ever. But they have been disappointed; for, as Fuller observes, "the Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were made the emblems of his doctrines, which have been dispersed all the world over."

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

FROM THE "LITERARY FABLES" OF VIGNATE.

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile)
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it

In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend; "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,

If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be

The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way

A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch

Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied

With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried

Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,

A plaguy price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books

Were made of wood.

"It shall be so, I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal

Its nakedness.

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),

Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated boards

Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some; and some, of course, in boards,

Where all were wood.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd

The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last

Supremely vain?

What wonder as he peered from shelf to shelf,

And conund'r their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself

A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks

To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books

Would serve as well.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER I.

How could those money-bags see east or west?—*John Kients.*Oh, take heed, mother,
Heaven hath a spacious ear, and power to punish
Your too much love with my eternal absence.—*James Shirley.*

THE clock-work routine of Michael Stamboyse, the great German hosier and laceman of Nottingham, was disturbed on the morning of the 15th of December, 1830. It was past eleven o'clock, and still no Michael Stamboyse had entered the dusky counting-house. The foreman, the clerks, the very "hands," as they are technically termed, bringing in their work to the ware-rooms, were seized with amaze, as the surprising fact of the old merchant's absence was whispered about. As soon might the name of the respectable house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse be seen in the *Gazette*, as that Michael Stamboyse should be found absent from his post in that dingy counting-house. Such an occurrence had not been known for the last fifteen years. Was the merchant dead?—ill?—Apparently no such explanation could be given for his absence. No extraordinary bustle had been observed in his quiet mansion adjoining the extensive warehouses; no doctor had been seen entering that large old door which opened so rarely to any one but Michael Stamboyse himself. The old house-keeper had been seen to issue forth to market by the back gate at her usual hour; the servant boy in his canary-coloured jacket had been seen quietly cleaning the windows; the barber from Peck-lane, who had regularly shaved the old merchant for ten years past, every morning, winter and summer, at half-past seven o'clock, had been seen quietly to arrive and depart again in five-and-twenty minutes. Could it be that either of the other two inmates of the quiet mansion were ill or dead?—that would never have prevented the punctual Michael Stamboyse from occupying his old arm-chair before his ink-stained, ledger-crowned desk. Four years before this eventful 15th of December, Leonard Mordant, his sister's son, one of these two inmates of his house, had been sick to death; still Michael's regular heavy tread had each morning as the Exchange clock, and the clock of St. Mary's tolled nine, been heard entering his counting-house.

But in an outer room stood another unoccupied desk—could this be significant of the merchant's absence? So at least thought Andrew Gaywood, the confidential clerk, as sadly he glanced towards it through the glass door—and quietly the little thin, grey-haired, deformed man, sighed to himself, shaking his head mournfully. In his hand he held a thick packet of letters—they were letters arrived that morning from the Continent, from India, and from China—for the house of Stamboyse and Stamboyse was a great house, and had its branches all over the world. Andrew Gaywood had known that place vacant before—and to him a tall horsehair-bottomed office-stool standing unoccupied upon a week-day, near noon, was always an unpleasant sight. But to see this especial office-stool standing stupidly useless, was not only unpleasant but painful; so painful, that a half-whispered remark from the outer room reaching him, he grasped the packet of letters convulsively in his bony hand, and struck it violently on the ink-stained desk of Michael Stamboyse, stamping his foot with nervous irritation, and exclaiming bitterly through his clenched teeth—

"I'd rather a thousand times have given my fifty pounds, that I would, than that dear young lad should have gone and done it. If he had but the application of Mr. Ellis Stamboyse,—that is a young lad indeed!—but—my God!"

Andrew Gaywood stood suddenly petrified; his thin old face grew white as ashes, and his knees began to tremble under him; he heard a stern voice thunder through the outer room—

"Remove that desk—that young fool will never more darken these doors. Remove it, do you hear?" And a silence as of death fell upon the ware-rooms, through which came suddenly and painfully the dull roll of carriages from the distant street, and the clock in the counting-house ticked with an unnatural loudness. Michael Stamboyse opened the glass door, and stood before his trembling clerk. But the vision of the methodical, orderly old merchant, attired in a morning-gown instead of wearing his ordinary dapper array of blue coat, buff waist-coat, and snowy shirt-frill, was no vision calculated to re-assure the anxious, nervous little old man.

We have said that Michael Stamboyse had been shaved as usual at half-past seven o'clock that morning by the barber from Peck-lane. As usual he descended as the clock upon his mantle-piece chimed eight, wrapped in his morning-gown to breakfast. But not as usual that morning had a slender, melancholy, restless lady, his sister Ursula Mordant, been awaiting him at the breakfast-table, her fingers upon the coffee-pot handle the instant that he opened the door. No ceremonious, "Good morning, brother Michael," had greeted him. Michael Stamboyse had looked round the room somewhat astonished and displeased at the absence of Mrs. Mordant. He rang the bell violently—the sound pealed through the silent house, but no one came. Again he rang, and this time more violently. A piercing shriek resounded through the house as the reply; down the stairs reeled wild foot-steps; there was a fumbling upon the handle of the door, and before the somewhat heavy merchant could turn round from the fire upon which he had been moodily gazing, Mrs. Mordant had flung widely open the door and stood before him. Wrapped in a loose morning-gown, her long grey hair falling from beneath a lace handkerchief, and over her head, and her face on fire with excitement, Michael's instantaneous idea was, that his sister had suddenly become insane.

"Michael!" cried she, "he is gone! You—you, it is who have driven him away—who will have destroyed him! His blood be upon your head! My God! my God! my boy! my boy! You're been cruel as sin to him! you have been a very Nero!—my noble, my beautiful boy!—I will pray for vengeance—night and day, each hour, each moment will I invoke heaven! Every saint shall listen and aid me! The Madonna will listen to a mother's pleadings!—Michael, you are a man without one atom of human love in your soul—the only son of your only sister!—Think!—think, and you have turned the mother against the son—the fiery sin be yours!—My handsome, handsome boy; my Leonard, Leonard." And bursting into violent, passionate weeping Mrs. Mordant sank upon the floor before her brother, her whole frame shivering, tears streaming through her long white fingers, the veins swelling like azure cords upon her temples and hands.

Michael Stamboyse stood unmoved as a rock, except that a darker sternness gathered over his brow and severely chiselled mouth. He did not speak, but looked coldly, almost contemptuously upon the weeping woman.

"Michael!" cried she, suddenly springing to her feet, "to your dying day will I hate you—upon your death-bed will I only remember my boy, my Leonard, and——"

"Ursula; you are crazed!" interposed Stamboyse, coldly, grasping his sister's hands with an iron strength. He held her at arms' length, fixing his clear, deeply-set, grey eyes upon her excited countenance. She fell upon his arm, broken, and weeping again.

"Michael, my brother; my dear, dear brother!" moaned she, "you cannot, oh, you cannot be so hard upon him, and wept herself blind over you! He is so like you when you were ill! I've often thought so. And I love him as I loved



INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. MORDANT AND MICHAEL STAMBOYSE.

upon me—he was *my* Leonard! he is just the age that you were when you were ill at Limburg, and when our mother you then; as our mother loved you. I've never, never liked to goad, to drive him to his work. God help me! I've been

made to make him hate me! Oh, you are so very cruel. Michael, my curses be upon you—you've killed him! killed him!"—and she writhed upon his arm.

Michael Stamboyse, still holding her in his iron grasp, forced her down upon a chair; and still holding her, spoke slowly, with a deep quivering of anger running through his voice. As if an electric shock had passed through Mrs. Mordant she sat like one transfixed, her lips apart, and her large shining eyes motionless as mirrors, gazing upon her brother.

"Ursula," spoke he, "that he is your son I forget, and will ever forget; but I will not forget that he is the son of a certain Augustus Mordant; a poet, you called him—a trumpety, beggarly spendthrift and scamp, I call him—this I shall not forget. Neither shall I forget that this poet, this fiddler, this painter, this beggar, led you a life worse than the life of a dog—a dog? worse than the life of a galley-slave! This I will never forget! Neither will I forget, that, because my sister loved the son of this scamp, I took him, for her sake, to bring him up like a man, and to teach him to earn his mother's bread and his own bread honestly—to put an end to the curse which you have drawn wilfully upon yourself, Ursula. But the mad blood of that poet, that trumpety beggar, runs in his veins. When I've seen him, seated at his desk, pull out behind my back his puling plays, have seen him scribbling rubbish over honest invoices, have seen him bringing with him into my house his rubbishy weeds and trash, his paint, his music, I could have many a time felled him to the earth—and I should have done it, but for you. You've been a brave woman, Ursula, and have done what you could do to bend him to my will;—but now let him go—go to the gallows an' he will! He'll bring only misery upon you, upon himself. Never more speak to me of him, Ursula, never more bring him here—or you quit my house."

Michael Stamboyse gazed fixedly and silently upon his sister, then ungrasped her shoulder, and leaving her still transfixed upon her chair, like one in a trance, he moved sternly and coldly towards the breakfast-table. He began imperturbably to pour himself out coffee—his lips more firmly compressed than ever, his whole countenance looking as if cast in bronze.

But Ursula could not have continued long seated thus impassive—her pleadings, her upbraidings must have been vehemently renewed—and her brother must have been wrought up to a surprising state of anger, both with his sister and her son—as nearly four hours later, we still find him so far oblivious to ordinary routine, as to enter his counting-house as we have already described.

At that moment, following Ursula, we find her rapidly talking aloud to herself, and pacing up and down that chamber which for five long years, until this morning, had been her son's. It was an attic in the roof—a dormer window looked down into a smoke-dried town garden; before the window stood a table upon which lay a few books, a heap of lichens, and a number of sheets of coarse cartridge-paper, covered with rough, but spirited sketches. Two figures of singular character were sketched in charcoal upon the whitewashed wall. One, a large winged angel with hair blown backwards from his solemn brow, with upraised hands, inviting to action a sluggish human being bowed at his feet, and yet throned upon a sphere; around, in wide sweep, stretched a band of stars, wending in rapid speed along their rejoicing courses. Beneath was written, "Arise! Join thy kindred stars."

The narrow bed, covered with its white Marseilles quilt, stood across the room undisturbed by a sleeper during the night. A drawer, emptied of its contents, stood open in the chest of drawers; a small book-case hanging against the wall seemed also to have been rifled.

Ursula, blinded with her tears, wrung her hands violently, and flung herself convulsively upon the bed, pressing the pillow to her lips, to her heart,—then starting up, she hurried to the table searching wildly for some lines traced by the beloved hand, some last words of consolation,—but there were none; gazing around the room in mute despair, her eyes

rested upon a nail above his pillow,—there had hung a sketch of her, made a few weeks ago by Leonard,—it was gone. The unhappy mother flung herself upon her knees, and with a calmer grief in her sad face than we have yet seen there, ejaculated, "Holy Mother of God, I bless, I glorify thee; my Leonard has forgiven my horrible words of last night; he has forgiven, he loves me!"

Leonard Mordant was seated up high on the gypsum cliffs at Clifton-grove, a lonely wood over-hanging the river Trent, some five miles from Nottingham. It was a wild, yet nevertheless a cheerful scene that December morning. The river, which in summer glides so peacefully along beneath the bowery trees, was now partially frozen; large masses of ice were borne along by the wintry current; the trees of the grove were glittering with hoar-frost as were the tangles of creeping plants which festooned portions of the precipitous cliff, along the bare river face of which gleamed, amid the red earth, snowy sparkling strata of gypsum. It had always been an especially favourite haunt of Leonard Mordant, this bold cliff, with its legend of the "Fair Maid of Clifton," and the memories attaching to it of the young poet, Kirke White, and of various other local writers both of prose and poetry. The sun gleamed out joyously, and from amid the frosted branches birds flew to and fro, scattering around them the silvery rime, and uttering sharp, clear winter notes.

Leonard had started with earliest dawn from the old attic in the house of his uncle, with bitterest anger boiling within his soul both against his uncle and his mother. "Why must any human being, forsooth, yield up his soul, his life, to a career which was abhorrent to his nature? What were the mere ties of nature, of blood, in comparison to the yearning love which had impelled him again and again to seek out for himself an abode among forms of beauty, of strength, of gentleness? There *was* a world, he knew, where what he aspired to do and to become was a thing worshipped, applauded, crowned with bay and with myrtle; and oh, ungodded, untainted, to yield himself up, body and soul, to the service of a divine art—what bliss! His spirit would clear itself of all bitterness, all contempt and anger, all would be harmonious, easy; he could then believe in a God of love; his soul must involuntarily sing each day deepest hymns and praises—to the God who had created such wonders of loveliness—might he but steep his heart in this beauty, this calm. His poets all sang the praises of this divine something in the world; he had seen at times forms of marble and of clay, or forms traced upon canvas or upon paper, which had thrilled him like the sound of organs and of trumpets; his hand quivered to create some tangible expression of what burnt within him, and to electrify other human beings who groaned like himself under slavish bonds. Oh! to be up and doing that which would be to him *life*—full, true life. God scatters his wondrous poetry upon every bough, every blade of grass, every feather of a bird, every scale of a fish, every leaf of a flower; yet if he sought to love this God as he alone could love him,—as the awful Poet, the awful Painter—he was upbraided in cruellest terms, he was subjected to punishments which would be indignities to a child. Was he a child? No; a man's heart he felt beat warmly, indignantly, in his breast; a man's determination curved his youthful lips into a sternness scarcely less severe than that which now sat upon Michael Stamboyse's mouth. What were lace, and stockings, and ledgers, and invoices, and money to him? To sell his whole youth, his manhood, his age to them—better a thousand fold, he thought, be dead, be dust such as he trampled beneath his feet! And to be upbraided by his own mother, month after month, year after year,—by his mother who did know something of that world to which he was akin; to have his every impulse thwarted, turned into miserable reproof; to hear a certain Ellis Stamboyse, the cold-hearted, the prosaic Ellis, held up over him as the pattern, the ideal upon which he must mould himself; to eternally hear his father's memory reviled, his every action held up as deadly warning! Oh, that was worse, bitterer than aught else! The crisis of his fate had come;—he would be—he was free!"

With such thoughts fermenting within him, this youth of sixteen set forth to seek his fortune. A few clothes, his palette, paint-box, an old flute, and three favourite books—an odd volume of a diamond edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," an odd volume of "Percy's Relics," and "Schiller's Ballads,"—books purchased and read by stealth—together with the sketch of his mother, Leonard had packed up with burning heart and trembling hands,—he now bore upon his shoulder, by means of an old fishing-rod, his precious treasure, formed into a considerable bundle; money he also had in his waistcoat pocket to the amount of ten shillings. His whole appearance would have reminded any one familiar with Germany of a travelling "*Landesknecht*," or journeyman—the German blood in his veins might to a degree account for this, and might account also for the German character of his face, with its dreamy eyes, and for the more than ordinary length which he had allowed his rich brown hair to attain. His tall, slender, boyish figure, was arrayed in a surcoat—his uncle having early dressed him as a man. As Leonard, after an hour and half's rapid walking, flung himself down upon the brink of the precipitous cliff, it would be difficult to say whether, at that moment, intense joy or intense bitterness was strongest in his soul.

The cheerful peacefulness of the place smote upon his spirit with a strange tenderness, and hot tears chased each other down his animated youthful face. In the silence of the wintry solitude, with the intoxicating sense of freedom within him, his soul forgave his mother her bitter words: "Mother, you shall yet be proud of me; you shall forgive my father's injuries, and acknowledge his genius through me—my triumphant success shall be my revenge! You shall alone hear of me, you, Michael Stamboyse, laceman and hosier, whom I renounce, and you, mother, whom I adore, when to know me is to be honoured! Dear woods and river, who to me have been tenderer friends than they, listen and record my vow! you were last night the innocent cause of my offence, you are the cause of my new-born freedom of to-day; in presence of you I dedicate myself to art as to a divine service—I consecrate myself as in a holy temple; I will celebrate in presence of you my triumph."

Leonard flung his arms round the stem of a giant beech-tree which overhung the chasm; at its feet was a soft cushion of velvety moss, which shone out vividly from the snow and rime. Upon this he knelt; he pressed his burning lips upon the smooth rind of the great tree's boll; his burning tears fell upon the moss, and he prayed fervently, enthusiastically, an artist's prayer to the Great Creative Artist. Do not smile at poor Leonard's enthusiasm; his art was his religion; he staked his all upon it; he offered up, at this moment, to his idol, his worldly hopes, his human love.

To him the only true world was the world of the poets. No external symbol of devotion would to his soul—half child's, half man's soul—have appeared absurd or extravagant.

At this moment Ursula, at the bed-side in the attic, was praying. Upon her idol she had staked her all; and she had registered a vow—a vow to the Virgin—to reclaim her son, were it at the cost of her very life, of her eternal welfare.

Michael Stamboyse, at the same hour in his counting-house, registered a vow, a vow utterly to root out human love from his upright, honourable, though somewhat narrow soul.

How these three vows were kept, we will trace out in our story.

Leonard's prayer, breathing up through the frosty air and silvery branches, "like pious incense from a censor old," was ended now. He rose from his knees, resumed his bundle, and retraced his steps through the grove. His face beamed with a joy fresher than the morning sunshine; his, at this moment, was a transfigured countenance, such as Raphael's inspired hand might have immortalized as the countenance of a seraph. He hastened along towards the great high-road leading towards London, with the step and speed of a Mercury.

It was with special intent that Leonard had chosen Clifton Grove as the scene of his consecration. As he had said, this

beautiful spot had been the cause of his freedom; in what manner we must inform our readers.

Michael Stamboyse, though a severe disciplinarian, was not what might be called a hard guardian towards Leonard. Leonard had his small allowance of pocket-money, and also, what he valued much more, a certain allowance of time at his own disposal. But both of money and time his uncle demanded always the exactest account. This often became the cause of miserable bickerings between uncle and nephew, between mother and son, Mrs. Mordant always siding against her son, though she passionately loved him. Leonard was not naturally very conscientious, and his temperament of a dreamer fostered his disinclination to punctuality, and to such homely virtues. Thus, on the afternoon of the 14th of December, his uncle having, in voluntary good faith, given him permission to enjoy an hour or two's skating, the ice being this winter remarkably good, and Michael Stamboyse, being an advocate for all manly exercises, Leonard had left home in the highest spirits. But by a certain hour, before the warehouses were closed for the evening, Leonard must punctually return; this was the condition of the holiday. To insure punctuality in Leonard, his uncle, upon his last birthday, had given him a handsome silver watch, but the injunctions accompanying the birthday present had greatly destroyed his pleasure in the gift.

Leonard, in the silence of the woods, gliding rapidly along over the icy mirror, his frame exultated by the delightful exercise, his fancy revelling in worlds of beauty which each frozen bank, each passing cloud, revealed to him,—how could he be expected to remember the flight of time or business? When the crescent moon showed herself in the peach-coloured heavens on the one hand, whilst on the other the sun was sinking through a glowing gush of roseate light, and the leafless trees raised their myriad delicate twigs and branches through the frosty air, weaving marvellous tracery of slenderest lines athwart the translucent sky, he was still amidst the woods. And even upon his homeward path, when his skates hung in one hand, with the other he was picking up tufts of moss or quaint branches, covered with lovely lichens, golden, green, and hoary, as with venerable age; or now he paused to admire a tangle of wild spear-grass, encrusted with frost; or watched a pert robin-redbreast, pecking about upon the mossed foot-stool of some giant of the wood; or a timid woodmouse, rustling amidst the red, fallen beech-leaves. And when gentle stars twinkled down through the darkling network of branches, and the hush of night was over the woods, and fields, and river, he was still far from home.

As he neared his uncle's house, and the prosaic voices of the town were around him, a dreariness and dissatisfaction fell upon him, and his spirit cried out within him, "Why, then, is the strongest passion of my soul to be ever crushed and turned into poison and sin! Why cannot, and should not, duty and happiness be synonymous?"

Alas! poor Leonard, you had not yet learned that there is a statute by which each human soul is necessitated to *renounce* before it can *enjoy*! Alas! poor Leonard, you had not learned that every human soul, be it endowed with the rarest gifts of intellect, of imagination, must bow submissively to those laws of ordinary duty laid down by God for the gifted as well as for the ungifted; and that the more glorious the gifts, the more awful is the responsibility, the more terrible the expiation! Alas! poor Leonard, no one had as yet taught you this lesson—how will you learn it? how will you profit by it, if ever learnt? Can you read the moral of your miserable father's life, can you profit by that? Have you not seen how he sank himself and his beautiful endowments into deepest contempt, sully his genius and his mission in the world by his miserable moral weaknesses, and causing many upright and honourable men to confound genius and infamy—an old and sickening tale in the world's history! Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you his son to teach the world a wiser tale. Oh, Leonard! might it be granted to you to develop the germ of conscience implanted within your breast, so that her large wings should ever enfold you; that her severe, but divine

words, should ever guide you—for without her your genius must be a curse, an intensest curse to yourself, and to all loving, to all admiring you!

When Leonard entered the hall of his uncle's house, his dissatisfaction with himself increased in a tenfold degree, and he was stealthily ascending the staircase towards his chamber, when he heard his uncle calling to him in a voice more than ordinarily stern. Leonard opened the door of the sitting-room, where his uncle sat at an escutcheon which was scattered over with papers. A glance at his uncle's countenance showed Leonard that he had little mercy to expect for his transgression, slight as it appeared in his own eyes. He little knew that another and more heinous crime was about to be brought up against him, which would throw his smaller transgression into the background entirely.

"Leonard, did not I desire you to countermand the consignment of goods, on the 30th of April last, to Lomere and Monado, of Valparaiso?" demanded his uncle.

"Yes, sir, you did," replied Leonard clearly, but nevertheless with a great horror creeping over him.

"Good," said Stamboyse, his countenance relaxing something of its severity and displeasure; "and you did so, of course—this is better than I could have hoped."

"But I did not countermand the consignment, sir," returned poor Leonard, growing suddenly intensely hot, and his words chasing each other rapidly over his tongue.

"Good heavens! you did not countermand the consignment, Leonard, when I had expressly commanded it! Pray what excuse can you offer for so extraordinary an action? Do you know that your disgraceful negligence will have caused our house a loss of at least several thousand pounds? and this through so pitiful, so disgusting a blunder of yours, that I have not words to express my contempt of you. How was it, Leonard, that you so strangely disobeyed my commands? Speak!"

"The day you first desired me to write I omitted to do so; I forgot, sir; and then I delayed to write till the time for the next mail arrived, and then I again forgot, and then as it was so long after date I—"

"You are the most confounded simpleton that ever set foot in my premises!" thundered the irate merchant. "You are running as fast as you can the career of your contemptible folly, your head is stuffed with nothing but trash and tomfoolery; if you would only have taken example by Ellis when he was here. Do you hear me, young sir? Once for all, unless I see you this very night before my eyes destroy all your trumpery plays, pictures, and rubbish, and unless you humble yourself before me, your uncle and sole protector, I will turn you out a beggar into the streets as I took you. Miserable young coxcomb as you are, is not an honest invoice more honourable than all the silly trash with which your head is crammed? Bring me this instant your books; do you hear me? I'll teach you to show contempt and disobedience!"

"I shall do no such thing, sir, as bring my books to you," replied Leonard, proudly, somewhat disrespectfully even, his face flushing scarlet, and his voice and whole frame quivering with excitement. "I beg your pardon, sir, for what I have done wrong, and I will endeavour in future to do better; but I can do no more, and I will not bring my books."

"You will not, Leonard," exclaimed his uncle, with ever rising excitement, "then begone with you out of my sight, miserable boy, lest I should be tempted to forget myself;" and the old merchant waved his hand towards the door.

Leonard retired with a proud bearing, and with eyes flashing keen anger. Upon the stairs his mother beset him with bitter reproaches, and prophecies that he would run a career as miserable as that of his father. Leonard pushed violently past her, rushed up stairs, and locked himself in his chamber.

But we must return to the poor youth whom we left commencing his pilgrimage towards the great metropolises, with a vast intoxication in his heart of mingled freedom and ambition.

As he wended his way, Leonard's mind, in its excited state,

seemed to compass whole years to come, and whole years of his past career in a manner almost magical. Pictures of past realities and pictures of the imaginary future teemed in increasing succession through his fertile brain. Now, he had attained to the knowledge and practical experience of a great painter, and standing in a lofty studio, surrounded by hushed silence, was tracing out upon a canvas of a colossal size, a composition of surpassing beauty, and fraught with a deep symbolic meaning—it was but one composition out of a vast cycle—which he called the "Religion of the Nations." Upon one figure he was working, and so beautiful was it, that he himself stood awe-stricken before it, and felt as though, *not in hand*, but the hand of an angel had traced it for him—the tears of joy and excitement glowed upon his cheeks;—now, suddenly, he was back again in the attic in his uncle's home, it was an early summer morning, the house was silent as the studio of his imagination, he had started with sudden joy from his pillow; it was to look at a sketch which last night he had made, and which he had placed upon a chair at the foot of his bed. Was that then really *his* sketch, how charming it looked in the morning-light!—what love, what compassion he felt for that sweet deserted Annie of Locroyen—he was no longer in the heart of a busy trading town, but away among the stern wild scenery of Scotland, transported back into the ages of romance. He knew well enough, that there was no portion of the sketch which did not proclaim his want of skill, his ignorance of the material portion of his art—but the soul! the soul was there! the sea foamed and dashed upon the desolate beach, the sea-mews skimmed in careering circles above the retreating waves and storm-clouds—the lonely magnificent bark of the deserted lady, tossed upon the boiling sea in the far distance, and the poor white corpse had been flung in fury, like a wreath of foam, upon the rocky steps of her cruel lover's tower—the tower that shone like silver. The joy of that early morning had in it the vernal freshness of a first love—it was an hour Leonard would never forget, let him live till he were a hundred years or more.

Or days still farther removed from the present were with him in imagination. He was scarcely more than an infant—surely, he was so very small; it seemed to him that he sat upon his mother's lap—how beautiful she was then in her pale amber-coloured silk, with a long string of jet beads, which he loved to play with, hanging round her neck. She pressed him so violently to her heart, straining him so painfully against the string of beads and large jet cross she wore that he cried out with pain—and even raised his little hand, and in childish passion struck her!—and she had dashed him off her knees, uttering strange words he could not understand, and flung herself wildly before a picture in her little room—an old strange picture of the Crucifixion, with folding wings, upon which glowed in hues rich as the lines of sunset, quaint figures of saints and martyrs. The whole scene was present to him—the very shadows of the late summer's evening in the little room, the scent of clematis pouring in from the festooned verandah in richest gushes, the sounds of gay laughter rising from the room beneath. And now the door was opened, it seemed to him so suddenly; but he must have fallen asleep upon the floor, for there he lay, his head close to his mother's harp, and all was dark in the room, and his mother was gone; but the room was full of light instantaneously, and there was his father looking so gay and handsome, and there were several gentlemen with him—men whose names, child as he was, he had been taught to honour with a romantic reverence, but how taught, or wherefore, he scarcely knew—and all was so brilliant and beautiful instantly; he was wide awake; he had been picked up by his father who said something which made all his friends laugh very much, and he, little Leonard, laughed very much, and then the gentlemen laughed still more; and one gentleman, Mr. Pierrpoint, Leonard seemed to call him, had patted him on the head and said he would be as brilliant a wit as his father; and Leonard sat upon his father's knee, and flung his arms round his neck and kissed him, and then he had sung a little song to the gentlemen, whilst his father accompanied him on

the piano, and his father had sung a song of his own writing, and there had been such a grand, beautiful night.

And the memories of that time were all a strange mingling of brilliancy, beauty, bitter distress, and contention between his unhappy parents. The gayer, the more brilliant, was his father, the more unhappy was his mother. But there were times, too, when his father was *not* gay, and those to Leonard were much the most horrible times—times when his father sate with his head for hours bowed upon his knees, and when his eyes had such a wild look of despair in them that Leonard had once hidden himself for hours underneath the sofa, to avoid looking at his father; but still when he crept out again there his father still sate before the fire,

room,—what richly-bound books and engravings for the library,—what grand suppers and pic-nics were given to all the charming, gay gentlemen,—what a deal of champagne was drunk, what sparkling words were uttered! Then there were terrible times, when not a shilling was in the house. He remembered well, how once his mother had hidden herself in a closet of her dressing-room, behind a cloak hanging upon the wall, because a quantity of fruit and flowers had been brought by Mr. Pierrpoint's servant for her, and she would not be found because she had no half-crown, no shilling even, to give the bearer of the present. He remembered times when people with bills beset the house from early morn till midnight; he remembered people coming and sitting hours and hours in the hall,



THE SKETCH ON THE WALL.—"ARISE! JOIN THY KINDRED STARS!"

gazing as intently and horribly as ever at it; his feet in their scarlet Turkish slippers set upon the fender, just as he had sate when Leonard had last looked at him; and his hands, which were white as the marble of Chantrey's bust of him, which stood on a bracket above the sideboard, trembling so violently that the heavy purple cord and tassel of his velvet dressing-gown, grasped in them, vibrated like a pendulum. Oh, what strange alterations there seemed to have been in Leonard's childhood. There were times when his father lavished money upon every one who came near him—upon his mother, upon himself—what lovely beautiful dresses did not his father purchase for them,—what groups of alabaster Nymphs and Venuses, Apollos and Mercuries, arrived for the drawing-

refusing to leave the house without the something which they came for; he remembered, too, how more than once a stranger had come, to all appearance a gentleman, and made himself at home most wonderfully, acting most wonderfully, for after an angry altercation with Leonard's father, the stranger had locked the master of the house up in his own study, and putting the key in his pocket had taken possession of the dining-room adjoining for the whole day, reading the newspapers and writing there, and eating and drinking there most comfortably, and never unlocking the study door till evening, when he went in and returned with many written sheets of paper in his hand, all written by his prisoner, who now came out, also, laughing, rubbing his hands with glee.

his jailor on his back, as though they were the heartiest of friends. But Leonard's mother cried and wrung her hands, bitterly when the stranger, laughing also, drove away in a fine, close carriage which came for him.

Then there were times yet still more miserable; when the beautiful little house was filled with rude men, carrying away the lovely books, pictures, statuettes; when Chantry's bust went, when the harp and piano went, when Leonard's father was gone where no one knew, and Leonard's mother lay all night and day weeping and weeping on her bed; and little Leonard, with no one to think of him, played all day long among the rose-bushes and white lilies in the little garden with the greyhound Sylvio. And then all brilliancy and beauty had passed out of Leonard's childhood, and a dull, ashy-greyness had settled down over him and his unhappy mother, who was grown so very thin, and wore such faded dresses,

dresses as faded as herself; and they went on dull days, in a dull, moody way, to a dull strange place, where his father, faded as themselves, but not as melancholy, was always found, in a place from which he never went forth, until dreary death, upon a dull November night, opened to him the gates.

Leonard's head fell upon his breast, from which burst forth a moan, as the sad dreary picture swam before his tearful eyes, for it was towards the scene of all this misery—great London—that he was now plodding his weary way. What future lay before him, asked his heart; was it a future drear as this? He looked around him. It was already twilight, cold and cheerless twilight. Leonard's heart fainted within him with a sickness which only strengthened as the sounds of village life broke upon his ear, the blacksmith's cheerful hammer ringing through the twilight, and the shouts of children still playing on the green.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES, IN FRANCE.

The cathedral of Chartres is, as is well known, one of the most magnificent in all Europe, and is rendered conspicuous, both far and near, by its two spires, which, though unequal in height, tower in graceful symmetry high above the hill on which the city of Chartres is built.

There is a great deal of perplexity with respect to the date assigned to the construction of the various parts of this cathedral, for it is evident that it was not all built at the same epoch. The crypt, which runs beneath the entire length of the aisles of the choir, appears, however, to be the only remaining portion of the edifice which was built by Bishop Fulbert, in 1029. Owing to the great reputation this good man had acquired both in France and in the rest of Europe, he was enabled to carry out his design in a manner hitherto unknown in his country. Canute, King of England, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, were among the princes who assisted him with their contributions. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that we have but so small a part of the primitive building left; for, as Cassiodorus says, *mores fabulen loquuntur*. Something more was added to it by Thierry or Theoderic; but the northern part was afterwards erected in 1060, at the expense of Jean Cormier, a native of Chartres, and physician to the king. The cathedral, as it exists at present, was not dedicated till 1250, and the greater part of it may safely be said to have been erected in the thirteenth century. The western front was, however, finished in 1146, with the exception of the elegant spire, erected in 1514, by Louis XII. and Jean Texier, an architect of the Besuee; this spire is 304 feet high, and the workmanship of the upper part of it is most beautifully light and most elegantly executed. In the western façade, which is very simple in its style, there is a triple portal of painted arches, the centre one of which is supported and flanked by statues of royal saints. These figures, which are attenuated and enveloped in formal drapery, are very characteristic of the Byzantine style of sculpture of the twelfth century. Over the door, is the image of Christ, surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists, as spoken of in the vision of Ezekiel. Below, are the fourteen Prophets in a row, and in the arches above are seen the twenty-four Elders, playing on musical instruments belonging to the middle ages. The sculptures of the portal on the right relate to the life of the Virgin Mary, while those on the left portal represent Christ, surrounded by angels, with the signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months.

Handsome as these portals are, the two entrances on the northern and southern sides are much finer; they consist of triple projecting Gothic porticoes resting on piers, or bundles of pillars, with side openings between them. The majestic statues which fill the sides and vaults are executed in a superior style of art, and date from a more recent period than those of the western façade.

The interior of the cathedral is very vast, being 422 feet in

length, while its height from the ground to the apex of the roof is 112 feet. The style of the whole of the nave and choir is that of vigorous and early Gothic. In the centre of the former, there is a sort of labyrinth of intricate circles marked out in coloured stone on the pavement; its various windings form a length of 1,320 feet, and it was probably used, at one time, for the performance of penitential exercises; those doing penance being compelled to follow its every turn, and to stop to pray at certain stations. The cathedral is very rich in painted glass, and contains more than 130 windows completely filled with it, while there are but very few which are quite destitute of this kind of ornament. Most of these windows date from the thirteenth century, and some of the glass is half an inch thick. The three rose windows at the end of the nave and transepts are noted for their size, being thirty or forty feet in diameter, while their complicated tracery is truly astonishing, though, perhaps, somewhat clumsily executed.

But it yet remains for us to speak of the most remarkable part of this splendid cathedral. We mean the screen of the choir, which forms one of the wonders of French art, and which was begun in 1514, after the designs of Jean Texier. The choir itself has a double aisle, and a semicircular end; in the inside there are eight marble bas-reliefs, representing scriptural subjects, of rather indifferent design and execution; while behind the altar is a large marble piece of sculpture, in the taste of Louis XIII., and which is not at all in keeping with the character of the edifice. The outside of the screen is one entire mass of magnificent sculptures. The groups of figures which form its principal feature were executed for the most part by Michel Boudin, a clever sculptor of Orleans, about the year 1611; they were added to, about 1681, by Dieu and Legros, a sculptor of Chartres; and were completed, from 1709 to 1766, by less celebrated artists.

In his "History of the August and Venerable Church of Chartres," the good and veracious Sablon speaks in the following terms of this *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture and of sculpture:—"The screen of the choir is made of very white and highly polished sculptured stone, of the most exquisite workmanship, and is enriched with images, hieroglyphics, and other rare devices. On this screen are well-executed sculptures, representing the different scenes in the life of our Lady, and the mysteries of our redemption. Around the choir, are twenty-three niches, filled with figures which are nearly as large as life, and which have been executed by the most clever sculptors of past times; but those executed by Boudin far surpass all the others.

"In 1681, Monsieur Dieu placed, in one of the thirteen niches which were yet to be completed, four figures of his own execution, and which represented the woman taken in adultery, our Saviour and two Jews, one of whom is looking attentively at what our Saviour is writing, while the other is running away; these figures are very natural and expressive of the subjects

they represent. On this day, Saturday, June Vth, which is the eve of Pentecost, 1633, Monsieur Legros, another famous sculptor, has placed in the next niche four fine figures representing the miracle worked by our Saviour on the person of the man who had been blind from his birth: these figures are admirably executed, for it appears as if you really saw done the action which is represented there: the blind man is in a most natural position, and the image of Jesus Christ is executed in a manner well suited to represent the action he is performing; the two other figures are attentively looking on, and their suspense is plainly apparent in their countenances. There are at present but eleven niches, with their ornaments, to finish, and fill with figures representing our most sacred mysteries. The members of the chapter are too zealous in the cause of God, and are too desirous to embellish their church, to leave this part of it incomplete, which, when finished, will be a wonder of Christianity, and will instruct the ignorant as much as the most evangelical preachers can."

The wish of the old historian was satisfied. The screen has long been completed, and it has luckily suffered hardly any injuries either from time or man. On it, there are forty-one groups of figures, and the following are the subjects they represent:—

God announcing the birth of the Virgin to St. Joachim: in the background are seen some shepherds, one of whom is playing the bag-pipes.—St. Anne praying in her chamber, and listening to the same announcement; by her side is a servant.—St. Joachim and St. Anne meeting at a gate of the city of Jerusalem, called the "Golden gate," and congratulating each other on the joyful news.—The birth of the Virgin; the infant is about to be plunged into a basin.—The Virgin going to the temple followed by her father and mother.—The marriage of the Virgin and St. Joseph.—The Annunciation; the angel Gabriel and the Virgin.—The visit of the Virgin to her cousin, St. Elizabeth.—The Virgin, Joseph, and an angel.—Angels adoring Jesus in his manger.—The Circumcision.—The three wise men offering gold, myrrh, and incense to Jesus.—St. Simon, the high priest, presenting Jesus to God.—Herod, on his throne, ordering the children to be slain mothers in tears, massacre; in the background, the flight into Egypt.—The Baptism of Christ.—Jesus and the Devil on the pinnacle of the Temple.—Jesus Christ and the woman of Canaan; "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt; and her daughter was made whole from that very hour."—Jesus appearing resplendent with light, between Moses and Elias, to his disciples on Mount Tabor.—The woman taken in adultery.—Jesus approaching Bethlehem.—The inhabitants of Bethlehem coming to meet Jesus.—Jesus praying in the Garden of Olives.—Judas betraying his master with a kiss.—Jesus accused before Pilate.—Jesus bound and scourged.—Jesus crowned with thorns and insulted.—The Crucifixion.—The descent from the cross.—Jesus Christ rising from the sepulchre.—The three women at the sepulchre.—Jesus Christ and the two pilgrims of Emmaus.—St. Thomas touching the wounds.—Jesus Christ appearing to the Virgin.—Jesus Christ going up to Heaven.—The Holy Ghost descending into the room in which the Virgin and the apostles were assembled.—Adoration of the cross.—Death of the Holy Virgin.—The apostles carrying her body to the tomb.—Angels carrying the Virgin up to Heaven.—The Virgin crowned in Heaven.

The pilasters which separate these groups one from another, as well as the walls which serve as their base, and which form the screen, are ornamented with arabesques, niches, Gothic canopies, sculptured columns, statues, and medallions. The whole is surmounted by a trellis of open pyramids and tracery, of such exquisite and delicate workmanship that it has been compared to goldsmiths' filigree-work, or point-lace in stone. The rare beauty of this piece of art would alone suffice to give celebrity to a cathedral which is also famous for so many other *chefs-d'œuvre*.

It was in the choir of this cathedral that Henry IV., of England, was crowned in 1594; Rheims, where coronations generally took place, bring then in possession of the Leaguers.

THE WEATHER FORETOLD BY OBSERVING THE HABITS OF SPIDERS.

QUADREMER DISJONVAL, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots when they revolted against the Stadholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years. Spiders were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in his prison. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad head-ache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by the very severe weather. So often as his head-ache attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and the north-east winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well and the fine weather returned. Further observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and perseverance, their weaving and general habits, were so intimately connected with changes in the weather, that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate information when severe weather might be expected. In short Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw, in the early part of the month of December, threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion, and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw. The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication, and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity, that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery.

On the 28th of January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph, and Quatremer Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from his lengthened incarceration in the prison of Utrecht.

This anecdote of the habits of spiders, ascertained during an imprisonment, will be associated in the minds of the reader with one having reference to the perseverance of these insects, as recorded in the eventful life of the celebrated Bruce.

DANGAN CASTLE,

THE SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE literary controversy which has for some time since existed with regard to the real spot where Wellington was born, naturally invests both Dangan Castle and the house at the corner of Merrion-square, Dublin, with peculiar interest. Both these places have their special advocates; and though it is curious that the birth-place of so illustrious a man as Wellington should not be correctly known, yet it appears that neither the place where, or the precise day on which, he first saw the light has ever been determined. Into the question as to whether he was born in his father's town-house in Dublin, or, as is generally believed, in the country-house at Dangan,

debut as member for Trim in the Irish parliament. The Duke's recent death, and the enthusiasm which the memory of his great achievements has called forth, has lately caused the inhabitants of the town to talk about the completion of the column, which, with true Irish spirit, was begun in great haste and left to take care of itself when about half finished.

Long before the time when Wellington became an M.P., however, the family of the Earl of Mornington had vacated Dangan; and, at the death of that amiable and gifted man, the castle and demesne were let to a gentleman of the name of Boroughs, who resided there for a considerable time, and



DISTANT VIEW OF DANGAN CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH, IRELAND.

we cannot enter; but it is at least certain that his youthful days were spent in the castle and its neighbourhood. Many anecdotes are yet in circulation concerning Arthur and his elder brother, Richard, afterwards Marquis Wellesley; but little remains to tell of the time when the family resided at the castle and the father of the future warrior beguiled the hours with music of his own composing, and made the place classic by the sounds of poetry and song.

Dangan Castle is situated about five miles from the town of Trim. In this town there was erected, many years ago, a granite column in honour of the Duke, who made his political

afterwards let it to Roger O'Connor, the father of the unfortunate Feargus. When the O'Connors took possession of the estate, the house was well furnished, and the grounds full of beautiful trees; but soon, political and domestic troubles arose in the family—and the furniture was sold, the rooms dismantled, and the trees cut down. It would be difficult now—a-days to point out a single tree under which the young Wellesleys played, but a room is still shown as the actual one in which Arthur was born. Whether he was really born here is, as we have said, uncertain, but that this room may have been used as a nursery is likely enough. After having

remained for many years in a dilapidated condition, in spite of all legal applications to the Vice Chancellor, and all efforts



OLD GATE-HOUSE AT DANGAN CASTLE.

which fiends made to regain possession for the Wellesleys, the castle was one day found to be on fire—an accident which determined the tenancy of the O'Connors. The castle is now a mere wreck or shell, and is inhabited by an ancient pair, who are only too glad to be able to show its naked walls to the stranger, and prattle on about "his honour and glory, the Duke."

An old gate-house, still standing, gives some idea of what the castle was in the days of its pride; but in this day, like many other fine places in Ireland,

"Its pride and its pomp are all naked and bare,
And ruin and pale destitution are there."

Mrs. Hall says, that, when she visited Dangan Castle in 1840, the only reminiscences of the great Duke—whom so many Irishmen are proud of calling countryman—were to be discovered in the affectionate allusions made by the simple peasantry to "the family at the castle."

The neighbourhood of Dangan and Trim abounds in picturesque scenery and historical and antiquarian associations. One long summer's day in the beautiful vale of Meath will well repay the trouble of a visit. All around Dangan, as far as the eye can reach, are pastures as rich as any in Ireland. If the visitor be a lover of the picturesque in scenery, he will find it at every step; if he be an admirer of antiquities, he will discover them in all his paths; if he be anything of a poet, are there not thousands of eloquent lines which recel at once the glory of Ireland's past history, and suggest a moral for her future?

In the centre of the plain of Athboy, rises the "Forradh," the renowned hill of "Tara of the Kings," in whose halls the chiefs of Ireland met in council, where princes feasted and bards sang, where Ollamh wrote and Patrick preached. It is lonely now, and Moore's immortal dirge embodies the very spirit of desolation proper to the place:—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at Night,
Its tale of ruin tells."

Of all its proud memories, there scarcely remains a vestige to tell of former greatness. There are little or no architectural remains, though the indefatigable Petrie has traced intrench-



ROOM AT DANGAN CASTLE, IN WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

ments and foundations sufficient to justify the belief that a lordly palace, besides other buildings, once crowned the summit of the hill.

A little further on, in the neighbourhood of Kells, are the ruins of Athlumne Church and Castle, and the round tower of Donaghmore; and at Navan, one of the earliest settlements of the English in the County of Meath, the confluence of the rivers Boyne and Black-water is a sight worth seeing.

In fact, to hint at half the interesting sights and associations around and connected with the birth-place of the illustrious duke would, though a labour of love, be one of difficulty, too. And what matters it, after all, where or at what particular time a man is born, so that in his generation he rightly fills the station into which he has been called? Wellington belongs not to Ireland or to England individually, but to Britain in the widest sense of the term—for his name and his fame is European. Nevertheless, every little anecdote collected at this time, every new fact authenticated, and every original sentence written about the great duke, will have its weight and value hereafter.



THE OLD KITCHEN AT DANGAN CASTLE.

THE EARTH AND ITS PRODUCTS.

THE painting from which the engraving now before the reader is copied is by Nicholas Lancret, a celebrated painter of the French school. It is entitled "The Earth," which title doubtless owes its origin to such georgics as Virgil and other poets have composed. A verse under an old engraving from this picture tells us that "the earth is the mother of every blessing, but that it is only by the labour of her children that she will yield her increase;" and this, in true courtly style, Lancret has pictured out in his design. At the foot of an elegant fountain sit a marquis and a high-born lady, enjoying the pleasures of the field and admiring a bunch of flowers. Behind this couple, another company, that might possibly pass for the Graces in the dresses of ladies of fashion, are arranging a large supply of the richest fruits; while another lady stands under the branch of a fruit-tree to receive in her robe other gifts of Pomona. Standing on a ladder, and gathering the fruit, is one who is doubtless another marquis, in the disguise of a peasant. The two gardeners, one digging the earth, and the other watering the plants, we may regard as lords or viscounts, for there is over all the picture that air of elegant refinement which forbids all notion of plebeian rustics. The instruments of labour are beautiful in form, and designed with the utmost amount of taste. We look in vain for Hodge the ploughman, or Mabel with her shining sickle; these are metamorphosed into the denizens of palace courts, and, in place of a delightful landscape, we have trees arranged with all the skill of modern gardening, and an elegant marble fountain supplied from the waters of Versailles. Art is contrasted with nature, and the charm of the country is sacrificed to the taste of the age. Against this some have protested, Diderot launched out against it as "a fictitious and degenerate school of art." He says, the depraved state of colouring, characters, expression, and drawing, "has followed, step by step, the depraved state of public morals."

In the preface which Saint Lambert attached to his poem of "The Seasons," we find an elaborate dissertation on the union of pastoral life with the gallantry of the court, which was the fashion in France during the most brilliant period of the last century; but Saint Lambert only saw nature in his own beautiful gardens, as viewed from the windows of his chateau, and Lancret illustrated Lambert. Apart, however, from these criticisms, the picture is very beautiful, and affords sufficient indication of what the painter could accomplish. In some of his productions he fell into the fashion of the times; but the design and execution are both admirable, the groups are tastefully arranged, and there is an air of surpassing grace over the whole composition. More than this, the painting is a fair sample of Lancret's peculiar style of art.

NICHOLAS LANCRET was born at Paris in 1690. After studying painting under several masters, he at length became intimate with Watteau, whose friendship he cultivated, and whose style he adopted. This evident imitation of the great master is seen in all the works of his talented disciple, but still each has retained his own distinguishing characteristics, as may be observed by comparing their varied productions.

In 1793, Lancret was received into the Academy, under the title of the *Peintre des fêtes galantes*. He was the favourite of fortune, and rose rapidly to high renown. The court patronised him, and the king admitted him to his councils; he frequented the saloons of the bravest, the wisest, and the witliest, and was everywhere distinguished by the highest tokens of approbation. He was one of the gayest gallants of the time, and his life was passed in the brightest sunshine of prosperity. But death will come, even into kings' palaces, and at the age of fifty-three Lancret died. He left no children.

The title of *Peintre des fêtes galantes*, characterises the talent of Lancret. He painted nature, but it was nature adorned, arranged, and coloured after the most approved style of fashion—nature, such as one sees at the opera. He manufactured an artificial nature, made up of all the elegances of a well ordered garden, "a painted pasteboard, varnished, and

perfumed nature, with rouge for a complexion and powder for hair." Like his friend Boucher, he seems to have lived and died in a boudoir hung with rose-coloured silk; and indeed when that painter assured him that nature was too green and too badly lighted, Lancret replied, "I concur in your sentiments, nature is wanting in harmony and attraction." He painted what he conceived nature ought to be, and his figures too often resembled marionettes.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside
Than allow the deep searing fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure is past.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it slink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'er swept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

MONKEYS.

"Meddling monkey—busy ape."—*Shakspeare*.

WHOMSOEVER is familiar with the travelling menageries,—once the almost exclusive depositories of Natural History,—and especially with the invaluable collections of our Zoological Gardens, need not to be informed that large, interested, and amused groupings take place continually, about the receptacles of the monkey tribes. In writing in reference to them, therefore, we feel that our subject is an attractive one, and we offer it as an appendage to those personal observations which, happily, vast multitudes of the community have such abundant opportunity to enjoy and improve.

If any one now addressed will take down an atlas, open it at Europe, which forms a page of it, and then place a finger on the rock of Gibraltar, the only spot will be touched in this great division of the globe, where any one of these creatures is found in a wild state. The Barbary ape, an aboriginal of the opposite coast of Africa, appears to have become naturalised there; the present race being descended, most probably, from individuals which, at some period, have escaped from confinement, or have been purposely introduced.

The genus *Simia*, as naturalists designate the ape and monkey tribes, are exclusively confined to the warmer latitudes of the old and new continents, thronging in multitudes the deep forests of the torrid zone, and occasionally wandering into the more cultivated portions of the adjacent districts for fruits or grain.

New Holland, abounding with singular animals, has no monkeys, and they are as yet unknown in the Island of Madagascar. The monkeys of the Old and New World are, therefore

regarded as forming two *subgenera*, each including numerous groups. And it is particularly worthy of remark, that these two divisions of the globe possess their peculiar tribes; the *Simiæ* of the Old World being never found in America, and those of the New World never appearing anywhere else.

The American species may always be distinguished by the lateral position of the nostrils, between which there intervenes a considerable space. Another peculiarity is as easily remembered; for no American species has ever been discovered in which the tail is wanting; on the contrary, in many of these animals that organ is endowed with the singular power of prehension,—the tail acting as another hand,—a circumstance which never occurs in any species proper to Asia or Africa. The spider monkeys, for example, are, when on the ground, indescribably awkward and embarrassed, dragging themselves along with difficulty and pain, while their loosely-jointed limbs appear to yield them no support. But they were not formed to live like tortoises. Their proper sphere is not on the ground, but on the trees of the wood and the forest. There, as well as in the miniature representations of them which are now so accessible, they appear all life and agility; traversing the smallest branches with the utmost ease and rapidity, suspending themselves, at pleasure, by the tail, and swinging from one bough to another far beyond the most consummate address. One other peculiarity occurs in what is popularly termed the thumbs of the *Simiæ*; that part being, in some instances, very partially developed, in others reduced to a mere rudiment, and in others entirely wanting.

Of the imitative powers of these creatures there are innumerable instances. The Indians, aware of this, wishing to collect cocoa-nuts and other fruits, go to the woods which are generally frequented by apes and monkeys, gather a few heaps of produce from the trees, and then retire. As soon as they have withdrawn, these animals fall to work, imitate eagerly everything they have observed, and when they have gathered together a considerable number of heaps, they fly to the trees as they see the Indians approach, and the booty is carried home by those who did not collect it.

These animals are often put to a still greater disadvantage. As some of them are fond of spirituous liquors, a person places within their sight a number of vessels filled with ardent spirits, pretends to drink, and then retires. The monkeys, all attention to what has been going on, now descend from the trees, imitate what they have observed, become intoxicated, fall asleep, and—like humanity itself in similar circumstances—become an easy conquest to their cunning adversaries.

A baboon, possessed by the celebrated traveller, Le Vaillant, was rendered servicable by him in more ways than one, and that without any loss to the sagacious animal. The name given to this creature was Kees. Kees drew roots from the ground by a method which was, at once, very ingenious and amusing. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, placed his fore feet against the ground, and, drawing back his head, gradually pulled out the root. In this expedient, Kees tasked his whole strength; but, if it did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to reward his device.

Nor did Le Vaillant omit to turn it to advantage. "I made Kees," he says, "my taster. Whenever we found fruits or roots with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till he had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavour, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted."

But Kees, like the rest of his race, gluttonous and inquisitive, without necessity or appetite, wishing for everything that fell in his way or was given him, was sufficiently sagacious, whenever he pleased, to make a broad distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Thus Le Vaillant says:—"I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in hollow trees, or the clefts of rocks.

But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene.

"In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great eagerness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted on sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavoured to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever."

The mandrill, or ribbed-faced baboon, is the most conspicuous of the three animals presented to the eye in the annexed engraving. It usually measures five feet in height, when fully grown. The head is very large in proportion to the size of the body. The face, which is naked, presents a very remarkable appearance, in the cheeks being of a clear violet-blue colour, with various oblique furrows. This elevation is produced by a singular development of the bone, which forms a socket for the roots of the immense canine teeth, furrowed also obliquely. A bright vermillion line begins a little above the eyes, runs down the nose, and spreads over the lip. The eyes are small, but acute and sparkling, their irides being of a fine hazel colour. The hair on the sides of the head is long, mostly growing upwards, and terminating on the crown in an acute pointed form. The beard is long, erect, and of a yellowish hue. The whole body is covered with stiff bristly-like hairs, each of which is annulated with black and yellow. The hands are small, taper, and well made. The arms and chest are extremely muscular.

The food of the mandrill, like that of the monkey tribe, generally consists of fruit, grain, and roots. It manifests, however, a fondness for animal diet. On one of these animals being tried with a live bird, he destroyed it by a bite, and devoured it, after stripping it of its feathers. A rabbit was then given him, which he instantly killed by a bite across the back, and he was about to devour it, when the dead animal was removed. Nor is this taste one merely of maturity. A young mandrill in one of our collections, relished exceedingly the boiled meat which was added to his vegetables.

One of these creatures, which was exhibited in Wombwell's menagerie, was fond of carrots, fruits, potatoes, and bread; and was very partial to nuts, which he cracked. He liked fermented liquors, and ginger-beer was one of his favourite beverages. Though much indulged, he never lost his treacherous disposition. "On one occasion," says Captain Brown, "when Mr. Wombwell was showing me the consistence of the callusity on his nose, I happened to put my face too near the bars of his cage, when he forced his hands suddenly through them, and had nearly deprived me of one of my eyes."

The menagerie of Mr. Cross also presented a similar specimen of the mandrill, which was subsequently transferred to the Zoological Gardens, London. Jerry, for so he was familiarly called, was far more domesticated, and became, in fact, a great favourite. In his cage a strong arm chair was placed; on this, when directed, he was accustomed to sit, and with great gravity and evident satisfaction, he smoked his pipe and drank his porter. All his manœuvres were performed with great slowness and composure. His keeper having lighted his pipe, presented it to him; he inspected it minutely, sometimes feeling it with his finger, as if to know it was lighted, before inserting it in his mouth. It was then introduced, almost up to the bowl, but with that part generally downwards, and it was retained without any appearance of smoke for some minutes, during which time Jerry filled his cheek-pouches and capacious mouth, and would then exhale a volume, filling his cage from his mouth, nose, and sometimes even his ears. He does not appear, however, to have greatly

relished this process, for a bribe of gin-and-water was in general promised before its commencement, and at its close it was to have dined at Windsor on hashed venison, in the presence of King George or King William IV. But he was still the



MANDRILL, OR RIBBED-FACED PAROON, MAGOT, AND TIG-TAILED MAGOT.

duly paid by a goblet of this liquid being handed to him, which he lost no time in discussing. He preferred for his diet, cooked vegetables, with meat; and on one occasion he is said

mandrill; his voice was harsh and guttural; and however calm he might be, his eyes betrayed the savage of the forest.



CLOISTER OF THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.



THE EARTH.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.



JACOB JORDAENS.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century, Flanders saw arise a generation of bold and vigorous painters, who, stamped with



the mark of national genius, were destined to restore its Flemish appearance to Flemish art. For nearly a hundred

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years past, there had existed no national school of painting in the country of the great artist who had invented oil painting! While the Breughels, a family of unaffected and intelligent peasants, were executing, under the guidance of nature, singular pictures, that were, doubtless, despised by the ambitious votaries of the ultra-montane style, a fantastic and violent man, Adam Van Oort, was revelling in all the caprices of his own imagination, without, in the least, troubling himself about foreign importations, or even thinking of Italy,—that country to which his rivals thought it obligatory on them to undertake a pilgrimage, as their predecessors had thought before them. Passing his existence in the midst of gaiety, and in the atmosphere of taverns, his original style, which is as impetuous and disorderly as was his mode of living, formed a strong contrast with the cold style of those who only imitated. It is not astonishing, therefore, that his studio was filled with an enthusiastic crowd of young artists, though the Italianized Fleming, Otho Venius, had also opened a school.

When Jacob Jordaens became the pupil of Van Oort, Rubens and Van Balen had already left him. Born on the 29th of May, 1593, a few years after Rubens, and a few before Quellinus and David Teniers the young, Jordaens, who was the son of a linen-draper, contributed more than any one else to the resuscitation of Flemish art.

Jordaens at once felt at his ease in the studio of Adam Van Oort. The young artist liked the rough manners of the old master, whose studio, however, possessed a greater attraction

for Jordaens than that afforded by the fine arts. Love, which plays so important a part in the life of every artist, had attached him to Catherine, the daughter of Van Oort; and while the latter was spending his time at the tavern, the beautiful Catherine used to be engaged in conversation with Jordaens—and at last they were married.

Rubens was now at the height of his glory, and Jordaens entered his studio as a pupil, without, however leaving Van Oort, but studied under both masters at the same time. He made copies of the warm and vigorous paintings brought by Rubens from Venice, and soon became a consummate artist. At the age of five-and-twenty, he assisted Rubens in the execution of the series of allegorical pictures painted for Marie de Médicis, and finished at Antwerp in 1624. It is more than probable that he also went to France with Van Thulden, Van Hoock, Van Uden, and several other disciples of Rubens, some of whose works are still to be seen in the chamber of the *Livre d'Or*, at the Luxembourg, in Paris. The twelve signs of the zodiac, placed in the upper part of the vaulted ceiling of the first chamber of the modern museum, on each side of the "Rising of Aurora," which Callot painted afterwards, in the centre of the gallery, are by Jordaens.

But Antwerp was best suited to the ardent genius of Jordaens, whom no painter, not excepting even Rubens, equals in fire and exuberance. If Rubens, in his *bauchmannian* pieces, is the painter of Bacchus and sensual nymphs, Jordaens is the painter of Silenus and Satyrs. If Rubens were not the creator and the incarnation of the Flemish style, Jordaens would have been equal to the task of inventing that rich, fleshy manner of painting, so full of muscle and vitality, which owes its origin to Rubens; for it cannot with justice be said that Jordaens ever imitated Rubens. They belonged to the same family, and were endowed with the same temperament. The latter is the more accomplished, the more pensive, and more profound of the two, while the former is generally the more uncouth and coarse; but when he restrains his conception and tempers his execution, he resembles his master, while Rubens, when he gives vent to his passion and begins to roar, might be taken for Jordaens. There exist paintings by Jordaens which are attributed to Rubens, and there are others by the latter which are attributed to the former. Rubens holds the middle place between Jordaens and Van Dyck. Rubens is gold, Van Dyck silver, and Jordaens fire and blood. But all three have sometimes alike run through the same gamut of colour. The refined and delicate Van Dyck, for instance, has even gone so far as to employ the red colouring of Jordaens in a "Silenus supported by Satyrs," now in the Brussels Museum; and Rubens has done the same thing in a picture of the same museum—a "St. Livcen," in which the executioner is tearing out the tongue of the saint in the midst of a glory of angels, who have come down from heaven to offer him the palm of martyrdom.

Rubens is said to have early employed our painter, and it is not likely that the discerning eye of the master would overlook the talent of the pupil. "The king of Spain," says Bryan, "had applied to Rubens for a series of cartoons to be executed in tapestry, who engaged Jordaens to paint them from his designs, and aided him with his assistance and advice; affording him, in this undertaking, a mark of distinction which could not fail of being very advantageous to a young artist. Sandrart, with more malice than veracity, charges Rubens with having employed Jordaens in this enterprise, from a jealousy of his promise as a colourist; hoping, that by painting these great works in distemper, he might insensibly lose the vigour and brilliancy which he had already discovered in his oil pictures; and very inconsiderately asserts, that the colouring of Jordaens, after painting the cartoons, became feeble and cold. Fortunately for the purposes of truth, and in justice to the well-known beneficence of Rubens, this calumny is refuted by facts, of which that writer was either ignorant or insensible. The cartoons were painted when Jordaens was young; and so far from his colouring having been deteriorated by that operation, it became from thence infinitely more rich and harmonious, as is evident in

the pictures he afterwards painted, on which his reputation is principally founded, and which are in no way inferior, in respect to colour, to the best works of Rubens.

Jordaens, however, goes much beyond Rubens in force and colouring and fulness of style. His paintings glare, dazzle, and blaze. His personages, too, display the most incompatible prosperity. No pale, emaciated women were ever seen in his canvases, which is always occupied by plump matrons of lofty stature, with their veins full of purple blood. It must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that notwithstanding the opportunities which Jordaens possessed of studying from good models, and thus refining his taste from the examples of the good masters of Italy, his Flemish style prevailed; though could he have been a little more correct in his composition, more elegant in his characters, and more elevated in his invention, he might have been ranked with the most eminent in his art. Rubens himself, however, was not without several of the same imperfections, although for other parts of painting he is so justly admired. Rubens had a finer imagination, more genius, and much nobler ideas in his characters; but Jordaens had better expression and more truth. He painted with extraordinary freedom, ease, and expedition; there is a brilliancy and harmony in his colouring, and a good understanding of the *chiaro-oscuro*; his composition is rich, his expression natural and strong, but his design wanted elegance and taste. He studied and copied nature, yet he neither selected its beauties nor rejected its defects. He knew how to give his figures a good relief, though he is frequently incorrect in the outlines; but his pencil is always excellent; and for a free and spirited touch, hardly any painter can be accounted his superior.

At Antwerp, Jordaens soon enjoyed immense popularity, a sort of fame he could scarcely fail to obtain in such a place. The fat Flemings recognised their king by the quality of the flesh. Long live Jordaens; Bacchus in the form of Hercules, and the Venus of the north! The Venus of Jordaens was Catherine Van Oort, whom he has painted in the greater part of his pictures, as Rubens painted Isabella Brandt or Helena Forman in his. Look at Catherine, blooming like a pomegranate burst by the heat of the sun, in the "Family Concert," and again behold her in that picture groaning with flesh called "Le Rel Boit," both which paintings one would imagine to have been placed in the Louvre for the express purpose of marking the difference that separates the realities of life from the falsehoods of painting. Here, she is seated on the right, holding a child; there, she is seen with a full face, in the middle, beneath the head of the "Fool of Antwerp," the elect one of the favourite models of Jordaens, and she is singing, or rather bawling, as loud as her lungs will allow her, with the joyful performers of this uproar, so improperly called a concert. See how well she locks in her splendid hair, how solidly her double chin is imbedded in her throat, how her neck runs into a bosom full of health and movement, and how stout her entire person is! And under whatever form Jordaens has introduced this home-spun and admired Venus—as bacchanalian, shepherdess, or queen—she is always in her place wherever he has put her, and has never consented to have the brilliancy of her skin or the size of her muscles diminished one jot; neither has she ever suppressed one wrinkle of her smiling mouth, nor ever in the last relinquished the freshness of her colour. The wife of Jordaens stands up for her reputation like the wife of Cæsar.

Monsieur Thore, who reminds us, by his witlessness, of the finest and most impassioned tirades of Diderot, exclaims, with his habitual animation, "It is remarkable how well the wives or mistresses of poets and painters always symbolise the character and style of the artists who have loved them. The verses of Horace and Ovid resemble Clæve and Julia, Dante is as mysterious as Beatrice. The paintings of Raphael are as beautiful and noble as La Fornarina. Titian's *Vénus* is all amber and robustness, like the colouring of the Venetians; and the talent of Albert Dürer is angular and wayward, like the woman who rendered the great painter of Nuremberg so unhappy. Rubens is flowery, voluptuous, and magnificent,

like Isabella and Helena. Van Dyck is as elegant as his ladies of the court of England. Boucher is as affected as opera-dancers; Poussin is as grave as his mistress, philosophy; and Lesueur is as chaste as the nuns he adored in their convents, in a discreet and romantic manner. Tell me whom you love, and I will tell you who you are."

Jordaens liked freshness, fecundity, viridness, and energy. All his paintings are distinguished by these rare qualities. In six days he painted Pan and Syrinx, figures as large as life, in the midst of a dazzling landscape. This picture is one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. His indefatigable hand was ever creating fresh images, and giving life to fresh figures. Rubens painted about three thousand pictures, of which nearly fifteen hundred have been engraved; and Teniers even executed as many as three hundred and fifty paintings in a single year. Jordaens was almost as prolific as these prodigious artists, and often finished a portrait or a figure of the size of life in one sitting.

His fortune, in consequence, increased with his fame, and he kept house in the sumptuous style of a nobleman. Breughel, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Teniers also enjoyed the privilege of living in palaces, in the midst of the luxury of civilisation, and surrounded by the master-pieces of art, the wonders of science, and all the comforts that riches can procure. Van Dyck, it is true, spent all his money in alchemy, and Teniers was ruined several times; but Jordaens, whose loyal and open character made his company universally sought after, and to whom Rubens had sworn fraternal friendship, lived all his life in the most delectable abundance, enjoying continued happiness that nothing ever troubled, and delighted with his dapple horses, which he painted with such fiery boldness, after having ridden them, or with his rich stuffs, in which he clothed his figures, after having worn them himself. From the year 1639 to the day of his death, he lived at Antwerp, in the house that forms the south-eastern corner of the Rue Rensselaers.

At that time, artists lived together in untroubled friendship, each lending to other his special assistance; in order to render their works more perfect, though every one of those great men was quite capable of executing all styles of painting in the most accomplished manner. It was thus that the brilliant students of Italy had also behaved in the sixteenth century. Rubens has painted figures in the kitchens of Snyders, in the delicate landscapes of Breughel, and even in the middle of the latter's flower garlands. The Francks and the two Teniers have left their little figures in nearly all the paintings of their contemporaries.

This was likewise the case in Holland, where Berghem, Lingelback, Poelenburg, Adriaen Van de Velde, Wouvermans, Cuyp, and many others, animated with figures the landscapes of Wuyt, Vanderwerf, Rysdael, and even Hobbins, and the public places of Van der Heyden, or the interior of the churches of Steenwyck and Peter Neefs. Most of the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century have worked on the "original" *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rubens.

Besides assisting Rubens in several of his principal works, Jordaens very often painted with Snyders or John Fyt. The lusty servant girls of Jordaens matched admirably with the golden gear and silvery fish of Snyders, or with his lobsters' grasping at the light with all their claws. The red hares, the pheasants, the ducks, the boars, and the hounds of Fyt, could find no better company than those hairy blowers on the horn whom Jordaens painted full of life and movement, as if to produce a noted contrast with the still-life of the Dutchman. Though always willing to lend his own aid to others, Jordaens himself never applied to any one for assistance in his own compositions, but always executed horses, dogs, cows, sheep, landscapes, and sky with his own hand. No other artist has fattened finer oxen than Jordaens has, nor bred more spirited or better built horses, and his painting dogs vie in perfection with the victorious hounds of Snyders.

In reference to the subject of the last two or three paragraphs, we may perhaps be allowed to wander a little from our immediate path. It has been asserted over and over again, by Desenfans and others, that "the professors of the

art of painting were subject to mutual jealousy," a fact, if it be one, not very creditable to artists or art; and it certainly did not apply to Jordaens. In a *catalogue raisonné* of his collection published by Desenfans, he insinuates that if painters wanted employment "it was not very surprising when men of talent had the weakness to depreciate each other." Mrs. Jamousson undertakes to defend modern artists from the charge.

"Desenfans," she says, "presumed to lament that there did not reign among painters that noble emulation which prevails in other liberal professions, particularly in the army, where officers and soldiers were always praising and mutually encouraging each other by reciprocal example." "All which," as Hamlet says, "though one may powerfully and potentially believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." A shower of abuse in newspapers and anonymous letters was the consequence of this want of honesty,—or of *prudence*. Desenfans, in self-defence, quoted Dr. Johnson, who says, "It was once ingenuously confessed to me by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other." * But this apt quotation did not mend the matter; even the more respectable painters winced, and took umbrage. West was offended, because in some part of the catalogue Rubens was accused of envy towards Van Dyck and Jordaens. As this accusation, though not true in fact, and refuted by the whole life and character of Rubens, may be found in some early biographer, Desenfans might have sheltered himself under authority, but he had given personal offence, and was not to be pardoned.

In Jordaens' "Allegorical Triumph of Prince Frederick Henry of Nassau," now at the Hague, the white horses which are harnessed to the car are magnificent creatures. This triumph, of which there are a few sketches in the Belgian galleries, passes for one of the best paintings of Jordaens. It is certainly one of his grandest and most carefully-executed compositions. He had to celebrate his prince, as Rubens had celebrated his well-beloved queen, Marie de Médicis. While painting his "Triumph of Nassau," he, no doubt, borrowed from the magnificent treasures contained in the works of Rubens; but it can, at least, be said that the inspired disciple has equalled the master who inspired him. It is true, that the series of paintings illustrative of the life of Marie de Médicis holds a somewhat secondary rank in the works of Rubens, with the exception, however, of a few pieces, which are indeed capital performances.

Those who wish to see all the qualities of Jordaens assembled in the height of their splendour, must visit his "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," which shines resplendent in the Louvre; the canvas, which is thirteen feet wide and nine high, is so full that it seems ready to burst; a little to the right, is Jesus, surrounded by men and women, oxen and sheep; in the middle and on the left, are colossal male and female figures running away, with their goods upon their heads and their baskets under their arms; among the crowd is a burly woman with a straw hat on, and she alone seems to weigh as much as all the other figures in the painting. In the foreground, is the figure of a man, foreshortened and falling forward in such a way as to somewhat alarm the spectator when he is beneath the picture. In the background, are the two scribes of the money-changers—two enormous Israelites, full of force and health, like all the others. On the left, between the pillars, are figures looking on. Above and below, to the right and left—in a word, everywhere—are seen people, movement, and colour.

* Dr. Johnson goes on to say that "The utmost expectation experience can warrant is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and thus when the whole fraternity is attacked be able to unite against a common enemy." The last acute observation will serve to illustrate the rest of the story. The painter above alluded to was Sir Joshua Reynolds. — *Illustrator*, No. 64.

Barry, in his "History of Painting," speaks somewhat slightly of the Flemish school. "The artists of the Low Countries, have," he declares, "deviated widely from all the sources of elegance, pathos, and sublimity; induced not only by that sordid disposition, which will ever be epidemic in a country so generally devoted to gain, but still further, from the differences of religion, they had accustomed themselves to look with ridicule and buffoonery on those great subjects, which the Italians executed with the utmost possible sobriety and unction. Although the Hollanders in this procedure ultimately disqualified themselves for serious pursuits in the arts, yet as the human capacity is seldom disappointed, when it will perseveringly apply, I shall, under the divisions of my subject in the subsequent discourses, have occasion to advert to many excellences, which might be studied with great

the tints, and the depth of the tones. Let him beware of being captivated by the ostentatious splendour of the Venetian and Flemish schools; the terrors of the Crucifixion must not be lost in the magnificent pomp of a triumphal show, nor the pathetic solemnity of the Last Supper be disturbed by the impertinent gaiety of a bacchanalian revel. This is abhorrent to true taste; nor shall the authors of such mockeries escape censure, however great their powers or celebrated their names."

"Le Roi Boit," or in English, "Twelfth-Night," which has been reproduced by the burin of several engravers, foremost among whom comes Paul Pontius, whose engraving of it forms his *chef-d'œuvre*, is a composition full of life and light. In it are seen, besides his wife, the heads of most of the persons who were dear to Jordaens. There exist several



THE REPAST; SOMETIMES CALLED THE FAMILY CONCERT.—JACOB JORDAENS.

profit in the works of some distinguished characters in the Dutch school."

Again, speaking of colour as an element of success, he says, "that one seldom finds an ill-coloured picture in the Dutch school; the little more or the little less in the drawing could make no difference worth attending to, where they regarded not so much the beauty or perfection of the human form, as the contrary: it was not easy to err in the drawing and composition of works formed out of trite, vulgar, slattern matter, level to the meanest and most mechanical capacity."

And Opie, in his lectures, so far from dissenting from his brother R. A., in his depreciation of the Flemish school of painters, cautions the student against "that vulgar error, the mistaking fine colours for fine colouring, which consists, not in the gaudiness, but the truth, harmony, and transparency of

translucent drawings of these two paintings. The drawings of Jordaens are generally very vigorous water-colours, sketched in black and red chalk, washed with every colour, relieved with white, and even with other tones in oil. They generally fetch a pretty good price, on account of their beauty and importance, and, relatively speaking, a higher one than the artist's large paintings, of which, in fact, they supply the place; but the heads in them are heavy, incorrect, and of a common type. Their composition, however, is, on the whole, grand and admirably effective. The Louvre possesses several of these drawings, in the execution of some of which Jordaens employed the pen.

Jordaens himself, following the example of other great painters, has left some etchings executed by his own hand. They consist of eight plates, namely, "The Flight into

Egypt;" "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple;" "Descent from the Cross;" "Mercury decapitating Argus;" "Jupiter stopping Io;" "The Infant Jupiter fed by the Goat Amalthæa;" "A Peasant stopping an Ox by the Tail, with several Spectators;" and "Saturn on the Clouds, devouring one of his Children." The last plate is very scarce.

These prints are not much sought after, for at the Rigal sale, in 1817, the whole collection, with the exception of "Saturn," only fetched the insignificant sum of 3s. 4d.

Jordaens excelled in portraits, as he did in allegories, religious and mythological pieces, or fancy subjects. Yet his manner, which is not, perhaps, fitted for elevated subjects, is better suited to portrait-painting, which requires, above all, close study of nature. With respect to mythology and Christian tradition, Jordaens is quite at home, as is proved by his pictures of Silenus, his satyrs, his paintings of the heifer, Io, his bacchanals, his nativities, his adorations of the shep-

Angelo, Titian, and Jordaens, for whom art is a second life, cease to paint and live but on the day of their death.

Jordaens had had the misfortune to lose Catherine Oort in 1659, from which time he lost something of his vigorous style, and, nineteen years after, he himself died on the 18th of October, 1678, at the age of 85. His beloved daughter, Anne Catherine, also died on the same day as her father. They were both interred in the Protestant church of the seigniory of Putten, a village situated on the frontiers of the United Provinces, where the great Flemish painter's tombstone—which William II., King of the Netherlands, has restored some years ago—may still be seen. Who would have believed that Jordaens, the great picture-drawer, was a Protestant? Born a Catholic, he, some time after his marriage, adhered, with his father-in-law, to the reformed religion—that religion which was indifferent, or rather hostile, to the ceremonies of outward worship and to all signification of form.

In speaking of Jordaens, De Piles says, "All he lacked was



THE REPAST; ANOTHER TREATMENT.

herds, &c.; but do not seek for Jordaens in the regions of refinement and mysticism. As for his portraits, the Dutch mariners were made expressly for him, and reality is his. He never hesitated to introduce into his paintings their large, ruddy cheeks, to make their inflamed eyes sparkle there, and to envelop them in the ample folds of their large rough cloaks.

After the death of Rubens and Van Dyck, the former of whom died in 1640, and the latter in 1641, Jordaens had no rivals at Antwerp. At that time, he had scarcely run half through his career. Innumerable are the pictures executed by him at this epoch. All the princes of Germany, all the wealthy people of the Netherlands, every mansion and every church, strove to obtain the paintings of Jordaens. Carried off by his temperament and quickness of execution, he dashed off his gigantic figures wholesale, and, without the least fatigue, spread his vigorous colouring over whole acres of canvas, throwing his treasures profusely about, and this even after he had grown old. Real artists, like Michael

to have seen Italy." That was what he lacked, it is true; but we ought rather to say, "Luckily, he never saw Italy." There are certain painters whom Italy never profits, and whose natural originality, when it is as powerful as that of Jordaens, is far preferable, even with all its defects, to forced science and borrowed correctness, which, as a natural consequence, cannot fail of becoming both affected and false. In support of what we have just said, we will beg permission to quote the opinion of a very intelligent man, who cannot possibly be accused of partiality for Jordaens; we mean the classic Taillasson. He compares the regret expressed by De Piles, with respect to Jordaens and Italy, to those commonplace remarks which are incessantly being repeated, and which remind you of those general remedies which are to cure every disease. "Italy," says he, "would have doubtless given a better form to the outline of the drawings of Jordaens, but she would not have increased the elevation or nobleness of his genius: she might perhaps have turned him more from the style for which

he was born; nature had organised him for feeling deeply, for expressing common truths faithfully, and for representing trivial and laughable things, which he rendered with perfectly original accuracy and force. Nobody has equalled him in painting those rubicund faces of his, loaded with masses of flesh, through which the spectator fancies he sees beer, wine, blood, and brandy all circulating together. De Piles would have been much more right in saying, "What an extraordinary man Jordans would have been, if, instead of painting classical pieces and subjects of heroic history, he had confined himself to pictures of the style of 'Le Roi Boit,' a subject in which he was so much at home, that he has painted it in several different ways." We, in our turn, also say that it is better to be Jacob Jordans of Antwerp, Jordans the Fleming—incorrigible, incorruptible, entire—than an unnatural fugitive, re-baptised by the Italians, who would not have failed to call Jacob Jordans *Jacopo Giordano*. A wit has said that a man is only some one, on condition that he is no one else.

Two of the engravings we have introduced to illustrate this master, show how differently the same subject may be treated even by the same hand. Jordans, like many of the modern painters, was in the habit of making duplicate copies of some of his favourite pieces; and it would appear from the evidence of the pictures themselves that he occasionally varied his style of treatment, to suit the wishes of his patrons—at least the two copies of the "Repast" would suggest this notion. The two pictures are varied in title as well as treatment—the one is simply called "The Repast," the other is named after an old Flemish proverb, "As the old cock crows the young ones learn," in allusion to the imitation by the children of the elders' music. "To find excellences and discover beauties," says Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses, "can be the work only of him, who having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools; and has acquired from that comprehensive mass which he has thus gathered to himself, a well-digested and perfect idea of his art, to which every thing is referred. Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art, he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great, and what is little; brings home knowledge from the east and from the west; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind, and enriching his works with originality and variety of inventions." Thus, and in a like spirit, to discover defects requires a feeling for art which is only the property of an artist.

In the style of picture called "Breakfast Pieces,"—of which "The Repast" is a notable example,—Jordans is conspicuous. In these pictures costly cups and glasses, beautiful glass with sparkling wine, the most inviting pâtés, juicy fruits, lobsters, crabs, and glittering oysters, are formed into an agreeable whole; all the solid mid-day dainties which the old masters had enjoyed with one or the other of their boon companions, are embodied for the latest posterity as examples of their good taste in eating. Among the names of the artists who distinguished themselves in these works of "still life," are Adriaenssen, Peter Nason, Wm. van Aelst, Vigor van Heeda, and Th. A. Phoven, all of whom flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century. The galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna are rich in their works.

In Germany and the Low Countries, says Franz Kugler, speaking of the revival of art in the seventeenth century—traditional types and ancient habits existed side by side with all the results of the new struggles made by the human mind in the sixteenth century, but these two elements had not been reconciled and blended with each other before the time that the highest perfection of art in Italy had passed away.

The case was the same on both sides of the Alps—neither the mannered imitators of the great Italian masters in Italy, nor the northern artists who devoted themselves to the study of Italian art in the course of the sixteenth century, could do more than seize the mere external characteristics of their models. This substitution of the outward shell for the real

essence of art, showed itself just at the time when the groundwork of old religious feeling had been struck away, and when confusion in creeds, clamour for Church reform, and struggles for bodily and mental freedom, had produced a state of things which could not be favourable to the fine arts. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, these elements of disturbance had at least in part subsided, and a new ground was prepared for the progress of the human intellect. In Italy, these circumstances caused a sort of revival of art and produced a close academical imitation of the older masters, together with a vigorous and somewhat rude "naturalism." No new principle, however, of grandeur or of deep feeling had shown itself. The result was different in the North and in the Low Countries; the termination of the contest with Spain allowed elements of national life, at once vigorous and healthful, to develop themselves freely.

In the works of the artists of the Netherlands of the seventeenth century, we recognise a revival of art in an original, and, on the whole, in a most attractive form. There is not, indeed, any aspiration after the pure beauty of ideal form, and after that feeling which is the highest in its kind, and the most universal in its effect; but as regards breadth, freedom, and originality of treatment, united with a due attention to individual objects, much that was new and important was secured in this school. The peculiar character of individual life, with its singularities, its interests, and its passions; the daily intercourse of men with each other in all its variety; Nature, in all the freedom of her every day works and operations; the expression of a happy tone of mind, in the play of light and colour; and finally, a delicacy of execution, which, without any claim to profound meaning and consequently without pretension, at least delights the eye with its bright images;—all these elements of art were now developed in the richest profusion.

From the time of Jordans, however, but small advance has been made in art by Flemish painters. With some few exceptions, the Low Countries have produced no masters of the brush and palette since the year 1700. The artists of Belgium—and here again we quote from Kugler—have followed the example of those of France, and have fallen into the same feeble mannerism which distinguished the latter during the greater part of the last century. In the second half of this period, however, Andrew Leys, of Ghent, is sometimes distinguished by a feeling of greater tenderness, and deserves to be remarked as an artist, in spite of all his conventional stiffness. The Annunciation in St. Michael's Church, Ghent, is one of his works. At the close of the century, the Belgian artists in like manner followed David, among whose scholars Joseph Paelinck, of Ghent, must be mentioned. At present the Belgian artists appear to be subject to the influence of the romantic school of France, one of whose most zealous and spirited adherents is to be found in Wappers, of Brussels.

The artists of Holland, on the contrary, have lately taken the path of their forefathers of the seventeenth century, and have followed it out with peculiar success. They are distinguished by the same spirited and faithful imitation of nature, the same truth and life, and these qualities give a character of completeness to the greater number of their works. This particularly applies to their landscapes, among which those of Kockock, Schelfhout, and Schotel (the works of the last are sea-pieces), have gained a high reputation. In landscape and genre scenes, Moerenhout also is distinguished by a handling as soft as it is spirited. In historical painting, Eckhout the younger deserves notice; he, like the older artist of the same name, has imitated Rembrandt with tolerable success.

The signature of Jordans is found on none of his pictures, with the exception of the allegorical painting of "Human Law based on Divine Law," which is in the museum at Antwerp, and at the bottom of which he has stated in a long inscription, which he has signed in Roman letters, that he made a donation of this painting to the brotherhood of St. Luke.

Like Rubens, Jordans had the pleasure of seeing his compositions reproduced during his life-time by the burin of the

most celebrated engravers of his time. Unfortunately, we at present only possess twenty-three of them, but then they are all so many *chef-d'œuvre*. Bolswert never executed finer engravings than those of the "Infant Jupiter suckled by the Satyrs," "Pan playing on a Flute," the "Concert," entitled "Soo d'oude songen, soo pepen de Jongen," or "A Faun holding a basket of Fruit, with Ceres behind him." Paul Pontius never succeeded better in anything than in "Le Roi Boit." The "Martyrdom of St. Apollonia," by Marinus, is a splendid engraving. The "Nativity," and "St. Martin de Tours," by Peter Jode the younger, are also magnificent works; and "Jupiter and Mercury, with Baucis and Philemon," by Nicholas Lauwers, ranks with the finest of this artist's productions. And last, though not least, in the list which our space permits us to make, "The Fable of the Satyr with the Peasant who blows hot and cold," has been admirably engraved by Lucas Vorsterman the elder. The last subject has also been engraved by Vorsterman the younger. All these prints fetch very high prices. As early as the Maricette sale, in 1775, "Le Roi Boit" was sold for £5 17s. 6d., and the "Faun holding a Basket," with its companion, representing "Persons singing," for £7 10s. 2d.

The easel-pieces of Jordaens are very scarce, but are sometimes to be met with at public sales. The prices they have fetched vary, as far as our researches permit us to say, from £6 to nearly £100 sterling.

Almost all the public galleries of Europe contain paintings by Jordaens; but those of Belgium, and especially the churches of that country, are filled with this master's productions.

In the National Gallery we have a "Holy Family" of Jordaens', a picture which is remarkable as possessing few of the characteristics of the painter beyond the splendid colouring of the Virgin's robe and some beautiful painting about the head of Joseph. Indeed Mrs. Jameson declares it to be vulgar in conception, and without merit of any kind. At Hampton Court there is a fine painting called "The Overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea," in which the traces of the Rubens school of painting are evident enough; and in the Dulwich Gallery there is a good sketch of Jordaens' famous "Blowing Hot and Cold," a miniature engraving of which is given under the portrait at the head of this article. The original picture is in the Gallery at Munich, and is a fine large specimen—perhaps the best in existence—of the peculiarities of this master. It would appear that the subject has been frequently painted, or, at any rate, sketched, for, by reference to Vorsterman's engraving of the Munich picture, a great difference of treatment will be at once perceived. In the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire House, Chiswick, there is a portrait subject representing Frederick Prince of Orange and his consort. The figures are in full length, and are painted with much feeling for nature—the flesh not having that glassy and transparent appearance noticeable in many of Jordaens' works. There is also a brilliant and perfect copy of the "Twelfth Night," undoubtedly from the hand of Jordaens, and another portrait by the same master in the Chiswick Gallery. A genuine, but by no means excellent, "Holy Family" is in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland; and a "Mercury and Argus," very hot and glowing, with landscape and cattle in the Rubens style, is at Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The Marquis of Dute, in his collection at Lanton House, Bedfordshire, has a couple of fine paintings by Jordaens—"Pan between Two Nymphs," and a "Girl with Fruit,"—both of which may be esteemed good specimens of the Flemish artist's manner; beside which there are many doubtful pictures in the hands of private persons in England. In the sales of pictures continually taking place in London, a tolerably executed Jordaens occasionally turns up, but it seldom reaches a high price. The works of this artist are not, however, among those which are reproduced in the private manufactories of London and Paris, "with all the marks of age upon them."

The Louvre contains several paintings by Jordaens, and among them is a "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple," valued at £1,440. Vienna, Dresden, Munich,

the Hague, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, all possess paintings by Jordaens; but, as we have already said, most of this master's works are to be found in Belgium.

The consideration of the works of Jordaens naturally leads to a review of the state of arts in Flanders. In the year 1781, Sir Joshua Reynolds, accompanied by Philip Metcal, Esq., made a tour through the Low Countries, with a view to a more perfect examination of the paintings existing in the various galleries and private collections of the Dutch. For this purpose the painter successively visited the cities of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, the Hague, and Amsterdam, looking also with a critical eye through the Dusseldorf gallery, and the collections at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, and Louvain. Of his impressions during that tour Sir Joshua has left us a very full and interesting account, in which the characteristics of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painters are clearly defined and kindly criticised, and their peculiar excellences described. "One would wish to be able," he says, "to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense, succeeds but ill when applied to another.

"A market-woman with a hare in her hand, a man blowing a trumpet, or a boy blowing bubbles, a view of the inside or outside of a church, are the subjects of some of their most valuable pictures; but there is still entertainment even in such pictures; however uninteresting their subjects, there is some pleasure in the contemplation of the truth of the imitation. But to a painter they afford likewise instruction in his profession; here he may learn the art of colouring and composition, a skilful management of light and shade, and indeed all the mechanical parts of the art, as well as in any other school whatever. The same skill which is practised by Rubens and Titian in their large works, is here exhibited, though on a smaller scale. Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge.

"We must be contented to make our idea of perfection from the excellences which are dispersed over the world. A poetical imagination, expression, character, or even correctness of drawing, are seldom united with that power of colouring, which would set off those excellences to the best advantage; and in this, perhaps, no school ever excelled the Dutch. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain.

"The most considerable of the Dutch school are, Rembrandt, Teylers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Metz, and Terburg; these excel in small conversations. For landscapes and cattle, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Berchem, and Ruysdael; and for buildings, Vanderheyden. For sea views, W. Vanderelde, jun., and Backhuysen. For dead game, Weenix and Hondeloeter. For flowers, De Heem, Vanhuysen, Rachael Roos, and Brueghel. These make the bulk of the Dutch school.

"I consider those painters as belonging to this school, who painted only small conversations, landscapes, &c. Though some of those were born in Flanders, their works are principally found in Holland; and to separate them from the Flemish school, which generally painted figures large as life, it appears to me more reasonable to class them with the Dutch painters, and to distinguish those two schools rather by their style and manner, than by the place where the artist happened to be born.

"Rembrandt may be considered as belonging to both or either, as he painted both large and small pictures.

"The works of David Teniers, jun., are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we

"Jan Steen has a strong manly style of painting, which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition, and management of light



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. APOLLONIA.—BY JACOB JORDAENS.

call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute.

and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures.

"The landscapes of Ruysdael have not only great force

but have a freshness which is seen in scarce any other painter. What excellence in colour and handling is to be found in the dead game of Weeninx:

would make no improper part of a painter's study. Rubens' pictures strongly remind one of a nosegay of flowers, where all the colours are bright, clear, and transparent.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. BY PETER PAUL RUBENS. ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

"A clearness and brilliancy of colouring may be learned by examining the flower pieces of De Heem, Huysum, and Mignon; and a short time employed in painting flowers,

"I have only to add, that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention."

RUBENS.

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the great luminary and centre of the Flemish system of art, was of a distinguished family at Antwerp, at that time a school of classical and religious learning, and the emporium of the western world. Here, from his infancy, he was educated, with great care, in every branch of polite literature; and his genius met these advantages with an ardour and success, of which the ordinary course of things furnishes us with no parallel. At the age of nineteen he seriously applied himself to painting under the tuition of Otto Venius, and, a very few years afterwards, we find him in Italy, possessed of unbounded powers, both in the theory and practice of his art, and working more as the rival than the pupil of those masters whose works had been selected as the objects of his imitation.

Both the number and merits of the works of Rubens, as well as his uncommon success in life, are calculated to excite extraordinary attention: his fame is extended over a large part of the continent without a rival; and it may truly be said, that he has enriched his country, not only by the magnificent examples of art which he left, but also by what some may deem a more solid advantage, the wealth which continued till lately to be drawn into it by the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world to view them.

To the city of Düsseldorf he has been an equal benefactor, as the gallery there would at least lose half its value were his performances alone to be withdrawn from it. Paris, also, owes to him a large part of its attraction; and, if to these we add the many towns, churches, and private cabinets whereon a single picture or sketch of Rubens often confers distinction, who shall dispute his legitimate claim to be ranked with the most illustrious names in his profession?

Rubens is not, says Opie, one of those regular and timid composers, who escape censure and deserve no praise. He produces no faultless monsters; his works abound with defects, as well as beauties, and are liable, by their daring eccentricities, to provoke much criticism. But they have, nevertheless, that peculiar property, always the companion of true genius, that which seizes on the spectator, commands attention, and enforces admiration in spite of all their faults. "To the want of this fascinating power" (says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his *Journey through Flanders*), "it is owing, that the performances of those painters, by which he is surrounded, such as the altar-pieces of Crayer, Schut, Segers, Huysum, Tysens, Van Balen, and others, though they have, perhaps, fewer defects, appear spiritless and insipid in comparison: they are men, whose hands, and indeed all their faculties, appear to be 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd;' and their performances, however tolerable in some respects, are too evidently the effect of merely careful and laborious diligence."

The productions of Rubens, on the contrary, seem to flow from his pencil with more than freedom, with *prodigality*; his mind was inexhaustible, his hand was never wearied; the exuberant fertility of his imagination was, therefore, always accompanied by a correspondent spirit in the execution of his work:—

"Led by some rule which guides but not constrains,
He finish'd more through happiness than pains."

No man ever more completely laid the reins on the neck of his inclinations, no man ever more fearlessly abandoned himself to his own sensations, and, depending on them, dared to attempt extraordinary things, than Rubens. To this, in a great measure, must be attributed that perfect originality of manner, by which the limits of the art may be said to be extended. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he waited not a moment for the acquisition of what he perhaps deemed incompatible excellence: his theory once formed, he seldom looked abroad for assistance; there is, consequently, in his works very little that appears to be taken from other masters, and, if he has occasionally stolen anything, he has so well digested and adapted it to the rest of his composition, that the theft is not discoverable. But, though

it must be allowed that he possessed, in many respects, the true art of imitation, though he looked at nature with a true painter's eye, and saw at once the characteristic feature by which every object is distinguished, and rendered it at once on canvas with a vivacity of touch truly astonishing; though his powers of grouping and combining his objects into a whole, and forming his masses of light and shade, and colour, have never been equalled; and though the general animation and energy of his attitudes, and the flowing liberty of his outline, all contribute to arrest the attention, and inspire a portion of that enthusiasm by which the painter was absorbed and carried away, yet the spectator will at last awake from the trance, his eyes will cease to be dazzled, and then he will not fail to lament that such extraordinary powers were so often misapplied, if not entirely cast away; he will inquire why Rubens was content to wait so many requisites to the perfection of art, why he paid no greater attention to elegance and correctness of form, to grace, beauty, dignity, and propriety of character,—why every subject, of whatever class, is equally adorned with the gay colours of spring, and every figure in his compositions indiscriminately fed on roses. Nor will he, we fear, be satisfied with the ingenious, but surely unfounded apology, that these faults harmonise with his style, and were necessary to its complete uniformity; that his taste in design appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition than if he had adopted a more correct and refined style of drawing; and that, perhaps, in painting, as in personal attractions, there is a certain agreement and correspondence of parts in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.

Lest these remarks should be thought too severe on this illustrious man, we shall extract from the works of the great critic, Sir Joshua Reynolds, his description of the picture of "The Fallen Angels," by Rubens, now in the gallery at Düsseldorf:—"It is impossible, without having seen this picture, to form an adequate idea of the powers of Rubens. He seems here to have given loose to the most capricious imagination in the attitudes and invention of the falling angels who are tumbling

"With hideous rain and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition."

"If we consider the fruitfulness of invention discovered in this work, or the skill which is shown in composing such an infinite number of figures, or the art in the distribution of the light and shadow, the freedom and facility with which it seems to be performed, and, what is still more extraordinary, the correctness and admirable taste of drawing of foreshortened figures in attitudes the most difficult to execute, we must pronounce this picture to be one of the greatest efforts of genius that ever the art of painting has produced."

His universality is another striking trait in the character of Rubens. In the smallest sketch, the lightness and transparency of his touch and colour are no less remarkable than the sweeping rapidity and force of his brush in his largest works; and, in all kinds of subjects, he equally keeps up his wonted superiority. His animals, particularly his lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly, at least, poetically, painted but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of those painters who have made that branch of art their sole study; the same may be said of his landscapes: and though Claude Lorraine finished more neatly, as became a professor in a particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a painter would as soon wish to be the author of them as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

Rubens, like Titian, was caressed, honoured, employed, and splendidly rewarded by several crowned heads, and even deputed in a ministerial capacity, by the king of Spain, to make confidential overtures to the court of London, where he was knighted by Charles I., and had every possible mark of respect shown to him, on account of his unrivalled excellence in his profession. At his return to Flanders he was honoured

with the post of secretary of state, and in that office he continued till his death, which was brought on by the gout, at the age of sixty-three. He is said to have shown the ruling passion strong in death, lamenting to be taken off just as he began to be able to paint, and understand his art.

He enjoyed his good fortune with equal liberality and prudence, searching out and employing such artists as possessed merit, and were in indigent circumstances; but when visited by a famous chemist, who told him he had nearly discovered the philosopher's stone, and wished him to become a partner in his good luck, Rubens, pointing to his palette and pencils, answered, he was come too late, for that, by the help of those instruments, he had himself found the philosopher's stone some twenty years before.

In comparing Rubens with Titian, it has been observed, that the latter mingled his tints as they are in nature, that is, in such a manner as makes it impossible to discover where they begin or terminate: Rubens' method, on the contrary, was to lay his colours in their places, one by the side of the other, and afterwards very slightly mix them by a touch of the pencil. Now, as it is an acknowledged principle in the art, that the less colours are mingled the greater their purity and vivacity, and as every painter knows the latter method to be the most learned (requiring a deeper knowledge of the subject), to be attended with a greater facility, and, if properly managed, with greater truth and vivacity of effect, it must follow that this difference in their practice, which has been adduced to prove the inferiority of Rubens to Titian, indisputably proves the reverse; and though it must be allowed, perhaps, that, in practice, he at times uncovered too much the skeleton of his system, and rendered his tints too visible for a near inspection, we can have no doubt that, on the whole, he was the most profound theorist; that more may be learnt from him respecting the nature, use, and arrangement of colours than from any other master; and that had he

not been, in some measure, the dupe of his own powers, his name would have stood first in the first rank of colourists.

Rubens, like other men of his degree of eminence, produced a multitude of scholars and imitators, to whom he stood in the place of nature, and whose excellence can only be measured by their proximity to, or distance from, their great archetype. The best of their works are now probably, and not improperly, attributed to him, from whose mind the principle that directed them emanated. From him they learned to weigh the powers of every colour, and balance the proportion of every tint; but, destitute of his vigorous imagination, the knowledge of his principle became, in their hands, a mere palliative of mental imbecility (leaves without trunk), and served only to lacquer over poverty of thought and feebleness of design, and to impart a sickly magnificence to stale mythological conceits, and clumsy forms of gods without dignity, goddesses without beauty, and heroes without energy; which disgust the more for the abortive attempt to conceal, by colouring, the want of that which colour can never supply.

Such will always be the success of exclusive endeavours to copy the manner of a particular individual, however great his powers. The proper use, continues Opie, of the study of our predecessors is to open and enlarge the mind, facilitate our labours, and give us the result of the selection made by them of what is grand, beautiful, and striking, in nature. A painter, therefore, ought to consider, compare, and weigh in the balance of reason, the different styles of all distinguished masters; and, whatever mode of execution he may choose to adopt, his imitation should always be general, and directed only to what is truly excellent in each: he may follow the same road, but not tread in the same footsteps; otherwise, to borrow a metaphor from a celebrated artist of former days, instead of the child, he will be more likely to become the *grandchild* of nature.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ART AND ARTISTS.

UNDER a title like this, a man of any imagination, talent, or love of art, might write a volume. On the present occasion, however, a volume is not required, and therefore it will be necessary to say what we have to say in as brief a manner as possible; not, however, that the subject demands brevity, but rather that the space compels it.

We enter a picture-gallery; we stand, perchance, alone in the silent room; on all sides are evidences of genius and power, and we pause entranced before them. A feeling something akin to that experienced when listening to beautiful music,—a world of memory and association beyond the world of consciousness and fact,—comes gently across the senses, and we yield to the charms of the place without effort or remorse.

This, however, is only the feeling of the moment. In a little while the curiosity of the spectator overcomes the awe of the mere visitor, and he begins to examine with attention the details of the various pictures around him. In just this way the searcher after art-truth approaches his subject. At first he is astounded at the vastness of its dimensions, and is inclined rather to acknowledge its mysticism and strange power than to attempt the elucidation of the mystery or to dream of overcoming its difficulties. Soon, however, his mind becomes more and more familiarised with the aspect of things, and he is enabled first to dissect, and finally to comprehend, his sensations. And thus he is prepared to enter upon an examination of those art-triumphs which have become the glories of the world; thus is he enabled to trace the various schools of painting by their own inherent peculiarities, from the distant period when the picture over the great altar was the poor man's Bible and teacher, to the latest expositions of art-progress in the galleries of London, Paris, and Dresden; and thus in the end he becomes a disciple and lover of Art,—

being initiated into its mysteries, and becoming familiar with its many phases—rather than an outward gazer upon things incomprehensible.

Now it must be understood at once—for without this understanding both reader and writer will be apt to go astray—that the illustrations of the painter's art are not merely calculated to charm and gratify the senses, but that they are capable of refining and elevating the mind, and inspiring the heart with every good and noble sentiment. What poetry is to the ear painting is to the mind. Indeed, every painter must be more or less a poet, a creator; bringing to the surface the hidden greatnesses of human motives, and instilling into the human mind, by the exercise of his art, a love of order and harmony of design,—in fact, an admiration of the beautiful.

These are the highest manifestations of the artist's power; but if we take a somewhat lower standard of excellence,—if we look upon the painter as simply appealing to the universal heart of mankind through the feelings and sentiments common alike to the learned and the ignorant, we shall still find that every agreeable impression made by a beautiful and truthful picture, every remembrance of a natural object reproduced on the glowing canvas, every representation of the figures and countenances of those whom we have been taught to consider as among the world's great—exerts upon the mind a benign and salutary influence. Cicero, speaking of the Fine Arts, declares that "they nourish us in our youth and invigorate old age; they embellish the most fortunate situation, and console us under disasters of persecution; they accompany us day and night in our journeys and in our retreat from the world; and even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in a just admiration, finding that to those who possess them they afford the most delicious gratifications."

If we search through the mazes of antiquity, we shall find that the art of painting exercised an influence superior even to that of poetry; for the simple reason, that the understanding is sooner reached through the eye than the ear. The empire of art has extended through every age and over every country—the savage and remote, no less than the refined and familiar.

In the rudest period of existence—it has been well observed—the love of imitation seems to have been inherent in the nature of man; and the variety of colours and forms appear to have been among the primitive sources of his enjoyments. The desire of imitating naturally led him to trace—coarsely enough, perhaps—the objects which most interested his

ments, and make choice of such shells and stones as are of the most brilliant and varied hue with which to decorate their persons. Of course the union of colour and design have in no cases been simultaneous; but it would appear that no sooner had the rudest barbarians made the discovery that they were capable of imitating natural objects in colours, than the germ of painting took root in the soil of human ingenuity. And the seed, having once fallen on good ground, has fructified amazingly.

It would be somewhat beyond our purpose to trace the progress of this beautiful art from its first rude beginning—among the people of India, China, and Egypt, probably—to the comparative perfection it attained in ancient Greece, Etruria, and



THE SYREN OF THE RHINE. BY CARL HEGE.

observation. Hence, instead of attempting to attribute the origin of design to any precise period or particular nation, it may be more reasonably presumed to have been indigenous in every country where human reason has in any degree developed itself, and may be said to have been coeval with our existence.

In this way only can the origin of painting be really described. The most untutored among the savages of various parts of the world—men who seem to have possessed but few ideas of clothing, building, or even the rudest forms of cookery—have been found, almost invariably, to be sensible of the attraction of colour and design. They select the most beautiful plumage of their birds wherewith to embellish their vest-

Rome; we may rather, therefore, turn our attention to its state after its revival in Europe after the downfall of the Imperial Empire.

Poetry, painting, and sculpture, says Allan Cunningham, are of the same high order of genius; but, as words provide at once shape and colour to our thoughts, poetry has ever led the way in the march of intellect: as material forms are ready made, and require but to be skillfully copied, sculpture succeeded; and as lights and shadows demand science and experience to work them into shape, and endow them with sentiment, painting was the last to rise into elegance and sublimity. In this order these high arts rose in ancient Greece, and in the like order they rose in modern Italy; but

ing thus established, Stephano Florentino and his son Thomaso take rank next to Giotto. These with Taddeo Gaddi, Paolo Uccello, Manetta, Pauciale, Massacio, Raffaellino del Garbo, Domenico, and Corradi, carried the art far beyond the style in which they found it. In their hands painting became a living art, and to such a height did Massacio rise in his profession, that Vasari avers of him that "what was executed before his time might be called paintings, but that his pictures seem to live, they were so true and so natural."

But the crowning triumph of Florence was yet to arrive, in the person of the celebrated painter, Leonardi da Vinci, who, without reference to colours, produced some of the finest designs that the world had hitherto seen,—one especially, "The Last Supper," yet remains unequalled and unapproachable in simplicity of treatment and grandeur of composition: This great artist was born in 1452, and died in 1520. During his life-time he had the satisfaction of knowing his fame to be acknowledged all over Italy and civilised Europe; but he had also the mortification of perceiving a rival rising up to dispute with him the patronage of kings and prelates, and to court the popularity which, at that time no less than now, seems ever to attend the steps of genius. This rival was the famous Michael Angelo Buonarroti, a man of whom it was said that he resolved to conquer fame by force, and to do nothing as other men had done before him.

After the death of Michael Angelo, which took place in 1563, many painters of eminence arose in Florence, but none approached the "regal and stately step" of their great master. None since have produced works in which anything like the grandeur and sublimity of Da Vinci or Angelo is observable. It is true, that the influence of their peculiar styles was felt by, and influenced the productions of, a host of painters who flourished after them, even to the time of Carlo Dolci, with whom the long line of Florentine artists may be said to have closed; and it is equally true, that the school of which they were well-known pupils, was for many years the most famous in Europe, but no great names succeed; and in the middle of the seventeenth century, when Pietro da Cortona was invited by Ferdinand II. to visit Florence, the great historical style of painting introduced by Cimabue may be said to have departed from the "fair city" for ever.

THE SCHOOL OF SIENNA

has been aptly termed the sister of the Florentine, displaying "a peculiar talent for invention, animating with glowing images the stories it represents, filling them with allegory, and forming them into ferid and poetic compositions." This school of painting, the second in Italy in point of time as well as fame, had its origin, say its pioneers, in Greece and Rome; but more modest writers and truer friends to art do not go further back in their account than to the time of Mino, who lived in the days of Cimabue, and to whose talent and success the little state of Sienna owes, doubtless, the measure of fame she enjoys as one of the springs whence flowed the stream of genius which fertilised Italy and Europe during the fourteenth and few succeeding centuries. Bernardo da Sienna, who flourished in 1379, and painted saints and angels with much taste, Taddeo and his disciple and nephew Domenico Bartolo, Matteo di Giovanni, the first who painted in oils in Sienna, Razzi, and Francesco Vanni, who is said to have been the best artist of the school, are the most celebrated painters of Sienna; but their works are now little known or appreciated.

THE ROMAN SCHOOL

is little known before the days of its great master, Raphael, who gave to it, and to the works of all succeeding painters, a character of his own. "The historians of art," says Allan Cunningham, "on approaching the bright days in which Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Giorgione, and Titian, all flourished, pause to inquire why such men were sent into the world in clusters; and having settled that nature had a grand meaning in it, hasten to describe the wonder which they performed." But it would scarcely appear wonderful that an age so replete with wealthy patrons should have produced so many and so great painters. Raphael, the prince

of them all, was born at Urbino, in 1483, and studied under his father, an artist of great abilities. It is not necessary in this place to record the events of the eminent artist's life, or to tell again how, with Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, he enjoyed the patronage of Leo the Great, and produced those amazing pictures which have won the admiration of all succeeding ages.

The Roman school, in which religion, poetry, philosophy, and romance, have each an honourable place, boasts of possessing among its painters such men as Julio Romano, the pupil of Raphael; Pellegrino Modena, Polidoro, Caravaggio, who, from being a mechanical labourer in the Vatican, rose to be an artist of great celebrity; Zuccaro, and Carlo Mariotti. Many other names of fine painters might be mentioned, but by these will the Roman period of painting be principally known. Some broad lines of distinction mark the various schools of Italy at about this period, which it is as well to remember. The Florentine, Roman, and Bolognese styles are celebrated for their bold epic and historical grandeur of composition, being most of them paintings fitted only, by their extent of canvas, for the walls of palaces and churches. The school of Venice is known by its height of colour, and that of Sienna by its high poetic temperament and careful treatment. Of

THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL

of painting but little need be said; for though the wealth of Naples brought thither many artists from other cities of Italy, it had properly no school or style of its own before the time of Salvator Rosa and Giordano. These two names, however, are sufficient to give glory to any city. The style of Salvator Rosa is well known. He delights in savage magnificence and ruined grandeur; and in his pictures we see no summer clouds that are not lit up with streaks of fire, and no winter scenes that are not made gaunt, bare, and miserable. This great artist was famous for producing "savage scenery, broken rocks and caves, and desert plains." "His trees," says Lanzi, "are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful line, except occasionally a solitary sunbeam. His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty." Though perfect in itself, the style of Rosa has seldom been imitated with success.

Giordano, on the contrary, excelled in pictures of a more cheerfully animating description, in which numerous figures of men and horses were introduced, though he was no less successful in his saints and angels; a "Holy Family" of his at the Court of Spain having frequently been mistaken for a painting of Raphael's. With Paolo de Matteis and Francesco Solimene, the Neapolitan school, greatly famed as it once was, may be said to have expired.

THE SCHOOLS OF VENICE, MODENA, PARMIA, BOLOGNA, FERRARA, AND GENOA,

though less celebrated than those we have already mentioned, have produced some famous painters. Among them may be mentioned Bartolemino and Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombino, and the world-known Titian; Tintoret and Bassano, Marittima and Julio Romano.

Then again, in the sixteenth and two following centuries, we have, among the painters of these lesser schools, artists of undying reputation and undoubted genius. Such were Correggio, the glory of Parma; Baccaciano, the Montagna of Cremona; Ferrari, the Da Vinci of Milan; Sabbatino, the Raphael of Bologna; Domenichino, the pupil of Caracci; Guido, the "heaven-taught" painter of Ferrara; Barbieri, Girolamo de Carpi, Cambiaso and Castello of Genoa, and numerous others, of whom much might be written. But we must pass on to a very brief notice of

THE GERMAN SCHOOL,

Of the antiquity of Germany as a school of art, and of her claims to be considered a liberal patron of the artists of the thirteenth century, we shall not stop to inquire; for, till the time of Albert Durer, Germany can scarcely be said to have possessed any distinctive character in the arts. This celebrated

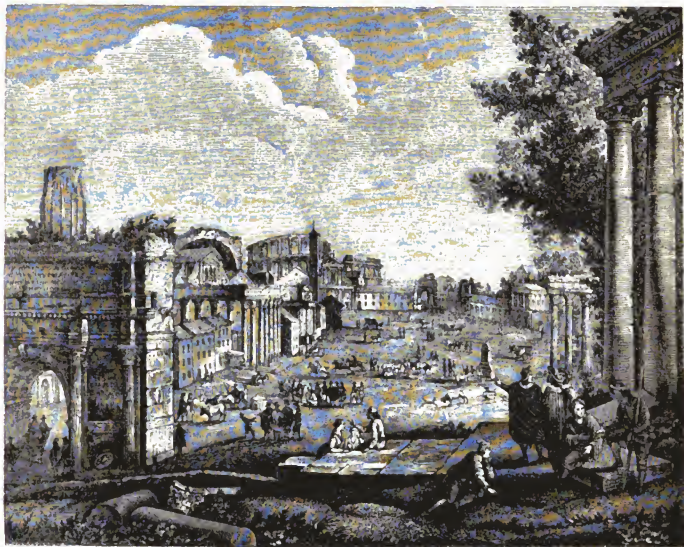
painter—who was born at Nuremberg, in 1471, and died in 1528, the wonder and pride of Germany, and of the whole artistic world of his day,—was destined not only to create for his native country a character for art, but to carry her fame into distant regions where her claims as an art-patron had not hitherto been recognised. Besides being a painter of no ordinary skill, he was famous as an engraver on various metals, the impressions from some of them being extremely valuable even in the present day. After Dürer—who may be said to have created the German school, the chief characteristic of which is an allegorical and poetic treatment—Felix Meyer, Mathew Elias, Gaspard Netscher, Joachim Beisch, Rudolph Huber, Antony Faistenberger, Mengs, and Zoffang, are the prominent names. In this present day, German art, in spite of the efforts of her best artists, is apt to run into a kind of

great Peninsular war,—in what way it is not very difficult to imagine,—and now serve to decorate the mansions of the rulers of France.

Our space warns us that we must be brief. We have looked through the list of Spanish painters, and, not discovering one worthy to stand beside Murillo, we pass to a hasty consideration of

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

As we approach the present time our gossip becomes of a rather more dangerous nature; though fortunately our acquaintance with the works of the French artists will not allow us to be very critical. We may content ourselves, therefore, with a mere mention of some of the most prominent of the French painters.



VIEW IN THE CAMPO VACCINO, THE ANCIENT ROMAN FORUM. BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

mysticism which by no means promises well for its future fame. Of the

DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS

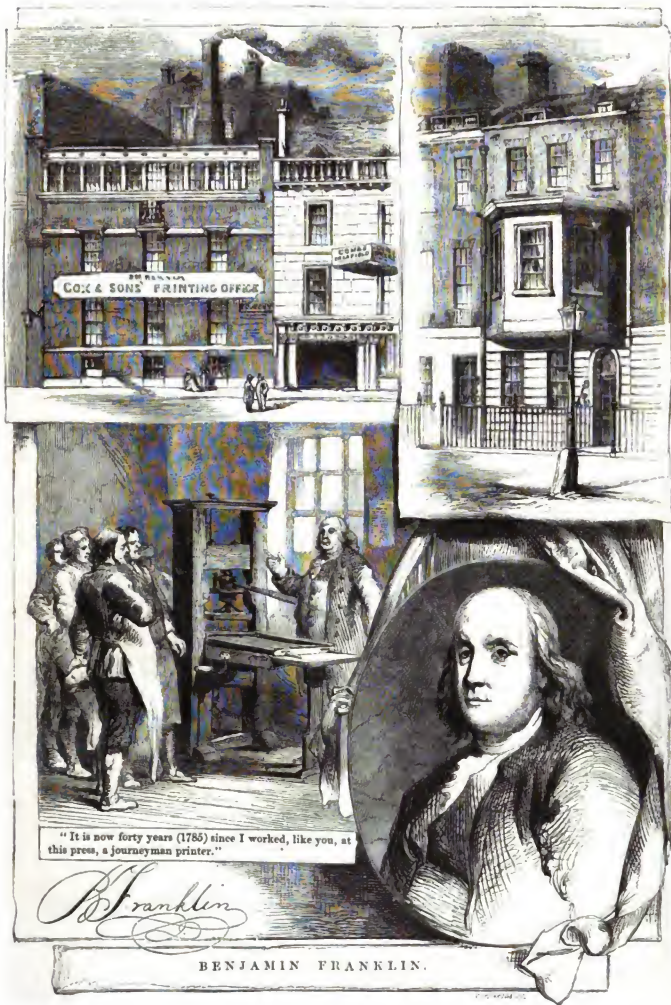
enough has been already said in the preceding papers in this sheet to give the reader a good idea of their leading characteristics. We may therefore pass on to

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

Murillo, the chief boast of Spain, may be taken as a good specimen of the kind of paintings patronised by the Spanish people. From the semi-civilisation which, even now, exists in the Peninsula, it is easy to guess the kind of pictures which are tolerated by the priests and rulers. Hence, we find that Madonnas, Angels, Saints, and Scripture subjects for altarpieces, are the only really good paintings in Spain. Some of the finest of these came into the possession of Soult during the

The first really national efforts to establish a school of art in France were made by Francis I., who encouraged John Cousin—born 1538, died 1641—to paint Scripture pieces for church altars with much success. To him succeeded Vouet, Gaspard Poussin, and the famous Claude Lorraine—an excellent engraving from one of whose paintings graces this page. The names of Le Brun and Watteau complete the list; though among the living artists of France are to be found some of the most profound and excellent in the world. Our engraving, "The Syren of the Rhine," from the celebrated legend of "Undine," is taken from a picture by a well-known French painter; it is full of grace and beauty, and tells its story unmistakably.

Of the English school of painting we shall take another opportunity of speaking, merely premising that, with a commerce-loving people, it is not devotional.

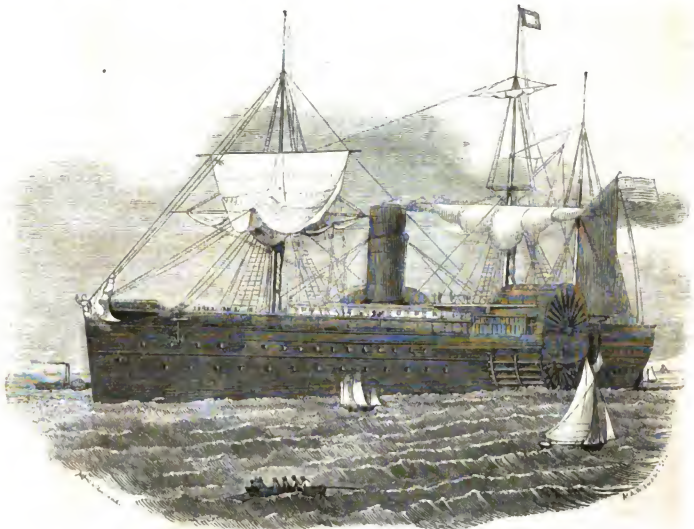


COX'S PRINTING-OFFICE.—HOUSE, NO. 7, CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND, WHERE HE LODGED WHILE AGENT FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.

THE mighty impetus which has been given to locomotion within the last few years, is one of the most striking characteristics of the present age. Our own shores have become a centre of activity, from which there are constantly issuing forth noble vessels, bearing valuable lives and costly freights to other climes; while as we sit calmly by our firesides, countless winged barks, buffeting the storms of ocean and braving innumerable perils, are bearing to us the necessities and the luxuries of life. And when it is remembered how few years have elapsed since the great problem of Transatlantic Steam Navigation was solved by the successful voyages of the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, we shall see that, despite recent failures, a mighty advance has been made in the facilities of intercourse we possess, and abundant reason is afforded for cherishing large and confident hopes for the future.

and twenty wide, while the dining-saloon is sixty feet long by more than forty in width, the woodwork of these apartments being of white holly, satinwood, rosewood, and other fine-grained descriptions, so arranged and diversified as to present a very costly appearance. The drawing-room is fitted up with mirrors, bronze-work, stained glass, and paintings, and has a singularly fine effect. Between the panels connected with the state rooms are the arms of the different states of the confederacy, painted in the first style of art; while the pillars between are inlaid with mirrors, framed with rosewood, and having at the top and bottom bronzed sea-shells of costly workmanship. In the centre are groups of allegorical figures, representing the ocean mythology of the ancients in bronze and burnished gold. The ceiling is elaborately wrought, carved, and gilded, and the cabin windows in the stern are of stained



THE UNITED STATES MAIL STEAM-SHIP "ATLANTIC."

The daily achievements of our Ocean Mail Steamers has given to the subject great and general interest; and in a time like the present, when families are being distributed over all parts of the globe, the opportunities for maintaining regular intercourse, which may exist or arise, can scarcely be over-rated in importance, either in their domestic, social, or political consequences.

Now let us take the United States Mail Steam-ship *Atlantic* as a type of a class of vessels which trade between England and the New World. Her appearance as she rides the ocean wave is truly magnificent, as will be gathered from the engraving of our artist. Her dimensions are enormous, and the elegance with which every part of the passenger cabins and saloons is fitted up, is scarcely to be surpassed. If we enter the saloon, we find a noble room nearly seventy feet long

glass, having representations of some of the principal cities of the United States painted on them. To convey some idea of the size of one of these noble vessels, the principal dimensions may be given:—

Length between perpendiculars	276 feet.
Breadth of beam	45 "
Breadth across paddle	75 "
Diameter of wheel	36 "
Length of stroke	9 "
Diameter of cylinder	96 inches.
Power	1000 horses.
Burthen	2860 tons.

But not only is communication maintained with the New World by splendid vessels, of which this is a type, but there are lines of steam-ships to almost all parts of the world. The

Anglo-Indian mail is one of the wonders of our age, and it is only because of the frequency and regularity of the achievement that we fail to appreciate it. Concentrated by different routes from the centres of Indian government and commerce, as well as from England's more remote dependencies in the Straits of Malacca and the Chinese seas, it emerges into the Straits of Babel-mandel, from the limitless expanse of the Indian Ocean; passes the promontory projecting from the heights of Mount Sinai, the shores of Mecca and Medina; it is remarked on the Red Sea, amid spots sacred to Scripture history; the desert is traversed with a speed which mocks the old cavalcades of camels and loitering Arabs; the pyramids and Cairo are passed in their onward course; the bosom of the ancient Nile receives the burden of freight and passengers, and at length, traversing the length of the Mediterranean, they cross the interval which France presents, and finally reach our own shores. There is a certain majesty in the simple outline of a route like this, traversing the most ancient seats of empire, and what we are taught to regard as among the earliest abodes of man, which thus ministers to the connexion of Egypt with that great sovereignty she has conquered or created in the East,—more wonderful, with one exception, than any of the empires of antiquity, and, perchance, also, more important to the general interests of mankind.

With unalloyed gratification we see the noble steam-ship—

“Ploughing the seas

‘Gaiest wind, and tide, and elemental strife,’

reeking and fuming under the equator, and sending forth its volumes of condensed steam on the freezing waters of Canada. The solitary lake, the crowded river, the busy harbour, and the desolate shore, are visited; the bays, friths, estuaries, and canals; the small lakes of Scotland, Ireland, and Switzerland, and the larger ones of America, the Red and Black Seas, bear the steam-vessel on their bosom; and though calms may prevail, though the thunder may roll and the lightning flash, and though the tempestuous storm may threaten to desolate the earth, yet calmly and successfully it advances, freighted with the elements of comfort and happiness to man.

We may now briefly advert to the curious and interesting processes by which the intelligence brought by our mail steamers from various parts of the world is, at the earliest moment, by the agency of the daily press, laid before the people of England. For this purpose, a better spot cannot be selected than Southampton, to which port many of the finest mail steam-ships in the world are ever bending their course.

It has often been a matter of surprise to those unacquainted with the means employed, that before a foreign mail packet comes alongside the dock wall at Southampton, hundreds of persons in London, which is eighty miles distant, are reading in the public journals, with breathless interest, the news she has brought. While the vessel is coming up Itcher Creek, the intelligence of which she is the bearer has been printed and published over the Metropolis, has affected the markets, and perhaps induced numbers to risk the acquisition or the loss of fortunes, by speculations in trade and in the public securities, founded on the information thus received. Let us look into the method by which these singular results are attained.

When a mail packet is due at Southampton, watchmen are employed day and night by newspaper proprietors to look out for her. In the day-time, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large packet in the Solent may be seen over Codlands from the quay; but homeward-bound steamers are generally found out by means of powerful telescopes, after they have passed Englehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When the mail rounds the latter point, a rocket is thrown up as her signal. Instantly watchmen may be seen running in different directions of the town; and in a few minutes there are gliding towards the quay a few persons who, if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognised, disguised, as they appear to be, in great coats, comforters, and every kind of waterproof covering for the head, feet, and body. These persons are the outport news-

paper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which at once leaves the shore.

Cold, dark, and cheerless as it may be, says one familiar with the scene, which is thus presented, the excitement on board the little vessels leaving the pier is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first, and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or is the contention more keen and earnest. “Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock of a dark winter's morning, the yachts reaching the steamer just as ‘ease her’ has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as pratique has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the side of the steamer, oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. A bundle of foreign journals is handed to each of them, and they immediately return to their yachts, and make for the shore. The excitement and contention now to reach the shore is far more intense than was the case during the attempt to reach the ship. While making for the shore, sometimes in the most tempestuous weather, perhaps the rain pepping down, and the wind blowing great guns, or thunder and lightning over head, the foreign journals are hastily examined by means of a lantern, similar to that used by policemen, the most important items of foreign news which they contain are immediately detected, and the form in which they must be transmitted arranged in the mind. The agents are landed as near as possible to the electric telegraph office, sometimes on the shoulders of their boatmen through the surf or mud. They arrive at the telegraph office, and to write down their messages is the work of a few minutes only.

“The rule for writing down telegraphic messages is truly Benthamic, viz., to convey the greatest quantity of news in the fewest possible words. That is done to save time and expense. Perhaps the message is as follows:—Great Western. Jamaica, 2. Cruz, 26. Million dollars. Dividend, fifty thousand. Mosquito war ended. Antilles healthy. Havannah hurricane. Hundred ships lost. Cruz good. Jamaica, rains. Sea covered, wreck plantations. While the agents are writing these messages, the telegraph is at work, and by the time the messages are written in Southampton, they have been almost communicated to Louthbury. A cab conveys written copies of them with the utmost despatch to the newspaper offices. They are immediately in the hands of the foreign editors, or sub-editors, who comprehend the purport of them immediately. In a few minutes they have been elaborated and made intelligible, and they appear in a conspicuous part of the morning papers, in the following shape:—

“ARRIVAL OF THE WEST INDIAN AND MEXICAN MAIL.—IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE WEST INDIES.—DREADFUL HURRICANE AT HAVANNAH.—AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY IN JAMAICA.”

“The Royal Mail Steam-packet Company's steamer Great Western has arrived at Southampton. She brings news from Jamaica up to the 2nd instant, and from Vera Cruz up to the 26th ult.; she has on board freight to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars on merchant's account, and 50,000 dollars on account of Mexican dividends. The miserable ‘little war’ unfortunately entered into by this country on behalf of the black King of Mosquito has terminated. We regret to learn that a most destructive hurricane has happened at Havannah, and that a hundred ships have been wrecked in consequence. The weather, we are happy to say, has been fine in the West Indies, and the islands are healthy. The crops of West India produce are progressing favourably. The May rains at Jamaica have been very heavy, and have done considerable damage. The rivers have swollen enormously, overflowed their banks, and done great damage to the plantations. The sea, at the mouths of the rivers, was covered with the wrecks of the plantations.”

The remark might appear strange, that the intelligence of the arrival of the mail-packets in the Southampton Docks is usually communicated to the inhabitants of the town through the morning papers;—but such is the case in reference to events

“Hants Advertiser.”

transpiring in many localities; and if we wish to obtain a clear and connected narrative of some public circumstance which has transpired in our own neighbourhood, the chances are that a newspaper published perhaps hundreds of miles away will furnish the first authentic intelligence which we shall possess. Thus people go to sea-ports to meet friends or relatives from abroad; they lodge near the water to be certain of knowing when the packet comes in; and yet it often happens that the morning papers on the breakfast table give them the first notification of the arrival of those they are so anxious to meet. And thus it is very often at Southampton.

Some years ago Paredes escaped from Mexico, and came to Southampton in a West India steamer. He arrived almost *incog.*, and was scarcely aware that he was known on board. Some slight delay arose before the steamer could get into dock, in consequence of the state of the tide, and Paredes had no idea that any communication had been made with the shore. To his utter astonishment, the first sound he heard was his

own name, for a newsboy was bawling to the passengers from a morning paper,—“Second Edition of the *Daily News*. Important News from Mexico. Arrival of Paredes in Southampton.” Since that time the Mexican monarchist travelled all over Europe; but he has been heard to declare, that the greatest wonder which he found in this part of the world was the rapidity with which news was obtained and circulated in England.

Such are the arrangements by which our ocean mail steamships are made to furnish the current history of the world at the shortest notice; and as every such vessel puts into port, it is delivering up to public knowledge the records of the proceedings of all parts of the globe. As we dwell upon the “means and appliances” thus continually rendered available for the promotion of commerce and civilisation throughout the world, we see something of the relation which the progress of the mechanical arts sustains to the promotion of the highest interests of all.

MR. GOULD'S HUMMING-BIRDS.

THE humming-bird (*trochilidae*) belongs, according to the classification of Linnaeus, to the genus pica, or parrot, and is scientifically described as having “a fabulstied thread-like bill that is crooked and longer than the head; the upper mandible being a sheath to the lower, and the tongue like a thread divided in two and tubulous.” Linnaeus was acquainted with comparatively few of the species, but the researches of Mr. Gould has enabled him to collect and describe more than 300 specimens of the interesting family—the smallest and the prettiest of birds.

The humming-bird is a native of the continents and islands of America, being distributed, more or less, all over the New World from Canada to Cape Horn. Mary Howitt tells us that—

“In the radiant islands of the East
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro;”

a fact for which the poetess must be allowed to claim a sort of poetical license; for, in truth, the real trochilidae are not found in the east at all. But Mrs. Howitt's general description of the beautiful little bird is so exact that, notwithstanding the error she commits in placing it in the wrong hemisphere, we cannot but complete the quotation—

“Like living fires they flit about,
Scarcely larger than a bee,
Among the dark palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

“And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower.

“Where on the mighty river banks,
La Platte or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest tree,
Lies basking in the sun.

“There builds her nest the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood,—
Her nest of silky cotton down,—
And rears her tiny brood.”

The members of this interesting family are described as flitting about from flower to flower, suspended, as it were, in a manner peculiarly their own, without apparent motion, while the rapid action of their wings “in cutting the air, just as a sabre would, produces the humming noise to which the name is attributable.” Where is the person, inquires Audubon, the celebrated American naturalist, who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended, as if by magic, in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy,

pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, who, on observing this brilliant fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuition and noble feeling, admiration.”

The variegated dress of the humming-bird is almost beyond the reach of art to depicture—all the most beautiful metallic colours, from the deepest gold and the most glowing crimson, to the darkest blue and the palest yellow, being intermingled in a manner quite impossible to describe.

“What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnished gold they dazzle show,
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow.”

“I have seen,” says Wilson, the writer of these lines, “the humming-bird, for half an hour at a time, darting at those little groups of insects that dance in the air on a fine summer's evening, retiring to an adjoining twig to rest, and renewing the attack with a dexterity which sets all our other fly-catchers at defiance,”—a statement which at once settles the question of the humming-bird being a vegetable feeder. To enable it to prosecute its useful and necessary war upon the multitudes of insects peculiar to the tropical climates in which it principally abounds, the humming-bird is provided with a long and slender bill, and a tongue, consisting of two muscular tubes, which is capable of being protruded to a considerable distance. But besides this, the tongue, its only instrument of attack, is covered with a glutinous saliva, to which the insect adheres immediately it is touched, whence it is drawn rapidly into the mouth of the beautiful and apparently never-resting bird.

In the Zoological Gardens the humming-birds, from which our artist has selected a few of the most remarkable specimens, will be found “preserved” or “set up” in a manner so nearly approaching life as to enable the visitor to realise, without any very great stretch of imagination, their life amid the flowers and fruits of their native forests in the west.

The humming-bird, though it charms us with the brilliancy of its plumage, the exceeding delicacy of its formation, and the grace of its movements—

“While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of its gorgeous breast,”

must yield in one important particular to its more plainly dressed brethren of colder climates, for it has no song! Its beauty addresses itself to the eye rather than the ear—a kind



GROUP OF HUMMING-BIRDS, FROM THE COLLECTION EXHIBITED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

of recommendation, indeed, much more fitted to the gorgeous scenery of the flowered festooned forest of the tropics than to

the comparatively dull and monotonous green and brown or the sleepy woods and fairy-haunted dells of the Old World,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN was one of the ablest of the able men whom the American republic numbers amongst her fathers and founders, and like most of them, he was a "self-made" man, as those are generally designated who have been the architects of their own fortunes. If he had been a mere politician of great talent and eloquence, like Patrick Henry, the half-lawyer, half-farmer, who drove his own cow to the market, and then made the senate house resound with his denunciations of British tyranny, he would have been entitled to a large share of the attention of every student of history for the influence he exerted in the councils of the United States in the most perilous days of their existence. But he was something more than statesman, politician, or patriot. He was a man of singular energy and perseverance, possessed of far-sightedness, and clearness of judgment which in an eastern country would have classed him among the sages; a philosopher of great accuracy, great penetration, and wonderful originality, and, above and beyond all these, a man of such sterling worth and stainless purity of character, that none of his enemies, even in the heat of a furious and unnatural conflict, ever could allege aught against him that he had need to be ashamed of. He possessed in himself such wonderful versatility of genius, and the story of his life presents such a wonderful variety of incident, men, and places, that no one, no matter what may be his position or employment, can ever read it without being improved by it.

He was the scion of one of those old English families of yeomanry, which were once so numerous. His ancestors occupied a farm of some thirty acres of freehold in Northamptonshire, time out of memory, probably before Duke William landed at Hastings, when a Saxon name was a title of honour. Finding the land insufficient for their support, the kin of the estate invariably eked out a livelihood by following the trade of a blacksmith in his native village. When the doctrines of the Reformation found their way into England, the Franklins were amongst the earliest to embrace them, and faithfully adhered to them through all the terrors of Mary's reign; and when, in the time of Charles II., many hundreds of the church clergy bore a noble testimony to true liberty, by abandoning the church of England, the Franklins were amongst the first to join the ranks of the despised and persecuted sectaries who preferred the conventicles to the parish church. But the conventicles were at that period a special abomination in the eyes of the government. Nay, it was the opinion of many learned and pious individuals, that if itinerant preachers continued to discourse upon matters pertaining to religion without proper and legal authorisation, it would cause the overthrow of the constitution of this kingdom in church and state, as by law established. The measures that were taken to prevent so terrible a catastrophe were certainly not such as anybody would in this day attempt to defend; but they had the effect of driving vast numbers of the really sincere and devout men of England across the Atlantic, to seek in trackless woods and on unknown shores the liberty of speech and action which England had denied them; and, more wonderful still, in the very heart of persecution and oppression, they sowed the seeds of a power that 100 years afterwards was to teach Britain, by the arm of flesh, the lessons of toleration which she should have ever been the first to respect and the last to forget. Amongst the exiles was Benjamin Franklin's father, Josias, who with his wife and three children settled in New England about the year 1682. After his arrival, four other children were borne him by the same wife. On her death he married another, by whom he had ten, making in all seventeen; and of the sons Benjamin was the youngest. He was originally intended for the ministry, for no better reason than that at an early age he had learned to read with remarkable facility. The poverty of the father fortunately saved his son from entering upon an unsuitable vocation. He could not afford to give him a collegiate education, and so instead of a minister

he determined to make him a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, which occupation he himself had followed since his arrival in the colonies. Ben, however, did not by any means relish the change, when at ten years of age he was taken from school, and employed in filling moulds, cutting wicks, and going of messages, and there sprung up within him that inclination for a sea life which always haunts the minds of young gentlemen of tender years when they are not going on to their liking at home. Luckily, however, he managed to continue on peaceable terms with the soap and candles for two whole years, without offering his services to any of the New England sea-captains; but at the end of that period, his discontent rose to such a height, that his father began to fear that he really would take an abrupt leave, and enter himself as a cabin-boy in some sea-going vessel, as one of his elder brothers had already done. The worthy man then determined to discover his bent, and if possible to gratify it. He took him to see handicraftsmen of all trades at work, but nothing still seemed to have such attractions for Ben as books, and it was determined he should be a printer, it being believed, and rightly, that what he loved so much he would like to make. His brother had already started in Boston as a printer, and to him he was apprenticed. His taste for literature first showed itself in poetry, or perhaps we should rather say in versifying; and his brother, who appears to have invariably "had an eye to business," upon discovering this, employed him to write two ballads upon some events of recent occurrence, and then sent him about the streets to sell them. They had a prodigious run, which was highly gratifying to the author's vanity. From this time the taste for reading sprung up in him with extraordinary rapidity. He read a great many of the old English classics, but still possessed no facility in writing prose, until an odd volume of the "Spectator" fell into his hands, and so charmed was he with the style, that he forthwith determined to imitate it, and for this purpose practiced writing out the substance of what he read, and afterwards comparing it with the original. He thus gradually acquired greater fluency in composition; and perceiving where his own faults lay, was enabled to correct them. After some further desultory efforts of this sort, he at length had an opportunity of coming before the public in some essays, which he sent in anonymously to a newspaper his brother started, in 1720 or 1721, entitled the *New England Courant*. This was the second newspaper that had ever appeared in America.

"Some of his friends," says Franklin "I remember, would have dissuaded him from this undertaking as a thing not likely to succeed, a single newspaper being, in their opinion, sufficient for all America. At present, however, in 1771, there are no less than twenty-five." What would he have said, could he have foreseen the prodigious degree of expansion to which the American newspaper press would have attained in 1853! This paper very soon fell under the censure of the assembly; Franklin's brother was imprisoned, and on his liberation was ordered to desist from publishing the *New England Courant*, and in order to evade the prohibition, it was determined that it should be carried on in Benjamin's name, and for this purpose his indentures were cancelled. He and his brother, however, could not agree. The latter was too fond of asserting the *droit d'aînesse*, and his dictatorial manner was intolerable to Benjamin, who at this period appears to have had no small opinion of himself. Their disputes were frequently brought before their father; he seems to have laboured to reconcile them with laudable solitude, but the breach was too wide to be healed; and, in addition to this, Benjamin had resolved upon seeking his fortune through the world. He secretly took his departure, and reached Philadelphia with a Dutch dollar in his pocket, in his working dress,—his best clothes having gone by sea,—covered with dirt, and spent the first few hours after his arrival in eating a loaf and walking up and down the street. He soon got employment as a compositor, and attracted

the notice of the governor—a boasting, lying, deceitful man—who offered to set him up in business in Philadelphia, and persuaded him to set out for England to purchase types and a press, promising at the same time to give him letters that would make everything very pleasant and agreeable on the other side of the water. Franklin, believed him, and set sail, but without having anything of the oft-promised letters, which were always on the point of being sent on board, but never came. He crossed the Atlantic in the foolish, fond belief that they were in the mail-bag, and that when it was opened in England they would assuredly make their appearance. On his arrival, the captain handed him two or three, which looked very like introductions; but on presenting one of them to the individual to whom it was addressed, it was found to be from a roguish attorney, and he ran a narrow risk of being kicked for his pains, and found himself in England, without a friend, except a young man named Ralph, with his own love of literature, but without his steadiness or application.

Franklin, immediately on his arrival in London, found employment with a printer named Palmer, in Bartholomew-close. While here, a pamphlet he published, entitled a "Dissertation upon Liberty and Necessity, Pain and Pleasure," was the means of introducing him to the notice of a considerable number of literary men in the coffee-houses. His friend Ralph, however, was not equally successful. He appears to have been one of those unfortunates with whom nothing ever seems to succeed. Everything he undertook failed; and he continued to live upon loans from Franklin, until their common admiration of a young milliner caused a final breach between them, to Franklin's great joy, who now began to think of saving some money. He, therefore, entered another printing-office, Watts's, near Lincoln's-inn-fields; and while here, was the means of inducing his fellow-pressmen to abandon beer-drinking, in which many of them indulged to excess. He remained about eighteen months in London at this time, and, having accumulated a small sum, set sail once more for Philadelphia, where he arrived in October, 1726.

He now became a clerk to a Mr. Denham, a gentleman whom he met in England, and who was about to open a store in Philadelphia. In 1727, Denham died, and Franklin once more returned to his old occupation, by becoming manager of the business of a printer named Keimer, who had employed him before his departure for England. Keimer was dirty, knavish, and an insolent, vulgar brawler, who thought that the fact of his employing a man gave him the privilege of being insolent. It may be readily believed that Franklin and he did not long agree. He left him, and, in partnership with one of his fellow-workmen, started an establishment of his own. His companion, however, was idle and a drunkard, and soon left the business altogether in Franklin's hands. By unwearied industry, it was made to thrive and flourish: people passing in the street saw him at work after eleven at night, and long before most others had left their beds in the morning; and to show that he was not above his business, he wheeled home his paper in a barrow along the streets after he had obtained it from the stationer. He now started a paper, which soon obtained a large circulation for its ability and accuracy; and his reputation for diligence getting abroad, he obtained the printing of the public documents, and of the paper-money which was then beginning to be issued in America. In addition to this, he got into some of the most *esprituelle* society in Philadelphia, by joining a club for the discussion of scientific and literary questions. He was now out of debt, and doing well in the world, and thought it time to look around for a wife. His offers in various quarters were rejected, because a printer's business was not considered money-making. At last he returned to his first love, a young lady to whom he had been engaged previous to his departure for England; but, having ceased to correspond with her, she presumed that he had given up all intention of marrying her, which was really the case; and her parents then persuaded her to marry a worthless scamp, who had, as it afterwards appeared, another

wife living in England, and who soon abandoned her. Franklin and she got married; and they lived together, and prospered and were happy for many years.

Franklin was now a man of mark in Philadelphia, and in the year 1731 started a project for the establishment of a public library. Fifty persons subscribed forty shillings each, and agreed to pay ten shillings annually. As their number increased, the company was incorporated, in 1742, under the name of the "Library Company of Philadelphia." Similar institutions have since spread through all parts of the United States, and have done immense good in the advancement of knowledge and education. In 1732, Franklin commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanack," famous for its maxims inculcating industry and frugality. In 1736, he entered upon his political career as clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was at last elected representative for Philadelphia; and in 1737 was appointed Postmaster of the State. His advance in public estimation was now rapid, and was consummated by his famous discoveries in electricity.

An account of several electrical experiments which had been made by some philosophers on the continent was sent to the Philadelphia Library Company in 1745, and Franklin immediately upon reading it engaged in a course of experiments himself, and communicated the results in a series of letters to his friend Collinson, the first of which is dated March 28th, 1747. In these he shows the power of points in drawing and throwing off the electrical matter, which had hitherto escaped the notice of electricians. He also made the grand discovery of a *plus* and a *minus*, or of a *positive* and *negative* state of electricity. Shortly afterwards, Franklin, from his principles of the *plus* and *minus* state, explained in a satisfactory manner the phenomena of the Leyden jar, which had previously so much perplexed philosophers. He showed clearly that the bottle when charged contained no more electricity than before, but that as much was taken from one side of it as was thrown upon the other; and that to discharge it nothing was necessary but to produce a communication between the two sides, by which the equilibrium would be restored, and that then no signs of electricity would remain. He afterwards demonstrated, by experiments, that the electricity did not reside in the coating, as had been supposed, but in the pores of the glass itself. In the year 1749, he first suggested his idea of explaining the phenomena of thunder-gusts, and of the Aurora Borealis, upon electrical principles. He pointed out many particulars in which lightning and electricity agree, and in the same year conceived the bold idea of attempting to

"—— grasp the lightning's pinion,
And draw down its ray
From the starr'd dominion."

His desire to be practically useful to his fellow-men here strikingly displayed itself. Admitting the identity of electricity and lightning, which, before his time nobody had been disposed to do, he suggested the idea of securing ships, houses, churches, &c., against the effects of thunder-storms, by the erection of long, pointed rods, which should ascend some feet above the most elevated part, and descend some feet into the ground or water. As points he knew to have great power in attracting and repelling electricity, he concluded that these rods would either repel the thunder-clouds, or drain off their electricity and carry it into the earth.

In the summer of 1752 he determined to test his theory by experiment. There was no tower in Philadelphia high enough for the erection of a rod; so he determined to try a kite. He made one of two cross sticks, and covered it with silk, and to the upright stick affixed an iron point. The string was of hemp except the lower end, which was silk. Accompanied by his son, to whom alone he had communicated his project for fear of ridicule, he went out on a common when there was an appearance of a thunder-gust. He raised the kite, saw a thunder-cloud pass over, and awaited the result with intense anxiety. At last he saw the loose fibres of the string move towards an erect position, and on presenting his knuckles to a key which was suspended at

the end of it, received a strong spark, and he found himself a thorough *man of letters*, with as good a title to fame as any man of his age.

The account of his discovery having spread abroad, letters and congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters. Learned men in all parts of Europe were anxious to correspond with him; learned societies conferred on him admission to their number. His letters were translated into most European languages, and into Latin.

The remainder of his time, until the commencement of the disputes between England and the colonies, was spent partly in philosophic investigation and partly in the political affairs of the States. He was invariably the foremost man in the furtherance of all schemes for the development of the resources of the country, the advancement of education, and the improvement of the condition of the people.

The defence of her colonies was a great expense to Great Britain. The most effectual mode of lessening this was, to put arms into the hands of the inhabitants, and to teach them their use. But England wished not that the Americans should become acquainted with their own strength. The least appearance of a military spirit was therefore to be guarded against; and, although a war then raged, the act of organising a militia was disapproved of by the ministry. The regiments which had been formed under it were disbanded, and the defence of the province entrusted to regular troops.

The disputes between the proprietaries and the people continued in full force, although a war was raging on the frontiers. Not even the sense of danger was sufficient to reconcile, for ever so short a time, their jarring interests. The assembly still insisted upon the justice of taxing the proprietary estates, but the governors constantly refused their assent to this measure, without which no bill could pass into a law. Enraged at the obstinacy, and what they conceived to be the unjust proceedings of their opponents, the assembly at length determined to apply to the mother country for relief. A petition was addressed to the king in council, stating the inconveniences under which the inhabitants laboured, from the attention of the proprietaries to their private interests, to the neglect of the general welfare of the community, and praying for redress. Franklin was appointed to present this address, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania, and departed from America in June, 1757. In conformity to the instructions which he had received from the legislature, he held a conference with the proprietaries who then resided in England, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to give up the long-contested point. Finding that they would hearken to no terms of accommodation, he laid his petition before the council. During this time Governor Denny assented to a law imposing a tax, in which no discrimination was made in favour of the estates of the Penn family. They, alarmed at this intelligence and Franklin's exertions, used their utmost endeavours to prevent the royal sanction being given to this law, which they represented as highly iniquitous, designed to throw the burden of supporting government upon them, and calculated to produce the most ruinous consequences to them and their posterity. The cause was amply discussed before the privy council. The Penns found here some strenuous advocates; nor were there wanting some who warmly espoused the side of the people. After some time spent in debate, a proposal was made, that Franklin should solemnly engage that the assessment of the tax should be so made, as that the proprietary estates should pay no more than a due proportion. This he agreed to perform, the Penn family withdrew their opposition, and tranquillity was once more restored to the province.

The mode in which this dispute was terminated is a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of Franklin's integrity and honour, even by those who considered him as inimical to their views. Nor was their confidence ill-founded. The assessment was made upon the strictest principle of equity; and the proprietary estates bore only a proportionable share of the expenses of supporting government.

After the completion of this important business, Franklin

remained at the court of Great Britain, as agent for the province of Pennsylvania. The extensive knowledge which he possessed of the situation of the colonies, and the regard which he always manifested for their interests, occasioned his appointment to the same office by the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia. His conduct, in this situation, was such as rendered him still more dear to his countrymen.

He had now an opportunity of indulging in the society of those friends whom his merits had procured him while at a distance. The regard which they had entertained for him was rather increased by a personal acquaintance. The opposition which had been made to his discoveries in philosophy gradually ceased, and the rewards of literary merit were abundantly conferred upon him. The Royal Society of London, which had at first refused his performances admission into its transactions, now thought it an honour to rank him amongst its fellows. Other societies of Europe were equally ambitious of calling him a member. The university of St. Andrew, in Scotland, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Its example was followed by the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. His correspondence was sought for by the most eminent philosophers of Europe. His letters to these abound with true science, delivered in the most simple, unadorned manner.

During this visit he lodged in the house in Craven-street, Strand, represented in our engraving.

The discontents of the colonies increasing, Franklin was again appointed provincial agent, and sent to England. In 1776, he paid a visit to Holland and Germany, and in the following year to France, where he received the greatest marks of attention from the men of science, and was presented to the King Louis XV. When the petition of the Massachusetts Assembly was brought before the English Privy Council, Franklin attended as agent for the assembly, and received very rough treatment from Wedderburn, the attorney-general, a man of narrow mind and violent temper. All his efforts were insufficient to induce the ministry to change the measures, and he returned to America in 1775, just after the commencement of hostilities. He was sent to Paris, in 1776, to conclude the treaty by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. recognised the independence of the colonies; and was one of the American commissioners at the general treaty of peace in Paris, which followed the surrender of Cornwallis's army. He had in the interval been a member of Congress, and during the whole of that unfortunate struggle was distinguished by his energy, prudence, and patriotism, though he never allowed his political engagements to interfere with the prosecution of his scientific studies. It will for ever redound to his honour, that his last public act, in 1789, when bowed down by age and infirmity, was the presentation of a petition to the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 12th of February, 1780, praying them to abolish the slave-trade. He died on the 17th of April, 1790, after a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

The following epitaph on himself was written by him many years previous to his death:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

PRINTED,

(like the cover of an old book,
its contents worn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding)

lies here, food for the worms:
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by

THE AUTHOR

SCENES IN IRELAND.

"THE Irish car," says Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "seems accommodated for any number of persons; and it is by that large portion of Ireland. To whatever part of the country he goes, however, he will find abundant matter for observation



ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN, NEAR GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW.



DRUIDICAL STONE, BALLYBRACH, NEAR BRAY, WICKLOW.

conveyance that the Irish tourist must necessarily travel as soon as he leaves the great iron roads which now intersect a in green fields and dark woods, rock, sea, and peat-sodden acres of yet to be recovered and cultivated land. Taking the

scenes as the artist has chosen them, however, we resume our brief gossip about things Irish.

The Devil's Glen, near the village of Rathnew, in the northern part of the county of Wicklow, is one of those famous places to which every body goes at least once. It is well worth the trouble, for tumbling and roaring water, high bleak cliffs, hardy green trees clustering on the hill sides, and a background of magnificent mountains, make a scene worth looking at in whatever part of the world it is found.

Mr. Thackeray's description of the glen and waterfall,

walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed, I hope there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there, as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was as a salvo to our conscience for not being at church.

"Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead, in a much better taste than is seen in some of those dismal new churches; and, by way of painted glass, the sun lighting up multitudes of various coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the river by way of organ, and in it stones



TUNNEL IN THE ROAD BETWEEN GLENGARIFF AND KINMARE, CORK COUNTY.

which he visited on a Sunday morning, is extremely happy.

"There is a ravine of a mile and a half, through which a river runs roaring (a lady who keeps the gate, will not object to receive a gratuity), there is a ravine or Devil's Glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and where a Methuselah of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow—the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—*raucum per lœvia murmur saxa siens*, and a chorus of 160,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless Sabbath scene, make this

enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man can walk in such a place without feeling grateful, and grave, and humble; and without thanking heaven for it as he comes away. And, walking and musing in this free happy place, one could not help thinking of a million and a half of brother Cockneys, shut up in their huge prison (the tread-mill for the day being idle), and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations, except on week-days."

"A long tract of wild country," continues the same entertaining writer, "with a park or two here and there, a police

barrack perched on a hill, a half-starved looking church stretching its long scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the wayside, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Inniskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps and greater and lesser Sugar-Loaves; and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea, beyond Bray, and affect to be wondrously delighted by the sight of the element.

"The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland; and there you may be perfectly sure there is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car-boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop."

At Balbyach, near the town of Bray, are some Druidical stones, of a character similar to those on Salisbury Plain. Of their history nothing is certainly known.

Near the celebrated Vale of Avoca, is Castle Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard. The interest attached to Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," gave rise, we are told, to a controversy respecting the identity of the locality where the poet composed his melody. As there are two "meetings," one at Castle Howard, the other at the "Wooden Bridge," a question arose as to which was entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Moore is said to have settled, by pronouncing in favour of the former.

Towards Arklow, the river narrows and deepens, and the trees, being more directly over it, cast a darker shadow on its waters. As we approach the sea, the scenery assumes a more subdued character; the valley expands, and the mountains subside into sloping hills. At the foot of one of these stands Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, a Gothic structure, encompassed with a noble demesne. The public entrance to the grounds is about a mile and a half from Arklow. The interior decorations correspond with its external character. James II., on his flight to Waterford, after the Battle of the Boyne, was entertained here. On the opposite side of the river, is the forest of Glenart, and Glenart Castle, the residence of the Earl of Carysfort. The town of Arklow is of considerable antiquity. A monastery was founded there in the reign of John, by Theobald Fitz-Walter, hereditary Lord Butler of Ireland, "for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, and for the health of the souls of Henry II., King of England, King Richard, King John, and other persons." The castle was erected by the founder of the abbey. Cromwell took Arklow in 1649, and dismantled the castle, and the ruins may still be seen. In a battle fought in 1798, between the royalist troops and yeomanry and the insurgent army, the latter was defeated after a desperate resistance.

To the west of Arklow, at the foot of Croghan-Kinsella mountain, are the Wicklow gold mines, which were found unproductive, and are no longer worked; but modern experiences testify that where "sparkles of golden splendour all over the surface shine," there may be richer "diggings" than any which erst rewarded the explorers of "our Lagenian mine." They form the subject of one of O'Keefe's farces, and furnished Moore with one of his happiest metaphors. Further to the west is the small town of Tinehelly, destroyed during the rebellion of 1798, but shortly afterwards rebuilt, and near it stood the ruins of Coolrae, the *Casha*, it is believed, of the unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, so often noticed by him in his letters. Among the peasants the place is called Black Tom's Buildings; from these ruins Tinehelly was in part rebuilt.

The town and bay of Bantry, with its surrounding scenery, never fail to attract the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. "Between Bantry and Glengarriff (on the opposite side of the bay) there is a fine mountain road, sweeping through many superb scenes; and though Glengarriff can also be reached by boat across the bay (seven miles), the overland

route is generally preferred. Glengarriff lies at the head of a narrow arm of the sea, running in from the northern end of the bay, marked in the maps as Glengarriff Harbour. The road, round, from Bantry, lies along a range of hills, which spring from the bay and unite with the northern mountain ranges—the whole route offering an ever-changing panorama. North-west of Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, in connexion with which there are endless legends to be told.

Glengarriff, or the Rocky Glen, as it is called, has been finely described by Mrs. Hall. She says:—"Language fails to convey an idea of the beauty of Glengarriff, which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise lavished upon it by every traveller. It is a deep Alpine valley, inclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing comeliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to present the aspect of a serene lake. Wandering through the glen, the song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple and roar of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound." It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside, for once, his captiousness, exclaims, "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps, if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be."

"The inn is very pretty at Glengarriff; some thorn-trees stand before it, where many bare-legged people were lolling in spite of the weather. A beautiful bay stretches out before the house, the full tide washing the thorn-trees; mountains rise on either side of the little bay, and there is an island, with a castle in it, in the midst, near which a yacht was moored. But the mountains were hardly visible for the mist, and the yacht, island, and castle looked as if they had been washed against the flat, grey sky in India-ink."

"The day did not clear up sufficiently to allow me to make any long excursion about the place, or indeed to see a very wide prospect round about it: at a few hundred yards, most of the objects were enveloped in mist; but even this, for a lover of the picturesque, had its beautiful effect, for you saw the hills in the foreground pretty clear, and covered with their wonderful green, while immediately behind them rose an immense blue mass of mist and mountain that served to *relieve* (to use the painter's phrase) the nearer objects. Annexed to the hotel is a flourishing garden, where the vegetation is so great that the landlady, told me it was all he could do to check the trees from growing: round about the bay, in several places, they come clustering down to the water's edge, nor does the salt water interfere with them."

"Winding up a hill to the right, as you quit the inn, is the beautiful road to the cottage and park of Lord Bantry. One or two parties, on pleasure bent, went so far as the house, and were partially consoled for the dreadful rain which presently poured down upon them, by wine, whiskey, and refreshments, which the liberal owner of the house sent out to them. I myself had only got a few hundred yards when the rain overtook me, and sent me for refuge into a shed, where a blacksmith had arranged a rude furnace and bellows, and where he was at work with a rough gilly to help him, and, of course, a lounge or two to look on. The scene was exceedingly wild and picturesque, and I took out a sketch-book and began to draw. The blacksmith was at first very suspicious of the operation which I had commenced, nor did the poor fellow's sternness at all yield until I made him a present of a shilling."

The best view of Glengariff—the charm of a soft climate embracing every other—is obtained from the height of the hill road leading to Killarney, and at the foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is, in fact, within a private demesne, may be attained if the visitor can take rather a fatiguing walk; but the result will reward him. The village of Glengariff con-

sists of only a very few houses. They are collected round the hotel,—a pretty white house built against a hill, which rises high above it, and standing within a few yards of the clear water. From every point of view the bay is beautiful but is most beautiful as seen from the windows of the little hotel—a hostelry placed in a paradise, and which all are loath to leave—even for the lovely and romantic Lakes of Killarney.

HOBBS'S LEVIATHAN.

THE singular figure represented in our engraving forms the upper half of the frontispiece of Hobbes's "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," first published in London in 1656. Above it is a motto borrowed from the vulgar edition of the book of Job—*Non est potestas super terram, quæ comparetur ei* (Job xli. 24). Underneath, the title of the book appears upon a curtain, which we have been unable to introduce, and at each side of it a series of little compartments containing engravings of allegorical subjects. Under the arm which holds the sword appears—1, a fortress; 2, a crown; 3, a cannon; 4, a trophy formed of arms; 5, a battle.

Beneath the hand which holds the crozier, we find—1, a church; 2, a bishop's mitre; 3, lightning; 4, a trident, on which is inscribed the word *sylogism*; a fork with the words *direct*, *indirect* upon the prongs; another with the words *spiritual*, *temporal*; another with the words *real*, *intentional*; and an ox's horns with the word *dilemma*.

In the introduction the author gives the key to the allegory: "Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also, imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of the limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within; why may we not say, that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is the *heart* but a *spring*, and the *nerves* but so many *strings*, and the *joints* but so many *wheels*, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer.

"Art goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, *man*. For by art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH OF STATE, in Latin, *Civitas*, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than is natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body; the magistrates and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial joints; *reward* and *punishment*, by which, fastened to the seat of sovereignty, every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the *nerves*, that do the same in the body natural; the *wealth* and *riches* of all particular members are the *strength*; *salus populi*, the *people's safety*, its *business*; *counsellors* by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the *memory*; *equity* and *laws* an artificial *reason* and *will*; *concord*, *health*, *sedition*, *sickness*; and *civil war*, *death*. Lastly, the *facts* and *covenants*, by which the parts of the body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that *fat*, or the *let us make man*, pronounced by God in the creation.

"To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider,

"First, the *matter* thereof, and the *artificer*, both which is *man*.

"Secondly, *how* and by what *covenants* it is made; what are the *rights* and just power or authority of a sovereign; and what it is that *preserveth* or *dissolveth* it.

"Thirdly, what is a *christian commonwealth*.

"Lastly, what is the *kingdom of darkness*.

"Concerning the first, there is a saying much usurped of late, that wisdom is acquired, not by reading of *books*, but of *men*. Consequently, whereunto, those persons that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise, take great

delight to show what they think they have read in men, by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another, if they would take the pains, that is, *posse teipsum, read thyself*."

Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, on the 5th of April, 1588, the same year in which the Spanish Armada was defeated and dispersed. He was the son of a clergyman, and during his infancy his constitution was so feeble, that it was hardly expected he would ever attain to manhood, but he strengthened it into robustness by temperance and regular living. His father taught him the ancient classics at an early age, so that when eight years old, he translated the "Medusa" of Euripides into English verse. At nineteen he completed his education in the University of Oxford, and went to travel on the continent as tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire. His first published work was a translation of the "History of Thucydides," by which he wished to prove to his countrymen the dangers and disorders of a democratic form of government. In 1626, his patron, the Earl of Devonshire, died, and in 1628, his pupil died. He then accompanied a son of Sir Gervase Clifton on a tour in France, where he remained until the Countess Dowager invited him home to take charge of the education of her son, then thirteen years of age. He accepted her offer, and discharged his trust with great fidelity. In 1634, he accompanied his pupil to Paris, where he applied his leisure hours to the study of natural philosophy. He went thence to Italy, where he formed an acquaintance with Galileo, who became very intimate with him, and freely communicated to him all his discoveries. On his return through Paris he met Descartes, and afterwards kept up a correspondence with him upon mathematical subjects; but when Descartes sought to establish points of high importance on the assumption of innate ideas, Hobbes showed his good sense by differing from him. In 1642, he published his work "De Cive," which raised up against him many enemies. After the Revolution, he found himself obliged to follow the example of his patron, Sir Charles Cavendish, and take refuge in France, as the monarchical tendencies of his works had rendered him decidedly obnoxious to the republican party in England. He there became so celebrated by the part he took in the controversy about the squaring of the circle, that he was recommended as mathematical tutor for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. He discharged this duty with so much diligence, that he drew forth the esteem of the prince, who gave him very substantial marks of favour after the Restoration, and it is said kept a picture of him suspended in his closet. In 1650, his able treatise on "Human Nature" was published in London, with another, "De Corpore Politico, or, on the Elements of Law." After digesting his religious, moral, and political principles into a complete system, he published it under the name of the "Leviathan," to which we have already referred, in 1650 and 1651. After that he returned to England, and mostly passed the summer at the country seat of the Earl of Devonshire, and the winter in London in the society of his friends. When Charles regained the throne, he bestowed upon him a pension of £100 a year out of the privy purse. In 1666, his "Leviathan" and his treatise "De Cive," were strongly censured by parliament, and this, combined with the bringing in of a bill to punish atheism and profane-

ness, seriously alarmed him. When he found no unpleasant consequences had resulted from this outburst of parliamentary sanctity, he determined to publish an edition of his pieces in Latin, but found he would have to go abroad for the purpose, which he did, and they appeared in three volumes quarto, in 1688, from the press of John Bidaud. In 1669, he received a visit from Cosmo de Medicis, who had his picture taken, which he placed amongst his curiosities and his works in his library at Florence. In 1672, he published his own life in Latin verse; and in 1674, a translation of four books of "Homer's Odyssey," in English verse. He afterwards completed the translation of the "Odyssey," and that of the "Iliad" also. In 1675 he took his leave of London, and passed the remainder of his life in easy retirement at the country house of the Earl of Devonshire. He died in December, 1679, at the age of ninety-two years. Lord Clarendon speaks of

ders up that right to everything which nature has originally given him,—no great sacrifice certainly, for as Hobbes himself remarks, the right of everybody to everything takes away from each the right to anything. He then supposes these natural rights to be all vested in the state, or in other words the sovereign, who represents it, who henceforth is, or ought to be, the supreme arbiter of everything,—the interpreter of the laws and the standard of right and wrong, occupying for each citizen the place of his conscience. And to this all-powerful ruler, he assigned also the functions of the church, subjecting it in doctrine and discipline to the complete control of the civil power.

His theories raised up against him two classes of enemies—the royalists, who perceived with confusion that his principles of government were as much in favour of Cromwell as of Charles, and in fact invariably united the *ius* with the *possessio*;



ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF A COMMONWEALTH.

him as "a person for whom he had a great esteem, and who was always regarded as a person of probity, and of a life free from scandal."

Hobbes's system of philosophy has made such a noise in the world, and even at this day is such an awful "bogey" to a great many who have not the remotest conception in what it consists, that it may be well to give a short sketch of its leading features.

He was above all things a royalist, a supporter of monarchy, and a hater of democracy under whatever form, and he consequently made the monarch everything. He supposed all men originally to be free and equal, and to have an equal right to the enjoyment of the good things of this world; but he also supposed each individual to be solitary, selfish, and ferocious, and afraid of every other individual, like wild beasts. He then supposes that, for the sake of peace and comfort, each surren-

dered up that right to everything which nature has originally given him,—no great sacrifice certainly, for as Hobbes himself proposed to subject the law of God to the law of the state. He has not yet got from under the ban that two hundred years ago was placed upon him and his works. The Hobbist controversy raged with unexampled fury during the greater part of the eighteenth century; but at the present day we would hope that there are few who do not possess sufficient judgment to pluck the flowers with which his works abound, without being injured by the nettles. That the anti-Hobbist feeling is not yet extinct, however, is evidenced by the fact, that when Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Miall were contesting the borough of Southwark, at an election a few years ago, the committee of the latter published placards warning the electors against the right honourable baronet as a supporter of infidelity, inasmuch as he had a short time previously edited an edition of Hobbes's English works, in eleven volumes, octavo.

THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THIS nobleman, who was eminent both as a statesman and a warrior, flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born about the year 1473. His grandfather was the first duke of the Howard family, and was created in 1483. He lost his life at the battle of Bosworth, while fighting for Richard III. His father, who was also in arms on that occasion, forfeited his title and estates, but had them restored to him by Henry

For their services on this occasion, the father was made Duke of Norfolk, and the son, Earl of Surrey.

In 1521, Thomas was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, where he succeeded in suppressing an insurrection under the renowned chieftain, O'Neal. Shortly after, he undertook an expedition to the coast of France, in which he proved successful. In 1523 he was appointed Lord Treasurer; and



THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

VII. Thomas Howard was made a knight of the garter soon after Henry VIII. succeeded to the crown, and attained to other distinctions in consequence of his talents both as a naval and military commander. He assisted in the capture of a celebrated Scottish freebooter, Sir Andrew Barton, in 1511; and when his brother, Sir Edward Howard, was killed in an engagement with the French off Brest, in 1513, he succeeded him as High Admiral of England. In the same year he commanded, with his father, at the battle of Flodden, in which James IV., King of Scotland, was totally defeated and slain.

soon afterwards he headed an inroad into Scotland, when he destroyed the town of Jedburgh by fire.

In 1524, in consequence of the death of his father, Thomas succeeded to the dukedom. He afterwards became a leading member of the king's council, and was considered as the head of the Roman Catholic party, though he acted with so much prudence that he retained the favour of his sovereign till near the close of his long reign. In 1536, he was employed against the Catholic insurgents in the North of England, and in 1542 against the Scots. In 1544 he went to France with the king

on an hostile expedition, and commanded at the siege of Montreuil.

In the event, however, it proved that all the valuable services he had rendered could not secure him from the jealousy of the capricious Henry; and, upon slight grounds, he had condemned him to suffer death as a traitor, January 29, 1547. The king died on the preceding night, and the duke obtained a respite, but he was detained a prisoner in the Tower during the reign of Edward VI.

When Edward was in the article of death, the Duke of Northumberland wrote in the king's name to his sisters, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, requesting them to attend immediately upon their dying brother; but before they could reach the metropolis the monarch had breathed his last. In the hope, however, of getting the princesses into his power, Northumberland concealed the fact of the death for two days. Arundel, who was in favour with Mary, sent her intelligence of the sad event, at the same time giving her to understand that a conspiracy was being formed against her. Mary wrote to the Privy Council, affirming her legitimate right and title to the crown, and the council being in favour of Lady Jane, both parties were resolved to decide the contest by an appeal to arms. The tide of popular feeling, however, had so set in favour of Mary, that she was soon afterwards proclaimed in the city of London. She immediately gave orders for the arrest of Northumberland.

On the accession of Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk was released, and reinstated in his rank and property; and he sat as High Steward on the trial of the Duke of Northumberland, who was found guilty of treason, and executed. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, closed his life in peace at Kenning-hall, Norfolk, in August, 1554, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The other branches of this ancient and illustrious family have played an important part in English history. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born about the year 1515, was an accomplished nobleman, and the best English poet of his age. He is said to have introduced blank verse into English poetry. Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, was a distinguished naval commander, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the son of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, and grandson of the second Duke of Norfolk. He made a great display of his lofty spirit as a British admiral, when commanding a small fleet in the English Channel, at the time that the Princess Ann of Austria was proceeding to Spain with a convoy of 130 sail. "He envied their fleet," says Hakluyt, "in a most strange and warlike sort, and enforced them to stoop gallant, and vaile their bonnets for the Queen of England." But the principal occasion on which this nobleman signalled himself was in the defeat of the famous Spanish Armada in 1588, when he was commander-in-chief of the English fleet.

The head of this family has the titles of first duke, first marquis, first earl, and first baron of the kingdom, and takes place immediately after the prince of the royal blood. The title of earl-marshall is also hereditary in the family. The present, the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, is Henry Charles Howard, K. G. and P. C. His second title, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is borne by his eldest son. The engraving is taken from a painting by the celebrated Van Dyck.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

DURING many wanderings in many distant countries, I have ever had a strong predilection for solitary rambles amidst the strange scenery with which they abound; and my love of nature has been always greatest when I met her in her wildest moods, and under her sternest and most savage aspects.

In no part of the world that I have ever visited is there a wider field for the gratification of this fanciful passion than in the mountain ranges of South America; and I have climbed to many a lofty summit, and descended to many a deep ravine amongst them, with no other object than a foolish ambition to rest my foot upon some spot untrodden hitherto by man; or

to enjoy, alone and uninterrupted, the sublime spectacle exhibited by the magnificent yet desolate scenery around me. That portion of the western Cordillera that encloses within its loftiest peaks the extensive table-lands, or punas, from which such vast supplies of silver are procured, is, perhaps, the most rugged and most frightful of the whole. The immense mountains are split into many isolated crests, that rise above the lofty puna to a still greater elevation; and between those high points are tremendous chasms, across which the mountain roads are carried by light rope bridges that sway about with every breeze, and spring and tremble even beneath the quick foot of the active Indian guide. The agave poles and slender branches that are interwoven with the hide ropes, and form the roadway of the bridge, are parted by wide gaps and crevices, through which the traveller looks down into the immeasurable void that gapes below; and he may well be pardoned the convulsive shudder that passes through his frame when he feels the narrow platform which alone supports him bend and crack beneath his weight.

Among many recollections of these dreary solitudes, I retain a very vivid impression of one lonely adventure in them. I had long wished for an opportunity of being present during the passage of one of those fearful storms that almost daily visit the sierra during certain seasons, and which I had only seen previously at a distance, as they rolled amongst the far-off ranges. The opportunity at length presented itself. I had wandered some distance from the Indian village in which I had passed the night, and leaving the more level puna, had entered a deep defile that gradually ascended to a high peak, from whence I obtained a splendid view of the gigantic panoramas spread before me. The wide table-land stretched away to the banks of a dark lake that lay calm and unruffled in its centre, and from thence rose with a gentle sweep to the more distant summits that enclosed it. Far behind me spread a sea of rocky waves, heaped up, and tossed about in most tumultuous, yet sublime disorder; and bursting through them rose great mountain islands, that reared their many-pointed heads aloft in stately majesty. Down the slanting declivity of a deep ravine that opened at my feet, piles of enormous stones were loosely scattered,—the mighty fragments of some shattering convulsion that had torn asunder the huge mountains, and rent the hills like silken veils. Beyond it rose, in isolated grandeur, a solitary peak that towered above all others; and from its snowy crest a line of pointed spires swept downwards in a graceful curve that rose again to the high summit of another distant peak, from which it seemed to hang like the supporting chain of some immense suspension-bridge—with every link a mountain. Far below, along the broken channel of the chasm, a little stream raced with impetuous speed, leaping from ledge to ledge in one white line of foam; and high above, where the steep cliffs bent inwards and overhung the wide abyss, a narrow line was drawn across the pure blue sky—the fragile bridge by which the mountain pathway crossed the terrible ravine.

Amidst such scenery as this I wandered onwards, forgetful of all else, searing at times a group of graceful llamas from their scanty pasture, or starting in my turn as the great condor rose from my feet, and, spreading his enormous wings, hovered a moment near me, and then soared disdainfully away to some still loftier pinnacle. Suddenly I saw, mounting above the entangled mass of rocks, a thick black cloud that rolled along the mountain sides in heavy wreaths, the sure precursor of the devastating storms that I had longed to witness. Increasing in breadth and volume as it advanced, the cloud spread over all the range, hiding the rugged landscape and blotting out the sun. Flashes of lightning gleamed from the dark wall that rose from earth to heaven, and sudden gusts of wind tore through it, opening up deep caverns that seemed bored in solid earth. As I hurried down to some more sheltered spot, so terrible was the appearance of the advancing tempest, that my resolution faltered sadly, and I heartily regretted the curiosity that had led me to face so powerful an enemy. My memory recalled a score of mountain tales of travellers crushed beneath the fall of massive rocks loosened by the passing

storm; of strings of mules, dashed with their drivers from the narrow paths; and even of companies of soldiers caught up like withered leaves by the fierce whirlwinds, and hurled to sure destruction in the frightful depths around. The ledge on which I stood was scarcely five feet wide, and above and below the mountain side was covered with loose blocks, that evidently required but little force to set them rolling down the steep incline and over the edge of the precipice in which it terminated. A few yards ahead of me a huge rock had fallen on the shelf, and behind this I instinctively sought shelter from the furious hurricane that already raged around me. But a few minutes previously my admiration had been excited by the impressive stillness, the calm, sublime repose of the grand spectacle, but this was now succeeded by the most astounding uproar and chaotic turmoil. Masses of frozen snow, torn from the loftier peaks, were driven through the air, and clouds of dust mingled with stones, and showers of icy sleet, swept madly past, whirling around one common centre. The wind howled up the gorge, and shrieked and whistled in the narrow clefts and fissures, whilst high above it rose the crashing thunder, rolling in oft-repeated echoes through the deep ravines,—the solid mountains shuddering at the loud reverberation. A black and heavy pall hung over all, and dark red lines of fire flashed from it, giving no light but rather adding by their contrast to the gloom; and even through the mighty voices of the storm there came at intervals a grating shock, and then a heavy blow, another, and another, as some huge rock, torn from its resting-place, bounded from ledge to ledge, and bearing with it masses of earth and loosened stone, fell with a dull, half-smothered sound into the wide and yawning chasm.

For upwards of an hour I lay behind my rocky shelter, which shook and wavered as the powerful gusts swept round it, and still the fury of the storm continued unabated. The cold was most intense, and the hard pellets of ice that drove in clouds through the defile beat on my head and face with painful violence. At length the heavy clouds passed onwards, and left the rugged crests of the mountains covered with a light grey mist. The effect was now extremely grand and singular. To the loud howling of the winds there succeeded a perfect calm, and then the snow fell noiselessly in soft light flakes. The thunder that had pealed in deafening volleys above and on all sides of my position, and rolled in prolonged echoes far below me, was heard only in low mutterings amongst the distant peaks. The unceasing lightning drew in dark red lines upon the bleak declivities a maze of complicated figures, ever there, but ever changing; the zig-zag flashes crossing and intertwining, now shooting, as it were, from every peak at once, and weaving in the heavens a momentary net of fire, then bursting out in one huge sheet of lurid flame, from which a thousand tongues and arrows glanced and vanished.

Awe-stricken with the sublime grandeur of the scene, I turned to retrace my steps to the Puna village, and a rapid walk soon restored the circulation in my half-frozen limbs. But the snow fell thicker and faster; the narrow path was quickly hidden beneath its white carpet, and the danger of stepping from it on to the steep incline, from whence I might be easily precipitated into the ravine, became every moment more imminent. The path itself sloped with considerable rapidity towards the table-land which I wished to reach, and this also added to the risk of traversing it. I knew that though these heavy falls of snow always accompanied the thunder-storms, and continued for some time after they had passed, yet the fall usually ceased about sunset, and it rarely happens that a storm visits the sierra during the night. Towards morning, indeed, the snow sometimes recommences, but at the level of the Puna, about 14,000 feet above the sea, it seldom remains on the ground after the sun has attained a few hours' altitude. And so, after an hour's cautious walking, its dull monotony broken by an occasional stumble, and the consequent excitement induced by the fear of suddenly accompanying the falling flakes in their descent into the gorge, the snow ceased, and the clouds broke and dispersed as the sun sank behind the distant crests that gleamed like broken domes and shattered spires of gold; and when the

bright tints faded, and the dark shadow of night crept slowly over the desolate landscape, the ever-changing scene assumed new features that softened down its terrors, and to the vast outline of the stately picture were added lovely hues and touches of exceeding beauty. The pure rays of the moon were reflected from the great white mountains in a flood of quivering light, that shone upon the shadowed cliffs on which the snow had failed to rest, and brightened even the frightful darkness of the gloomy gorges. The sky was one mass of stars, for in no part of the world is it so brilliantly spangled as on the high ridges of the great Cordillera, and their subdued lustre spread like a tropical aurora over the heavens, and tinged with a brighter tint the pale twilight of the moon. In spite of the dangers and discomforts of my position—cold, wet, weary, and uncertain that my next step would not be the last—I yet often paused to enjoy the glorious beauty of the grand and magnificent pageant of which I was apparently the sole spectator. As I descended lower into the plateau, the path increases in width, and my pace was proportionately accelerated; but the night was far advanced before the welcome barking of the dogs greeted my ear, and I gladly saw beneath me the cluster of miserable huts that formed the hamlet from which I had wandered in the morning. For that time, my love of storms and mountains was fully satiated, and most willingly did I exchange the white covering of the Puna and its brilliant canopy, for the shaggy llama skin spread beneath the low, thatched roof of a poor Indian hut.

THE SEA.

THE mean depth of the sea is, according to La Plance, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies, the rivers are fed from the mountains, and the ocean restrained within the bounds which it can never exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers, which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs, which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element.

If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconceivable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.

He must indeed be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the brutes, who would presume to say, or could for moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and of condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of Divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth, and air, uniformly preserving their present mutual proportions.

THE TWO DREAMS.

THE unfortunate wretch has gone to sleep hungry, resting his head upon the foot of the bed on which his wife and child are sleeping. The terrible visions of misery are haunting him. He dreams that he is travelling along a narrow and shady road, through the midst of a forest. He sees a gay cavalier advancing to meet him, clad in silk and velvet; his pouch bursting with pieces of gold, and his uncovered hand toying with a glove of cordovan leather. He sees in him one of those frivolous lordlings whose youth is passed in shameless pro-

fligate, and he asks, what use is such a life as his? Whose happiness will be destroyed by his removal from this world? For what is he wanted? And those coins, useless or dangerous in his hands, would they not be sufficient to place a family in comfort, and make their hearts leap with gladness? While this horrid thought passes through his brain, the miserable man grasps more tightly the oak cudgel which he holds in his hand, and he advances towards the horseman with fierce looks and a bounding pulse.

In the meantime, the poor mother who sleeps, with her

infant hugged to her bosom, dreams too. She sees a woman with a kindly eye, and sweet gentle smile, standing by her pallet, and looking down upon her. With one hand she points to the table, covered with all that a poor family can want—warm flannels, plenty of provisions, generous wine to recruit the strength of her worn-out and fainting husband, toys for the child, and pleasant books to beguile the long evenings of winter. The poor woman cannot believe in her dream, and presses her son closer to her heart.



G. STAAL, INV.

L. DUBARDIN, S.

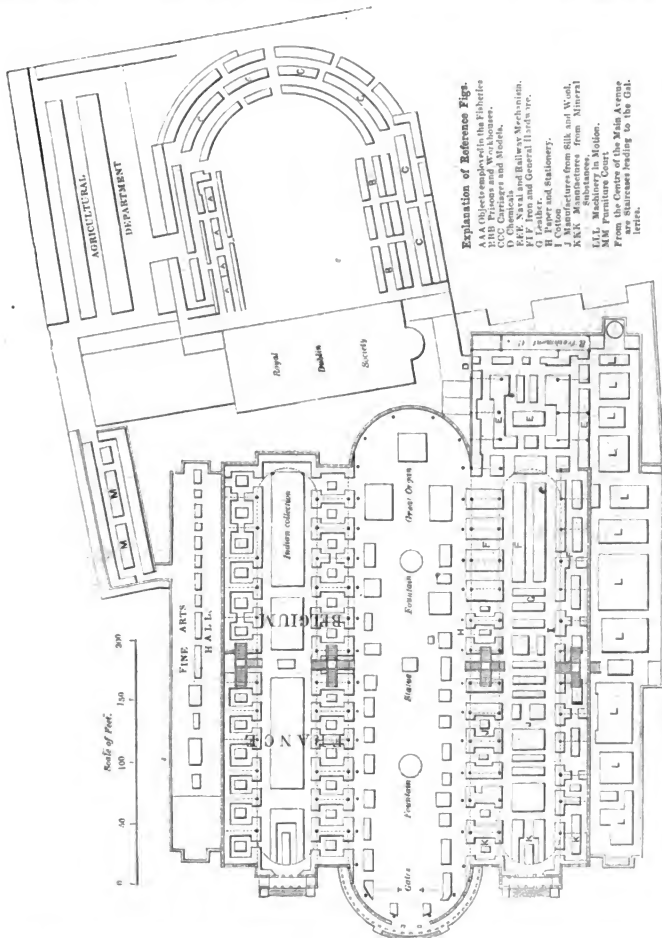
DRAWN BY STAAL.

OPENING OF THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

DUBLIN, May 12th, 1853.

At twelve o'clock this day, the Great Irish Exhibition was formally opened by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

scientific bodies represented in the Exhibition, and various other notabilities. Like its great progenitor in Hyde-park, this national undertaking was projected, designed, and com-



GROUND PLAN OF THE IRISH EXHIBITION BUILDING, DUBLIN, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MR. BENSON.

assisted by the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, deputations from the Royal Commission of 1851, the several foreign and

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pleted within a year. To Mr. William Dargan the Irish public mainly owe the successful completion of the beautiful building

which has this day been inaugurated. The first stone was laid in August, 1852, on the lawn belonging to the Royal Dublin Society's House, the situation of which will explain the somewhat incongruous shape of the entire structure, as shown in the ground plan. The following brief particulars will suffice to explain the situation of the edifice and its principal contents.

The main portion of the building forms nearly a square, presenting a frontage of 405 feet, and a depth of 425; this is divided into five large halls, the central one being a noble compartment of 425 feet in length, by 100 feet in breadth, and 104 feet in height. The great semicircular roof is supported by trellis ribs, constructed of timber, and rests on cast-iron

columns, 45 feet in height; on either side are two compartments of 25 feet in width, running the whole length of the building; adjoining these are two Halls of 325 feet in length by 50 in width, with semicircular roofs 65 feet in height. These Halls are separated by compartments of 25 feet in width, on one side from the Machinery Court, a fine Hall of 450 feet in length by 50 in breadth; and on the other from the Fine Arts Hall, 325 by 40 feet. In addition to these, the Fore Court of the Dublin Society's House is surrounded by a large building 500 feet in length and 55 in breadth, being connected with the main building by a Court for Agricultural Machinery, 250 feet by 40 feet on one side; and on the other, by a Corridor leading into the Machinery Court.

THE TOWER CLOCK OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE AT PARIS.

Clocks entirely constructed by the laws of mechanics only date from the tenth century.

It is true that several historians relate that the celebrated Haroon-el-Rasheed, caliph of the Abbasides, once sent Charlemagne some very valuable presents, among which was an inlaid brass and bronze time-piece, on which a great many allegorical figures were moved by wheel-work; but then this machine, which was very wonderful for the times, was nothing else but a clepsydra, or water-clock, its motive power being formed by falling water, which was renewed, at least, once a day.

It is also related that about the middle of the ninth century, Pacificus, Archbishop of Verona, made a magnificent time-piece, which marked, besides the hours, the day of the month, the days of the week, the rising and setting of the sun, the signs of the zodiac, &c. It is, however, very probable that this machine was moved like the one of the successor of the Prophet, by hydraulic force, thus being merely a clepsydra, and not a time-piece constructed by the laws of mechanics.

If we are to believe Haften, Moreri, Marlet, President Hénault, and *Les Annales Benedictines*, Jerbert (Pope Sylvester II.) invented the first time-piece which went without the aid of water, by means of a compact mass of lead, brass, or iron, suspended by a cord to the first wheel of the works, and which, by communicating with a series of wheels working into each other, set the regulator, that is, the escapement, in motion.

In the eleventh century, no mechanism had, as yet, been invented to make time-pieces strike; it is, however, certain that the means by which to make them do so was known at the beginning of the twelfth century. The first mention made of clocks furnished with a striking-part is to be found in "*Les Usages de l'ordre de Cîteaux*," in which book, compiled about 1120, the sacristan is enjoined so to regulate the clock that it may strike and wake him up before the matins. In another passage of the same book, the monks are ordered to continue reading until the clock strikes.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, clocks worthy of notice as monumental objects already existed in Germany, in Italy, and in many parts of France; but Paris, the capital of the kingdom, and where the fine arts, the sciences, and manufactures had made such progress, did not possess, in 1380, a single public clock. It is, however, right to mention, that a few sundials, rudely traced upon the walls, pointed out the hour to the passers-by; but then this could only be done when the sun was not hidden by atmospheric vapours. It is also true that hour-glasses and clepsydrams of more or less costly manufacture were found in most houses; but these machines, which bore a strong resemblance to those used by the Romans in the time of Augustus, were incapable of measuring time with anything like precision. It is, in fact, very probable that when one of these machines marked twelve, another marked two o'clock, when it was really but ten in the morning.

In the fourteenth century, however, a few small clocks furnished with weights were seen in the mansions of the aristocracy; but they were nothing more than curiosities, for they did not mark the hour with any more precision than did the hour-glasses and clepsydrams.

Charles the Fifth of France, who well deserved the appellation of the Wise, neglected nothing which might prove useful to the inhabitants of his good city of Paris, and he, therefore, bethought himself of having a clock constructed, and placed in the tower of his palace, so that the public might know the hour both day and night. But as there was no mechanician skilful enough in Paris to undertake such a work, the king sent to Germany for Henry de Wyck, a celebrated clock-maker, with whom he made an agreement for the construction and erection of the precious machine.

The German artist, say the *Memoirs* of the times, had apartments assigned him in the tower where the clock was to be placed, and he received six sous a day from the king for eight consecutive years—that being the time it took him to execute his work.

Jean Jonnecq, a celebrated bell-founder, received the order to cast the bell against which the hammer of the clock was to strike the hours; and the clock itself, which, two centuries later, gave the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre, was carried to the upper part of the tower, and fixed there in the most satisfactory manner.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the wheel-work of the clocks of the fourteenth century was as complicated as the wheel-work of those of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Froissart, who was contemporary with Charles V., has left a very curious and very exact description of the clocks of his time, and, by the aid of this document, we shall now enter into a few details concerning the primitive construction of these machines.

The Amorous Clock is the title given by Froissart to his description, which is as follows:—

"Ou, veul parler de l'estat de l'horloge
La premeraine roe (roue) qui y loge,
Celle est la mère et li commencement
Qui fait mouvoir les autres mouvements.
Le plonk (poids) trop bien à la beauté s'accorde.
Pleinsac s'est montrée par la corde,
Si proprement qu'on ne pourrait mieul y dire;
Car, tout ainsi que le contre-pois tire
La corde à lui et la corde tirée,
Quand la corde est bien à droit attirée,
Retire à lui et le fait émouvoir.

Après, affiert à parler dou dyal (mouvement diurne),
Et ce dyal est la roe journal,
Qui en surz jour naturel seulement,
Se moe (meut) et fait mi tour précisément.
En ce dyal, dont grans est li merites,
Sont les heures XXIII d'erites.
C'est le derrein (derrier) mouvement qui ordonne
La sonnerie, ainsi que elle sonne;
On fait savoir comment elle se fait,
Par deux roes ceste oeuvre se parfait.
Si porte o li (avec elle) ceste premeraine roe,
Un contre-pois par quoi e se roe (elle se meut),
Et qui le fait le mouvoir, selonc m'entente,
Lorsque levée est à point la destente,
Et la seconde est la roe chantore (roue de la sonnerie)."

"But the clock's structure I soon will reveal;
The chief thing within is the principal wheel;
This is the spring and the mother of all,
And moveth the others, both large ones and small.
The weight with the nature of beauty agrees,
And pleasure's the cord which holds beauty with ease.
For what I assert I have full and just cause,
For in the same way that the well-balanced weight
Draws down the cord, as soon as 'tis drawn,
The first weight, again through the smooth even groove,
Once more pulls the cord back and makes the clock move.

At present, 'tis fitting I mention the face,
Which marks, without failing, old Father Time's trace.
The hands that go round in a certain fixed way,
Revolve only once in the space of a day;
And on this same face, which is worthy indeed,
The hours XXIII you may easily read,
The last movement doth all the striking direct,
And makes the clock strike to a minute correct;
But if the whole process perchance you should ask,
I answer two wheels do effect the same task.
Within the first wheel does contain, you must learn,
A balance which causes it always to turn;
When raised fully up, then the hammer rebounds,
And straightway the second wheel loudly resounds."

In the above lines, Poissart describes the principal functions of the balance and the watch-wheel. He says that clock-makers ought to raise the weights up often—that is, to wind up the clock.

It is evident from the description of the learned historian that the clocks of his time were composed of two sets of wheel-work very simply constructed. The first set, which moved the hands, only comprised three wheels; one to which the weights were suspended, one which communicated with the hour hands, and the ratchet wheel, whose teeth kept up the oscillatory motion of the balance.

The second set belonged to the striking part, the first wheel of which had a weight and fly suspended to it, and acted on a pinion fixed in the centre of another wheel, which drew the flie, that regulated the whole wheel-work of the striking part, along with it in its rotatory movement. The pins that served to lift the hammer, which was employed to strike the hour on the bell, were placed at the extremity of the diameter of the first wheel, and perpendicularly to its plane.

We have entered into these details, because we know that several learned men, and various clock-makers of all countries, have been mistaken in the descriptions they have given of clocks of the fourteenth century. And, to mention that of the Palais de Justice only, we may remark that it has been the subject of a somewhat grave error, committed by a man whose name is an authority in the scientific world. We mean the celebrated Julien le Roi.

This skilful artist saw the clock at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and supposing that it was still in its primitive state, he described it as he then saw it, and accompanied his description with explanatory figures. This description, however, is that of a clock of the seventeenth century, and not of the one which was constructed by the clock-maker of Charles V.

When Julien le Roi inspected the clock, three centuries had passed by since it had been first placed in the tower of the Palais de Justice; and he did not consider that, in the course of so long a time, it had been repaired, modified, enlarged, and improved, some ten or twenty times perhaps. Neither did he perceive, on examining this correctly-made piece of mechanism, that it could not be the production of an artist of the middle ages, when clock-making was still in its infancy, when no tools fitted to make the teeth of the wheels and pinions had been invented, and when the artist, after many an effort, only just succeeded in making the rickety works, which then composed a clock, turn gratefully upon their pivots.

Besides, the clock which he describes was not furnished with either weight or fly, of which one *ascends while the other descends*; it was wound up with a key like a modern clock.

The dial-plate, too, was divided into twelve hours instead of twenty-four; while the striking part, the detent, the make of the wheels and pinions, the flie, and the parts that guided the hands, were all different in the clock described by Julien le Roi to what they were in the one made by Henry de Wyck. The balance is the only thing mentioned by him which was really contained in the latter machine; and this will be easily understood when it is remembered that the pendulum was only applied to clocks towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and that all clock-makers did not immediately adopt this new kind of regulator, in spite of its incontestable superiority.

It is, therefore, evident that Julien le Roi was not acquainted with the construction of the first clocks, these machines being made, as can be proved on the best of authorities, in the manner described by the author of the "Amorous Clock."

We have but a few words to say with respect to the successive improvements made in the dial-plate of Henry de Wyck's clock. The most important ones took place under Charles IX. and Henri III. Charles IX. encircled it with frescoes and ornaments of the best possible taste. Germain Pilou executed two burnt clay figures, one of which represented Force leaning with one hand on a bundle of fuses, and holding in the other the tables of the law, while the other figure represented Justice, holding a balance in her left, and a sword in her right hand. The first figure was placed on the left, and the second on the right side of the clock.

Henri III. still further increased the splendour of these decorations, and Germain Pilou, who directed the works, finished them in 1585. The following is the description given of them by the historian Rabel:—

"Towards the end of the month of November, of the year 1585, the works of the dial-plate of the palace clock were finished. This clock, with its ornaments, is considered the handsomest throughout France. The director of the works was Germain Pilou, a master statuary, and one of the first in his art. He has executed such beautiful things in our city of Paris, and in other places in France, that his name will be for ever remembered.

"In the first place, there is, at the top of the dial-plate, the figure of a dove, intended to represent the Holy Ghost; beneath this, there is a crown of laurels, with two other crowns placed over the escutcheons of France and Poland; the whole of which is enriched with a collar of the order of the Holy Ghost, created and instituted by the present King Henri, while below is written:—

QUI DEDIT ANTE DUAS, TRIPlicem DABIT ILLE CORONAM.

He who has already given two crowns will give a triple crown.

"On one side of the dial-plate, Piety is represented holding an open book, on which is written:

SAURA DEI CELEBRARE PIUS
REGALE TIME JUS.

O pious observer of divine law,
Respect royal right.

"And on the other is Justice holding a balance (the figures are called by Corroget, *Force and Justice*). Underneath the dial-plate is written:

MACHINA QUE DIS SEX TAM JUXTA DEVIDIT MORAS,
JUSTITIAM SERVARE MONET, LEONISQUE TURRI.

"These inscriptions were written by Jean Passerat, Royal Professor of Eloquence."

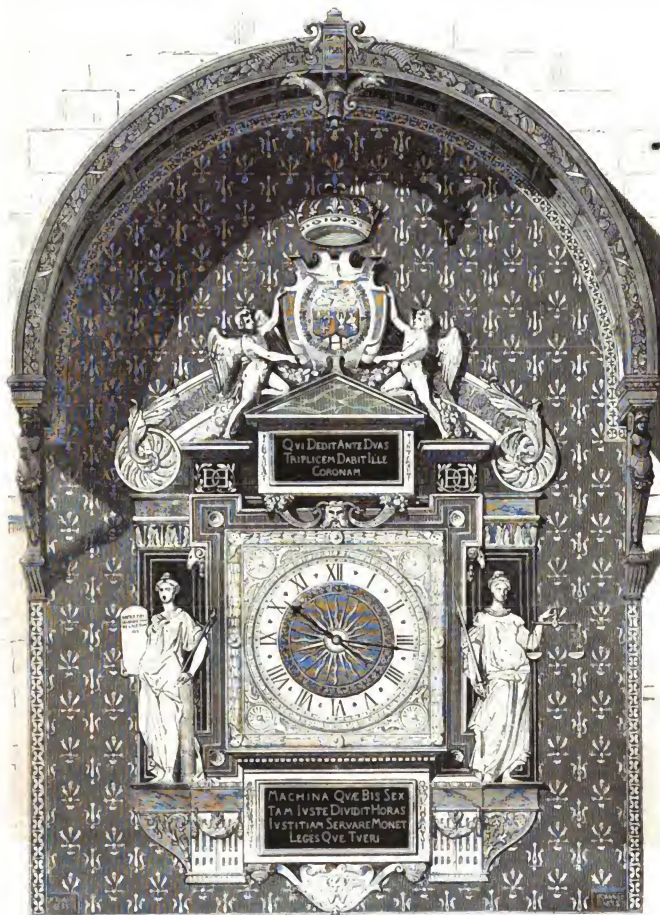
The last inscription is not quite complete. Rabel, moreover, does not tell us that the ground of the frame-work was studded with golden bees and fleurs-de-lis.

A hundred years later, Louis XIV. had the dial-plate of the clock again altered; but neither this prince nor his predecessors thought it necessary to mention, by an initial or inscription, that Charles V. had been the projector, and Henry de Wyck the constructor, of this monumental machine. Though the sovereigns who restore old monuments worthy of

being preserved merit our gratitude, yet those who have executed them merit it still more.

The clock which at present replaces that of Henry de Wyck

The dial-plate is placed about twenty-three feet from the ground; and the diameter of the horary circle is four feet ten inches and a half. The bas-relief figures, which are placed on



CLOCK OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, PARIS.

was made by Monsieur Henri Leparete, and, judging from this gentleman's reputation, it is no doubt well constructed, and will not fail to keep good time.

each side of the clock, are somewhat more than six feet high; while the general decorations occupy a space above twenty-four feet high, and above eighteen wide.

THE DONKEY RACE.

WHAT an exciting scene is that which our engraving represents! By voice and gesture the rustic jockeys are urging on their donkeys—donkeys which seem to take as much interest in the sport as the youngsters on their backs. Surely

triumph! it seems a matter of small importance who wins the race, but there is the same panting for success, the same strenuous exertion in the lads, as we notice in the higher and loftier struggle of life. In the same spirit men engaged of old



DONKEY RACE. FROM A PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

the foremost one will win by something more than "a neck;" his rider snaps his fingers in anticipated triumph, and while the rival waves his bonnet in the air, and pats the neck of his almost exhausted animal, it is clear at a glance that victory is not for him. There is a crowd of people watching the race ready to shout a welcome to the winner, and to bestow on the successful candidate the promised reward.

What a struggle for victory! what painstaking for a

in the Olympic games; to win applause gladiators fought within the Colosseum of proud Rome; the poet sings, the painter paints, the soldier faces danger and death. A palm of victory in the distance is the object ever kept in view, a goal starred and luminous to be attained. And the same spirit which animates and governs the world astris, is seen here in the donkey race.

Gainsborough, whose biography at some future period we

intend presenting to our readers, has pictured a truly English scene, and has done so in his own inimitable style. Nature was his teacher, the woods were his academy, and he was an apt disciple, an ardent lover of art, a keen observer of all that surrounded him, and an accurate copyist of his models. His models came not from the antique; they were found in villages, and fields, and poor men's homes. His excellence was his own, the result of his own particular observation. Whatever he undertook he executed in a manner peculiar to himself; and whatever might be the object of his study, whether the form of a woodcutter, a peasant child, or a girl attending pigs, he did not attempt to raise the subject, nor did he lose any of that natural grace which was so eminently characteristic of his designs. If, in his excursions, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and drew them, not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water; all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his art, so that he wished to have everything embodied, as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive.*

He was ardently devoted to his pursuits: this feeling he cherished even to his dying day. Art and artists occupied his thoughts, and the last words he uttered were characteristic of this love:—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

* Pilkington.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

THE chapel of the convent of St. Augustine at Pisa had lately been decorated and repaired, till it now rivalled in magnificence the splendours of the cathedral itself. In place of the simple rails which had surrounded the great altar, there rose a costly screen around the sanctuary; pillars of variegated marbles, sculptured friezes instinct with noble forms, graceful columns, solemn monuments laden with the pride of heraldry, silver lamps, and all that art and wealth could devise to subdue the mind and enthrall the senses, was there lavished in full pomp and panoply.

It was mid-day. The chapel was deserted,—the air was yet heavy with perfumed incense,—the last tones of the organ vibrated through the aisles,—the echoing footfall of the latest loiterer had scarcely died in the distance,—then silence and solitude alone remained.

Yet one man was there. He was standing behind a pillar, occupied upon a fresco. His dress was of the humblest, and his work of the most unambitious description, yet there was a power in his face, and a dignity in his appearance that promised something higher than the serge doublet and ill-paid drudgery of the inferior workman; poverty, toil and discontent were written on that pale and thoughtful brow. He stopped frequently at his work, and seemed wrapt in gloomy thought—he resumed his pencil again and again with desperate resolution, and as often threw it down again with impatient scorn,—at last, as if overcome by his emotions, he descended hastily from the scaffolding, and paced rapidly the centre of the church. Then the agitation which possessed him appeared gradually to become quieted, his steps calmer, his brow clearer, and finally he sat down beside the reading desk, and laid his burning forehead upon the Bible which laid open before him. When he raised it the whole expression of his countenance had become changed, his cheeks glowed, his eyes seemed inspired with an unearthly brightness:—"Father!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee! Thou hast breathed Thy spirit into mine. Thou wilt aid me to portray Thy glory upon earth: the Bible in all its majesty, in all its power, shall be the subject of my labour: angels and demons in countless multitudes, heaven and earth, punishment

and reward. Thy glory and the life eternal shall speak Thy praise from the canvas of Thy servant! I feel it—my hand will not fail me—the past shall be forgotten—poverty, neglect, fatigue shall not be remembered—envy and injustice shall touch my soul no more, in the brightness of the coming fame!"

A deep sigh near him roused Marcello from his golden dream, and, turning with alarm, he saw a brother of the convent standing by his side. This old man, austere and venerable, was regarding the painter with a look full of compassionate benevolence. "My son," said he, "I have heard you, and you are suffering."

"More than I know how to tell you, father."

"And yet you have invoked the aid of God? you have faith?"

"Faith, but not hope, my father," said the painter, "and without hope life is a long and weary day—a sterile land—an accursed tree whose fruits are dust and ashes when we gather them!"

"Alas! my son, you are young," said the monk, kindly, "and but a few moments since you dreamt of a future full of divine glory and prosperity! Dream and hope again."

"You mistake me—I am no longer young. Time writes the age of man upon his heart. I have desired, and it has been denied unto me; I have tasted of anguish and bitterness; my soul is worn with hope, as the lute of the minstrel is worn with age, and whose strings at length give forth but harsh and broken sounds. I have dreamed of a work which shall immortalise my name, but have I courage to undertake all that I design? Oh that, like my father, I had remained an humble fisher, casting my nets upon the ocean for my daily bread! Father, while yet a child, there came a painter to my lovely home; that man recognised in the rude outlines which the fisher-boy had traced with charcoal on the walls the genius of natural genius, and offered to become my protector. I fell at his knees—I kissed the hem of his garment—I worshipped him as a divinity, and prayed, with all the eloquence of passion, for the permission of my father. It was granted; sublime was the concession of that poor fisherman: he deprived himself of the active arms that aided him in his employ, that mended his nets, and cultivated his scanty garden. He had but one son, and he loved him well enough to part with him. But ere I went, my master said to me,—'Boy, hast thou courage and constancy?—canst thou endure hunger and cold, and vow thy youth to a martyrdom without rest or reward?—canst thou venture all for the love of thy divine art and the future glory? The bread of the artist is watered with tears.' And I have found it so. He died, and from an artist I became an artisan. The world believed me not when I sought to justify my claims. All that I had done had gone forth with the name of my master. I was branded as an ignorant pretender, when I pointed out to them my share in his paintings. Obstacles surrounded, disappointments met me at every turn, and the flower of hope withered in my heart. Still I have faith—still I believe in glory, and believe that it may yet be mine!"

"Glory!" repeated the monk, in a tone of sorrowful pity; and, without combating the fatal delusions of that word, pointed solemnly to a grave-stone on which the painter was standing, and which bore this inscription:—

"HIC JACET CAPPRONI, PICTOR."

The characters were well nigh obliterated; soon they would be distinguishable no longer, and the spot would be forgotten. Marcello looked down upon them mechanically; but he was wrapt once more in his dream, and he comprehended them not.

PART THE SECOND.

Two years had passed away: the glorious luxuriance of an Italian summer clothed the earth with a gorgeous tangle of verdure and flowers. Pisa had all the appearance of a festival. Perfumes floated on the air; noble lords and ladies thronged the public walks; others, followed by their retainers, with falcons on their wrists, went forth to the chase; nobles and commoners, soldiers and peasantry, gave themselves up to

pleasure and idleness. Every palace blazed with light in the calm evenings, and sounds of lute and serenade came wandering by on every gentle breath of air that stirred the orange blossoms in the moonlight.

The senate was assembled at the justice-hall to regulate the interests of the province, and all the wealth and hospitality of Pisa was employed to do honour to their visit.

During one of the sittings of the court, a letter was laid before them, written by a trembling hand, and signed *Marcello*. Its purport was as follows:—

"Illustrious Lords,—An humble and unknown painter, at the hour of his death, entreats your attention. For more than two years he has lived in solitude, alone with art and his own soul; he has sought to combat enmity and unjust criticism; and, in dying, he has no wish beyond the pardon of his God and the glory of his work. His hand, he believes, has not proved unfaithful to his thought; but, broken down with labour and sorrow, and the desire of fame, he feels that rest is near at hand. The prayer of the dying is sacred—deign, then, to send some members of the senate to judge his picture, and to declare if it be worthy of a place in the chapel of St. Augustine, to which he bequeaths it."

This strange missive became at once the subject of deep interest to all in the assembly. On the previous evening the artist was unknown, or, if known, despised; now he was revered and esteemed by all. Some of the senators who patronised the convent declared that they had observed the frescoes of *Marcello*, in which, despite many errors, they had recognised the hand of a master. These eulogiums produced a great effect upon the public mind. Within an hour the home of the artist was approached by a brilliant company, who descended from their equipages at the door, where they were met by a procession of monks, coming at the same moment to view the picture given to their convent. The friars passed in first, chanting a mournful hymn; the noble signors followed them in silence.

There was a poetic calm brooding over the death-chamber, which impressed the visitors with reverent awe. Stern busts, and silent forms of sculptured loveliness stood around; an ample drapery at the farthest extremity concealed the picture, and the daylight fell in rose and azure chequers through the stained glass of the lofty casement, and cast uncertain splendour on the bed where laid the dying painter, worn and wan, yet still with some appearances of life in the wildly brilliant eye and quivering lip. He strove to speak, but he could only point feebly to the curtain; then, supported by the aged monk in whom he had confided at the chapel, he raised himself on the couch, seized a cord beside his bed, and in a moment drew the drapery aside, and exposed the picture. One only word escaped from every lip: "Admirable!"

And admirable it was. In this narrow space of canvas the mind of the painter had assembled all ideas that are most noble and sublime in man. Religion was there; religion with all its heavenly aspirations and its heavenly glories. There he had represented in one part the heavens, in another the earth—here the dreadful judgment, there the eternal happiness. Now, upon an arid and stony soil, the Solitaries occupied in the austere labours of their lives—one excavating a cell in the hard rock, another digging his grave, a third in meditation before a cross and a skull—all inspired with the double activity of the soul and body, where all around is silence and desolation. Angels with glorious wings hover over the Fathers of the desert, and seem to guard their sanctity. Here is the Evil Genius presiding above the ruins of Pagan worship; and, in the empyrean heaven, above all, in the centre of Light and Peace, God himself was dimly shadowed forth, as if in a radiance whose beams enveloped him from the too daring gaze of mortal eyes. Above and around seraphic legions hovered, hymning praise in song. Such was the work before which the Pisan senate stood in breathless awe and wonder—such the triumph of the artist, to whom they turned with one accord, and cried, "Glory to thee, *Marcello*!"

The painter raised his head, and turned to them a counte-

nance now paler than before; his lips trembled, his breath came quick and short—"Glory!" he murmured, and so died.

The next day Pisa was the scene of a solemn and touching event. Amid the deep clamour of the death-bells from every church around, an immense procession wound slowly towards the chapel of the Augustines. The whole city rendered homage to a painter. In life they had denied him every merit; in death they deemed no honours and no funeral pomp too great to glorify a sublime labour and a saintly death. Arrived at the chapel, the picture was installed above the great altar, and the corpse deposited on a magnificent bier, surrounded with lighted tapers. Clouds of incense floated into the vaulted roof; the solemn chant swells and falls; the organ's noble voice rolls round in rich resounding harmonies; all the wealthy and noble of the land kneel there in prayer, and the light vapours of the incense curling up around the altar-piece invest the painted legions with strange life. The Solitaries seem to have new meaning in their stern features; the ministering angels appear descending to do homage to their Creator, and the ineffable glory shines forth more ethereal and divine than before. On the morrow, *Marcello* is to receive the last sepulchral honours. Night clothed the city in its solemn mantle. Festivity for a brief space was suspended. The chapel, now empty and silent, was at length free from every curious visitant; by degrees the lights were extinguished, and, save the wax tapers around the bier, a profound darkness brooded in the aisles and galleries. Near the corpse a monk was watching. It was Friar Eusebius, the same who had two years before pointed to the gravestone over which *Marcello's* coffin rested: he had solicited this pious vigil, and, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, the good monk reflected bitterly upon the fate of the man whose thirst of fame had brought him misery and death, and of the homage which had been accorded only to his remains. While absorbed in these reflections, a light sound, almost resembling a sigh, attracted his attention. He rose and looked around—no creature was visible. He was too wise to be influenced by any dread of supernatural agency, and so, reassured, knelt down again and commenced his fervent prayers for the soul's repose of the only man in whom he had taken an earthly interest. At length the old monk's words came indistinctly, his head drooped on his breast, he was asleep.

The night advanced, the old man slumbered profoundly; a second sigh echoed in the dim silence of the church. The coffin stirred—there was a movement within—can it be he who raises himself with a labouring effort as if chained down by a magnetic influence? Yes, he lives—he breathes—he feels! It is *Marcello* himself—a living corpse issuing from the tomb! For an instant he hesitated—he shuddered: the immensity of the church, and, by a fleeting comparison, the immensity of life weighed heavily upon him. He wished to extricate himself from the bier, but he wanted courage: at this fearful moment of resurrection, when he might, by a slight effort, free himself from the panoply of burial, he experienced so much difficulty in the passage from death to life, that a horrible foretaste of the transition from life to death seemed presented to his imagination.

"O God!" he murmured, "must I live?"

Unbroken silence laid on the monuments and columns—darkness and midnight chained all things in a solemn harmony—his courage returned, he raised himself softly, and extinguished all the lights but one which he retained in his hand.

Then he went towards his picture, his beloved picture, and gazed upon it in that high and holy station which he had dreamed and hoped for. Bewildered, weeping, joyful, yet sad, *Marcello* cast himself upon his knees, and prayed aloud in a voice broken with emotion.

"Merciful Father! an ardent desire of glory led me to employ deceit—led me to strive for pity when I deserved it not—led me to feign death, and mock Thine awful summons. Pardon, O Lord, pardon! I go to other lands, where, perhaps, I may never hear even the echo of my fame! I go to live a stranger and a pilgrim, to expiate my sin, and end my days in thanksgiving for all Thy mercies!"

JEAN JACQUES PRADIER.

JEAN JACQUES PRADIER was born at Geneva, in the year 1790. He is, perhaps, the only native of a mountainous region who ever attained any eminence as a sculptor. It would seem that the contemplation of the grandeur and sublimity of mountain scenery is but ill calculated to encourage the statuary in his art; for however grand the design and delicate the workmanship, his productions must only appear to him paltry and trivial when compared to the magnificence of the Alps and Pyrenees.

Pradier was a Genevese by birth only; he had no other resemblance to Rousseau but that of bearing the same Christian name. He was still a child when the union between France and Switzerland took place. His inclinations and aspirations were opposed to the wishes of his parents, who intended to make him an engraver. M. Denon, having noticed this interesting neophyte at the municipal school of Geneva, predicted for

triumphs of that period. The following year the young artist eclipsed all his rivals in the conception of the subject given for competition, Ulysses and Neoptolemus in the Isle of Lemnos. After this, Pradier set out for Italy, that land so dear to all artists, and which he had so ardently longed to behold. The works of ancient art, and those of Lucca della Robbia, impressed him most deeply. At that time Greek and Roman art was almost exclusively admired; Pradier partook of this enthusiasm, without troubling himself to form an opinion of his own. He dwelt with delight on the figures of Jupiter, Bacchus, Neptune, and Amphitrite, Venus, Love, and the Graces; he even asserted that he had discovered a new explanation of the history of these symbolic deities; in short, mythology had never a more ardent admirer. Consequently, he earnestly studied the statues executed by the great masters of the pagan art. He remained unmoved before the stern pro-



SAPPHO—THE LAST WORK OF PRADIER.

him a brilliant career, and in order to his advancement placed him in the atelier of Lemot, who perfectly understood the mechanical part of his art, but whose productions were devoid of all pretension to sentiment and ideality. His forte was beauty of workmanship, but he failed in the poetic development of his subject.

Two others beside his master exercised a powerful influence over the genius of Pradier. The grace of the compositions of Prudhon, a painter long unappreciated, and the statuettes of Chlodion, made a vivid impression upon his mind. These two artists, who were the last representatives of the flippant school of the eighteenth century, attracted him from the correct and classical style of David, to that of the voluptuous age of Louis XV. Pradier, by the character of his works, has united that age with the present.

Towards the close of the French empire, in 1812, he became a competitor for the great prize, and obtained an honourable mention, which exempted him from taking part in the bloody

ductions of Michael Angelo; his soul was not capable of attaining the heights reached by the superior and more vivid imagination of the Florentine sculptor. The exquisite grace and nature of Lucca della Robbia were more to his taste, and he copied all the casts by the hand of this most admirable master which are to be found in the capital of Tuscany.

At this time Pradier was probably entirely occupied in study, for the whole of his productions, during his stay in Italy, consist of a head of Orpheus, and some plaster casts, which he brought into use at a later period. He did not positively make his *debut* until the year 1817, when two works in marble, one representing a nymph, the other a centaur and a bacchante, were exhibited. A new era in the history of French literature and art was now commencing; people now studied, and sought with poetic enthusiasm, for the original works of their writers and artists which had been so long sunk in oblivion.

Pradier's talents were of a high order. He had a perfect

knowledge of anatomy, and possessed the power of imparting to marble the appearance of flesh; besides this, he had a lively sense of grace and feminine beauty, with the power of embodying his ideas. Thus he had within him the essentials of a great sculptor; for in order to attain a high and glorious position in art, it is not sufficient to carry one or two qualities to a high standard of excellence. To judge of an artist scien-

In 1812, he was admitted into the National Institute of France. In the same year he produced the statue of "Prometheus," which is now to be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is a very remarkable work; the body, the arms, and the legs, are executed with great care and skill; but in spite of the open wound in the side, in spite of the contraction of the muscles, the figure wants life, and the expression of the



PORTRAIT OF PRAIER.

tifically, a critic should point out a fault, and compare him with the absolute ideal of perfection;—this is not generally done, even in history; carried away by the real charm of a work, the public do not like to destroy the illusion, by acknowledging any defect. Pradier possessed many of those qualities which insure popularity, and thus render success easy.

His work is heavy and prosaic. The eyes of Prometheus are turned towards heaven, but it is not to curse his persecutor, he appears only to be gazing into space. In the statue of "Phidias," placed in the same garden, we have none of that elevation of feeling and power of thought which we look for in one so gifted. It should suggest to our mind the "Minerva" of Athens, "Jupiter Olympus," and the statues and metopes

of the Parthenon. But this is not the case, and the statue of that artist who so excelled in the drapery of his figures, is most deficient in this particular.

Pradier's statues have the same characteristics as his statuettcs—they are equally graceful and possess as little loftiness of conception; they are only to be distinguished by their dimensions. "Phryne" and "Pecory," which many artists consider his most successful pieces, only require reducing to be in perfect harmony with his collection of little casts. It may be questioned if the figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy," which adorn the Moliere fountain in Paris, have the dignity of monumental style, or the elevation of sentiment which the genius of the great man demands; they scarcely offer symbolic images of his drama, in which so much reason is blended with so much wit,—in which laughter veils so many secret sorrows.

In 1842, a group by Pradier, representing the Marriage of the Virgin, was placed in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, but the capacities of the artist were not suited to a subject of so serious a nature.

Besides the works of which we have here spoken, Pradier executed a multitude of others, which, if collected, would form quite a gallery of mythology. Among these would be remarked the "Wounded Nymph," which is in the Palais-Royal; a "Venus of the Shell;" the "Venus of the Butterfly," which adorns the Luxembourg; the "Three Graces," "Psyche," "Chloris," "Nyxia," "Spring," the "Satyr and the Nymph," "Anacreon and Love," "Love and Venus," and three "Sapphos;" an engraving from the most recent of which, and his last production, is now before the reader. His statuettcs and other pieces are too numerous to be here specified.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851 Pradier obtained a council medal for his exquisite marble statue of "Phryne," which excited the admiration of all visitors,—the only other council medal being given to Professor Kiss for his "Amazon and Tiger;" Baron Marochetti for his "Richard Cœur de Lion;" and the late Richard Wyatt, Esq., for his admirable statue of "Glyceria."

On Friday, the 5th of June, 1852, as Pradier was walking at Bongival, surrounded by friends and pupils, he fell down in a state of insensibility. All attempts to revive him were unavailing: an apoplectic fit suddenly terminated his life.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THUNDER has long been suspected, rightly or wrongfully, of all sorts of mischief, which has furnished innumerable little paragraphs to the newspapers, much relished by non-scientific readers. But in the following narrative, read by M. Biot before the Academy of Sciences, and published by M. Leon Foucault, lightning is seen in the act of uncovering a passer-by, of rummaging in his pockets, of deranging his watch, and taking his purse, while leaving him his life. The fire of heaven would be a very dangerous footpad to encounter, if it should take to repeating such rascally proceedings, for all was done in an instant, a flash, the millionth of a second, and in a way which defies the vigilance of the detective police.

"About eleven o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 17th of May," says M. de H., "I was returning home by the *Rue Saint-Guillaume*, the *Rue de la Chaise*, and the *Rue de l'Armenie*, when a very loud thunderclap made me quicken my pace in expectation of a very heavy shower very soon. I had scarcely gone twenty paces when a second thunderclap resounded almost at the same time that the lightning flashed. Large drops of rain began to fall: I was not more than two or three hundred steps from home, and I began to run. Suddenly I found myself enveloped in an effulgence so powerful that I felt a keen pain in my eyes. A frightful thunderclap pealed instantaneously, and my hat flew ten yards from me, although there was not a breath of wind. The pain in my eyes was so violent, and my fear of blindness so cruel, that all my attention was turned to it; so much so, that I cannot say that I felt anything else than the electric shock, properly so called, which was not indeed

in itself very violent. The last thunderclap was followed by a torrent of rain. The water which fell upon my head dissipated very quickly the giddiness and dimness which had lasted about seven or eight seconds, and my joy was so great in seeing that I saw quite well, that I cleared very quickly and very joyously the distance which still remained to be run over to reach home.

"When going to bed I took out my watch, and then perceived the tracks of the electric fluid across the left pocket of my waistcoat. In the bottom of the pocket was a hole through which I could pass two fingers, of which the sides appeared to be at once burned and torn. The waistcoat was of cashmere, the lining of glazed cotton, and the second inside lining of cloth. As I ran to reach home before the heavy shower, my watch-chain formed in front a free circuit jumping over my waistcoat; the thunder was attracted there, probably by the middle, which was the lowest part of the curve, the part above being fixed to one of the button-holes of my waistcoat was not the least injured, whilst the swivel (*porte-montreton*) which held the watch, had disappeared with the first two links of the lower part. The swivel was of silver like the whole chain, but it was furnished inside with a small ferrule of steel, necessary to give solidity to the screw. As for the chain it was solid, and made in the form of a curb. Here are the remainder of the effects which I experienced.

"A broken gold ring, which united several gewgaws, was cut in five pieces. The steel watch-key, covered with gold-leaf upon the cannon, was completely carried away, all except the gold-leaf, which remained intact. A little compass in silver had had its poles interverted. As for the watch, it had no exterior sign of having been injured, not even the link whence the swivel of the chain had been torn. But although the time was only half-past eleven, the hands marked three-quarters after four. Persuaded that the main spring or some other piece was broken, I left the watch upon the table, intending to go to the watchmaker in the morning. But in the morning I was advised to wind up the watch, just to see how far it was damaged; and I saw the hands move with a regular march, which never varied, as if the lightning at the same time that it displaced the hands had unwound the mainspring and conducted it rudely to the end of its course.

"Near the watch there was, on the day of the storm, a little iron medallion from Berlin, surrounded with gold, and a little gold key of a piece of furniture. These two objects disappeared completely, carried away, apparently, with the swivel through the hole made in the waistcoat-pocket. The chain, which had acted as conductor, did not retain any outward trace of the passage of the discharge. For myself, I felt, on the morrow, only an extreme lassitude, like that from unaccustomed and violent exercise, without any mark upon my clothes or upon my skin.

"I ought to notice here a peculiarity of my dress, which may not have been without influence in the production of these effects. I have contracted in Spain the habit of wearing upon my shirt and under my waistcoat a band of red silk, which went four or five times round my body. Did not this band preserve me by determining the passage of the discharge by the surface of my clothes rather than by the interior of my body?"

M. Biot read this statement before the Academy, and the objects injured were exhibited—the little silver compass and the empty golden envelope of the key.

Certainly not upon evidence comparable with that which establishes the extraordinary narrative attested by MM. Biot and Leon Foucault, but on excellent and credible hearsay testimony, we think it right to record the following statement:—An American, who has the fact directly from an eye-witness, tells it us seriously. A stroke of lightning killed a man in a forest among the trees, and on his neck, on his white skin, there was distinctly and unmistakably seen a picture, with all their natural colours, of the trees through which the flash had reached him. It was just a photograph, with the natural colours. Mr. Talbot, the inventor of the Calotype, has produced a paper so sensitive, that, when he placed a column

of the *Times* upon the rim of a wheel, and set it in rapid motion, he was able, notwithstanding in a dark room, to obtain a representation of several lines of the print in the instant occupied by the flash of an electric spark. But, should the fact we have narrated be examined, it may be found that the electrical power can display far greater marvels than have yet been dreamt of.

In a thunderstorm the clouds are mere non-electrics, or conducting surfaces, positive with a negative sphere extending to the earth; and the discharge, at a point from one large surface to another, is the lightning; or the earth is negative, and the clouds correlatively positive. All bodies in the sphere of action are affected, and the stroke produces an extensive lateral action in all conductors, and affects all combinations of oxygen, &c., with weak affinities, such as beer, wine, &c., which require the protection of conductors. The cloud, the air, and the earth, resemble the zinc, fluid, and copper in a

galvanic combination. The human body and all animal bodies are electrical, or galvanic combinations, and the excitement is the principle of vitality and energy. The surfaces positively excited are those of the lungs and the skin. The lungs fix oxygen and are positive, while the skin fixes an equivalent, and is negative. The circulations and secretions are intermediate results, and the action of the heart arises from the proximity of positive arterial blood with the negative venous blood. The action exhausts itself, as it ought, in the system.

Crosse enumerates the following circumstances which increase atmospheric electricity:—

1. Regular thunderclouds. 2. A driving fog and small rain. 3. Snow, or brisk hail. 4. A shower on a hot day. 5. Hot weather after wet, and wet after dry. 6. Clear weather, hot or frosty. 7. A cloudy sky. 8. A mottled sky. 9. Sultry and hazy weather. 10. A cold damp night. 11. North-east winds.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

AUTUMN was approaching as three small vessels rounded the cape which has since been named Point Levi, and came in sight of the bluff peak on which Quebec now stands. They were Frenchmen,—a sturdy band of sailors, equally prepared to face the terrors of the climate, or the fury of the savages,—well disciplined, and having full faith in their commander, Jacques Cartier, whose flag floated from the mizen of La Grande Hermine. Some of them had undertaken the voyage from a reckless spirit of adventure; others, because the narrow-minded police of France interfered materially with their comfort at home; one or two from a vague hope of gain, and as many from disappointed love. There were several gentlemen of good old Breton blood among the number, eager to verify the marvellous stories which Cartier had told of his first voyage. On the deck of the Grande Hermine stood Raoul de Mornay, as brave a Breton as ever trod a plank. On him the grandeur of the scene was lost; he gazed listlessly at the bold peak of Stadacona, the gloomy forests of pine and fir stretching as far as the eye could reach, the mighty river rolling slowly between the cliffs, and the silver line traced down the precipice by the falls of Montmorenci. For, though the perils of the sea and the arduous nature of his duties had for a time diverted his thoughts from the past, the sight of land had recalled to his mind with a painful freshness his native Brittany, the terrible image of a father's curse, and his broken-hearted Marie. She is no doubt by this time, thought he, another's bride. Beside him, a rough weather-beaten face, with receding forehead and protruding teeth, stood in bold contrast; a sad reprobate, in truth, was Jean Truchy, and well it was for him that Cartier waived his scruples to his forbidding physiognomy, and enrolled him among his crew. Lost in rapture at the novelty and grandeur of the scene, Ernest de Mony, nephew of Cartier's protector, and a welcome guest at the court of Francis I., had forgotten everything he had sworn to remember, even the cross hung round his neck by his devout mother, and the diamond ring which the beautiful Duchesse de Lerray had, with many a prayer and many a tear, placed on his finger, as he tore himself from her arms. Here stood a reputed son of Louis XII., endowed with all the mildness and *finesentiment* of his father; he was no willing sharer in the toils of the voyage, but high birth, even when tarnished by the bar of bastardy, often involves heavy penalties. On the deck of La Petite Hermine, two brothers, natives of Normandy, looked heavily over the side, seemingly engrossed in their thoughts. Ruin had overtaken the house; their father, the old Marquis d'Evreux, had poured all his wealth into the royal coffers after the disaster at Pavia; and, as not unfrequently happened in those days, prosperity effaced all recollection of the service in the royal mind, and the old man died a beggar, leaving his sons homeless with a great name. Nor did the Emillion bear less noble sailors among her crew. Her commander, Guillaume le Breton, owned a pedigree, and descended, if he

was to be believed, from the oldest house in the Province. The second in command was a Provençal, a man of immense bodily strength, imperturbable good temper, and a love for music which had frequently jeopardised the friendly relations existing between himself and his captain. Marc Jalobert, whom we ought to have mentioned before, commanded La Petite Hermine; he was, like Cartier, a mere sailor from St. Malo, but infinitely superior, in point of experience and judgment, to the nobles who served under his orders. The rest of the crew—amounting altogether to 110 men—were, as we said, a heterogeneous assemblage. Vice and depravity were stamped on as many faces as youthful ardour and enterprise. Men who had murdered their rivals, who had fled their creditors, who had held office as farmers of the revenue and tampered with the funds entrusted to their care, had smuggled themselves on board the vessels. One trait of character,—and one only, perhaps—was common to all; and that was an unquestioning faith in religion. The most hardened criminal of the band had listened with devout awe to the pious prayer of the Bishop of Malo, as he implored the blessing of God and St. Mary on the daring mariners.

Such were the first Europeans who ascended the Saint Lawrence. Cartier, their leader, had already made one successful voyage to America, and carried home, from the territory bordering on the gulf, two of the natives, whom he called Taiguagny and Domagaia. Stimulated by his own ambition, and encouraged by the representations of these Indians, he had resolved to endeavour to penetrate the continent by sailing up the great river he had named St. Laurent; and, through the support of Admiral Chabot and Charles de Mony, Seigneur of Meilleraie, had succeeded in obtaining an armament of three vessels from the king. With these, well equipped and manned, he sailed from St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, reached the coast of America about the close of July, and slowly ascended the stream. As soon as he reached the Saguenay River, he began to hold intercourse with the inhabitants through his native interpreters, and received on every side marks of goodwill and kindness. While he lay at anchor some twenty miles below Quebec, the Agouhanna, or chief of the country, named Don-nacona, visited him with twelve canoes, and presented the travellers with fruit, fish, and bark. So high was the chief's consideration for Cartier, indeed, that on parting from his distinguished visitor, the French sailor was requested to suffer his arm to be kissed, in Indian fashion. Thus pleasantly occupied in a reciprocal interchange of civilities with the Indians, the expedition were overtaken by symptoms of the approach of winter before they had thought of preparing for their return. Some were terrified at the stories which were told of the rigour of the climate; others, among whom the gentlemen were foremost, rather relished the idea of the new sensation of extreme cold; the Indians were loath to part with their new friends; and, after mature deliberation, Cartier resolved on wintering

in the harbour of Quebec. He drew his vessels as high up as the water would allow him, in the mouth of the small river now called St. Charles, and there his ships remained seven months and a half.

As soon as La Grande Hermine and her consorts were safely moored, Cartier resolved to push on westward as far as the great village of Hochelaga. After some discussion, Guillaume le Breton persuaded Cartier to allow his vessel to accompany the boats with which he had intended to perform the journey; and the party left accordingly in the Emerillon and three large boats. Most of the gentlemen obtained permission to join Cartier: the only ones who remained were de Mornac, who had been seized with a slow fever, and was lying ill in an Indian wigwam at Stadacona, and Ernest de Mony, who, rather to the surprise of his chief, declined the honour of serving as Cartier's first lieutenant on the expedition. Donnacona, the Indian chief, was very unwilling that the strangers should depart; he painted the terrors of the journey in terrible colours, and the Indian women displayed the utmost grief at the loss of their new friends. Tenara, the beautiful wife of the chief Wakanse, implored Cartier to wait for the approach of spring; and Olenaray and Riassay, daughters of the former Agouhanna, whose hearts were sought by the bravest of the young warriors, left no means of persuasion untried to shake the purpose of the travellers. Nor were they unaided in the task. Young and old, matrons and maidens, warriors and children, hung round Cartier and his comrades, and evinced, by their lamentations, both their grief at the obstinacy of the Frenchmen, and their gloomy apprehensions regarding the issue of their daring expedition. Nasaki alone, the dark-haired daughter of Donnacona, held aloof from her tribe, and could not be persuaded to join her intreaties to those of her father and her friends.

The Emerillon sailed. No sooner had her white sails disappeared behind Stadacona Cape, than the whole village relapsed into tranquillity. The disappointed Indians did not murmur: they trusted to the *manitou* of the foreigners; and while they invoked the aid of the Great Spirit to guide and protect the absent, turned all their attention to please and comfort those who had remained behind. Of these, a large proportion, comprising several trusty men, with a few of the worst of his crew, had been strictly ordered by Cartier to remain on board the ships; but the others, enjoying more liberty, and rightly preferring the hospitality of the Indians to a dreary life on ship-board, were easily persuaded to take up their quarters among the natives. Every resource was put in requisition by the Indians to amuse them. Games requiring agility and strength were displayed every evening, and resulted generally in the defeat of the foreigners. Hunting expeditions constantly sallied forth into the woods, and the young strangers were always welcome companions. Dances and music whiled away the long evenings by the blazing fires of pitch-pine. The Frenchmen were delighted with their allies, and soon became as friendly with Donnacona as though he had sworn allegiance to his majesty Francis I. Ernest de Mony especially was attached to, and a great favourite with, the chief. The younger warriors rather despised him on account of his reluctance to join their hunting parties, and the contempt he did not disguise for their wrestling-matches and contests of strength; but there was a calm firmness in his eye which (even had the duties of hospitality suffered it) effectually deterred them from any open expression of their sentiment. The exile from the court at Paris preferred the society of the fair Nasaki to the more manly occupations of his comrades: by her side he would wander day after day over the frowning hills, through the dense forests, and often watch the setting sun gild the surface of the bay. Or she would seat him in her frail canoe, and paddle rapidly up the silver stream of St. Charles; then, when her bark had reached some silent secluded spot, where the overhanging branches met, and nought was heard but the chirrup of birds and the subdued roar of the distant cataract, she would turn its prow to the east, and float slowly down the stream, singing the melancholy songs of her native land to an enraptured listener.

His friend De Mornac, meanwhile, lay unconscious on an Indian bed in the wigwam of Wakause. His hostess, Tenara, was unwearied in her attentions; but bodily pain, and long mental suffering, had disabled De Mornac from appreciating her kindness. In his lucid moments, he would have welcomed death. Blighted, as he believed, by the curse of an unjust, ambitious father,—degraded from his military rank by the perfidious influence of his rival,—betrayed, finally, by her on whom he had built all his earthly hopes,—for him the world could contain no possible happiness. Death was his only cure; and death in a land of strangers, without a friend to remind him of the past, seemed the best suited to his temper. So time passed, until Cartier returned from Hochelaga, laden with presents, and bearing with him a little girl, whose father had presented her to the adventurous traveller. He reached his vessels on 11th October, and soon afterwards the cold weather began to set in. With its first approach commenced the misfortunes of the Frenchmen.

Strange to say, the extraordinary kindness of Donnacona and his tribe had not persuaded Cartier that their friendly assurances were sincere. He fancied the Indians meditated an attack on his vessels during winter, and had them fortified and surrounded by palisades. He seemed reluctant to continue his intercourse with the shore. On the other hand, the Indians were justly indignant at the brutal conduct of many of Cartier's crew. Nothing but the superior strength of the red men had, on several occasions, protected their women from insult; and too frequently the cunning Frenchmen had overreached the simplicity of the natives. Donnacona, with noble magnanimity, refused to credit the tales brought him by his warriors, and could not understand the cautious policy of Cartier. With rude eloquence, he bade the interpreters assure the Frenchmen that they had smoked the calumet of peace, and that the hatchet of war was buried beneath the sod: his wigwam, he said, would always be open to the white man. Still Cartier remained incredulous; and to the general surprise of his men, as well as the Indians, he suddenly resolved to cut off all communication between his vessels and the shore. Orders were forthwith issued to the crews that they were not to wander beyond a certain line traced on the ice round the ships.

The Indians were thunderstruck at the news. Donnacona visited Cartier in person, and reproached him with his suspicions; but in vain. Cartier was inexorable, and the chief returned after renewing his assurances of friendship. The Frenchmen, who had acquired a relish for the society of the Indians, obeyed the stern mandate with reluctance. Their commander was resolute, and even De Mornac, whose incipient recovery was likely to be checked by a removal and exposure to the cold, was carried on board in a hammock. De Mony and one of the interpreters alone were missing at the first muster. Inquiry being made for the former, his friend, D'Erereux, announced to Cartier that the young Parisian had resolved on adopting the Indian life, and settling at Stadacona. Enraged at the desertion of a valuable counsellor, and already picturing the indignation of the old Chevalier de Mony at the loss of his nephew, Jacques Cartier instantly dispatched a file of men, under the command of Le Breton, to bring the absentee on board, by force if necessary.

They found him in Donnacona's wigwam, surrounded by the leading warriors of his tribe. Nasaki was by his side, following his every movement with looks of love, and the missing interpreter crouched timidly at his feet. Le Breton explained the object of his visit with the bluntness of a sailor. De Mony sprang to his feet at once, and replied briefly, but firmly, that he renounced his country, and abandoned the expedition: that henceforth he was an Indian, and would not leave his adopted land. The only answer of the Frenchman was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and a sign to his men to seize De Mony. The first who approached him was felled to the earth; the second fared no better; and even when overpowered by numbers, the young nobleman dealt such sturdy blows right and left that his captors won no bloodless victory. They were too numerous, however, for the contest to last

long, and were dragging him off, when the Indian warriors, apprized by the interpreter of their design, fell upon the Frenchmen with the fury of savages, and scattered them in a twinkling. Short would have been their triumph over their prisoner, then, if the warriors had been uninterrupted. Powerless in the brawny hands of the powerful men of the forest, the sailors would soon have expiated their audacity in violating the Indians' hearth. Tomahawks were already brandished in the air, and scalping knives flashed before the eyes of the bewildered Frenchmen. Already was an iron hand twisted in the hair of Le Breton, and a heavy knee planted on his chest. A happy thing it was for them at this crisis that a sonorous voice rang through the air, domineering the din of the conflict, and ordering the Indians, in imperious tones, to desist from the conflict.

The voice was Donnacona's. It was promptly obeyed. Le

had heard his brief adieu, her father separated her from him, and led her to the farthest corner of the wigwam.

An hour afterwards, the old chief was sitting moodily smoking his calumet. His daughter, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was bitterly reproaching him with what she conceived to be his neglect of the duties of hospitality. Love lent an earnestness to her arguments, and the twitchings of the old man's face—a rare thing in an Indian—showed that he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct. Large whiffs of smoke rolled into the air, and followed each other in more rapid succession as Nasaki dilated on the virtues of the chief they had lost. For a moment the chief's hand grasped the handle of his tomahawk with nervous energy, and he seemed to meditate reprisals; but his sense of right prevailed, and, casting a reproachful glance at his daughter, he exclaimed:—"The white man must obey his chief: Donnacona cannot



CARTIER'S VESSEL IN THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.

Breton was allowed to arise, and his companions released from the terrible grasp of their assailants. A few seconds longer, and it had been too late.

In a few brief words, delivered in an authoritative manner, the chief explained to his subjects that they had no right to interfere in the concerns of the strangers; that the authority of the white chief over his warriors was as sacred as his own; and that while he would welcome to his wigwam any of the Frenchmen who chose to become members of their tribe, he would not interpose between Cartier and his crew, or countenance any violation of duty in the latter.

With Indian taciturnity, the warriors resumed their seats in silence. The Frenchmen, comprehending by their actions the purport of the chief's discourse, eagerly seized De Mony, who was taken by surprise, and could not oppose any effectual resistance to his captors. Nasaki sprang in to their midst, and clung round her lover's neck for a moment; but ere she

stain his honour by resisting his rightful authority." Nasaki fell prostrate at her father's feet. At that moment a shout was heard outside, a sudden noise of feet followed, and, with a single bound, De Mony stood before them.

He had escaped from his captors, and was now, as he exclaimed in broken Indian, no longer De Mony the Frenchman, but Nagagin the Indian.

His countrymen soon abandoned the pursuit after him. The recollection of their narrow escape was sufficient to deter them from further expeditions of a like nature, and they frankly told Cartier that he must send his whole force, or renounce all hope of recovering the deserter. Their commander reluctantly adopted the latter alternative. He had, in truth, other motives besides fear for shunning an outbreak with the Indians.

Meanwhile De Mornac was at the point of death. Every day since his removal, Tenaza, his late hostess, had visited

the ship with fruits and herbs for the sick man; her earnest solicitations had overcome the strict quarantine established by Cartier, and she alone was suffered to infringe the rule of seclusion adopted against her tribe. Much romance there was in her visits in the eyes of the Frenchmen. Though her lips were sealed, her deep affection for De Mornac was plainly enough apparent in her eyes and her gestures; and the sentinels who watched her depart at night, told strange tales of the Indian who frequently met her on the ice, and treated her with a savage brutality which might very possibly be the fruits of jealousy. Their surmise was soon to be confirmed. Early in January, Cartier ordered the rule of exclusion to be rigidly enforced against the pale Indian woman. When she met the sentinel next morning, she was gruffly given to understand by signs that she could not be admitted to the ship. For a moment she stood paralysed with astonishment and despair. Light soon breaking in upon her, she acted with a vigour and a promptitude peculiar to her race. With a stick she carried to assist her in crossing the cracks on the ice, she struck the Frenchman a heavy blow before he had the least suspicion of her design; he fell heavily on the ground, and flat as a deer; she passed him, reached the cabin, flew through the astonished sailors, and eluded De Mornac in her arms. All the efforts of the gentlemen to detach her from the invalid were unavailing; and partly from compassion for her, and partly in compliance with the entreaties of De Mornac, she was suffered to remain on board. Cartier consented to grant permission, on the distinct condition that she was not, under any circumstances, to return to Stadacona.

That day, Wakausa, with several warriors, advanced to the side of Cartier's vessels, and demanded that his wife be restored to him. He was told through the interpreter that she preferred remaining where she was, and that the white men would not suffer her to depart. As he appeared dissatisfied with this reply, a couple of guns were discharged over his head, his companions took to flight, and he reluctantly followed their example.

He carried his grievances to his chief, and implored the assistance of the whole tribe to avenge his wrong. The warriors were eager to attack the Frenchmen whose conduct had effectually effaced all kindly feelings from their hearts. De Mouy, or Nagugin, as we should now call him, volunteered to go singly to Cartier, and pledged his faith that he would drag the Indian Helen from the arms of her Paris. But Donnacona would not hear of any such rash enterprise. He called a council of his warriors, and in the picturesque language of his race (which we regret that we cannot reproduce), gave his calm opinion on the matter. "Tenara was gone," he said, "she had deserted her husband and her home; and were she to return, she would assuredly be put to death." Was the justification of Wakausa's revenge on this poor woman worth the bloody encounter they must expect with the white men? "And oh, believe," he said, "the great spirit would avenge the Indian's wrongs. If, when summer came, they were still living, it would still be time to wreak their vengeance on the perfidious strangers."

This temperate council prevailed. Wakausa rose moodily from the council, and was followed by a few of the younger chiefs. The elder portion of the assembly, though with clouded brows, concurred in Donnacona's sentiment.

The Indian spoke too truly. The piercing cold had already paralysed the Frenchmen. The snow rose in height around their vessels until they could no longer see the shore from the deck. Every thing which was not close to the stove became solid and hard as a stone. The clothes of the sailors were a contemptible protection; and, one after another, the best men were laid up with frost bites. To complicate their misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among them with unusual virulence. Jean Truchy lay helpless in his hammock. Both the brothers D'Evreux were unable to crawl on deck; most of the crew of the Emerillon were dead. Before January, no less than thirty men were attacked. Instead of diminishing, the disease increased in proportion to the attempts made to check it. All Cartier's sailor experience, and the medical science

of a quack named Fiset, were at fault. Twelve men died in January, and were buried at night under the snow. Cartier himself was attacked and disabled. The little squadron was a hospital without physicians or nurses. An easy prey they would have been, had Wakausa's sanguinary designs been carried out by the Indians.

In total unconsciousness of the lamentable condition of the foreigners, Wakausa and a few of the warriors were meanwhile laying a profound plot for revenge. It created no surprise, therefore, among the Indians, when Wakausa announced to his friends his intention of punishing the seducer of his wife, and wreaking his vengeance on the whole party of white men. A large number of warriors promised to join him in the attack, and emissaries were sent to tribes at a distance, requesting their aid. It was resolved to postpone the attack till the month of May, when the hunting season would be over.

Donnacona was not informed of these plans, but, as might be expected, they came to his ears. His authority, as we have said, did not extend far enough to prevent them; and he was penetrated with dismay when he thought of the certain issue of the conflict. His son-in-law, Nagugin, shared his fears; and, after an anxious consultation, it was resolved that the old chief should make one decided effort to save the Frenchmen. To appeal to Wakausa they knew would be fruitless; Donnacona resolved to visit Cartier.

He set out at night alone with the interpreter. When he reached the vessels, he was struck by the death-like silence which prevailed. Taignogny, the interpreter, called Cartier, but no answer was heard. He called a second time, and a faint groan issued from the cabin. Donnacona advanced at once in that direction, and the French commander staggered out, more like a spectre than the handsome stalwart sailor Donnacona had seen only a few months before. The Indian chief lost no time in conveying to Cartier, by means of the interpreter, the object of his visit. He warned him of his danger, and pointed out, in noble manly language, that it was the just retribution of the crime of his crew. If Tenara were sent back at once, he thought, the impending catastrophe might possibly be averted; but if the white men persisted in retaining her, no earthly power could save them from the Indian tumult.

"They must lose no time, then," replied Cartier, bitterly; "a few days hence, there will be no more lives here to take. Disease and cold have destroyed my crew. Twenty-six brave fellows lie frozen in the snow; eighty others are dying in the hold. Let the Indians hasten their work, if they would have our scalps. And learn," he added, steadying himself with both his hands, "that Jacques Cartier will never give up a woman who has sought his protection to be butchered by savages. The red men may come when they like: we know how to die."

Donnacona withdrew; the courage of Cartier touched his heart; he forgave his breach of honour, and only thought of his noble determination, to die rather than surrender the frail Indian girl, nor was he insensible to the pitiable condition of his crew. The scurvy was well known to the Indians, and with that instinct which was no mean substitute for scientific knowledge, they had discovered an herb which was an infallible remedy for its ravages. Donnacona's first thought was to restore the Frenchmen to health, in order, said he to himself, that if they are to be assailed, they may be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, on the following evening, the old chief visited Cartier a second time, and left with him a sufficient quantity of the herb to cure twice as many patients as were attacked.

Spring approached. The ice began to split and move. Huge flakes floated down the river with the ebb tide, and disappeared mysteriously. Though the flood was as impetuous and as regular as the ebb, it seldom restored what the latter had carried away. At length, to Cartier's indescribable joy, the ships were freed from their icy moorings, and floated once more.

On the evening of the 15th May (old style), all was bustle on board the *Grande Hermine*. Old sailors were busily engaged

in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement. Superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome. "A few weeks more, *mes amis*," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakause was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatchet above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for feeling dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise: it and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakause's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's humane scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakause to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Lest Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, if the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakause and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of *La Grande Hermine* began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty-five stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provencal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful scullers, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of the search: their late comrade, Earnest de Mony. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian, named Matthieu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; and to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in the dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Matthieu instantly exclaimed, "My master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Matthieu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighbourhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Matthieu hastily explained that they had discovered De Mony, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given signal over the heads of the Indians; and while the latter were stupefied by surprise and terror, the whole party of Frenchmen fell upon them like a tornado. Every savage who did not take to flight was felled with the cutlass. Old Donnacona had risen to front the enemy, and the first sailor who approached him had reason to know that the vigour of the old man's arm was not yet impaired. He fell weltering in his blood. Le Breton, enraged at the loss of a

valuable hand, instantly discharged his arquebuse into the midst of the Indians. The shot was fatal to more than one. The Indians, not yet familiarised with fire-arms, fled in all directions. When the smoke cleared, old Donnacona, De Mony, and Taignoaguy stood alone. Seizing his heavy arquebuse by the barrel, and swinging it round his head, Le Breton sprang forward in the direction of the old chief: one moment and the deed was done. But rapid as was his movement, young De Mony was still more active: with a single bound, he grasped the heavy Frenchman by the middle and threw him to the earth. The next moment the giant Francisque had wound his iron arms round De Mony, and held him as in a vice. It was Donnacona's turn to rescue his preserver. A blow, which, had it not been parried, would have laid the Provencal in the dust, was followed by another, more fatal, on poor Matthieu's head; and Donnacona closed with the sturdy captor of his son-in-law. The three men were locked in each other's arms, and writhed like serpents twisted in each other's folds.

"Carry both to the ships, quick!" shouted Marc Jalobert. "Time presses, in a few moments we shall have the whole tribe upon us."

He was instantly obeyed; Donnacona and his son-in-law were lifted by main force, and carried off.

One hour after they reached the *Grande Hermine* the moorings to the stakes were cut, and Cartier's vessel, with the little *Emerillon*, began to drop down the St. Lawrence with the ebb tide and a fair westerly wind. Wakause, with indescribable feelings, saw them sail from the heights where Beaufort now stands. As they passed the village of Stadacona, a canoe came towards them, but was waved off by Cartier. As it still advanced, a shot was fired over it. It was motionless for a few seconds; then the sailors on deck saw a female form rise in the frail bark, and disappear with a piercing shriek under the waves. De Mony was in close confinement in the hold.

The *Petite Hermine* was left behind, for want of hands to man her. Our artist has given a sketch of her appearance as she lay locked in the ice in her winter quarters. It may add some interest to the sketch to observe, that in 1843 the wreck of the hull of a vessel, corresponding in every particular to our notions of *La Petite Hermine*, was discovered on the spot where Cartier spent the winter of 1535-6; and that, though some difference of opinion exists on the point, the weight of authority among antiquaries is in favour of the identity of the wreck with the vessel commanded by Marc Jalobert.

THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINA, ALGIERS.

THIS picturesque cascade is caused by the junction of the several mountain-streams which water the valley behind the city of Constantina, in the eastern province of the kingdom of Algiers. The waters unite at the foot of the rocks on which the city is built, thus forming the river Roumel, more correctly called *Oued el Roumel*. It is curious to watch the meeting of these waters; not having been able to overcome the obstacles which prevented them gaining their level, they have with difficulty forced a subterraneous passage through the rocks, the rugged aspect of which gives evidence of the convulsions to which the country has been subject. Our engraving represents the view of the deep gorges (called by the Arabs *el-Hoona*, the precipice) where the torrent foams and roars as if infuriated by the many obstacles which impede its progress. The defile forms a natural moat to the city, which, in the ancient system of attack, rendered the position of Constantina almost inaccessible. It is formed of stupendous rocks, with here and there narrow ledges by which they may be ascended. The Roumel first disappears through a vast arch, to which the Arabs have given the name of *Dhoulma* (the Gloomy), and pursues its course through a rocky and subterraneous passage, above which rise the triple arches of a

bridge of Roman and Moorish construction, leading to the south-east gate of the city. This gate is called *Bab-el-Katara* (the door of the bridge), and forms the entrance to Bona and Philippeville. The bridge is of admirable construction; the gallery and columns of the arches are adorned with cornices and festoons, ox-heads and garlands, the key-stones being charged with caducei and other figures. A female figure treading on two elephants, with a large scallop shell for her canopy, is seen in bold relief between the two principal arches

from a height of from 135 to 150 feet. When the river has been swollen by the rains, the aspect of these falls, surrounded by wild scenery, is truly grand. To the right, towers a huge rock, upon which is situated the highest part of the city: from this fearful height it is still the custom to throw criminals headlong into the river. Beyond the falls, the Roumel, being joined by its tributaries, continues its course for some distance through a winding valley. Although quite a small river, and unnavigable near Constantina, the Arabs, comparing it with



THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL.

below the gallery. At some distance from the bridge the waters re-appear at the bottom of a little rocky basin; they then successively pass into two basins of greater size, and thence escape through the arch represented in our engraving, forming the cascade of the Roumel. This arch has been falsely supposed by many travellers to be the work of man, so closely does the arrangement of the stones resemble that in our buildings.

The cascade itself is divided into three falls, which descend

the neighbouring streams, which are still more inconsiderable, call it *Onad-el-Kebir* (the Great River).

The city of Constantina, formerly Cirta, is situated in the eastern province of Algiers, and was anciently a very considerable place. It was ruined in the year 311, by the conquests of Alexander; but was afterwards re-established by Constantine the Great, and took the name of Constantina. This name is still preserved in the west; but the people of the country call it *Cucuntia*.



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE.

THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE.



THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, ATTENDED BY A CAVALCADE OF KNIGHTS AND SOLDIERY, INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE, ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1575. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY JOHN OILBERT.

READING now-a-days of any one of Elizabeth's courtly progresses seems like turning back to a page of old romance. The story appears to belong to fiction rather than to fact, and history figures in masquerade. Pageantry and splendour,
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music and knightly prowess, royal whim and noisy popularity, wasteful prodigality and glittering show, banquets rich without comfort, revelry devoid of real mirth, and courtly phrasology deficient of sincerity, seem to have surrounded

the virgin queen from her accession to the throne of her father to her final departure on that dread journey, which all, even queens, must take.

The festivities at Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1575, have been celebrated in both poetry and prose. Gascoigne has immortalized the occurrence in his well-known and oft-quoted "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Sir Walter Scott has embodied the scenes of the festival in one of his most popular and delightful novels. Indeed, in the latter work may be found the best and most faithful description of the famous castle, as it existed in the sixteenth century, and the most picturesque and stirring, if not altogether the most veracious, account of the Queen's visit to her favourite Leicester, at a period "when the sudden death of the first countess seemed to open to the ambition of the earl the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign."

No period of history—not English alone, but European—is fuller of important events than the sixteenth century. It was what philosophers call a transition period. To the civilization of the ancients had succeeded an age of semi-barbarism, in which religion and learning were the property of a comparative few, and superstition and ignorance brooded over the minds of the multitude. But to a night of darkness succeeded a morning of enlightenment and inquiry. At the very close of the fifteenth century, the "new world" was discovered, and ere fifty years had elapsed, Martin Luther had commenced that struggle for religious liberty which was fraught with such momentous consequences to mankind. Before a hundred years had passed away, the most justly celebrated of female sovereigns had made the name of England powerful among the nations, and Shakespeare, the most famous of English poets, had lived to sing her praises. Indeed, in whatever aspect we regard the long reign of Elizabeth, we have cause for congratulation; for from that period Anglo-Saxons are apt to date the rise of real liberty in the world.

What wonder, then, that authors and artists love to illustrate the events of this important time? All the elements of the picturesque and the romantic, the spirit-stirring and the absorbing, are to be found embodied in it; and the pen and the pencil only need to give them form and substance to enlist the sympathies of the world. Draw back the curtain of time but a little way, and what a prospect opens to the view! Around the cradle of the fair young princess Elizabeth are grouped the wit and wisdom of the age,—Bacon, and Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Harrington, and Spencer, and Raleigh, and Cecil, and Leicester,—and we follow with eagerness that little procession through the streets of the quiet village of Greenwich, as it wends forward from the palace to the neighbouring church of Grey Friars, where the young child is christened. We recall the romantic circumstances of her birth and the vicissitudes of her childhood—her mother's execution, and her own strange association with the persons whom she had most cause to fear and dislike; her scholarship, wonderful indeed for court ladies at that time; her sorrows and imprisonments and varied fortunes, till we find her at last receiving a deputation at Hatfield from her sister Mary's council, who come to offer her the crown. "Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!" (It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!) exclaims the princess; "God save the Queen," responds the deputation, and from that moment Elizabeth is recognised by the people of England as their lawful sovereign.

How important was the mission, and how distinguished was the part enacted by this

"Fair vestal, throned by the west,"

we all know. History and song alike record the triumphs of her long and peaceful reign. Never before had so entirely popular and beloved a monarch sat upon the English throne. Everywhere she went—through the narrow streets of old London's city, or in those right royal progresses to different parts of her kingdom—she was attended by troops of loving people. Lords, knights, and ladies, city magnificence and courtly pageantry, waited on her footsteps; and in almost

numberless records we are told of the prowess of her court, and the splendour of the processions prepared to do her honour.

Who does not—looking at the admirable and spirited sketch of Mr. Gilbert—recall the circumstances of the Queen's visit to the fine old castle of Kenilworth, as recorded by the "Wizard of the North?" Around the ruins of that princely castle—erected by Geoffrey de Clinton for Henry II., and the scene of so many historical dramas—at one time garrisoned against rebels, at another turned into a royal prison; now a place of meeting for the parliament of Henry III., and again the theatre of knightly pageantry and glittering festivity, in the days of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, on whom his sovereign had bestowed it—around the ruins of those massive walls, desolated in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, floats an air of romantic interest such as belongs to no other edifice in all the land.

We take Sir Walter Scott's most admirable description of the royal entry into Kenilworth: "It was on the twilight of a summer night (9th of July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements—whooing, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

"Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voices of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

"As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, 'The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!' Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble earrriage, you saw the daughter of three hundred kings.

"The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them, as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and

beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was harquebanded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features were all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

"The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles and the wisest counsellors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

"Amidst bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery-tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery-tower."

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of time during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.*

For eighteen days the princely pleasures of Kenilworth were kept up, during which time, we are told by Laneham, "her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'King's Evil,' which the kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure!"

The castle itself, upon the improvement of which the Earl is said to have spent a sum equal to about half a million of our money, is thus described:—

The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours

and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cesar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrudged, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

Beyond the lake lay an extensive chace, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

Miss Strickland is at some pains to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester at the period of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, the fair heroine of Scott, to whom Leicester had been publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in the grave, and the Earl's path to a royal marriage was somewhat clearer than has been indicated by the novelist. "Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of the splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court—Lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle." Leicester is supposed to have married in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor to the Queen. "The scandalous chronicles of the day declare that Leicester attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife by poison about the time of the Queen's visit to Kenilworth; and it is said that the words of the old nursery lullaby—

'Bilow, my babe, lie still and slumber,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep!'

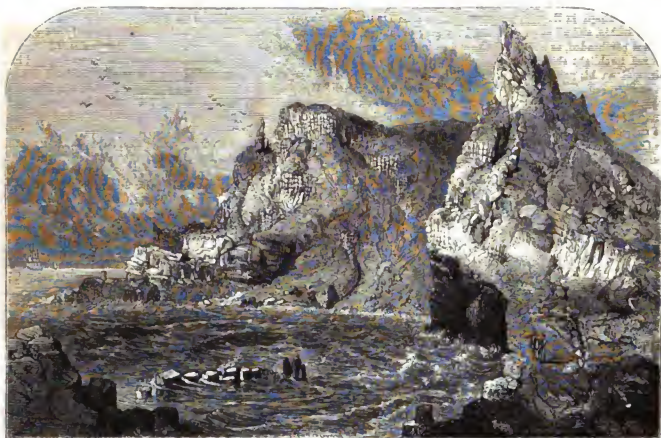
were meant as the address of the forsaken Lady Leicester to her boy."

* "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, vol. iv. p. 423.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way,
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array,
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand."

No visitor to Ireland should neglect seeing the Giant's Causeway. If the romantic and lovely in scenery is to be covered on the wild coasts of Antrim and Donegal. Thus the north and the south of Ireland rival and counter-



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—THE CHIMNEY TOPS, WITH RIVER AND VALLEY HEADLAND.

be found in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney, certainly the grand and the sublime may be dis-

balance each other in point of interest and attraction. To an Englishman, possibly the north of Ireland may possess historical claims to his remembrance altogether apart from his feeling for the picturesque; for in this district of the sister island the truths of Christianity were first preached, and the struggles of the Commonwealth and the Revolution took place. But for memories such as these a man need scarcely go to Ireland. If he wishes to rake up the dust of the past, he can sit at home by his fireside and do it quietly. One never quarrels with books, and it is a pity, really, that things should ever be said in print that should make us quarrel with each other; and so, bearing this in mind, we, like sensible people, shut up the volume at the part which speaks of the troubles of Ireland, and open it again at a place devoted more particularly to a description of the spot we are about to visit—on paper. And a very pleasant thing it is, too, to sit at home and travel. No trouble at railroad stations, or on the rail itself; no dust, or noise, or disagreeable fellow-passengers; and, best of all, no expense. Let us set out at once.

We will suppose that we start from Belfast. Two routes offer themselves—the direct one by railway to Ballymena, and through the country by jaunting car to Bushmills or Coleraine; and the more romantic road along the coast skirting the Lough of Belfast, and keeping the sea in sight nearly all the way. Through some of the best scenery in the north of



THE GIANT'S GATEWAY.



THE LADY'S CHAIR.

Ireland, and over some of the roughest, hilliest, and boggiest roads as well, the enthusiastic tourist makes his way from Carrickfergus to Ballycastle. He need be under no apprehension, however, of not seeing any of the established sights, or of neglecting any of the notable historical spots of the neighbourhood, for almost every mile of the road from Belfast to the Causeway he will find to be literally alive with guides.

lingers for a few minutes about the ruins of the old church in the glen.

But it is not likely, that, with the Causeway within half-a-dozen miles' walk—or row, for the sea view is by far the best—any, the most enthusiastic, lover of legends will stop long to listen, even to Ossian—

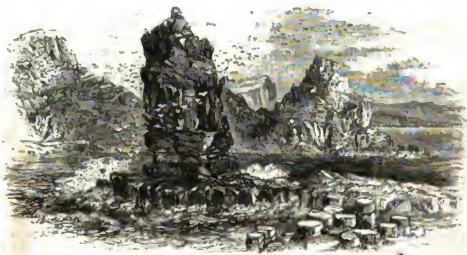
“Sublimest, simplest bard of all.”



DUNLUCE CASTLE, NEAR THE CAUSEWAY.

Thus the actual railroad-borne and guide-pestered visitor will—like our comfortable, stay-at-home friend—be introduced to many interesting and lovely “bits” of scenery, and become acquainted also with some curious “bits” of legends and

Instead of that, he takes a guide—who may be a very old man, or a young boy such as he standing by the Giant's Well—and goes forward at once. That is to say, after having discharged his car-driver and settled other little preliminaries as



SEA-GULL ISLAND.—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

scraps of strange, wild, Ossian-like poetry. From Garron Point he will catch a glimpse of the Scotch mountains, if it be a clear day; and whether it be clear or not, he will be pretty sure to hear the story of the great chieftain, Shane O'Neill, of the Red Hand, or, “Labh Dharig,” as he is called in Irish, if he

to dress and so forth, for it is very cold about the rocks sometimes. Most persons are acquainted, by means of engravings and otherwise, with the general appearance of that gigantic mass of basaltic columns called the Giant's Causeway. The principal or grand causeway—the “Pleaskin,” as it is called—

consists of an irregular arrangement of columns of black rock, ranged side by side with such apparent skill and regularity as to seem the work of human hands rather than the effect of crystallisation—which they undoubtedly are. These remarkable specimens of nature's handiwork are of unequal height and breadth. They rise up from the strand to a height of about twenty feet, gradually receding to the water; though how far seaward this arrangement extends is very uncertain. This grand assemblage of basaltic pillars extends for a considerable distance along the shore; sometimes like a vast pile congregated together, as in the Grand Causeway; sometimes taking the shape of isolated masses of broken, disjointed rocks scattered along the beach; sometimes assuming the appearance of regular geological strata in the exposed face of the cliff, as in that remarkable natural curiosity, the "Giant's Organ;" and sometimes becoming part of the rugged mountainous coast itself, as in the headland known as the "Chimney Tops." But in whatever part of the coast these basaltic pillars appear, they have all two peculiarities—their almost uniform pentagonal figure, and the singular manner in which the separate pieces of each column are jointed together. In no cases do the columns seem to consist of single solid blocks, but are composed of a number of short lengths, one on the top of the other, like layers of masonry. But instead of possessing flat surfaces, the ends of each length are articulated one into the other like a ball and socket, in the same way as is observable in the vertebrae of some of the larger kinds of fishes—the one end of the joint having a cavity into which the convex end of the opposite exactly fits. The depth of this concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches; and it is peculiar that the joint, instead of being conformable to the external angular figure of the block, is exactly round, and as large as the diameter of the column will admit; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagon, and are from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles quite plain. The articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, and in others the reverse. These occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns which is observable throughout the platform of this Causeway without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; seldom more than from eighteen inches to two feet; and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being there somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, of the columns is as different as their length and figure; in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity or design, except in the form of the joint; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them, of an equal height, are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above water have gradually become more and more even, at the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been worn smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea, at every tide, beats on the Causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameters from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

Notwithstanding the general dissimilitude of the columns, relatively to their figure and diameter, they are so arranged and combined at all the points, that a knife can scarcely be

introduced between them, either at the sides or angles. It is most interesting to examine the close texture and nice insertion of the infinite variety of forms exhibited on the surface of this grand parade. From the great dissimilarity of the figures of the columns, the spectator would be led to believe the Causeway a work of human art, were it not, on the other hand, inconceivable that the genius or invention of man should construct and combine such an infinite number of columns, which should have a general apparent likeness, and still be so universally dissimilar in their figure, as that, on the minutest examination, not two in ten or twenty thousand should be found having their angles and sides equal among themselves, or those of one column to those of another. As there is an infinite variety in the configuration of the several parts, so are there not any traces of regularity or design in the outlines of this curious phenomenon: including the broken or detached pieces, of a similar structure, they are extremely scattered and confused. Whatever may have been their original state, they do not at present appear to have any connexion with the grand or principal Causeway, as to any supposable design or use in its first construction; and as little design can be inferred from the figure or position of the several constituent parts.

On the cliffs all round the coasts of Donegal and Antrim similar masses of columns are observable. The pillars called the Chimney Tops are among the most singular and remarkable phenomena belonging to the Causeway. They are three in number, the tallest standing upwards of forty feet from the face of the cliff. These rocks, according to Mr. S. C. Hall, were mistaken by the crew of a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, and were fired upon accordingly. The story goes, that the giants, in revenge for the insult, hung out lights from the cliffs, which so bewildered the ship's crew that they fouled among the breakers, and were lost on the coast. At any rate, there is a little bay here called Port-na-Spania.

The entrance to the Causeway through the Giant's Gateway is most imposing. Colonnades of perfectly-formed basaltic pillars rise up against the face of the cliff in apparently the greatest order; and near it is the Lady's Chair, so called from the fact that it is frequently made use of as a seat by the fair visitors to the Causeway. Whether it possesses any of the virtues ascribed to it we cannot say. Like the Giant's Wall, the erection of this far-famed stone seat is partly the work of human hands. "The only person I observed on the Causeway when I descended," says Barrow, "was an old woman, sitting by the spring of fresh water, with a whiskey bottle and glasses to mix that national spirit with the pure spring, and render it more palatable to her customers. On returning from my ramble, however, I perceived a young lady in a riding habit, sitting down by the side of the fountain, waiting the return of some gentlemen who were examining the Causeway; the sight of whom, in this lonely spot, I am free to confess, drove all the pentagons and hexagons out of my head; and to escape from the chance of its being filled with something else, I was ungallant enough to take an abrupt departure."

The general effect of the Causeway on the mind of the visitor is one of awe and solemnity. "What shall I say of the Causeway?" inquires Lord John Manners. "There are three promontories running into the sea on a level with the waves, or nearly so, composed of upright blocks of stone, each, it may be, a yard in circumference, hexagonal, pentagonal, octagonal, and one or two nonagonal in shape; some of the cliffs, too, are fluted in this manner, with columns thirty feet high, resembling at a little distance the pipes of an organ. A very steep and narrow track took us from the Causeway to the summit of the cliffs—an ascent of about 300 feet, and a walk of a couple of miles along their edge to the Plenskin Rock." It rained furiously, so that it was only now and then we could obtain a fair view of the dark creeks, and bold rocks, and strange formations of whinstone, which diversify this mysterious coast."

At short distances from the coast the sea is studded with

numerous small uninhabitable islands, and the coast itself is intersected with many deep and solemn-looking caves, which can only be explored by means of boats. A rock called "Seagull Island," from the fact of those birds frequenting it in vast numbers, lies to the east of the Chimney Tops. This rock, probably, formed part of the mainland at some distant period of time. The view seaward is grand indeed.

In order to view the Causeway with effect, and to enjoy its varied aspects, the artists and the true lovers of nature will not be satisfied with one hasty view of it and its surrounding wonders. They will contrive to see it at sunrise, when the dawn first flings its kaleidoscopic tints on those myriad groups of columns:—also at sunset, when the red light of departing day, alternating with deep shadow, brings forth in beautiful relief the outlines of each pillared mass; and, loveliest of all, when the summer moonlight flings its mystic lustre over a scene surcharged with endless shapes of grandeur and sublimity. The Causeway, as a whole, cannot, as already intimated, be properly seen or enjoyed from the land. The tourist will have to embark in one of the many well-manned and serviceable row-boats which are always in waiting either at the Causeway itself, or at the shore near the village of Ballinacoy.

We have, probably, almost exhausted the patience of our fireside traveller, or we might carry him with us over that tremendous basaltic rock the "Stacks," and show him the Fata Morgana in this romantic region. But our space warns us we must be brief.

About a couple of miles west from the Causeway is Dunluce Castle, "the grandest, romanticest, awfulest sea-king's castle in broad Europe. It stands on a great ledge of a cliff, separated from, rather than joined to, the mainland by the narrowest of natural bridges, and overhangs the sea—that dark, chilling, northern sea—so perpendicularly, that how the towers and wall on the sea-side were built I cannot divine: what numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loophole was pierced! The landward scenery, in spite of good roads and modern improvements, is dreary enough now; what it must have been when those grim halls were first inhabited by Ulster chieftains, who can guess? There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire,

and wild outlook, in Europe. Built at the extreme edge of the cliff, the wonder seems that it has not long ago been washed into the roaring ocean at its base. "Nothing," says Mr. Barrow, "could be more adapted to a scene in romance than the wild position of Dunluce Castle, perched as



The Giant's Well, and Causeway Guide.

it is on the summit of a naked and lofty rock, surrounded by the sea, and cut off from the mainland, except by a narrow stratum of rock or wall, that serves as a foot-bridge over a deep gulf, through which the sea roars below with a fearful noise. Traditional stories, indeed, are not wanting of the abduction and imprisonment of beautiful virgins by some O'Neill or O'Cahan or M'Mahon, or some other *Mac* or *O*, which O'Hallaron says are affixes of dignity and meaning, by indicating the true Milesian breed, as is fully demonstrated by an old Latin pentameter—

"Per *Mac* atque *O* ta veros cognoscis *Hibernos*;
His duobus demptis, nullus *Hibernus* adest."

Which may be thus very freely translated:—

By *Mac* and *O* you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say;
But if they lack both *O* and *Mac*,
No Irishmen are they."

THE DYING POET.

OPEN the casement, give me light and air;
And let me gaze upon the day's decline—
Perchance it also may be that of mine.
Let me look out upon the mountains bare,
For I have trod their rugged sides; and now,
When death's cold damps are settling on my brow,
I would have my free spirit ramble there,
And take a loving and a last farewell!
'Twas there I struck the first notes of a spell,
Once joyous, tinged in after life with care—
A mournful type of life's disastrous dream,
That came upon me with a glorious gleam
Of hope—but died like the dim fading day,
That sees my broken spirit pass away.
Those dreams that I should die, like thee are faded;
For now thy glories rest upon the hills,
'Mid the refreshing dews that eve distills,
Shone gorgeous in thy setting. Mine is shaded
By the remembrance of the toil and strife
That met my very outset into life;
'Mid all my hopes and joys they lingered near,
And o'er my young heart's longings flap'd their wings,
Like shadows dimmed my young imaginings,
And washed my cheeks with disappointment's tear,
Thy beams at morn may rest upon my bier,
And few will mourn my premature decay.
For ages yet fair Hope will tread thy way;
But death for ever closes my career.

T. BEGGS.



A Vender of Specimens.—The Highlander's Bonnet, and the Chair in which the Giant sat while his Men built the Causeway.

or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur. The Causeway itself was quite tame and flat after Dunluce."

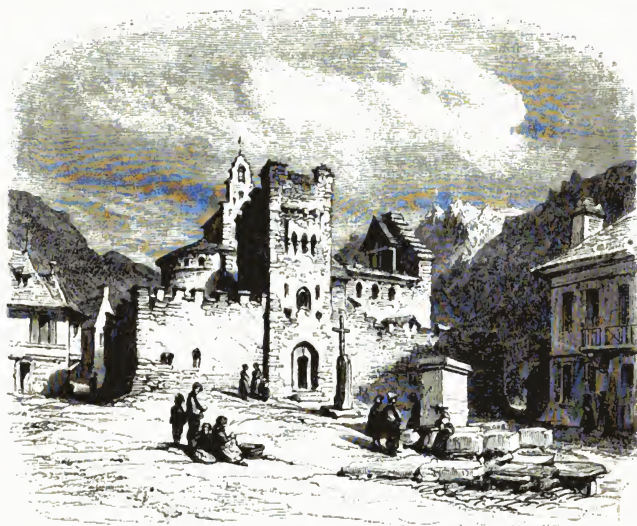
Every one who has seen this famous edifice acknowledges it to be the most remarkable building, as to situation

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

DOTTED about here and there in the world, are evidences, various and unique, of the religious feeling of the past. And particularly observable is the fact, that what we call the middle ages of the world was a church-building and good-work-consecrating period. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries were built most of those venerable village edifices, ivy-crowned and grey, which are to be found in almost every town and village in Europe. To the first mentioned period the Church of the Templars at Luz is ascribed. It is now a mere ruin, or at best but an ill-kept building—half church half fortress, such as the military orders of ecclesiastics were in the habit of erecting in troublous times to defend the frontiers of France against the encroachments of the Moors. The time was, however, when to the duties of the priest the Templars in the church of Luz added the sterner offices of

skirmishes, and a belief that through a single doorway, now walled up, the proscribed race of the Cagots were alone allowed to enter the edifice, where they occupied a space apart from the rest of the congregation. The Knights of the Temple spread themselves all over civilised Europe, and their deeds of prowess in the Holy Land are the themes of many a song and romance trolled forth even now by the simple peasantry.

Luz, the village in which the church was planted by the Templars, is poor and thinly inhabited; but it is surrounded by a highly cultivated and delightful district of France, in the South Pyrenees, near the town of Barrege. The only manufacture of importance carried on in the district is that of the crape or gauzy material for ladies' wear called, after the name of the district, *barrege*. The little river, *Gave* pursues its



CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AT LUZ, IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

the warrior, and thus the edifice, even now, partakes rather more of the nature of a fortress than of a church. Situated in the centre of the village of Luz, on the confines of the French Pyrenees, it was doubtless a place both of refuge and defence in the days when the swarthy Moors, having already overrun and taken possession of the peninsula of Spain, began to look with eager eyes upon the smiling fields of France that lay just beyond the mountains.

A relic of the past, the Church of the Templars is a highly interesting building, both with regard to its architecture and its associations. The former is of that mixed character common to the period—pointed windows, turreted walls, a square projecting tower, carved doorways, and so forth—and known to the scientific as the Romanesque; the latter consists of numerous historical and traditional stories of battles and

meandering course through the village, and it is said that tourists commonly find a good day's fishing in its waters.

Behind the village, on a high grassy knoll, are the ruins of an ancient hermitage, from which a pleasant view of the valley on either side may be obtained. About half a mile from Luz is the little town of St. Sauveur, containing the most celebrated and best frequented baths in the Pyrenees. The name of St. Sauveur is said to have been derived from an inscription set up over the medicinal spring which supplies the baths. "Vos haurietes aquas de fontibus Salvatoris." This legend is ascribed to a bishop of Tarbes, but the period when it was set up is not known.

Behind the towns of Luz and St. Sauveur is situated one of the highest hills of the Pyrenees, the *Pic de Beryone*, the summit of which is 6,117 feet above the level of the sea.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A WONDERFULLY wise man is the village doctor! One of the most important men in the village, exciting in all a due admiration for his book-learning and medical skill. He has a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, he understands all the symptoms of a patient by a glance, he appears to comprehend intuitively where the pain is chiefly felt, and seems to be no less intimately acquainted with the very remedy that will

country people have more faith in old Dr. Goodman than in all the College of Physicians, and more respect for his simple remedies than for the whole materia medica.

There he sits with a calm, sagacious, honest countenance, his grey hair rather long and wavy, telling, as it were, of his free handsome youth,—spectacles on nose. He wears no suit of sable, but is very much at his ease in shirt sleeves, open



THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.—DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS GIRARDET.

make the sick man sound. There is healing in his very presence. A shake of the head is enough to produce despair, a nod awakens hope and comfort; there never was so wise a man as the country doctor. This is at least the opinion of the villagers. It may be, the faculty would by no means be impressed with his sagacity, for, if some people speak true, he has passed no examination, studied in no regular and orthodox fashion, but acted as his own instructor, and dubbed himself a doctor. But what of that? good sense and skilful practice may sometimes exist apart from regular practitioners, and the

waistcoat, drab shorts, and grey worsted stockings; in one hand a snuff-box, from which he has just removed a pinch; and withal has so pleasant a look that one feels inclined to trust him.

The room in which he sits is his laboratory. It serves, indeed, for other purposes, for "parlour, and kitchen, and hall," but bears the dignified title of study. A very room of wizardry it is to simple country folk—a mysterious apartment, the stronghold of all wisdom, a sanctum sanctorum that one must enter cautiously. From a cord suspended across the ceiling

hang simples of various kinds—herbs gathered from all quarters; on a shelf are ranged bottles and jars of healing mixtures, ready to do battle with disease. On the floor stands a pestle and mortar; and on the window-seat are a pair of scales and an open book, and above them, more ominous than all the rest, more to be revered than herbs and potions, a human skull. Doubtless, the doctor is a learned man—it gives a scientific air to the place, which makes our faith in him the stronger.

But a human skull is a terrible object, something that produces an indescribable dread, especially to the peasant girl in the background of the picture, who, with her hand to her chin and a strange solemnity on her face, eyes the eyeless remnant of humanity with a glance of timidity and suspicion. The peasant girl has accompanied her mother and young brother to the domicile of the wise doctor, for the boy grows feverish and restless, and has filled his mother's heart with fear. How solemn she looks, as the boy sits on her lap and she details the symptoms of his complaint; how she multiplies every particular of his disorder!

"He does not appear so bad, poor little ducky!" she says, and at every term of endearment draws him closer to her; "but he is very ill. He very often weeps, dear treasure! he seems to lose his appetite, and cannot relish our simple fare; we have obtained for him little dainties, but he appears so listless, dear heart! that I am quite afraid. I think he requires more sleep. He will never play with his two sisters; he will suffer none but his mother to touch him, pretty lamb! and never seems happy."

"Is he your youngest child?" asks the doctor.

"He is, sir, the last of all; pretty poppet!"

"Are your other children girls?"

"They are, sir; alas! this is the only boy. The girls are well enough. This youngest one who is with me, aids me to carry her brother about; it is for him we feel so much—no appetite, no sleep, no cheerfulness. Alas, we would give our all for him!"

"And you really think that he is suffering severely?"

"We do, indeed, doctor, his hands are hot, and his mouth parched, and he has no energy, poor little lamb!"

"And," says the doctor solemnly, "there is no remedy but one."

"Ah! what is that, doctor?"

"Nothing! Submit him to the same discipline as your other children; do not pamper his appetite, and so spoil his taste and his digestion; do not humour his tempers, and so ruin his character and blight his prospects and your own. Let him go out into the fields and take care of the sheep, let him share with the rest at table; what others can eat, he can eat too, a small piece of meat, a good supply of bread and potatoes, and nothing but clear water to drink, will make a man of him."

"But he is so delicate," says the anxious mother, "and so young. Really, is it possible that this can be good for him? He is so very, very dear to us."

"I like not these over-loved Benjamins," says the doctor, "they nearly always grow up to be selfish men. The malady of the child is plain enough; he has eaten at all hours, and spent three parts of the day at table."

"But, doctor, he can eat nothing; we are obliged to give him spices, and saucers, and cream, and sweet-stuff, something to tempt his listless 'appetite.'"

"Woman," says the doctor, "the boy wants air and exercise. Nature will make a cure of him if nature be permitted to have her own way. Medicine can do nothing for him. Let him rough it with the other children of the family; do not shelter him from every wind that blows, as if every breath of heaven were loaded with infection; let him fare as the rest fare, and labour as the rest labour, and, depend upon it, he will eat and sleep and be as merry as you could wish."

Admirably the artist has depicted the scene. Every detail is carefully preserved, and there is that life-like character in all the figures, and that careful attention to general effect, that makes the pencil tell the incident better than the pen.

THE KING OF OUDE'S DINNER PARTY.

We had the satisfaction of waiting from half-past seven, the time appointed, to half-past eight, before the king sent to say he was ready—perhaps in revenge for our keeping him waiting in the morning. What we expected to have been a great bore, however, turned out one of the gayest and most amusing festivals I ever was at. We went as in the morning; and the procession with lighted torches, glittering arms, and prancing horses, through the illuminated streets; the arrival at the Durbar in a court crowded with people, and literally blazing with light from thousands of lamps; the dinner itself, with its accessories of jewelled orientals, evening-dressed ladies, officers in uniform, music and glitter; the fire-works, and illuminated courtyard with playing fountains, altogether made a scene such as I never saw before, and probably never shall see again. It was more like the last scene in the "Island of Jewels" than anything else that I can think of. The *Pite* was in honour of the marriage of the king's youngest son, a boy of four or five years of age, to a daughter or niece of the prime minister; and the little imp of a bridegroom was brought out splendidly dressed to be exhibited to the company. The dinner was given in the Durbar-room of the old palace, the red-hot verandah-like place we visited on the first day, and, thanks to the open sides of the building, and the coolness of the night air, the temperature was very agreeable. The king, his brother, and sons, received us near the head of the stairs, and we at once proceeded to the business of the evening. We were not seated, however, without some struggle for places, and I found myself between Grosvenor and, perhaps, the most intelligent-looking native present, who proved to be the king's brother-in-law. Another interesting neighbour was a roast guinea-fowl, off which I made my dinner. The table was laid as nearly European fashion as their acquaintance with our manners and customs would allow, and there was no lack of wine, if one only knew how to ask for it. The king was about the most gorgeous, and yet nearly the most absurd individual I ever saw. All the effect of his magnificent robes and jewels was injured, not to say spoilt, by the ridiculous addition of a 42nd Highlander's bonnet and plumes, which he wore with an air as if he really thought he had "done it now." Besides the usual black feathers, he had added a bird of paradise plume to one side of it, the whole effect being supremely ridiculous. In other respects, with his yellow and gold dress, and blue velvet mantle powdered with gold fleurs-de-lis, his splendid jewelled chains, and his gold embroidered slippers, he was the most gorgeously "got up" individual I ever saw. The chains he wore, three or four in number, were something like the collars of different orders of knighthood, but one mass of pearls or other precious stones. Besides these, he had a string of jewels of immense size hanging about his elbows, an attendant walking close behind him on each side to hold them, for fear they should break off. In fact, as he stood, I should think he would have been cheap at £100,000.

* * At his Majesty's particular request, the Resident gave the Queen's health, followed also, at his request, by three cheers, uncommonly well given by, of course, the English part of the company; the bands playing "God save the Queen" (only they began not exactly at the same time). I think the staid orientals were rather astonished at the row we made, and the king was pleased at having nearly the same noise made when we drank his health afterwards. That done, we all adjourned to a balcony overlooking the entrance-court beyond the throne-room.

* * Arm-chairs had been placed for us, and the king was no sooner seated than the fireworks, which had been placed in the court, were let off. Fire-balloons by dozens, rockets by hundreds, elephants with fiery tails on a kind of merry-go-round, fish whirling, serpents hissing, fiery fountains playing, and men with their stomachs full of squibs—it was like the last scene in a grand burlesque.

* * A grand bouquet of rockets finished the exhibition and the entertainment, and we all retired, receiving the usual tinsel chains, but avoiding the scent ceremony.—*Captain Eyerton's Tour in India.*

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER I.—MISS DORA HARCOURT TO CECIL HARCOURT, ESQ.,
OF GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON.

Whitehaven, March 2, 1829.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I sit down to fulfil my promise of telling you all that has happened since we parted; and must begin by premising that we arrived safely at Milnforth, at which place we were met by my cousin Robert. I then took leave of Mr. Jennings, and mounted into an odd sort of vehicle they call a shandrey, which jolted terribly, and seemed to move very slowly after the rapid travelling we had hitherto enjoyed when posting with four horses. But very soon we entered upon such beautiful scenery that I rejoiced in our tardy speed, and could scarcely withdraw my attention from it sufficiently to answer the numerous formal questions which Robert and William thought it their duty to ask by way of showing me due attention. Indeed, they spoke so gravely, and appeared so frightened of me, I could hardly forbear laughing outright whenever they spoke; and they put such droll inquiries to me! Such as whether I went to a ball every night?—did I like the play, or opera, or Almack's the best?—did I think the Prince Regent handsome?—what were the newest fashions? And when I professed considerable ignorance on most of these weighty points, they coloured up, and seemed to think I was quizzing them. Presently I made some inquiry concerning the country through which we were passing, and then matters brightened, and Robert especially proved himself a most intelligent, agreeable companion. His descriptions of rustic sports and adventures quite charmed me, and by the time we arrived at Langdale Friars, which is the name of their farm, about two miles from Whitehaven, we had become very good friends. The shandrey presently turned into a stony picturesque avenue of elm trees, that were just budding into green shoots, and in whose upper branches were congregated a large bustling colony of rooks, whose caw, caw, so delighted my cockney senses, as to greatly amuse my cousins. On a small, neatly-kept terrace, which ran along the south side of the Friars, we perceived my aunt pacing leisurely, and we got out of our rough carriage in order to greet her properly. You must fancy a portly, handsome woman, decked in a rich, flowery-patterned silk gown, a wide muslin apron, with a huge bunch of keys depending from its strings, white-ribbed woollen stockings carefully drawn over well-shaped ancles, which were still further displayed by high wooden-heeled shoes adorned by massive silver buckles, and her steps supported by a long staff grasped in the middle, its height overtopping her peak-shaped silk bonnet edged with a curiously small lace veil. But what surprised me still more was to see her smoking a very long tobacco-pipe, which she only laid aside in order to salute me, which she did on both cheeks with such friendly hearty cordiality as to bring tears to my eyes. I found dinner had been long over, and my ride had made me so keen set, that I felt rather dismayed at the prospect of only a wasty cup of tea to satisfy my cravings; but I need have had no fears on that head, for a most abundant meal was quickly spread, whose stores of muffins, kettle-cakes, preserves, ham, date pies, coffee, and various other dainties, would have furnished at least a dozen London tea-tables. One thing, however, I must mention more particularly; and this was a dish of buns, baked several days since, for Good Friday, and which, though well-tasted, I said seemed to me rather hard; but I found this remark quite offended my excellent uncle, who gravely assured me, that buns baked for that day never grew mouldy, and he maintained he had often seen them when fourteen months old in perfect preservation. I did not choose to laugh, for every one else seemed to agree with him, but it appeared to me very strange how they could all believe that the buns would not grow mouldy in time; besides which, my aunt told me very seriously, when she went with me to show me my bedroom, that hot-cross-buns were well-known to be an infallible cure

for the hooping-cough. This morning a rosy, blue-eyed flaxen-haired damsel came to breakfast, whose frank, blithe expression, and arch, merry laugh, greatly took my fancy; but I don't know how it was, she did not appear to like me as much as I did her, which I the more regretted, since I soon perceived she was very intimate with my uncle's family. When the gentlemen were all gone out after the morning meal was concluded, Susannah Gawthorpe, the blue-eyed maiden, produced a large bag filled with remnants of various coloured ribbons, pieces of silk, and scraps of gay calicoes, and the dairy-maid at the same time brought in a basket of fresh eggs, and my aunt told me they were going to prepare the Paschal eggs for Easter. I thought it very amusing work, and she showed me how to make the prettiest marble-patterns by laying little heaps of different coloured dye-woods on pieces of calico, which were then wrapped round the eggs previous to their being boiled; but she would on no account permit me to unfold one of them until several hours had elapsed, and they had become perfectly cold. When the eggs were taken out of their casings, their beautiful and variegated appearance reminded me forcibly of your descriptions of early days, and how gaily, you said, the young people used to sally forth on Easter-Monday to play with and break their pretty eggs in the green meadows. This afternoon I went into the kitchen to inquire about the time the post went out, and hit my head a sharp rap against an old iron horse-shoe that was nailed on the door, which led to Sally's informing me, with many apologies, that it was placed there to prevent witches entering the house; for, as Sally sagely remarked, "No one knew when they might come, and it was best to be prepared." I shall grow superstitious myself if I remain here much longer; and before I quitted the kitchen the old woman gave me a bit of mountain ash, which she begged I would wear to charm away the effects of any evil eye I might chance to meet when abroad. Finding the cow-boy, who took the letters to Whitehaven, was to depart in a couple of hours, I was going to fold up this despatch, when my uncle popped his head in at the parlour-door, and asked me if I would like to see a fine blaze. I did not know what he meant, but ran after him, as he strode towards the village green, where we joined a silent group, composed of Robert and William, and Susannah Gawthorpe, who seemed to be waiting for something to take place. Some one soon called my uncle away, and he desired William to give me his arm, on which I saw the same glance of mingled dislike and suspicion flit over Susannah's bright face as had perplexed me before, but I had no time to ruminate on the subject just then. A loud shout at some little distance was quickly followed by the appearance of a troop of boys, preceded by a tall lad, who carried a huge bundle, much larger than himself, of unthrashed peas, which he deposited in the centre of the green. A moment's silence ensued, and then, I suppose, a lighted match was applied, for a great blaze arose, and the circle of rosy, animated faces, which watched the fire's progress, was in itself worth coming many miles to see. But the blaze hardly lasted sixty seconds, and then the little multitude went down on hands and knees and grubbed about for the charred and smoking peas, as if they were seeking for hidden treasures. Shouts of merriment testified their excessive enjoyment of this feast, which is known by the quaint term of "bousled peas." With faces beamed like chimney-sweepers, and many a ringing laugh, the crowd dispersed as soon as the last pea had been devoured, and I ran into the house to finish my letter. As you will be anxious to hear from me, I will not delay it another day; and have only time to beg you to believe me at all times your truly affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

P. S.—Please to send me my sprigged white muslin, as I hear some talk going on of a rustic party, and I should not like my cousins to think I actually knew nothing of the fashions. Oh, dear papa, only think how curious it seems! It was new moon last night, and when my aunt first saw it she folded her arms and made a deep courtesy to it; so did Susannah, but I saw her smile in the act, while my aunt evidently regarded it as a sort of religious ceremony.

ANCIENT SHIELD IN THE "ARMERIA REAL," AT MADRID.

THE royal magazine of arms at Madrid was built from the designs of Gaspard de Vega, architect to Philip II. It is situated opposite one of the façades of the royal palace—a modern building erected upon the site of the ancient Alcazar. A selection of fine arms, brought from the fortress of Simanca according to some authors, from Valladolid according to others, served as a foundation for the *Armeria Real*, or Royal

The motto upon this shield, "*Seræ Spes Una Senectæ*," is an allusion to the merit attached by soldiers to shields and bucklers as a means of insuring and prolonging life. The shield itself is broad and ample. The animals, which occupy the centre of the shield, are symbolical of the victories won by Spain, or by the emperor, over Africa: the imperial and crowned swan is devouring the dragon or winged serpent.



ROYAL SHIELD IN THE ROYAL ARMOURY AT MADRID.

Armoury, which contains the finest, if not the most numerous, collection of the kind in Europe. The arms are ranged on either side of a long gallery, at the end of which is an armed statue of St. Ferdinand; in the centre are complete suits of armour, arranged in the same manner as those in the Tower of London. Some very valuable pieces were carried away during the civil disturbances; among these was the splendid shield represented in our engraving.

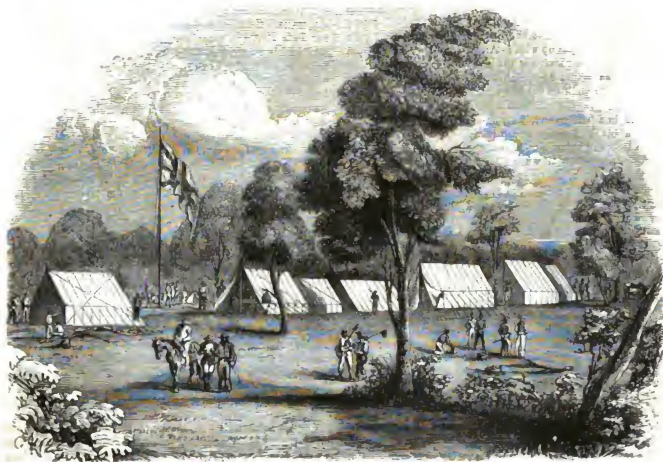
The historical scenes, in the upper and lower compartments of the shield, seem to be representations of the taking of Granada and of Tunis.

From the character and beauty of the workmanship of this shield, there is little doubt that it was a production of the sixteenth century, though the artist is unknown. It is supposed to have belonged to Charles V., who was a passionate admirer of rare and beautiful arms and armour.

THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.



GOLDEN POINT, MOUNT ALEXANDER.



CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S TENT AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

MOUNT ALEXANDER.

THE eyes of the whole world—and especially those of the poor and needy—have been for some months past turned in the direction of the golden lands of Australia and California. Emigration to both places, therefore, and especially to the former, has been proceeding at a never-before-reached rate from the old countries of Europe. In England the exodus—for that is the modern term for emigration—is beginning to attract the attention of the rulers of the land, and to produce an effect upon trade and commerce. The demand for workers is beginning to exceed the supply; and we are glad of it. To say nothing of the strikes for higher wages which have taken place among various grades of mechanics, and the extra work thrown on the hands of all connected with the shipping and provision trades, we noticed, during a recent visit, a pleasing evidence of an advance in a direction we had scarcely expected. On the dead walls in the suburbs, on the shop shutters of chancery-closed houses in the back streets of London's city, in the windows of the bakers, next the play bill, and hung on hooks in butchers' shops like choice joints of meat, we have noticed a blue and red-printed placard, bearing this legend:—"GOOD WAGES, CONSTANT WORK, AND PROMPT ATTENTION." Now, as we do not belong to that large class of people who appear to have no other object in life than to go shuffling about crowded streets, and gazing on road-paviors, gas-pipe layers, and play-bills, we should scarcely have noticed this announcement in our ordinary perambulations. The terms of the bill, however, being somewhat unusual, we are tempted to pause a little and read it through. And then we find that this kind invitation—"Good wages, constant work, and prompt attention,"—is addressed especially to needlewomen, who are further requested to call on Messrs. So-and-so, of Houndsditch, where any number of them can be profitably employed in the preparation and completion of "youths' and gentlemen's shirts of the best description." And more than this, the needlewomen aforesaid are urgently invited to "come immediately, and bring a pattern." By the last phrase is meant a specimen of the worker's ability in the shape of the linen front, collar, and wristbands of a long-cloth shirt; but does not the term "prompt attention" betray a story of previous neglect and insolence, such as only poor sempstresses could put up with? And so, reading the bill from beginning to end, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion that the emigration mania has reached the right sort of folk at last; and in our walk onwards we picture to ourselves the plain needle-woman transformed from a poor, thin, slip-slop wisp of a creature in a bare garret, to a stout happy-looking housewife in a black farm-house in Australia, with laughing children trooping about her knees.

In the spring of 1851, when all the world was at the Exhibition at Hyde-park, the news reached England that a second El Dorado had been discovered on the side of the island of Australia opposite to where the disastrous colony of Swan River was founded. People in comfortable circumstances pooh-pooh'd at the idea; and folks who should know something of geography persisted that the thing was likely enough,—till the fact was certified by the arrival of some of the actual gold, which was forthwith exhibited in a glass case at the Crystal Palace, to the wonder and admiration of thousands.

It appears to us, when we hear and read of Australia and the gold found in such abundance there, that too little attention is usually paid to the fact that the precious metals have been, at some or other period of the world's history, discovered in nearly all parts of the world. The Egyptians and the Hebrews evidently possessed it in abundance; Darius of Persia, and Croesus of Lydia, drew tribute of gold and silver from their subjects. The ancients obtained it from Africa, just as men do now,—from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia, probably; the indefatigable Romans crossed the Pyrenees and penetrated Spain, and braved the seas and conquered Britain, in their search for gold; the Austrians and the Russians of old times dug deep down into the mines of Sweden and Norway, and Hungary and Siberia, and blasted

rocks, and turned aside the courses of rivers, so that they might get rich all at once. In the fifteenth century, Columbus discovered the "golden Americas;" and in the sixteenth, Pizarro conquered Peru, and Cortez overcame the great Montezuma of Mexico, and the Spaniards got drunk and debased, and finally ruined themselves, with the riches found so plentifully in the New World.

And, coming nearer to our own times, we know that the Dutch, in the last century, fitted out an expedition to California for the special purpose of discovering gold. They went, and found none, though they traversed the valley of the Sacramento through and through, and looked with eager eyes upon the "everlasting rocks of quartz," since discovered to be so rich in virgin gold; and so they came back, and reported it "a barren and desolate land." Accident, we are told, produced the great Australian and Californian discoveries; but only unthinking men call those discoveries accidents. By the inscrutable will of an over-ruling Providence, it has been ordained, in many and varying periods of history, that men should vacate the crowded cities of civilisation and commerce to colonise the wilderness. It was needful that some powerful motive should impel the masses. In nearly all cases the real or supposed discovery of gold has supplied the stimulus. When the design was fulfilled, and the land was full of inhabitants, the gold insensibly shrunk away, and people employed themselves in other ways. How blinder than moles we are!

About the close of the year 1849, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches we here introduce visited Australia. At that time the colonists were comparatively poor, and no hint of the gold discoveries had been given. Occasionally, bushrangers or escaped convicts brought a weighty lump of the precious metal into the towns, where they sold it cheaply and with a suspicious air; and the purchasers directly concluding that it must have been the produce of some robbery—perhaps murder—in the bush, were therefore unwilling to ask questions, and quieted their consciences with the knowledge of having made a tolerably good bargain. As long ago as 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address to the Geographical Society, had predicted the presence of gold in Australia. Science, and not accident, led the professor to conclude that the great eastern mountain chain of Australia was highly auriferous, from its geographical correspondence with the gold-fields in the Ural Mountains; and a Mr. Smith, of the Berrima iron-works in Australia, having read the account of Sir Roderick's opinion in an English newspaper, was induced to search for gold in his neighbourhood. He did search, and was partially successful. He brought the gold to the colonial authorities, and offered to make the place of its discovery known for a reward of £500; but the governor, either disbelieving the report, or fearful of encouraging a gold fever, declined to grant his request; and so it remained for Mr. Hargreaves, who visited Australia in the early part of 1851, with the prestige of Californian experience, to re-make the discovery, and get the government reward.

The first discovery of Australian gold was made at a place called Summer Hill Creek and Lewis Ponds River, small streams which run from the northern flank of the Conobalabs to the Macquarrie river. The gold was found in the accumulated sand and gravel, especially on the inside and bends of the brooks, or at the junction of the water-courses, where the one stream would be checked by the flow of the other. And in this way is nearly all the surface gold discovered in Australia and elsewhere. At first, coarse, granular gold was found, a certain proof that the parent vein was not far off—existing, probably, in the quartz veins traversing the rocks of the Conobalabs. Soon after gold was found in other localities, sometimes in the shape of tolerably large nuggets or lumps, sometimes in fine thin scales, and at others as dust, collected from the auriferous earth by repeated washings.

At the present moment, gold mining is carried on along the whole course of the Murray and Darling rivers, and their several tributaries, embracing the entire tract of country from Morton Bay to the city of Adelaide; and late accounts speak

with confidence of gold having been found also in New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land.

Mount Alexander and its neighbourhood appears to have been the earliest and, upon the whole, the most satisfactory of the gold diggings. It is situated within about forty miles from Melbourne and Geelong. The whole district consists of quartz-bearing rocks, and is highly auriferous. Now, although the quartz is, doubtless, the native matrix of the gold, we have not heard of any actual veins of the precious metal having been discovered. It is generally found lying loose in the sand and gravel, and at others buried deep in the clay which forms the substratum of the soil. Mr. Gibbon, writing to the *Melbourne Argus*, says, that gold is usually found imbedded in the blue clay near the surface on the brow of the hill; but that it is sometimes necessary to dig twenty feet before arriving at it. And Mr. Latrobe, governor of the colony of Victoria, describes the borings as carried through—

1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel.
2. Streaked, yellowish, and red clay.
3. Quartz gravels of moderate size.
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders, masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work.
5. Blue and white clay, in which are small portions of gold.
6. Pipe clay, in which gold is almost certain to be found.

Now, as this rich pipe clay occasionally lies thirty feet below the surface, the labour required to reach it will easily be comprehended—fitted, indeed, for railway excavators, brick-makers, well-borers, agricultural labourers, and for few else!

In the first of our engravings, we have a view of the gold field at Golden Point, Mount Alexander. Writing on the spot, the gentleman, who has furnished us with the drawings, which were made at the close of 1852, says, "It is a busy scene indeed. In the distance is the hill called Golden Point, so famed in the early history of Mount Alexander. Crowds of diggers [not very well defined in the engraving] are employed at this spot. Some are digging, some are wheeling barrows filled with the auriferous earth; while others—and those a very large number—are carrying the earth on their backs to the stream, which is concealed by the trees on its banks. Here the soil is washed and cradled, and whatever gold it possesses carefully extracted. In the foreground, some diggers, just arrived, are engaged in fixing their tents."

"Many of the tents are occupied as stores and provision shops, and similar establishments are scattered throughout the various diggings. From the proprietors of these stores supplies of every kind can be purchased—of course, with an advance—at Melbourne prices. Nevertheless, the erection of these stores are a great convenience to the diggers; for were it not for the foresight and business arrangements of the storekeepers, much privation would, doubtless, have been experienced. The additional charges are, generally speaking, moderate enough, except in cases of great scarcity; and even then it is only some few articles which are charged at exorbitantly high prices. In the depth of the last winter, it was feared that many of the stores would be closed from the difficulty of conveying heavy provisions over the bad roads."

Since the above was written, however, the roads to Mount Alexander have, we understand, been considerably improved. In the locality of Golden Point large quantities of gold have been found. So long as water remains in the creek gold rewards the searchers, but when the summer heats dry up the supply, then the digger's labour is almost thrown away. The gold here is generally found in dust and scales, but occasionally large nuggets are discovered, which well reward the lucky finder. It was in this neighbourhood that a twenty pound weight nugget was found in 1852. The Prince of Nuggets, however,—that picked up by Dr. Kir in 1851, which weighed upwards of a hundred weight—was found at what are now the Ballarat Diggings. It is described as a block of highly auriferous quartz, found lying among a lot of other loose blocks, evidently derived from a broad quartz vein running up the hill behind the river. "Such a mass," says Professor Forbes, in describing the geology of Australia, "could hardly be transported far from its original site by any current of water."

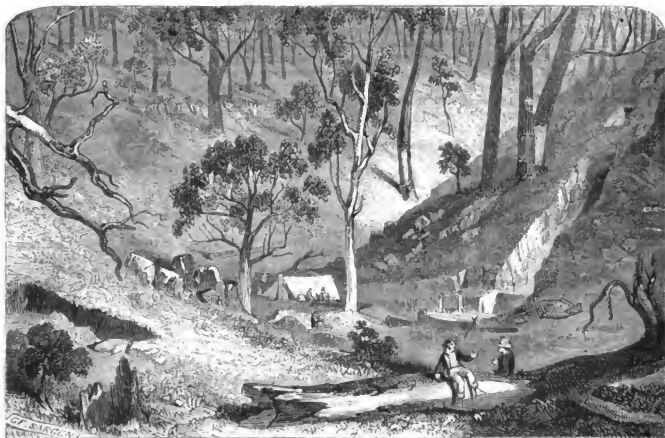
Our object being rather to give an idea of the present appearance of the "diggings" than to attempt anything like a continuous narrative of the gold discovery,—an object not yet accomplished, by the way, in any one of the published accounts,—we proceed to "follow our leader," the artist.

The next scene is a perfect contrast to the former one, and might be taken, without any very violent stretch of the imagination, for part of the experimental camp at Woolwich or Windsor, where British soldiers play at sieges, and so forth, every now and then. There is an air of quiet about it which speaks pretty distinctly of official residence, even in the diggings; and except for two or three days of the month, this serene air is tolerably well preserved. The tent to the left is the license office—a most important one, therefore, to intending gold diggers. The next large tent on the other side of the flag-staff is used as a depository for gold while waiting for the escort; and it, also, is as well known to the miners from all quarters as the Bank of England is to the London merchant. Other tents are used as sleeping-places, &c.

Since the sketch was taken, many changes have occurred, both in the numbers of persons in the colony—every day bringing its ship-load or two—and in the official management of the police of the gold districts. Many wooden buildings have since been erected in various parts of the diggings for the accommodation of the soldiery and officials, and a much more regular plan of business has been adopted. More than this, additional police are distributed over the diggings, and a much improved state of morality exists. When our artist was here, there were few police, and even the greater part of them were stationed at the chief commissioner's quarters; and a general feeling of insecurity was the inevitable result. Robberies, riots, and murders were of common occurrence, and scenes of the most abominable description were continually taking place. All that, however, belongs to the past history of the gold-seekers. At this moment life and property may be considered almost as safe as in an English village or an American backwood. The home government having taken energetic measures in the appointment of additional magistrates, and in the enrolment of large bodies of pensionary police at salaries good enough to secure their best services even in the diggings, the aspect of affairs has so far changed for the better, that "the diggers proceed about their work, and go in and out of their tents and huts, with a feelings of as much security as in a well-ordered town."

By this time, likewise, decent roads have been made in the different diggings, and society, even there, is beginning to assume an orderly and respectable aspect. "Our only wants," says a successful miner, writing home to his mother and sisters, "are wives and children. Why don't you come out?"

By the winter of 1852, the number of diggers in Australia had increased so considerably as to produce some alarm in the minds of the colonial government; and it was rashly proposed to impose an export duty on gold, and to double the license fee. No sooner, however, had the news come to the ears of the miners—for state secrets will leak out, even from the best regulated councils—than they took alarm, and a "monster meeting" was called for the purpose of remonstrating with the government. The great interest attached by all parties to the demonstration induced our artist to attend. It took place at Mount Alexander on the 15th of December last, and these results were consequent on it. The first, and all-important one, was the withdrawal of the proposed government measure; and the last, the production of the graphic sketch before us. Here we get a glimpse of the sort of folks comprised in that various and motley congregation of men called "diggers." Settlers, sailors, tradesmen, even the "Manilla man" and his boy, and the "old hand," sitting on the stump in the foreground of the picture, are each bold types of their class. Perhaps in no other spot in her Majesty's dominions could such a variously-dressed assembly be gathered together—a sort of open-air masquerade, in which the characters were costumed in anything but ball-room style. Of the meeting itself it is sufficient to say, that the object of the numerous speakers was fully attained—the government



WHIRLEY'S GULLEY, THE SPOT WHERE THE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED; FOREST CREEK RANGES, MOUNT ALEXANDER.

was impressed with their earnestness, the license fee was not doubled, and the thousands of diggers departed in peace. for it was here that the gold on Mount Alexander was first discovered. At this moment there are upwards of 60,000



GREAT MEETING OF GOLD DIGGERS AT MOUNT ALEXANDER, DEC. 15, 1862.

Whirley's Gulley, the other scene depicted by the artist, is interesting, both in itself and on account of its associations, persons at this spot; and, by all accounts, there is no falling off in the amount of gold.

PORTE ST. DENIS.

IN the days of Louis XIV., François Blondel, the architect, was at the height of his fame. He was employed in the construction of some of the noblest national monuments, and his name thus became associated with many of those buildings, which have since been rendered remarkable by the struggles, the battles, the triumphs, and defeats, which have from time

beautifully arranged, and harmonises well with the rest of the building. The architect knew that ornament must always be subsidiary to the grand effect of the whole, and that convenience must as much as possible be attended to in all public works. He had studied the antique—the column of Trajan, the obelisks of Egypt, the ruins of classic Rome—and



VIEW OF PORTE ST. DENIS, IN PARIS.

to time occurred in the good city of Paris. Among other public works, François Blondel began and finished the Porte St. Denis. This was, perhaps, his greatest work, at all events it was one on which he prided himself; in it he seemed to have out-Blondelled Blondel, and says, in his own account thereof, that it is the grandest work of the kind to be found in the whole world.

It is sixty-two feet high and proportionately wide, with an opening of twenty-four feet in the middle. This is very

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he had the happy art of skilfully adapting all that was most calculated to improve the effect of his own design.

With this intention he placed two pyramids at the sides of the opening, so as to flank the arch: these he placed upon massive pedestals, resembling that of the column of Trajan, which, while they answered a very useful purpose as posters for foot-passengers, gave much grace and elegance to the pyramids. They were ornamented with various figures and devices, all emblematical of the glory of the grand monarch.

The Porte St. Denis was intended to be a sort of sculptured history of that eventful time, a record of all the wonderful victories, chiefly on the ocean, of that most wonderful king. "But," says the architect, "the rapidity of the conquests of the sovereign in his Dutch campaign, and the famous passage of the Rhine, which occurred in the year in which the Porte St. Denis was commenced, obliged us to adopt other arrangements, and Messieurs the provosts made up their minds to decorate the arch after another fashion, following the king by land through his mightiest battles and most glorious victories. The noblest arch of triumph could not do honour sufficient to those noble triumphs." The entablature represents the passage of the Rhine, and the pyramids are covered with emblematic figures, after the manner of the medals which were struck, and the arches which were erected, to do honour to Augustus after his conquest of Egypt, and to Titus after the conquest of Judea. Blondel describes every particular with amazing accuracy, and dilates with no ordinary satisfaction on the appropriateness of each device. The sculptures are indeed justly celebrated, and the whole of them possess great merit. They were executed by Givardon and Michael Anquier; the bas-reliefs which decorate the pedestals of the pyramids are in composition and in execution very remarkable. They were evidently designed, as the architect candidly owns, in imitation of the sculptures on the column of Trajan.

The Porte St. Denis has been the scene of many a fierce struggle. It was once the glory of kings, and showed on its beautiful frontage the triumph of the old regime, but since its architect has slept his last sleep, since Louis Quatorze and his marshals have passed away, since the Revolution has swept away the old regime, many sanguinary fights have happened at the Porte St. Denis, and it has attained another, and a far different description of celebrity than that which it was intended to possess, when sculptors carved in the stone-work—LEONOVICO MAGNO.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

THERE lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great

oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser had he never spoken it at all; it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, for one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favourite airs were caught, and repeated, and played, and sung, in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favourite movements; and customers as they entered took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sang duets across the counter. It is even said that the priests murmured alleluettos as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitement. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that ever was composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life: to play a simple air on the harpsichord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets were entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition; but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician arose, and throwing open the door—"Good evening, Master Franz," said he; "sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen—"would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, 'even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers.' These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night-winds, and whispered through the forests, and sank on the ears of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills; but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his!" When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked home, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening, Nieser's hall was thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another—"What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians!" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser, who had been invited to be pre-

sent. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall with his roll of music in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter, that he hoped his sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser:—"I swear I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of 200,000 florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part."—"And you will keep your oath!" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser.—"I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled; every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour, but each wrapped himself up in his cloak, and stole away; and soon there were none left excepting the three, who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion, he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

W A R .

Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison tree will fall;
And where its venomous exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden.

Shelley.

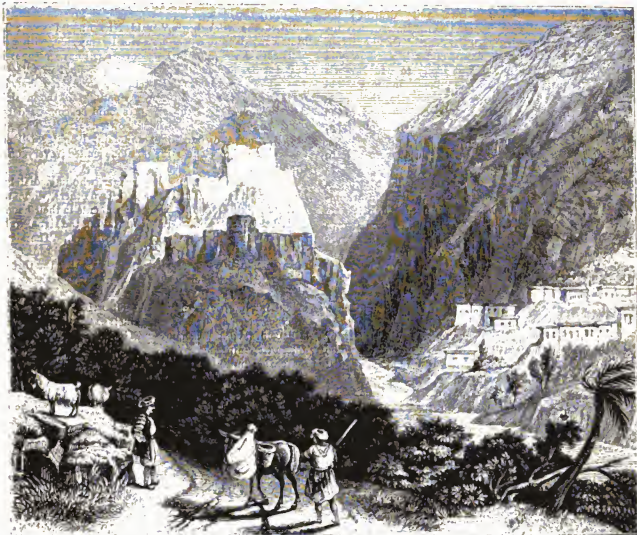
MOUNT AMANUS.

MOUNT AMANUS, which now bears the less euphonious appellation of *Alma Dug*, is one of a chain of mountains in Cilicia. It is a wild romantic spot, with lofty heights and impenetrable gorges—here giant hills, bleak, barren, and desolate, and here beautiful strips of verdure and cool refreshing waters. It resembles in its natural character the land of Syria, and sometimes is indeed called the Syria of Cilicia. The hills, the valleys, the herbage, the people, the sky of intensest blue, all recall the ideas we have formed of what the Holy Land must be; and those who have trodden the soil of Palestine acknowledge that this portion of Cilicia strongly reminds them of the land which flowed with milk and honey.

There are two great roads over the mountain, one of which leads to the sea-shore, where in the days of old the ports

other prodigious phenomena, and have bestowed upon the place a marvellous reputation for enchantment. Metals, and marbles of the most beautiful character, are still found in these mountains; but they are not one-half so beautiful, not one-half so rich and rare, as they appeared to the men of the old time. The people of the past lived in a world of wonders, for they understood but little of natural science, and to them everything was a mystery. Modern inquiry has made it apparent that the ancients knew but little of the geology or geography of Asia Minor.

The temperature of Mount Amanus is dry and sultry. Its solitudes are now rarely disturbed but by the passing of some caravan. Once it re-echoed to the tramp of conquering armies, but its glory has departed, and now but a few people



MOUNT AMANUS, IN CILICIA (ASIA MINOR). VIEW OF THE CHATEAU IN RUINS.

were situated to which Assyrian merchants came, and which were then considered the great marts of commerce and emporiums of the world.

The country is now covered with forest trees, and presents a strange, deserted aspect, and one may travel many a mile without meeting a single inhabitant. Yet the country once flourished; magnificent ruins still remain to tell of its ancient splendour. Xenophon speaks of Mount Amanus; Strabo dwells with infinite delight upon the picturesque beauties of that portion of Cilicia; and his contemporaries tell of wonderful things connected with the mountain. They mention an inflammable cavern, which seemed to them the very mouth of Hades, and yet was nothing more, perchance, than choked-up fire-damp; they mention petrified rivers, and

of the poorer sort inhabit its rocky heights and mountain fastnesses. Thus the peopled city arises where once the cry of the bitter alone disturbed the silence, and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces pointed to the sky.

The scene which our engraving represents is one of the most picturesque in Amanus. The lofty hills arise on every side and stretch their summits to the skies, the mountain pass is fringed with herbage, and the muleteer is returning to his home. To the right are a few scattered houses, their white fronts catching the eye from afar, and in the centre are the ruins of an old chateau. There is something mournfully beautiful in the whole, for it seems to tell how the spirit of change is passing over all things, and how the world's glory and the world's triumphs give place to silence and desolation.

MONT BLANC.



CLIMBING A WALL OF ICE.

On the morning of a lovely day in August, in the year 18—, two travellers were seen to enter an Alpine village, &c. &c.

This is the usual way of beginning a romantic description. At this present writing, however, we are not particularly inclined

to indulge in high-flown phrases, even about Mont Blanc. For Albert Smith and the other modern travellers treat the ascent of this great mountain as such a very ordinary affair—simply a matter of ropes, guides, good spirits, and determined perseverance—that for stay-at-home travellers to get up any sort of enthusiasm about the matter is rather ridiculous.

The mere fact, however, of a man not having seen a particular place is no reason whatever why he should not write a charming description of it. And, in truth, the *not* having seen Mont Blanc, for instance, would be rather an advantage to a writer than otherwise, as he could draw upon his imagination and poetic temperament without danger of encountering that shock to his feelings, that strange sense of disappointment, which almost invariably attends the first sight of any grand natural phenomenon. Not having witnessed the real dangers of the ascent, and being quite unconscious of the icy coldness which benumbs alike the senses and the imagination, he could rhapsodise at his ease about "everlasting clouds" and "mighty hills so shadowy and sublime;" and, looking at the Alps from the home point of view, it would be easy to indulge in a proper degree of enthusiasm concerning those

"—palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snow scalps,
And enthroned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

And more than this, being in no way liable to the slightest inconvenience by reason of any awkward avalanche overhead, or any yawning chasm at his feet, and being in no fear of speaking loud or laughing—

"Lost a word or breath
Bring down a winter's snow,"

he can take his own time in looking at the mighty scene; and using imagination's spectacles, need undergo no trouble in passing over the snow bridge at the "Grand Mulets," or even in climbing the great cone itself.

In the present instance, however, we are spared all trouble in the matter of reminiscence; for we have lying before us the second monthly part of one of the most complete and beautifully illustrated works ever devoted to the subjects of mountains and valleys.* In its pages are collected accounts of the most celebrated ascents of Mont Blanc—from that of Saussure in 1785, to the daring expedition of Albert Smith and his friends in 1851. In this splendid work the editor has been at considerable pains to bring together all the best information on the subject of the interesting countries traversed by the Alps. We, sitting at our ease, will accompany a party of adventurers up the sides of the famous mountain. We start from the Valley of Chamouni. The last human habitation which the traveller sees is the Châlet de la Para, about an hour and half's journey from the Village des Pêlerins. At the north-eastern extremity of the valley there rises the lofty green passage of the Col de Balme; and come the red, craggy, thunder-smitten pinnacles of the Aiguilles Rouges; then, directly opposite, the long fir-woods, and bare broken summit of the Brévent, and turning a little round, the bold calcareous turrets of the Aiguille de Varenas, partly covered by a low mass of white cloud. Then come the green hills closing the other end of the Valley of Chamouni.

Looking directly downwards, just under the feet, are seen the dark pine-woods at the base of the mountain, intersected by the white stony torrent that has burst for itself several channels to form the Arve. Then, further on, numerous brown châteaux, dispersed irregularly among the parallelograms of yellow corn, green hemp, flax, or clover. A little further appears the clustered village of Chamouni, and the light tin covered spire of the church. Turning the back on the village, and rising a little from the valley, there is a long line of tall, thick, dark-green pines, forming a most beautiful back-ground to the white icy pinnacles of the rugged Glacier des Bossons, which projects far down into the smiling valley beneath. Then,

* "The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy, and Lombardy." By the Rev. Charles Williams. In Monthly parts at Twenty-five Cents.

higher up above, is the Aiguille du Goûté, and the huge bulk of the Dome du Goûté, shining like polished silver in the morning sun; and still higher, and directly over head, the snowy pinnacles of the stupendous Aiguille du Midi; its base covered with ice, and lower down with moss, heath, juniper, rhododendrons, and other plants.

At the Châlet de la Para the vegetation diminishes, and, at length, the fir-trees disappear. Before this, provision is made for the evening meal, by wood being picked up, and sometimes chopped into a convenient size and shape. This fuel is then tied on to the knapsacks of the guides. "I was apprehensive," says Mr. Brown, "of some accident to men thus heavily laden, and presently, as we were scaling a most awkward block of ice, down went Favret, load and all, into the crevasse, and but for his long protruding faggots of wood, which stuck on either side of the crevasse, he would have gone to a great depth."

Should the adventurers proceed on mules thus far, they are dismissed as soon as a sort of stone tent is reached, which is formed on one side of a vast block, and on the other of a wall of uncemented pieces. The mouth is open, but within the visitor is tolerably snug, especially in the anticipation of the fatigue and discomfort about to be encountered. In this rude refuge the solitary goat-herd and part of his flock find occasional shelter from the biting blast, which, at such elevations, is frequently experienced, and from the still greater violence of the pelting storm.

Soon after leaving this spot, the course is continued by a narrow foot-way, or ledge, in the face of the cliff, in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the abysses below. This track, partly natural, is, in some places, improved by the people of the valley; and a tolerably accurate idea of it may be formed by imagining, that against a precipice of some hundred feet in height, a wall of two feet thick was built about half way up, and the path consists entirely of the space on the top of the wall, which is frequently so narrow as to compel the adventurers to advance sideways with their faces towards the rock, because the ordinary breadth of a man's shoulders would throw the balance of his person over the edge of the precipice.

The travellers have but commenced their journey. The Glacier des Bossons reached, their further progress seems stopped by a precipitous tower of ice. But this surmounted, by means of a staircase of notches cut by the hatchets of the guides, a chasm of uncertain depth has to be crossed, and the onward journey lies over ice ridges, slender arches suspended over dark abysses, and huge blocks of ice which appear mountains of themselves. The adventurous party, tied together with ropes, and preceded by careful guides, arrive at length by painful steps at the edge of the glacier. Snow mountains and ice hills, crevasses numerous and deep, solid walls of ice, and ugly fissures, bar their passage to the Grand Mulets. But even this is reached at last, and they prepare to spend the night on granite rocks 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The Grand Mulets consist of a narrow chain of rocks, which derive their name from a fancied resemblance of their aspect, as seen from the valley, to a team of mules; but all images fail to exhibit the awful contrast of their dark isolated range of pinnacles with the dazzling fields of ice and snow above, around, and beneath them.

Mont Blanc is still 5,000 feet above them. The view from this spot is, however, of no ordinary beauty and magnificence. The panorama, heightened by the deep azure of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere, embraces within its mighty grasp, mountains than which none are more sublime—masses of ice and snow of surpassing grandeur—valleys smiling with verdure, lit up, perhaps, by the rays of the sun,—Leman, all placidity, appearing like a lake of molten silver—and the blue hills of Jura, "far, far away." Mont Blanc, the most prominent feature of this august scene,—

"High o'er the rest, displays superior state,
In grand pre-eminence supremely great."

Here they pass the night; and early in the morning the travellers recommence their toilsome and dangerous journey. Again are the awful ice-hills and treacherous snow-drifts to be dared; again dark chasms, which may not be looked into by nervous heads, are crossed with careful steps; again, fastened one to another, dangerous, ice-formed, slippery-looking bridges, are ventured on by the daring company; again are strength of character and determination put to the test, and the Grand Plateau is gained.

Above are the Rochers Rouges, or Red Rocks, at the foot of which lay the old route to the summit, prior to the ascent of Messrs Fellows and Hawes in the year 1827. The really hazardous part of the journey commences here. Avalanches and crevasses are equally to be avoided. The Dernier Rochers, the highest visible rocks are above them; below appear a vast assemblage of white pyramids—Monte Rosa, the Col du Géant, and the snow-clad rocks reaching down to the Mer de Glace.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

The travellers, drawing near the summit, experience the effect on the frame of so great an elevation. Some parts of their bodies become very dry, a livid colour and constriction of the skin begin to be observed, the thirst is intense, and can scarcely be allayed, even by continually eating sugar, French plums, and snow. In a narrow valley, sheltered from the wind, and exposed to the sun's direct rays,—the common focus, too, of rays reflected from vast surrounding walls of snow,—the heat is oppressive, and the face becomes scorched. A veil is, therefore, put on, and green spectacles are used, which are indispensable to obviate the glare from the sun.

Greater sufferings still follow; every two or three minutes they all sink down on the snow, absolutely breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. In so rarified an atmosphere, they cannot hear one another speak, even at a short distance, without great exertion, and then the voice sounds thin and remote, like a bell in the half-exhausted receiver on the plate of an air pump. "I should no more have thought," says Mr. Auldjo, "of calling to a guide fifty yards from me, than a man on Ben Lomond would do to a friend on the opposite summit of the Cöbler." One of the guides has an hæmorrhage from an accidental blow, and the blood appears of an unusually dark colour. The lips of the party are quite blue, their faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids. Every moment, a longing look is cast towards the summit, and then, holding their heads low, they press onwards, some with overwhelming headache and various other pains, till the feeling of exhaustion becomes irresistible, and they sink again quite flat and still upon the snow.

Another effort, and success must be achieved. The Côte is yet above them. "I had the greatest difficulty," says Albert Smith, "in getting my wandering wits into order, but the risk called for the strongest mental effort, and with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon 'pluck,' I got ready for the climb. The Mer de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice, more frightful than anything yet passed. Of course every footstep had to be cut with the axes; and my blood ran cooler still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent,—the *calotte*, as it is called,—the 'cap,' of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labour, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition, and everybody was so 'blown,' in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides: but I

was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my 'team' because they did no go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees, and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!"

HOPE ON.

BY DOUGALL CHRISTIE.

If ever Fortune's sunny face
Hath smiled upon thee for a space,
But frowned when clouds began their race,
Look not back!

If ever Joy's soul-cheering smile
Hath lighted up thy fate awhile,
But gloomed at last with treacherous guile,
Look not back!

If ever Happiness' pure ray
Hath glinted on thy opening day,
But sorrow tinged thy noon with grey,
Look not back!

If ever dreams of well-won fame,
To weave a garland round thy name,
Should wake in woe but not in shame,
Look not back!

Oh! look not back with fruitless pain
Nor hug remembrance' torturing chain;
What's done is done, and must remain,
Then look not back!

Stoop not to profitless despair,
But hope; the haggard check of care
May yet a smile of comfort wear,
Forward look!

Trust to the Fount of peace and power
To soothe the miseries of the hour;
Man's help is but a withered flower—
Trust in God!

ANCIENT MITRE AND CHASUBLE.

This mitre, formerly preserved in the Museum of Reims, belonged, if report speak true, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, Charles of Guise, and was worn by him at the Council of Trent. In 1669, the value of the mitre was estimated at 45,000 livres, a sum equal to £2,500. The stones were mounted on silver cloth, covered with gold filagree; the highest point of the front of the mitre being formed by a figure of Saint Michael, the archangel, destroying the dragon. This was originally ornamented with seventeen small diamonds, valued at sixty crowns. A fine tourquoise and two rubies, immediately under the image of the saint, were estimated at 400 livres. On the frontal band, the title of Jesus, in Gothic letters, was formed of diamonds. Two emeralds, engraved, one with an image of the Virgin, and the other with an image of the angel Gabriel, were also in this frontal band, which, besides, was decorated with rubies. Pearls, rubies, and emeralds, formed the edging to the mitre, and the exquisite filagree work was jewelled here and there with precious stones. The centre band of the mitre was peculiarly rich in jewels, and the pendants were formed of cloth of gold.

This beautiful mitre was hidden during the French Revolution, together with some other valuable property presented to Louis XIV., in a secret chamber in the Museum of Reims. There they were supposed to be perfectly secure; but when

all danger of robbery and violence was over, they were sought in vain. All inquiry was fruitless, and the circumstances of their abstraction still remain in mystery.



ANCIENT MITRE.

A chasuble is that part of a Romish priest's habit worn over his surplice when he performs the service of the mass. Among the many curiosities to be found in the Castle of Carrouges, in the department of Orne, may be seen the curious chasuble represented in our engraving. It is one of those antiquities, formerly common in the chapels belonging to castles and the treasures of churches in France, but which, before the period of the Revolution, had, for the most part, fallen into a state of decay, in consequence of the carelessness of their possessors.

This chasuble differs little in shape from those of the present day. It is made of green brocaded silk, upon which, placed at right angles, are flowers beautifully worked in gold, and blue and white silk, bordered with red. The cross, of red silk with silver fleurs-de-lis, is much faded by time; ribands of blue and violet velvet, upon which is written in Gothic characters the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, are arranged so as to form six rings along the upright part of the cross; between each of these rings are two crowns, one royal, the other episcopal, placed side by side, and between these crowns may be observed a large L, sometimes joined to another letter which is too indistinct to be deciphered; these ornaments are richly embroidered in gold. In the centre of each ring is a sun, resplendent with gold and silver; it is in strong relief, on a blue and violet ground, disposed in such a manner as to alternate constantly with the blue and violet of the velvet ribands. On the transverse piece of the cross are similar crowns and L's; below, placed between the flowers, of which we have before spoken, are two shields, gules, semé of fleurs-de-lis argent. The front of the chasuble is precisely similar to the back, except that the L's and the crowns are placed horizontally.

There have been many conjectures as to the origin of this curious vestment, which bears the motto belonging to the royal arms of England, *Dieu et mon droit*, as well as the shield charged with fleurs-de-lis, which would lead one to suppose

that it belonged to France. It is thought by some to have been presented by Louis XI. to the chapel of the Castle of Carrouges, when he visited that place in the year 1473. The room in which he slept, with the large mantel-piece and carved and gilded wainscot is still shown. But the Seveure family, who have long been in possession of the castle, do not credit this tradition respecting the chasuble, and believe that it was brought from the Castle of Tillières, which belonged to their ancestors.

This is not the only object of interest which the Castle of Carrouges affords to the antiquary; some valuable family portraits, many interesting remains of the antique decorations of the interior, some curious halberds, a beautiful cuirass which belonged to Jean Seveure, who was killed in the battle of Agincourt, in the year 1415, are all well worthy of his attention. The castle, like a carved frame, gives additional value to the treasures which it contains. It is composed of an enormous mass of buildings, in the form of a quadrangle, perforated with doors and windows of a variety of shapes and sizes, and covered with peaked, irregular roofs. This series of constructions, erected at various times during the 16th and



ANCIENT CHASUBLE.

17th centuries, according to the caprices of the architect or proprietor, possesses neither elegance nor regularity, but is characterised by a curious and original diversity.

CURIOUS CARVING BY ALBERT DURER.

VASARI, in his "Lives of the Painters," speaks of Albert Durer as "a diligent, industrious, *universal* man;" and his

conception, and the wonderful union of boldness and correctness of design which they display. His woodcuts are considered



THE NAMING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—FROM A CARVING BY ALBERT DURER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

claim to the title of a "universal man" will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with his productions. His *paintings* are admired for the lively and fertile imagination, the excellent

masterpieces of the art. He was the first who excelled in *etching*. His *portraits* also were highly esteemed. Albert Durer, however, not only distinguished himself as a painter,

and an engraver on copper and wood, he also executed several pieces of sculpture with surprising delicacy and natural expression of character. An admirable specimen of his skill in this department of art is preserved in the Print-room of the British Museum, to which institution it was bequeathed by the late R. Payne Knight, Esq., who had purchased it at Brussels for 500 guineas, several years before. This exquisite piece of sculpture measures seven inches and three-quarters in height, and five inches and a half in width. It is carved in *alto-relievo*, in hone-stone of a delicate cream colour, and is in one piece, with the exception of the dog and one or two books in the front. It bears date 1510. The subject is, "*The Naming of John the Baptist*," according to the narrative contained in the Gospel by Luke, chapter i. verses 59 to 64.

In the front, to the right, is an old man with a tablet, on which some Hebrew characters are inscribed. Further to the right, and immediately behind him, is another old man; and behind him a young man, said by some to be intended by the artist for a portrait of himself. Kneeling before the recording priest, is an aged nurse with the infant John in her arms. On the bed, Elizabeth, the mother of John, is seen lying, on the more distant side of which a female attendant is standing, and on the other an elderly man is seen resting on the edge of the bed. This latter figure is doubtless intended for Zacharias, the father of John, and as the sacred narrative informs us that he was struck dumb for a season, the artist has represented him in the act of making signs to Elizabeth with his fingers.

The figures in the foreground are executed in bold relief; and the character and expression of the heads have rarely been surpassed in any work of sculpture executed on the same scale. Albert Durer's monogram, with the date 1510, is inscribed on a small tablet at the foot of the bedstead.

This curious carving is in perfect condition, with the exception of the hands of Zacharias and Elizabeth, some of the fingers of which are broken off.

Those who are acquainted with the works of Albert Durer will perceive that our artists have copied his style of drawing and engraving very successfully.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER II.

Whitchaven, April, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—My last letter would say all that was necessary regarding family detail, so I will go on with my description of old customs, which you say you like so much to receive. Tom and Edward, the two younger boys, have lately been very full of an odd kind of barring-out, in which they have been engaged at the village school. This said affair has had a melancholy ending, as you will hear. The barring-out, it seems, is an annual spring-tide event, when all arrangements concerning the holidays and other matters are settled between the master and his scholars, yet it is considered a profound mystery, and the appointed day is only whispered to the initiated. When it arrived this year, the school-room was filled long before daylight, a good fire was lighted, and the door securely barricaded. Soon after daybreak, exclamations resounded of "He is coming, he is coming!" and with beating hearts (so Tom declares) the boys awaited the arrival of their dominie. He knocked at the door, then tried the latchet, but not a sound could be heard from within, and finally he looked in at the windows, confronting the boldest of the school, to whom he called out, "Boys, open the door! boys, I insist on your letting me in." But neither coaxing or threats availed him, and he left the place, to return in a few minutes with my uncle, because he was looked on as the principal parent in the village. All these preliminaries are styled "sham," and the chief fun consists in firing off salutes with a pistol, generally wheedled out of some reluctant father for the purpose. My uncle came up under a grand discharge, since, you must know, he had privately furnished each of his three boys with a pistol the previous evening, and a long speerchifying succeeded, and then the master demanded

through the keyhole what was the cause of the insurrection; to which his riotous pupils replied, "Our old laws, sir," and my uncle made answer, "Very well, boys, let me see them." "Here they are, sir," was the glad response, and the protocol or manifesto of grievances was pushed through a chink in the door, and in a loud voice the dominie proceeded to read the document. I saw a copy of it afterwards, and its principal negotiations were, "that the scholars should neither be whipped nor set in a corner; that they should have three vacations, of two weeks each, at Easter, Christmas, and Midsummer, as well as two days' hunting, and two days' fishing." The master in my uncle's presence signed the paper, and in the safe custody of the latter it was then lodged for the ensuing twelve months. Of course, no lessons were attempted that day, and a general holiday was allowed, which gave rise to much merry-making, and this unfortunately ended in an accident which proved fatal to a brave little lad named Hugh Johnstone. We were told afterwards that the boy's clothes caught fire, when the scholars were engaged in the daring amusement of jumping over some burning tar-barrels, that my uncle had generously bestowed in order to make fine bonfires in honour of the barring-out. So employed, the child's woollen trousers had probably been ignited some time before he took any notice of them, and when he did, it was with great difficulty that the fire could be extinguished; and the surface of his body was so extensively burned, that, after thirty-eight hours of very sad suffering, the little lad expired. My aunt stayed with the boy the whole time; but before she came back we knew that life had departed by the tolling of the passing bell early last Thursday morning; and in the evening Susannah Gawthorpe came in to us weeping bitterly for the lad was her own cousin. She asked me whether I would accompany her to Widow Johnstone's, assuring me my going would be regarded as a token of goodwill. Of course, I assented, but could not help saying,—I longed so greatly to take her to my heart and try to console her,—"Why is it you will not let me be your friend, when I like you so much?" She replied, very sweetly, "Indeed, you are mistaken, since I liked you the first moment we met, and I know I have done wrong in appearing to avoid you." It is evident to me that some other cause than personal feeling towards myself has had to do with her peculiar manner; but we said no more on the subject just then, for our hearts were full of sad thoughts, and it was with mingled awe and reluctance that I thought of first looking upon the face of death. All dread was, however, superfluous; nothing could be more peaceful or more exquisitely beautiful than the young boy's quiet features. A little mirror over the chimney-piece, and several coloured prints, that hung round the room, I noticed were all covered by white cloths, and several young men and women sat round the body to secure its undisturbed repose until it should be laid in the grave. Even the widow seemed, to my surprise, really glad to see us; and, taking us into an inner room, perhaps experienced some relief in giving free vent to her sorrow in the presence of one who had loved her boy as Susannah had done. But she was soon wanted elsewhere, and we, in less than half an hour, took our leave, Susannah gladly accepting my invitation of her to sleep with me that night. A few words which fell from her when we were preparing for bed gave me, I thought, some insight into the feelings on her part that I had not hitherto suspected; but of these I must tell you another time. On the day before the funeral the clerk of the village church went round from house to house with a bell, which he rang in a peculiar toll, denoting the parish to which the deceased belonged. Every now and then he stopped, while his long funeral band, placed in his hat, floated on the breeze, as he made proclamation: "All friends and neighbours are desired to attend the burial of Hugh Johnstone, from Red Hope-lane to St. James's Church, to-morrow at three o'clock." This was the general invitation; but to the dwelling of those most nearly connected, and to the more influential persons in the neighbourhood, there was sent round a young girl wearing a large white calash, and carrying a tray under her arm, in

which were laid, neatly folded, packets of white paper containing gloves and bands. One set of these articles was left at my uncle's, and on Friday, about noon, the whole family went down to Widow Johnstone's, where preparations for the ceremony had been made on a large scale.

On each side of the door I noticed a small table, covered with snowy damask, and holding old-fashioned china vessels filled with sprigs of boxwood; and when the mournful procession filed out of the cottage, every one took a sprig, which they afterwards cast into the open grave. We had just left the house, when some one whispered, "The bees, the bees, has any one told them we're going?" I could not conceive what was meant, and Susannah, to whom the inquiry had been addressed, only said to me, "Wait for me one moment," and hastening back a few steps to the sunny wall, where stood the widow's chief wealth, a range of bee-hives, she spoke to them in a tone of singular mournfulness, her words barely audible, they were so interrupted by frequent sobs, as she said, "Toil on, pretty bees; toil on, for the widow's sake; but he who loved you best, little Hugh himself, is this day to be carried out a corpse from his mother's house." I learned afterwards that it was believed the bees would make no more honey if they were not informed when the deceased was going to be buried. On Susannah's rejoining me, and the procession moving on, she told me how every one was hoping

that the Armstrongs—two of the guests, and distant relations to the widow—would keep quiet until all was over, for they belonged to a family celebrated for laughing loud on all occasions. We certainly heard nothing but the sounds of suppressed weeping during our melancholy walk, or until the ceremony had been concluded. But I was rather startled, at the close of the service in the church, by the fat, rosy clerk shouting out, "All friends and neighbours to take tea at the house of the deceased!" and when my uncle's family and the widow returned to the cottage, which we reached somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, we assuredly did hear an indubitable roar of merriment approaching, which caused Robert to remark to me in a low tone, "The party will be here directly, for one may hear the Armstrongs laughing; it is, alas! no wonder—the people look upon a border burial as better fun than a Carlisle wedding." My uncle told me very riotous scenes generally took place at such times, and it was a great relief to Susannah, when she found that he and my aunt had very kindly persuaded the poor desolate widow to come to the Friars, where she passed the night, as soon as she should have bade her guests welcome. This has been rather a sad letter, but it is already too long; so I must hope my next will be more cheerful; and I remain, at all times,

Your affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

HENRY THE GREAT, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

In every country there are certain names which are sure to invoke enthusiasm whenever they are mentioned. In England they speak of "Good Queen Bess;" in America the mention of Washington at a public meeting is always hailed with applause; in Spain the days of Ferdinand and Isabella are considered as the "golden" ones. The deeds of William Tell, form the subject of many a stirring story for the simple dwellers of the Swiss valleys; and in France, from the Pyrenees to the Seine, the memory of Henry the Fourth is held in a kind of veneration which we Americans scarcely understand. This sort of hero-worship is common to all ages and to all classes of minds—with the difference, however, that among the poor and uneducated the feeling is spontaneous and avowed, while with the rich and learned it is felt without being acknowledged, and spoken of only to be ridiculed; but it exists, nevertheless.

Few periods of French history are more interesting than that in which Henry the Fourth plays a part. Like his great contemporary Elizabeth, he is the most prominent historic figure of his time and country; and of his life and actions it may be said that where the historian has failed to illustrate either the one or the other, the poet, the novelist, and the painter have stepped in and gracefully filled up the canvas. Thus what Sir Walter Scott has done for the court and time of Elizabeth, Alexandre Dumas has accomplished for that of Henry the Fourth; and in the historical novels of both these writers we certainly get a clearer idea of the state of living in England and France in the sixteenth century than we can by possibility obtain from the writings of Hume or Rapin—mixed, it may be, with much that is objectionable, in a strictly historical point of view.

Henry IV. possessed all the qualities necessary to a hero. Brave, hardy, handsome, and of good address, it was not surprising that the French people should have hailed his accession to a throne which he claimed as a direct descendant of the heroic Hugh Capet. During the reign of Charles IX., and amidst the tumults which agitated France in the time of his successor, the weak and vacillating Henry III., the King of Navarre was faithful to the religion of the Huguenots; and though, to escape the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and to quiet the reproaches of the haughty Catherine de Medicis, the mother of the king, he feigned to be reconciled to the state church, there is little doubt that he was a sincere adherent to the reformed religion.

The murder of Henry III., in 1589, by the monk Jacques

Clement, opened the way to the throne of France for Henry of Navarre. He had married Margaret de Valois, and had been named by the dying monarch as his successor; but the peaceable possession of power by the Bourbon was disputed by the adherents of the Guise.

"The king is dead!" was the announcement, as Henry III. fell back into the arms of his sister's husband; "Long live the king!" was the loud response; and the dynasty of France was transferred to the Bourbon.

But a rival disputed Henry's right to the throne, and only through blood he reached it at last. It would be tedious to follow the steps of the first Bourbon king too minutely, or we might tell how, after having defeated the factitious Charles X., he engaged, by the assistance of England, in wars with Spain and Austria, his popularity with the people increasing every day; how the Catholics tried many and various schemes to dethrone their Huguenot king; how, by the advice of the celebrated Sully, Henry called together the heads of the state church, and made profession of the faith; how Henry made triumphal progress through his kingdom, and won back rebellious provinces from the hands of his enemies, everywhere winning, too, the hearts of the people by his magnanimity and noble presence; how his coronation was celebrated with great pomp at Chartres; how he entered Paris as undisputed king; how, despite his generosity and great qualities, his life was many times attempted; how he issued the famous and world-known Edict of Nantes, which gave religious liberty to all persons freely; how his divorce from Margaret de Valois, and his marriage with Mary de Medici was sanctioned by the Pope; how the conspiracy of Biron was discovered and prevented from taking effect; and how Henry made treaties of alliance with the princes of England, Holland, and Germany, with the design of humbling the house of Austria.

Only the coronation of the queen remained to be performed ere Henry intended to join the army of the allies. But it was not to be. "Man proposes, but only God disposes." The queen was duly crowned, and Henry appointed her regent during his absence. This is the episode chosen by Rubens. Henry is presenting the golden orb, the emblem of sovereignty, to his queen; his son Lewis, then about thirteen years old, standing between them. At that moment it may be that he was meditating splendid and glorious projects for the advancement of his country, and the "pomp and circumstance" of war already filled his imagination. On the morning succeeding the queen's coronation, he wished to visit the arsenal, but the illness of

Sully made him postpone it. The next day he fell by the hand of the infamous Ravallac. Ordering his carriage, he set out, attended by a small number of gentlemen, and very few attendants; the curtains were drawn up, that he might

time to say, "I am wounded," before a second, more violent, pierced his heart: he sank back in the carriage, a corpse!

Thus perished, A.D. 1610, Henry the Great. No one ever ascended a throne under more unfavourable auspices; a dis-



HENRY IV. PARTING WITH HIS QUEEN, MARY DE MEDICIS, PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE WARS.
FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

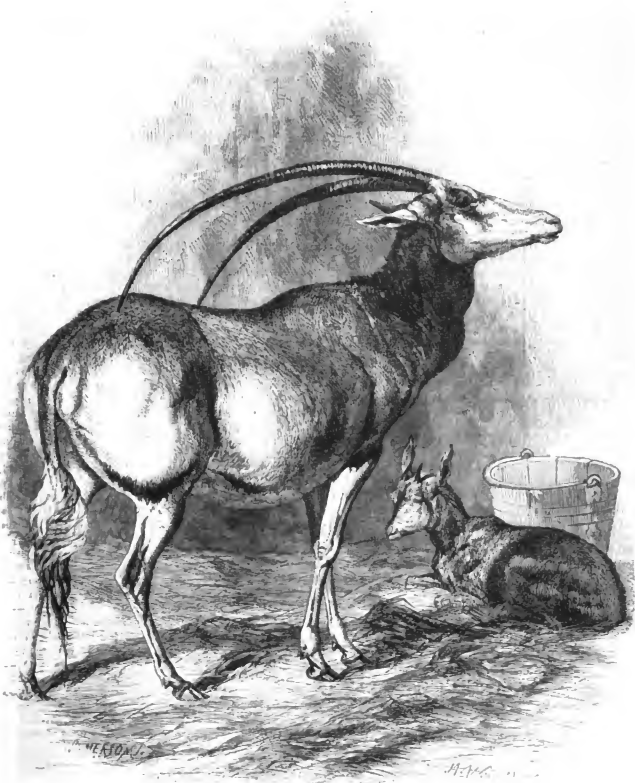
witness the zeal of his subjects, in the various ornaments they had prepared. In a narrow street the coach was stopped by the accidental meeting of two carts: the attendants took a nearer way. As the king turned to read a letter to the Duke d'Epemon, he received a stroke from a knife: he had scarcely

united kingdom, discontented nobility, a clamorous and oppressed commonalty; his policy cemented the provinces, his valour humbled the nobles, his humanity relieved the commons; he restored plenty at home, and rendered his kingdom great and formidable abroad.

THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE.

THE antelopes form a family of themselves, and stand at the head of the caprine tribe. They are distinguished from the goats by possessing spiral and lyrate horns, and frequenting open plains and barren wastes instead of rocks and mountains.

animals depicted in the engraving are a rather rare kind of antelope, frequenting the deserts of Nubia. A male and female specimen were purchased by the London Zoological Society from the celebrated collection formed by the late Earl



THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE (ORYX LEUCORYX) OF NUBIA.

The larger species live in families, while the smaller kinds of antelopes are not unfrequently solitary in their habits. They possess extreme strength, agility, and swiftness; and though shy and wild in their natural state, are soon tamed when brought into communication with mankind. The

Derby at Knowsley, and the kid was born in the gardens at Regent's Park.

The Leucoryx is a gracefully formed and gentle animal. It has a smooth coat of a light fawn colour, and displays none of those vicious propensities observable in some descriptions

of antelopes. It feeds upon all kinds of corn and several varieties of green herbage. Though naturalists now speak of the Antelopes as a distinct species, Cuvier considered them but as a variety of the goat tribe, of which the Ibex formed the connecting link. The Ibex is not unlike the *Leucoryx* in appearance, frequenting the mountainous ridges of Switzerland and Savoy in vast numbers.

In reference to the animal under consideration, it may be said to differ from the Ibex rather in external than in anatomical form. Each species would, probably, breed with the other; it is extremely difficult to say where the sheep ends and the goat begins, and no less so to declare what difference really exists between the Antelope and the Ibex.

The Abyssinian Ibex is somewhat more elevated on the legs than the *Leucoryx*, of a dirty, brownish, fawn colour, with a short beard, and lengthened hair under the throat down to the breast.

The Caucasian Ibex.—M. Guldenstadt first described this species, which he discovered in the northern part of the Caucasian mountains. In size and proportions, it resembles the Ibex of Europe, but is broader and shorter in the body; dark brown on the superior parts, and white on the inferior. The hair of this species is hard, more ashy in winter, and at the root interspersed with much grayish underwool. This species of Ibex is equal, if not superior, in strength and agility, to the Alpine, making immense bounds with the utmost confidence. Monardes relates that he saw an Ibex leap from the top of a tower, and falling on its horns, immediately spring up and move on, without having received the slightest injury. It resides in the Caucasian mountains, and is probably found in the highest mountains of eastern Persia.

The *agrus* is another species distinguished from the former by the horns forming an acute angle in front, with the ribs less broad, assuming an undulating edge, and the posterior part rounded.

NATURAL FORMATION OF SOIL.

Nothing can be more truly beautiful in itself or more deeply interesting to a reflecting mind, than the process by which nature constantly produces an accession of soil, and an accumulation of vegetable matter to render it fertile. The process is varied so as to be exactly adapted to overcome the obstacles which the circumstances which each particular district present; but although the means employed are infinitely various, the final result is always the same. When the surface of a rock, for instance, becomes first exposed to the atmosphere, it is at once attacked by agents which operate mechanically and chemically. Light calls into activity the latent heat; the pores become, by that means, sufficiently enlarged to admit particles of moisture, which gradually abrade the surface and produce inequalities; upon these inequalities the seeds of lichens are deposited by the atmosphere; these forerunners of vegetation take root, and the fibres by which some sorts of these diminutive plants adhere to the rock, coalesce a vegetable acid peculiarly adapted to corrode the substance with which it comes in contact, and increase the inequalities which heat and moisture had already formed. These diminutive plants decay and perish; when decomposed they form a vegetable bed suited to the production of larger plants; or when the surface of the rock happens to present clefts, or natural crevices, they fall into them; and there mingling with fine particles of sand, conveyed thither by the atmosphere, or crumbled by the action of the air from the internal surfaces of the crevices themselves, they form fertile mould. Nature having advanced thus far in her preparations, makes another forward step. She sows the soil which has been created by the decomposition of vegetable matter, with some of the more perfect plants, which it is now becomes capable of sustaining. These continue to be produced and decomposed until a soil has been prepared of sufficient depth and richness to bear plants of still higher quality and larger dimensions. The process of nature acquires accelerated force as it advances toward its consum-

mation. When a sufficient depth of soil has been formed to produce ferns, for instance, these annually decay and die; their decomposed materials gradually form little conical heaps of vegetable mould round the spot on which each plant grew. When this has gone on for a period of sufficient length to spread these cones over a given surface, nature takes another stride: she sows furze, thorns, and briars, which thrive luxuriantly, and by annually shedding their leaves contribute, in the end, to add greatly to both the depth and fertility of the mould. This species constitutes, in truth, the means which nature principally uses in preparing a bed for the growth of the more valuable trees. It is well known that these are the plants which make their first appearance in fallows, or in woods which have been recently cut down. Into the centre of a tuft of brambles, is accidentally carried the seed of the majestic oak; meeting with a congenial soil, it soon vegetates: it is carefully and effectually cherished and protected by its prickly defence, against all injuries from the bite of the animals which roam over the waste. The larger trees having reached a height and size which render shelter unnecessary, destroy their early nurses and protectors, by robbing them of the light and air indispensable for their well-being. The thorny plants then retire to the outskirts of the forest, where, in the enjoyment of an abundant supply of light and sun, they continue gradually to extend the empire of their superiors, and make encroachments upon the plain, until the whole district becomes at length covered with magnificent trees. The roots of the larger trees penetrate the soil in all directions: they even find their way into the crevices of the rocks, filled, as these are already, by decomposed vegetable matter; here they swell and contract, as the heat and moisture increase or diminish. They act like true levers, until they gradually pulverise the earthy materials which they have been able to penetrate. While the roots are thus busy under ground, boring, undermining, cleaving and crumbling every thing that impedes their progress, the branches and leaves are equally indefatigable overhead. They arrest the volatile particles of vegetable food which floats in the atmosphere. Thus fed and sustained, each tree not only increases annually in size, but produces and deposits a crop of fruit and leaves. The fruit becomes the food of animals, or is carried into a spot where it can produce a new plant: the leaves fall around the tree, where they become gradually decomposed, and, in the lapse of ages, make a vast addition to the depth of vegetable mould; and whilst the decomposition of vegetables makes a gradual addition to the depth of the cultivatable soil, another cause, equally constant in operation, contributes to increase its fertility—the produce of the minutest plants serves to sustain myriads of insects: after a brief existence, these perish and decay, and their decomposed particles greatly fertilize the vegetable matter with which they happen to mingle. The period at length arrives when the timber having reached its highest measure of growth and perfection, may be cut down, in order that the husbandman may enter upon the inheritance prepared for him by the hand of the all-wise and all-beneficent Author of his existence. Such is the system, which they that have eyes to see may see. Plants which appear worthless in themselves—those lichens, mosses, heaths, ferns, furze, briars, and brooms, in which *economists*, forsooth! perceive only the symbols of eternal barrenness—are so many instruments employed by perfect Wisdom in fertilising new districts for the occupation of future generations of mankind:

“The course of Nature is the art of God.”

The wastes of this country, as they have been managed for ages, have been partly taken out of the hands of Nature without having been wholly taken into the hands of man. The constant depasturing of cattle on wastes and commons counteracts the means which Nature makes use of in producing fertility, and, in consequence, greatly retards the period when the soil becomes sufficiently deep for agricultural purposes. There is not, perhaps, a healthy waste in England, which would not become a forest, were the peasantry restrained from setting their flocks upon it.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE was the brother of the celebrated Adrian Van Ostade, and was born at Lubeck, in 1613. Both the brothers, when very young, were sent into the Low Countries, where the eldest studied under François Hals, in whose school Brouwer was a contemporary, and where they contracted a most intimate friendship. Adrian is supposed to have been the instructor of his brother Isaac; but little is known of their early history. Soon they separated, and never afterwards were they found in any close connexion. Adrian dwelt in the city of Haarlem; Isaac travelled to the banks of the Zuyder Zee, and finally settled at Amsterdam. He died in 1671; his brother lived a few years longer, long enough to see the French victorious in the neighbourhood of his country, and threatening to destroy the independence of Holland proper.

Speaking of Isaac Van Ostade, Houbraken says, "He terminated his career after having attained the summit of art." This is great praise. But Isaac was a special favourite, a prophet that was honoured in his own country. One says, "He was in no way inferior to his brother; he designed with the utmost care, and was the king of light and shadow." It has been argued on the other side of the question, that the disparities in the painting of Isaac and Adrian are easily perceptible; that in the former the touch is very different, the transparency abundantly less, the pencilling not near so delicate; nor can they either in force, warmth, or spirit, admit of being compared with the paintings of the latter. But although there may be some truth in this, the pictures of Isaac Van Ostade are deserving of much praise.

Adrian and Isaac resemble each other in their style of painting and in the choice of their subjects. But still, to a close observer, the peculiarities of each are apparent. The first painted the interior of cottages, drinking-houses, and similar scenes; the other represented out-of-door life, streets, and fields, and bridges, and canals, and busy groups, chattering, gossiping, laughing,—forming a *coup d'œil* of no common interest. The picture, from which the engraving is taken which we now present to our readers, is particularly characteristic of the style of Isaac Van Ostade. It represents a halt of travellers before a roadside inn. The landscape is well arranged and remarkably natural. The tree in the foreground, not over-loaded with foliage, is a perfect study in itself; and the avenue at the back of the picture, where the two cavaliers are riding, is tastefully designed and gracefully finished. A quiet, comfortable-looking place is the hostel, with its gable front toward us, and the vehicle that stands before the door, and the tired horses with their heads bent forward, and the stooping figure of the hostler who has brought the cool refreshing

water, and the group within and about the cart, and the dogs, all life and motion, united together, show us that no common hand designed the sketch. It is natural. Boucher and Lancret might complain that nature was too green, and wanted harmony; but by closely studying nature—nature on the banks of the Zuyder Zee—Ostade has left us some admirable pictures. There is an air of repose over this Flemish halt which is quite in character with the design of the painting. One or two toppers are smoking and drinking beside the door of the inn; towards the front of the picture, a traveller is resting on the ground, his bundle and his stiek beside him; on the other side, two are lounging on the rising ground, while another, in an indolent position, is gossiping with them both, and close beside them a dog is lying fast asleep. The sky is calm and clear. Beyond the hostel there is a rich mass of foliage, on which the sunlight falls in all its beauty; and further still away uprises the steeple of a village church.

He painted several pictures representing winter scenes with admirable effect,—frozen canals, and the people amusing themselves on the ice, were indeed his favourite subjects. They are faithful and well-executed representations of nature, and, deservedly, are held in the highest estimation. Had Isaac Van Ostade been permitted to have had a longer career, he would, doubtless, have rivalled the best masters of the Dutch School; as it was, he reached an eminent rank among the ablest painters of the day. His pictures approach the bold and admirable productions of Albert Cuyp.

A misconception of the abilities of the artist has some times arisen from contrasting his earlier productions with the more finished and elaborate specimens of his brother. Some of these early specimens are indeed slight in execution and brown in colour, and are comparatively of but little value; but his latter paintings competed successfully with those of the best of his contemporaries, and obtained corresponding prices. Bryan says, "These consist of out-door scenes, such as travellers halting at an inn, frozen canals with figures amusing themselves on the ice, and views of Dutch villages. To these he confined himself, but so varied was his treatment of the subject as to obviate the charge of self-imitation. The amateur who possesses one of them may consider himself fortunate; indeed they are now estimated so highly that few besides princes or nobles, or others of equal opulence, can retain them. One in the Duchess de Berri's collection sold, in 1837, for £1,306; the same picture sold in 1801, at Robit's sale, for £361; many others have equally progressed in value." Such of his best pictures as are dated are of the years 1644 to 1649 inclusive.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT MONROVIA, THE CAPITAL OF LIBERIA.

AMONG the interesting and picturesque scenery on the western coast of Africa, few points present to the traveller greater attractions than the little city of Monrovia, the seat of government of the republic of Liberia; situated near the mouth of the Mesurado river, about four miles south-east of the entrance of the St. Paul's river into the ocean, immediately in the rear of Cape Mesurado, in lat. 6° 19' north. Located on an elevated site, commanding a fine view of the ocean to the west and south, and of the forest-clad hills and mountains of that luxuriant and beautiful country towards the north and east, and containing many comfortable-looking dwelling-houses, interspersed among tropical fruit-trees of almost every variety, it presents an appearance of comfort and refinement among the citizens, and strongly contrasts with the rude hamlets of the uncultivated aborigines in the vicinity.

Less than a third of a century ago, the spot where now

stands this beautiful and flourishing little metropolis was covered with a dense forest, the solemn silence of which was disturbed only by wild animals, or occasionally by human beings apparently scarcely more civilised than their four-footed neighbours. But through the agency of the hardy pioneers of the great African colonisation enterprise, the forest-trees were felled, and temporary places of residence erected; which, from time to time, have been superseded by more elegant and substantial buildings, among which is the mansion-house of his excellency, Joseph J. Roberts, the President of the Republic—a two-story brick house, with the necessary back buildings, located near the centre of the town, immediately opposite the old government-house.

The dwellings of many of the citizens of Monrovia, as well as the presidential mansion, are not only comfortably but elegantly furnished; and some of the residents of this little bustling com-

mercial mart life in a style of ease and affluence which clearly demonstrates the fact that a residence in Africa is not necessarily associated with the privation of the good things of this life. Many of the houses are built of bricks manufactured in Liberia. The state house, and the three principal churches—all commodious buildings—and most of the large warehouses, are built of stone. Attached to most of the dwelling-houses are gardens, some of which are handsomely adorned with trees, shrubs, and flowers, of great variety and beauty; among which may be seen the symmetrical orange and mango, the luxuriant guava, the graceful papaw, the broad-leaved plantain and banana, the beautiful cocoa-nut, the delicate and fragrant white-blossomed coffee, and many other useful and ornamental products of that land of perpetual spring,—the greater part of which for ages has remained in its native uncultivated state, the abode of ignorance and superstition, the hunting grounds of the untutored aborigines, or the battle-fields of contending belligerent tribes, saturating the soil with

but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

"I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa."

President Roberts is now about forty-four years old. He was born of free parents in the city of Petersburg, Virginia, where he resided until he emigrated, with his mother and brothers, to Liberia, in 1829. He has resided in Liberia about twenty-four years, during the last eleven of which he has presided over the destinies of that young nation—for six years in the capacity of governor of the "commonwealth," under the appointment of the American Colonization Society, and during the



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

the blood of the slaughtered victims of superstition and cruelty.

But a brighter day has dawned on that land. The standard of Christianity has been planted on the margin of that vast continent. Institutions of learning have been established there. A young republic, composed entirely of persons of colour, has arisen upon that coast; and like a beacon it there stands, "self-poised and erect," casting its cheering light athwart the midnight gloom of that benighted land, and unfolding to the degraded sons and daughters of Africa the practicability of the maintenance by the coloured race of all the institutions of political and religious liberty, and of the highest civilisation and intellectual cultivation.

"To the Anglo-Saxon race," says a fine writer, "have been intrusted the destinies of the world, during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to arise. On its borders I trust we stand; and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope,

last five years in the capacity of president of the "republic," having been first elected by the people in 1847, re-elected in 1849, and again re-elected in 1851. In 1848, he visited Europe, and succeeded in obtaining a formal recognition of the sovereignty and independence of the republic of Liberia by both the British and French governments, with both of which he concluded important treaties of amity and commerce. From the officials of both these governments, as well as from many other distinguished and influential persons in these two countries, he received evidences of the highest consideration. During the last year he again visited Europe, and succeeded in effecting further arrangements highly important to the prosperity of Liberia. Under all circumstances in which he has been placed, he has shown himself to be a wise statesman, a judicious and skilful diplomatist, a correct and vigorous writer, and an uncompromising patriot, a true lover of his country and his race, and altogether an extraordinary man, peculiarly qualified for the responsible duties devolving on him as the chief magistrate of the republic of Liberia.



FLEMISH INN, FROM A PICTURE BY ISAAC VON OSTADE.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Nor many years have passed away since Sidney Smith, in the "Edinburgh Review," pertly inquired, "Who reads an American book?" At the present moment, the more appropriate question would be, "Who does not?" Till lately, it is true, our country was obnoxious to the charge of imitation, and we really possessed no national literature. The time has arrived, however, when our authors may be no longer taunted with the sin of reproducing English ideas and English forms in American volumes; for have we not amongst us original men whom the world delights to honour—men whose names are cosmopolitan? Prescott, Hildreth, and Bancroft, the historians; Bryant and Longfellow, the poets; Cooper and Hawthorne, the novelists; Webster and Clay, the politicians; Emerson and Jared Sparks, the philosophers; Edgar Poe and Washington Irving, the essayists. Here are a few from among our glorious roll of native authors. And other names might be added, of writers whose works have taken the European public by storm, and have been translated into nearly all the languages of civilised—or, rather, book-reading—man, but that our present business is with one of our most original thinkers and popular authors—Washington Irving.

The magician of Sleepy Hollow, and the father of that famous and unique historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, needs but brief introduction to an American public, or, indeed, to any public whatsoever.

In the city of New York, on the third of April, 1783, Washington Irving, the Goldsmith of America, first saw the light. Beneath the walls of his father's house, the mighty Hudson flowed, silently but swiftly, and the shadow of the Great Kaatekill Mountains, blue and misty in the far distance, protectingly looked down upon his childhood's bed. It matters little to tell of Irving's ancestors; but, not to contradict the world-belief that eminent men have ever been blessed with good mothers, it may be mentioned that our author's mother was a woman of superior mind and exemplary piety, and that she was the first to discover in him the "divine poet-spark" and fan it into a flame. Like many of our authors, Irving was educated for the legal profession; but he early abandoned Blackstone and Coke for Shakespeare and Spenser.

His brothers, who were carrying on a thriving business, as merchants, in New York, invited him to share in their prosperity, and he was, naturally, not unwilling to avail himself of their proposal; especially, as they stipulated that he should have full opportunity for indulging his literary predilections. Pleased with the prospect of wealth and intellectual pleasures, he abandoned the honourable, but more arduous and less attractive, profession for which he was originally destined. But a short time elapsed before his bright anticipations were beclouded by misfortune. In consequence of the mercantile crisis, which immediately succeeded the peace of 1815, he was compelled once more to change his avocation. Literature, which he fondly hoped was to be merely the delight of his leisure hours, was now to be the serious business of his life. This can hardly, however, be considered a misfortune, either for himself or the world. On the contrary, the natural bias of his mind had always been in this direction. In his early youth he visited Europe, where he was able to indulge in that tendency to a free, imaginative, and adventurous life, which had exhibited itself almost from his childhood. For several years he had engaged in literary efforts.

In 1809 our author published his first real work—his previous lucubrations being, as he confesses, mere playthings of the imagination. This was the celebrated "Knickerbocker's History of New York." It is needless now to say, that it took the public taste immediately and had an immense sale; nor need we record, that after being printed in a variety of languages in a variety of places, the charm of its author's style remains unimpaired, and that the book is as popular as ever.

Irving's next literary labours were in connexion with the "Analytic Magazine," which he conducted with a degree of

skill and taste not then understood in the country. We next (1814) find him engaged as aide-de-camp and secretary to the governor of New York; but, as we care very little about his military exploits, and as no person now-a-days would think of addressing him as *Colonel* Irving, we pass to his next feat in authorship, the well-known and popular series of papers published under the title of "The Sketch-book." These sketches were most of them written in England, and were first published in the columns of a New York newspaper. They are full of acute and sensible, though kindly, observations upon European society, and were immediately received with applause by the American public. In 1820 they were collected, with the consent of their author, and published by Mr. Bentley.

For five years Washington Irving resided in Europe, and was received into the best society of London and Paris. In 1820 he brought out his celebrated "Bracebridge-hall." The next winter he passed in Dresden, and in the following spring his "Tales of a Traveller" made their appearance. On both sides of the Atlantic they were received with a favour which the publication of the "Life of Columbus," in 1828, did not tend to lessen. This last work was written in Madrid, and is, perhaps, the best biographical account of the discoverer of the New World which has yet appeared. Indeed, the best proof of the public estimation of Irving's Columbus will be found in the fact of quarter-dollar editions all over the Union, and the sale of shilling volumes at every railway station in Great Britain.

The fruits of our author's visit to old romantic Spain were ripe and various; and from 1829 to 1853 there have appeared no more captivating works of their class than the "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," the "Tales of the Alhambra," and the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain."

In 1829 our author was appointed Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy in London—a post which he held till the return of Mr. McLane, in 1831. While in England he was honoured by the degree of Doctor of Laws being conferred on him by the University of Oxford, and received from King George the Fourth one of the fifty-guinea gold medals which that sovereign presented to authors of eminence in history and science.

We have no space to follow the events of Washington Irving's life with minuteness. In 1832 he returned to New York, and a public festival greeted his arrival; the next summer he accompanied the Commissioners for removing the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi; and the result of his journey to the Far West was his justly celebrated and popular "Tour to the Prairies." "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," in which the "homes and haunts" of the great poets Byron and Scott are admirably described, next appeared. These were followed, in 1836, by "Astoria," and in 1837, by the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." Except some contributions to the "Knickerbocker Magazine," no important work proceeded from his pen till the publication of his charming "Life of Goldsmith" in 1849, and "Mahomet and his Successors" in 1850. He is now engaged, we believe, in the production of a "Life of Washington."

In Lowell's "Fables for Critics," our author is thus addressed—

— "Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirits from Spain;
And the gravest sweet humours that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair."

We have not attempted anything more than the slightest sketch of Washington Irving—the father of American literature. Were we to follow our inclinations, we could say much of the simple, dignified, kindly manners of the man, and the pure, unaffected, philosophic style of the author; as it is, we refrain. The place which Irving holds in the hearts of his countrymen can never be superseded. May his memoir be long unwritten.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER V.

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!"—*Shelley.*

We think it may be safely laid down as a sure evidence that civilisation is advancing in any age of the world, in which we see that microcosm, the domestic mansion, like the great world which it mimics, reduced from a state of chaotic communism, and divided into separate and independent kingdoms. It is a good symptom when the man of art first thinks of separating for himself an apartment where he can establish his workshop, the man of science his laboratory, the man of letters his studio; wherein each may fence himself in securely, and ply his craft or his brains without the risk of interruption or intrusion from those around him. Aye, it is even a great thing in its way, when the buttery and the cellar arise and are erected into acknowledged domains, with their own special rights and privileges attached to them; when the cook hath his kitchen wherein he may unobtrusively exercise his culinary alchemy, watching the moment of projection, delighting himself with his roast and his boiled, his fat things of the earth, and his cunning combinations of comestibles, and ruling imperiously over scullions; when the butler can tap his butt of wine in peace, smelling its odour and tasting its flavour, and there be none to see how he flirts with the flask, or what "love passages" may take place between him and the pottle-pot.

But we hold it that the highest point of economical polity (a science which we would have you to remember is totally diverse from that hallucination called political economy) is never attained until the rights of the gynæceum are conceded, and the lady's boudoir is an acknowledged empire amongst the domestic dynasties. When once the ruder inmates of the common dwelling begin to feel the sanctity that belongs to the fairer sex, and by common consent yield to them a portion of territory which they may hold as their own against all males—then, indeed, civilisation has reached the summit of its elevation. For ourselves, we confess that there is no portion of the human dwelling which we hold in higher estimation or love more to penetrate than the boudoir of the lady, especially if it be the bower of the intellectual and the beautiful. We love an excursion of the sort with all our hearts—whether it be in visiting the castle or the palace of the days gone by, where we still see, as it were, the traces of the footprints and smell the odour of the flowers that still floats and lingers in the atmosphere which the young and the fair once hallowed—or, furnished with the talismanic passport that admits us into the interior of the modern mansion, we find the monarch in her realms, the divinity in her shrine.

And in good truth, if man would really wish to know woman—and what man is there that would not aspire to that knowledge, difficult though it be?—we counsel him by all means to make acquaintance with her in her boudoir. There every thing is cognate and congenial to her mind, speaks her prevailing tastes, testifies to her nature and disposition. Talk to her if you will, and as you may, when in the ball-room, or in the park—yet, while you listen to her words or mark her looks, trust them not implicitly; remember that they may be in part the echo of fashion or the result of art. But when you enter her boudoir, her own private and congenial retreat, address yourself less to her than to the inanimate things around you. See what they are that minister to her delights, or form, as it were, her necessities. Mark the book that she has last been reading—the song that she has last been singing—find what accens her fingers love to sketch—whether she

makes to herself friends of sweet-voiced birds, and bright-eyed flowers—scrutinise narrowly all around her, and discover if she loves the beautiful, the orderly, the pure; or if her heart be caught by the gaudy, the brilliant, the sensuous;—do all this, and trust us, you will know more of the fair mistress in her boudoir in one hour, than you would be able to find out in a year's superficial association when she is fenced around and disguised by the conventionalities and the formalities of life.

Well, now that we have given you our thoughts upon a lady's boudoir, step in with us after old Giudetta, out of the twilight air; for you remember that she and her young mistress, Bianca Morosini, have just left the balcony and passed into the chandelier within,—pass in, we pray you, and you shall survey the boudoir of a Venetian lady of the fourteenth century.

The shadows of the evening were beginning to steal through the apartment as they entered; the young girl stepped up to a table which stood in the centre of the floor, and taking up a small silver hand-bell, she rang it twice. After a moment's interval, a little Moorish boy, dressed in a long white tunic, trimmed with gold, and gathered in with a belt round the waist, entered from the farther end of the room, bearing in his hand a small lamp, and, at a sign from his mistress, he lighted a large massive chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling. As the illumination increased, one might observe the apartment, not indeed as accurately as in the daylight, yet, perhaps, to more advantage in some respects, for the rays from the chandelier threw out a soft light that fell upon the deep cornices, and projected long shadows of the columns and carrying upon the wall and the floor. Let us, then, with such light as we now have, describe the chamber even as it existed at that period, and, for aught we know, may still exist—for he who visits the city of Venice, will see even yet in many of her palaces, now hired out to wealthy foreigners or converted into public hotels, much of the ancient splendour of their once princely possessors, intact or but little changed. A saddening sight, and fraught with that sort of painful interest with which one contemplates the form of some beautiful dead, arrayed in the ornaments of earthly grandeur, while the glory of life is departed from it for ever! In shape, the room was nearly square, measuring about three and twenty English feet in each direction—dimensions which showed it was not to be classed amongst the principal apartments of the palazzo, but was one of those delightful retreats, the position of which Italian architects so well understood in the arrangements of their domestic buildings.

We have already noticed, that from the centre of the ceiling a large chandelier depended. It was of massive bronze work, consisting of six pannelled facets, from which projected three tiers of arms branching out into numerous candelabra; in each of these last was a large waxen candle, a luxury with which the Venetians were at that time familiar. The lamp itself was suspended by a thick rope of crimson silk, and to the foliated boss in which it terminated was attached a shorter rope of the same colour and material, finished with a rich gland and tassel.

Nothing could be more tasteful than the window through which Bianca had just entered from the balcony. It stood in a recess in the southern extremity of the room, which one entered from the latter by an ascent of three easy, marble steps. The casement was divided into two valves separated

by a Corinthian column of red marble forming the style, at the foot of which reposed a water-god holding a shell, while at each side pilasters of the same material and order supported the semicircular arch which formed the top of the window. At the opposite extremity of the room the eye discovered an alcove, the front of which was richly wrought in arabesque. In this stood a sleeping-couch: the silken curtains were held up at each side by Cupids, and at the angles were plumes of ostrich feathers.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with its architecture. Beneath the lamp was a table covered with a cloth of crimson velvet, stiff with richly-wrought flowers, its fringed edges reaching to the ground. An ivory crucifix stood upon the table, and near it lay an open book of devotion, beyond which was a little casket of dark wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A large sofa or settee, with high back and sides stuffed, and upholstered in flowered silk, stood at some distance; while a few low-seated chairs with long, high backs of similar fashion were placed throughout the apartment. Upon one of the walls was affixed an octagonal mirror; at either side hung three-quarter-length portraits, the one of a doge in his ducal mantle and horned bonnet, the other of a cavalier in full armour. A portrait of a woman, apparently a young and beautiful matron, surmounted the glass.

The floor was tessellated with small squares of white marble, at the intersections of which were inserted little corner-pieces of black stone, the entire being highly polished. The ceiling was elaborately beautiful. It was divided by a great number of transverse beams, whose gilded edges upon their white ground caught the rays of light, while the deep coffers or panels thus formed contained each a florid centre-piece of stucco-work, representing bunches of grapes, intertwined with the tendrils and leaves of the vine, that hung down almost to the level of the ribs of the coffers. Round the room ran a rich deep cornice, beneath which was an entablature, having antique bas-reliefs along it, and under this was a line of leaf-work that separated the whole from the walls. These last were painted of a delicate pale green colour.

We hope that our readers can now form a tolerably accurate notion of the boudoir of Bianca Morosini—an apartment where she spent much of her time, and one that was all the dearer to her that it had been also the favourite chamber of her mother, and one of the few memorials still left of the wealth and greatness of a family now somewhat reduced in circumstances.

The young lady sat down on one of the low chairs near the table, and opposite to the mirror, and after a little time proceeded to make preparation for what has been in all ages and climes a very solemn and important act with ladies—namely, her evening toilet. First, she removed the velvet band from her brows, and suffered the long masses of her brown hair to fall down her neck and backward over her shoulders; whereupon good old Giudetta took her place behind the chair of her mistress, and began to busy herself in arranging the tresses for the night, while the little page stood in readiness to supply from time to time such appliances as the fashion of the times rendered indispensable for the purpose of dressing the hair. We must, however, confess that we approach this interesting subject with much diffidence, seeing that, with the honourable exception of perruquiers, men are but little skilled in the details of the coiffure. Let it suffice, then, to say, that after a due application of perfumes and unguents, and when the brush had done its duty, the tresses were woven skilfully into large braids, and once more confined not ungracefully within the fillet. Other operations in the arrangement of the person, which we shall not attempt to describe, succeeded, and Bianca's evening toilette was completed. The old woman, in the meantime, renewed her gossip, and sought to amuse her young mistress with that description of familiar conversation, which it has immemorially been at once the province and the privilege of a favoured attendant to administer. Then came the evening meal, a solitary one, for Bianca was now living in almost conventional seclusion since the departure of her guardian, the Count Polani, from Venice. When the supper was concluded, the little page, at the bidding of his mistress, took

up a lute, and played, not without a certain amount of skill and taste, some of the barcaroles which at that period formed the favourite subjects of song for the gondoliers upon the canals and lagunes, for the day had not yet come when the verses of Tasso were to be as household words with every singer. The boy continued to sing for a considerable time, but the lady appeared to give but little attention to him. In truth, her thoughts were not with the songs, nor the subjects of them, but had wandered away back to the happy days when she and Giulio sat, and sang, and played together beneath the summer skies. Giudetta at length perceived that her mistress took but little note of the minstrel's efforts, though, indeed, the boy did his best to win a smile of approval or a kind word from the young lady. Seeing this, the old woman, who, to say the truth, was no great judge of melody, set the matter down to the fault of the performer, and not to that of his fair audience—a very natural and commendable conclusion in a loving old nurse. So, without more ado, she fell to rating the youth soundly.

"Beshrew thee, Hamet! I know not what has come over thee to-night! Why, boy, thy fingers fall as heavily upon the strings, as if thou hadst leaped upon the tips of them. And thy voice; by my troth, 'tis as husky as old Lazzaro's, the aquaiolo, that sells the feed water in the Giardini pubblici!"

The boy looked up with an angry flash of his dark eye, but ere he could speak, Giudetta continued:

"Che diavolo vuoli? What the devil dost thou mean, child, by thrumming all those old ditties that I remember since I was a little girl?"

"Nay, Giudetta, thou art over-hard on Hamet," said Bianca. "In good sooth, I do not think he sings amiss to night, though it may be that I am not of the mind to do him full justice. But tell me, Hamet, hast thou leared no new song of late? If thou hast, let me hear it; thou wilt do me a pleasure and Giudetta too, as she loves not old songs, it would seem."

"Giudetta loves nothing old, signora," said the boy—and then added, in a malicious undertone, just loud enough to be heard by her for whom it was intended—"Save herself."

"Ah, Birbone!" retorted the nurse in the same tone "marry but I shall mend thy manners for thee when next I meet thee in the *finello*, I promise thee."

"So please you, signora," proceeded Hamet, "I learned this very day a new barcarola. I heard a Zingaro singing it to a *vielle* upon the Riva dei Schiavoni, and I loitered after him till I got it off by heart. Is it your pleasure to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed, Hamet. Thou shalt sing it for me; and if thou art perfect in thy measure, I promise that Giudetta herself shall praise thee."

"Oh surely, surely, my dear child," replied the nurse, "as he shall have his deserts from me; but if I catch him at a false note, why—"

The youth resumed his lute, and preluded the notes of a simple but pleasing melody, just then introduced into Venice, but which afterwards became very popular; indeed we have ourselves listened often to it on a fine autumn evening upon the Giudecca, and we doubt not that he who visits to-day the Sea-Queen, may find that the strain is still in fashion. The words are in the dialect of Venice; we shall essay to render the sense at least into our own language:

UNA BARCAROLA VENEZIANA.

"A black-ey'd maiden holds me

In Cupid's toils a prey,

Th' assassin's wife enfolds me,

And steals my heart away.

Alas! alas! I languish,

I die of love's soft anguish—

Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.

All fair have bosoms killing

To passion's kindling flame,

Their fickle hearts ne'er feeling

Love's faithful, steady flame.

Alas! alas! I languish,

I die of love's soft anguish,

Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"What means, I pray, the spell
The spell thou chant'st to me?"
"It means—I dare not tell—
It means—that I love thee!
I love thee, dearest, ever,
I'll cease to love, oh never—
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O."

"In faith thou hast sung bravely, Hamet," said Giudetta, when the song was concluded. "Tis a rare pretty barcarola, and hath a very pleasant burden. 'Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.' Per Bacco, the lover took an artful way to make the black-eyed beauty learn what he meant; but I think she was over slow at reading the riddle."

"Truly, yes, dear nurse," said Bianca. "It seems to me that she who had learned her hornbook could put the letters together and find that the youth sang to her 'Ti amo.'"

"Ah! well-a-day! well-a-day!" said old Giudetta with a gentle sigh; "it brings back to my mind the days when I was a little girl—and the young men used to say to me, just as the youth did in the song, that I was cruel and faithless, and—"

"Nay, but Giudetta," asked the girl, smiling, "thou surely wert not all that?"

"Was I not! was I not, indeed! Ay, by my faith, but I was though, as well as the best donzella in the city, I can tell thee, my child—that is, I don't mean to say that I was so very cruel; but I was fickle and hoity-toity and hard to be pleased, as well as my betters, I promise you. Why, look you, my dear child, I remember it as if it were but yesterday; there was Giambattista Zucharello, the confectioner, in the Terra Nuova; well, when first he saw me at mass one Sunday at the Chiesa di San Nicolo, why, what do you think, but—"

At this moment the sound of the bell of the great clock of St. Mark's came borne from the city, striking the hour. The very first stroke had the double effect of interrupting an incipient yawn which was just beginning to distend the pretty mouth of the young lady, and of cutting short the narrative of the old woman, by causing her wrinkled mouth to open to the full width for the purpose of emitting an ejaculation of astonishment. Were it not for these two results of the iron tongue of old Time, it is hard to say what might have happened to either of those personages. The former might possibly have passed from the ascendant to the comatose state; and the latter, in all probability, would have lost herself in the labyrinth of her ancient memories, and gone wandering up and down through a long life of those little love-adventures which the ladies' maids at Venice, unless they be sadly belied by all historians, ancient and modern, indulged themselves very freely in, even while they were faithfully attached to their mistresses.

"Santissima Vergine!" cried Giudetta, "why, I declare 'tis three hours since the Ave Maria. Bless me, who would have believed it? And here am I, talking away, just as if I had nothing in the world to think of or to look to. Well, well, I must hurry to the cucino, for I promised old Eufemia Zoppo to give her some of my famous unguent for her lameness, and her little daughter, Doris, will be waiting for it. Should you want me again, signora, you will ring and I shall attend you."

Giudetta, thus speaking, hurried out of the room, upon what further cares intent we take not upon us to investigate. Bianca smiled as she watched the bustling movements of her good old nurse, and after a few minutes she turned to the page, and said,

"And now, Hamet, thou too mayst leave me. I shall not need thy voice or lute again to-night, as I would read somewhat before retiring to rest."

So saying, she waved her hand kindly to the boy, and the next moment she was alone in her boudoir.

The young girl took up the illuminated missal from the stand upon which it was placed, and turned over the leaves to a page that was marked with a cord of blue and silver twist; then she crossed herself, and commenced to read, occupying herself for a time intently and devoutly with the evening service of the church.

It was a spectacle highly picturesque, and not without a solemn interest, to see that fair young girl, sitting alone in the

still night, and in the midst of this rich apartment, withdrawing herself for a season from all worldly thoughts, and lifting up her meek, pure, simple heart to heaven. The soft light from the lamp fell down upon the masses of her thick, rich hair, and touched it as with streaks of gold, till she looked like a Magdalen, with all of her love and nothing of her sin,—while statue, and column, and pilaster, and all the rich carvings and antique furniture, flung strange, grotesque shadows over the walls and along the floor, stretching onward till they met, and chequered without ringing with the faint white starlight that flowed in through the still open window.

And thus Bianca read and prayed, but after awhile her thoughts apparently wandered from the contemplation of the mysteries of the divine nature to those scarce less engrossing mysteries of our own; for now indeed her heart turned to earthly things, while her eyes still rested upon the things that belonged to heaven. At length she suffered the volume to fall upon her knees, and she surrendered herself entirely to a reverie, half sad, half pleasing. The intelligence which Giudetta had brought from Venice of the return of Giulio Polani from his travels had awakened in her mind, in all their freshness, a thousand fond memories which time and absence had subdued; and she wondered at the fidelity with which the scenes of her life, from childhood to the hour when she and her brother-friend had parted, seemed to have been treasured up in her heart, and now re-appeared at the summons of *his* name, who in each and all of them bore a prominent part. But now for the first time there mingled with these thoughts a feeling of positive pain, though the contemplation of them often before brought a not unpleasant sadness. Despite of the estimate of the gossip of her nurse, and the silly boasting of Tommaso, she could not help experiencing a sensation of uneasiness, not so much at the thought that Giulio was courted by others, for, in truth, it appeared only natural to her that all should admire him; but the possibility that he might return the love of some of those fair admirers of whom she heard, or that, at all events, their charms might have weakened in his heart the love which she would have him feel for herself—was inexpressibly distressing to her. As long as she had been accustomed to think of him as one who had no regard for any other woman—whatever might be his feelings towards herself—she knew not the force or depth of her own passion. But now that the touchstone was applied, the throbbing of her heart told her how strong and how engrossing was her love. In vain she took herself to task upon a subject on which the human heart will not be schooled. In vain she said to herself again and again, "Why should I be jealous of a love which I know not that I ever possessed? Should I not be contented with the love that a brother gives to a sister? And have I not had that always, and shall I not have it still? What right have I to look for more? He can break no faith to me who has plighted none. Let me take heed that he shall not discover the weakness of my heart, lest he despise a love which was bestowed before it was sought." Idle casuistry! Who has ever found it availing? The springs of the heart will not thus be dried up nor its current arrested. Pride or vanity, a stern sense of duty, or the chilling breath of worldliness, or the voice of calculating prudence, may, and often does, enable us to hide the feelings we cannot destroy, as the ice clothes with a hard, and smooth, and even a bright surface the face of the rippling stream; but beneath it still the wave heaves, and flows, and runs on silently, unseen, unchangingly along its predestined course and in its accustomed channel. Trust not its cold and sluggish repose. The first beam of sunshine, the first rush of stormy rain, will break the hard crust in pieces, and give the living waters again to life and light!

In pensive musings such as we have attempted to describe the hours wore on with Bianca Morosini, till night was already somewhat advanced. Within doors all was silent. Without, the sounds of life came rarer and more rare on the ear, the plash of some fisherman's oar as he returned late from his evening's toil to haul up his boat upon the sand, or the wild sad cry of the lonely sea-bird, which the refreshing air of the night rustled through the awning of the veranda, and strayed

into the chamber through the open casement. Suddenly the sound of music rose upon the breeze—the sound of guitar-strings swept by no unpractised hand. Bianca listened with surprise; such sounds at such a time and place were by no means usual; the gallants of Venice rarely wandered so far from the lagunes, and Hamet, surely, was not up and about at such an hour as this. Her doubts on this head were speedily removed, for a voice now gave meaning to the music, and that voice was not Hamet's; it was fuller and deeper than the boy's, and breathed more tenderness and passion than he had yet learned to express. Bianca listened breathlessly, and with a feeling of timidity, that, notwithstanding, had a tinge of pleasurable curiosity mingled with it. The melody was one which she had herself sung a thousand times—the words were new to her, but each of them fell distinctly on her ear: one might render them somewhat after this manner in our own tongue:—

"ZITTI, ZITELLA, ZITTI."

"Deeply o'er Adrian's waters
The pale stars are spreading their light;
Brightest of Adrian's daughters
Look on the beautiful night.
The mariner home wending slowly,
Still blesses those lights in the skies—
I watch with a worship more holy
The stars of my love in thine eyes.
List, dearest, list to the measure
True love is breathing to thee,
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure,
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!"

"See, o'er the still waters breaking,
The flushings of morning appear!
To thy lattice I look for the waking
Of a day-dawn more sunny and dear.
Night is all lustre and gladness,
If lit by thy presence it be;
While day seems but shadow and sadness
If thou art not looking on me.
List, dearest, list to the measure,
True love is breathing to thee!
Hush! while my heart tells its pleasure—
Zitti, Zitella, Zitti!"

The sound of the song ceased, and all was again still as before. Bianca knew not what to think of this strange minstrelsy. At length, after wearing herself with all sorts of conjectures, she concluded that some wandering musician, perhaps the one whom Hamet had heard in the morning, had found his way along the shore of the Adriatic, and, attracted by the light that streamed out of the open window upon the night, had made this essay of his "gay science" in the hope that his song might reach the ear of some yet-waking maiden. As she made up her mind to this solution, and was preparing to rise and make her arrangements for retiring to rest, a slight noise as of one in the balcony struck upon her ear. The sound alarmed her, yet she scarce knew why, for the thought of danger in such seclusion had never before occurred to her. She looked up, and perceived a figure muffled in a cloak standing between the window and the starlight. Starting from her seat in terror, she uttered a low scream, and was about to fly, when the figure sprang forward and caught her in his arms. The cloak is flung open, the mask cast aside, the guitar thrown on the table; and Bianca Morosini looks upon the smiling face and sparkling eyes of Giulio Polani.

It was some time before the young maiden recovered from the agitation, pleasurable though it was, which the unexpected appearance of Giulio caused her, for she fully believed he was at that moment at the further side of the lagunes beyond Venice. The first sentiment which her countenance expressed was, if we may be so imprudent as to make public a lady's emotions, that of delight. But then she speedily came to a due sense of propriety and prudery and so forth, which aided her marvellously in checking and concealing her natural feelings—a course which we think very commendable, and such as all discreet young ladies, especially in this our highly artificial state of society, should practise. So, there-

fore, after the cordial greeting and fond embrace—such as a brother and sister might share with propriety, though it was perhaps a little warmer and longer than those relatives always feel it necessary to indulge in—Bianca withdrew herself from the young man's arms, and assuming as composed a demeanour as she could, she again seated herself upon the chair. Giulio imitated her example, and sat down upon another, which he drew tolerably close to his sister.

"My dear Giulio," said the girl, after a pause sufficiently embarrassing, and assuming at the same time an air of maidenly severity,—"My dear Giulio, though I own I am very glad to see you come home again, yet indeed I am almost disposed to scold you for this very unexpected intrusion—and at such an hour too! You have really disturbed me very much."

The young man looked at her with an expression of mock penitence, beneath which she could perceive an air of easy gaiety that seemed to indicate that the young gentleman had an exceedingly good opinion of himself, and did not apprehend any serious results from the lady's displeasure.

The girl was piqued, and added with some spirit,—

"In truth, signore, the maidens of Venice have not yet learned the outlandish fashions of the dames of France and their courtiers, with whom I hear you have been consorting. We receive not gentlemen by night, save upon invitation, and that too in society. It is not considerate, nay, I will say, it is not kind of you to —"

"Dear sister Bianca," said the youth, interrupting her with a tender seriousness, "if I have really offended or pained you, I entreat your pardon; for, believe me, your displeasure would be punishment enough for a greater fault even than that. But will you make no allowance for the eagerness of a brother's love? Could I be so near Venice, and yet wait throughout the long hours till day, when I might see you and speak to you by journeying a short space in the evening? You do not censure my affection, surely? You do not wish it to be less, Bianca?"

"No, indeed, brother," cried the young girl, a blush spreading over her pallid cheek. "Believe me, Giulio, I would not that time or distance or new friends should make you think less of the old ones."

"They have not, indeed they have not," said the young man, interrupting her.

"But then," continued Bianca with a pleased smile, "there was no need, you know, for coming to us in this masquerading fashion, and at such an hour, too. Why did you not come a few hours sooner, and knock at the front entrance beneath the portico, instead of stealing in through the window like a thief at midnight?"

"Why, in good faith, dear Bianca," replied Giulio, "as to coming earlier than I have come, that was impracticable, simply for want of time. When I sent Tommaso forward from Maestre yesterday, I had not intended to proceed further till morning myself, but the fellow had no sooner gone than I felt a home-longing come over my heart so strongly that I could not resist it. So I followed in a few hours after him, and reached Venice in the evening."

"Ah, Giuletta had left the Palazzo Polani before you reached it," interposed Bianca.

"She had indeed, and well freighted, I doubt not, with Tommaso's marvellous stories. Well, I found none but servants at the Palazzo, amongst whom my worthy valet had created quite a sensation, filling their heads with all sorts of traveller's tales about himself."

"And some about his master too, it would seem, Giulio."

"Oh, of course," replied Giulio, "a good servant, I warrant me, never loses an opportunity of magnifying his master. So while that gentleman was edifying the maidens and grooms in the *finello*, I slipped quietly away, and stepped into a gondola, with cloak, mask, and guitar, as you see, and found my way, quite naturally, hither and to your own balcony, dear Bianca; then I saw the light still burning, so I sang a song to flout out if you were awake, and not receiving any response, which you must admit was rather unmanly, why—I just stepped in the shortest way (clambering up the carved work, as I used to do

when a boy! to receive your thanks for my minstrelsy—and not to get a scolding, unkind sister, Bianca."

"And, indeed, thou dost well merit a scolding, Giulio, though thou hast not got it. What would the matrons of Venice say, if they were to know that Bianca Morosini listened to serenaders near midnight, or if some prying eyes had seen you clambering into the balcony?"

"Why, they would give their eyes, dear Bianca, for such a story, and they would run about with it through all the palazzi of the city, hobbling along on their *chopines* at the risk of their necks—and then they would find out the next day that it was only Giulio Polani—your brother Giulio—that had come home and did what he was wont to do when a boy, and so they would be ready to drown themselves in the Giudecca for vexation and disappointment."

Bianca smiled at the lively sally of the young man, but a sigh soon chased away the smile, as she said,—

"Ah, dear Giulio, you know we are no longer children, and so we must not do a thousand things that we were used to do."

"And why not, pray, most prudish sister?"

"Because we of Venice, Giulio, are more discreet, or more prudish if you will have it, than the fair dames and demoiselles with whom I hear you have been spending your time so pleasantly."

"Ah, diavolo!" cried the young man, "that cursed 'Maso' has been at his old tricks again, I perceive: the rascal's tongue is never easy except when 'tis wagging. Come now, sister, tell me what the fellow has been saying about me."

The girl blushed deeply, and said, in a tone of reserve,—

"I assure you, Giulio, I am not in the habit of suffering the idle gossip of menials to be repeated to me. If you have made your valet your confidant, your secrets, so far as I am concerned, are in perfectly safe keeping."

"But I have *not* made the rascal my confidant, Bianca, and I have no secrets—at least none that I would confide to him. No, no; my secrets have all been kept for thy ear, my sweet sister. And now, shall I tell you one of them?"

"Nay, Giulio," said the girl—and her heart fluttered as she spoke—"that must depend entirely upon yourself. I am not your confessor, as Father Chrysostom was."

"Ah, dear old Father Chrysostom! Well, as he is not at hand, I will even confide it to your own ear. Listen, then. I have now been travelling some years, wandering up and down the world, in strange scenes and strange company; seeing many fair faces, and making some true friends, I hope; yet have I never forgotten those fairer and dearer ones whom I left at home behind me; and now that I have come back and seen *one* of them again, that one seems to have grown in my heart during absence, as she has grown in form and loveliness."

The young man spoke in a tone of much tenderness, that appeared for a moment even agitated with emotion; yet there was something of gallantry about the speech itself, and the smile which accompanied it, that made it difficult to determine how much of what he said should be attributed to a love beyond that of a brotherly character—how much to the conventional courtesies of a travelled gentleman.

Poor Bianca! her heart trembled and throbbed at the ardour of language whose sincerity or real significance she feared to interpret as that heart would have wished. And so she answered vaguely but kindly, and said, how happy she was to find that Giulio's love for all his old friends had not given place to newer objects, and that travelling had not injured his heart, as she felt sure it had improved his mind.

And thus they continued to converse, renewing a thousand sweet memories—evoking from the past those spells which ever bind the heart in the strongest bondage—the recollections of early life, above all, of childhood, that most beautiful moral spring-tide of our existence, when the heart's virgin soil is still rich as the unbroken globe, when the affections germinate quick and vigorous, and, with a true instinct that no worldliness has as yet misdirected, strike their roots sure and deep, and wind their tendrils enduringly round all that is congenial to their nature. Ah, there is nothing, after all, like the friendships of our young life! In after years we may, and

often do, meet those whom we feel to be in every way superior to the mates of our childhood, whom our soberer judgments more approve—our maturer esteem more honours; but our love consecrates and cherishes them never, never as it does the objects of our earlier affections. These we enshrine in our heart of hearts, keeping them ever fresh with all sweet and tender retrospections, which are as fragrant spices and aromatic gums;—these lie in our bosoms, like the seeds in the tombs of the Egyptian kings, buried unnoticed through ages during which other loves and friendships have arisen and flourished and died, while *they* preserve their vitality, ready, when again placed in congenial soil, to spring up with the pristine vigour of their young-world life!

At length the waning lights in the chamber, and the faint reflection of the twilight, admonished the two friends that it was high time to terminate their happy converse; and Bianca blushed as she reminded Giulio how many hours had fled since first he entered the apartment. There was no denying the fact, however unwilling he might feel to notice it, and so he rose, and, once more embracing the girl,—though it must be confessed that there was somewhat more embarrassment on both sides than in olden times,—Giulio left the boudoir, and sought one of the sleeping apartments with which he was already familiar.

Whether he slept or not that night, or how soon he was able to enter upon that most desirable refection, we shall not trouble ourselves with investigating; but certain it is that poor Bianca pressed sleeplessly her pillow, for her thoughts had got too much matter to occupy them. She compared the Giulio of to-night with the youth that had left his father's house upon his travels, and she acknowledged that the intervening time had done as much as time could do towards his improvement. To her fancy she had never seen one with a franker or manlier bearing, or more accomplished and graceful manners; and, to say the truth, in these respects she formed no over partial judgment. He was now just entering that period of life when the grace and sprightliness of youth blends so harmoniously with the dignity and power of manhood,—when the down has not all passed from the cheek, though the manlier moustache is covering the lip,—when the locks are yet silken and wavy upon the head, the light yet glittering and vivid in the eye, and all the pulses beat full and round and cheerily through the veins, without one click or check that can indicate a litch or a shake in the wheels and springs of life. In a word, Giulio Polani was a very fine young fellow, and so any woman in the world would have unhesitatingly pronounced him, whether such sentence were to be passed in the streets of Venice or in any other city of the world, at the time of which we are writing, or at any other age or time down to that in which we now write. Bianca, as we said, thought as much, too, as she lay awake; and, upon the whole, her thoughts were very pleasurable. True it is, that while she felt her own love all the stronger for being thus fed again from the fountain-head, yet she had no positive assurance that Giulio's was yet more than of old towards her, in its character at least, though assuredly it was in its intensity; and then she had the consolation of being certified that at all events no other woman had won his heart, though, as he had observed, he had doubtless met with many suited to captivate his fancy, if not to touch his affections. And this was a very great matter; for whatever be the operations one projects, it is exceedingly desirable to have a clear stage and an unoccupied field to work on. It takes a world of time and labour, often, to remove the *debris* of some former shrine before you can attempt to erect a new temple; but with ground unappropriated, and a reasonable monopoly of time and opportunities, he or she is but a clumsy artificer who will not be able to throw up a stronghold, and maintain it for a long time, if not, indeed, for ever, against all assailants. Thinking some of these thoughts,—though we dare say she did not refine upon her feelings, or those of him she loved, as far as we have done,—the fair Bianca at length closed her eyes, just about the time that morning opened her eyes upon the heavens above Venice; and so we leave her to her slumbers.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE was the pupil of a man of letters, and, in fact, passed through no school of painting: his studio was a book—Diderot's *Essai sur l'Art Dramatique*.

This painter is one of the most striking examples of the close connexion of French art with the general sentiments of the nation, in all the great epochs of its history. Thus, in the eighteenth century, in the midst of that universal spirit of enterprise which was the passion of France, there appeared in the literary world a small volume, which has no reference to painting. Of what does it treat? Of a dramatic revolution. The age is weary of the monotonous heroism of kings upon the stage, the worn-out solemnities of tragedy, so much in vogue during the pompous age of Louis XIV. The time of regal display and courtly ceremonial is gone by: the new age calls for another accession—that of the people; the new worship offers its images to the multitude; citizens appear upon the stage instead of kings, as kings formerly had appeared in the place of gods, the first heroes of the scene. The people first usurped the buskin, while, awaiting the throne, Agamemnon advocates in favour of the *Père de Famille*. Direct utility, practical morality, the grandeur of passion, familiar precepts, all are to be found in these new plays. The purpose of Diderot, in writing his book, was to prove this in theory; and, as examples, he gives his dramas of private life. In literature the sensation was great, for Diderot, that Danton of the literary revolution, possessed a powerful influence over the minds of philosophers, men of letters, and the people.

In the meantime painting rendered homage to the mistresses of the king. La Tour scattered powder from his crayons, upon the hair of Madame de Pompadour. Boucher wrote, in irresistible characters, voluptuous prefaces to the beauty of Madame du Barry. Fragonard painted moral tales, more energetic and even more brilliant than those of Marmontel. Those artists who were still influenced by the grace of Watteau painted marquises, seated languidly on the greenward, shaded by trees, through whose branches the breeze seemed to sigh.

In the midst of this amorous Gaul, the true kingdom of Louis XIV., there suddenly appeared an unlooked-for picture, "*La Lecture de la Bible*," the "Father explaining the Bible to his Children." * An old farmer is seated at a large table, round which are ranged his boys and girls; one hand is placed upon the Bible, in the other he holds his spectacles, which he has just taken off. He is paraphrasing a passage of Holy Writ: his brown hands are marked with deep wrinkles, his forehead, furrowed with age, expresses the simplicity of a believer and the unctious of a pastor. The children listen each according to their age or temperament, one with melancholy sensibility, another with the thoughtlessness of a school-boy. Two fine rosy girls, with their sleeves tucked up, displaying their white arms, are listening to the old man; but one only appears to follow him attentively. The youngest, almost on her knees, allows her bare arms and plump hands, which household work has rendered large and rather red, to fall upon her apron; her eyes cast down, she is thinking—very little of the Bible, unless it tell of Ruth and Naomi. The old mother, spinning her wool, silences a very little boy who is teasing the dog; whilst his twin brother endeavours to reach a piece of straw upon the table before him. The room shows signs of poverty; but one feels that a sweet and tranquil happiness reigns there, and that the youngest of the farmer's daughters has not yet known the disturbances which will, one day, trouble the peace of her heart.

The Academy, surprised at not having trained this new painter, inquired with astonishment: Whence is he? Whose pupil is he? He was Diderot's pupil; his mind was formed from the dramas of France. Yes, the recent theories had not

only affected men of letters, the sensation had re-echoed in the soul of a painter; and painting, by that sympathy belonging to French art, took part in the general revolution of the century. The canvas, as well as the stage, required its domestic drama; and the brush, abandoning the cheek of Madame du Barry, like a departing kiss, prepared to dedicate its *chef-d'œuvre* to morality.

Brilliant conquest, to which Diderot had not looked forward! What! it was painting which was to obtain the victory which he, Diderot, had sought for in the literary and dramatic world! And, in short, how are we to compare that which the theatre had gained by the dramas of Diderot and the earlier and too homely pieces of Beaumarchais, with Greuze's brilliant entrance into the gallery of the Louvre. We must say that the *Père de Famille* of the disciple surpassed that of the master. The success of the young painter was a perfect *coup de théâtre*—in painting. M. de la Live de July, a rich and celebrated amateur of the time, bought the picture for his gallery: artists, amateurs, literati, all Paris repaired thither, and were lavish in their praises; Diderot came in his turn, recognised his pupil, and adopted him. Thus commenced, between the painter and the writer, that friendship of talent to which the *salons* of Diderot bear amusing testimony; the disciple illustrating the theories, the master celebrating the *chef-d'œuvre*. "This is your painting and mine," exclaims Diderot, to Greuze, in his *salon* of 1765, "the first amongst us who bethought himself of introducing morality into art."

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born at the little town of Tournus, in Burgundy, in the year 1724. Some accounts give 1726 as the year of his birth. In the present day the house in which the painter first saw the light is rendered conspicuous by an inscription over the porch. Voltaire remarks, and he could speak from experience, that nearly all men who have made the names of their fathers illustrious, have had their early inclinations thwarted by these fathers. Thus it was with Greuze: his father constantly seeing him, charcoal in hand, covering the white walls of the cottage with persevering and ambitious sketches,—initials of a talent of which he was ignorant,—became irritated at these scribbles; and one day ill-treated the simple artist, who thought to have decorated what his father considered disfigured. Greuze was then only eight years old. Happily in the lives of celebrated men, as in fairy tales, one often meets with good spirits, who interpose just in time to set things right. The painter Grandon, father of Madame Gretry, was the happy influence which descended upon this child of great but unappreciated genius. He was going from Paris to Lyons, passing through Tournus; but having witnessed the depredations committed by his little contemporary, and the punishment by which they were followed, he asked for the child and took him to Lyons.

After this anecdote of his introduction to painting and to the world, Greuze is lost sight of by his biographers. It is known that he afterwards went to Paris, but he is not spoken of as being in any study there. Greuze's talent was of that happy order which has no dawn, but rises at once in all its glory. During this gap in the historical accounts, we may imagine Greuze as a young man living freely, receiving lessons from no master; but breathing in the theatre, in the books, and even in the air of Paris, the powerful inspiration of the sentiments of the age, and thus, tormented at once by the genius of the time and by his own, seeking ardently the expression of the new philosophy. After the appearance of his *chef-d'œuvre*, "*Le Père de Famille lisant la Bible*," which excited the attention and admiration of all Paris, there followed a series of pathetic or pleasing scenes, of dramatic feeling or irresistible grace, which continually augmented the success of his brilliant *début*, and proved on the canvas the truth of Diderot's book,—that is to say, that dramas of domestic life

* Page 109.

may have the nobility of heroic dramas, manifesting to the multitude a more profitable and human emotion.

of Greuze says about it; let us listen to the words of Diderot, who, happy in recognising in it his own sentiments,



JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

What a drama, indeed, is that in which the infirm father sends forth the paternal curse upon his son, and then dies in consequence! But let us hear what the friend and confidant

describes the scene with enthusiasm:—"Imagine a room to which light is only admitted by the door. Turn your eyes around this sad apartment, and you will see nothing but poverty. In spite of the help which the eldest son of the house might be to his old father, his mother, and brothers, he never goes away without having taxed these poor people. He has come with an old soldier, and has made his demand; his father is indignant, and does not spare hard words to this unnatural son, who returns his reproaches with insult. He is seen in the centre of the picture; his appearance is violent, insolent, furious; he stands erect, his right arm raised against his father, threatening him with his hand; his hat is on his head. The good old man endeavours to rise, but one of his daughters, kneeling, detains him by the skirts of his coat. The young libertine is surrounded by his eldest sister, his mother, and one of his little brothers. His mother has her arm around him—the brute is endeavouring to disengage himself, and is repulsing her with his foot. The eldest sister is also interposing between her brother and her father; the mother and sister seem to be trying to hide them from each other. Meanwhile the little brother is crying, and carrying one hand to his eyes, clings with the other to the right arm of his great brother, striving to draw him away from the house. Behind the old man's arm-chair, the youngest boy stands with a stupid look. At the other end of the room, near the door, the old soldier, who has enrolled and accompanied the ungrateful son to the house of his parents, is seen retreating, his back turned on what is passing, his sabre under his arm, and his head cast down. In the midst of this tumult, a dog, placed in the foreground, augments it by his barking."

This description, which Diderot doubtless wrote from the design furnished him by the painter, is now found to be very inexact, when compared with the picture of the "Paternal Malediction," which may be seen in the gallery of the Louvre.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

The bad son has no hat upon his head; he appears more angry than insolent. The recruiter is not retreating; on the contrary, he stands on the threshold, with his face turned towards the scene, looking on with an indifference which renders the expression of the other countenances more striking. The figure of the father alone remains on the canvas as it was at first pictured by the imagination of Greuze, indomitable, irritated, beautiful in anger; his hair thrown back, his arms outstretched, the rigidity of his attitude, the contraction of his wrinkled hands, being expressive of the indignation of his heart. It belongs only to modern art—to the new art of Diderot and Greuze—to extend to this point the limits of action, thus to displace propriety. The arms raised, the faces

father has just breathed his last—he is stretched on his bed. On a straw stool at his feet stand the burning consecrated taper and the vessel containing holy water. The eldest girl is seated upon an old leathern chair, her body bowed down in the attitude of despair, one hand supporting her head, the other raised and still holding the crucifix, which she had given to her father to kiss. One of the little children has hidden his face in his bosom in fear; the other, with his arms in the air and his fingers spread out, appears to conceive his first ideas of death. The poor mother is standing near the door, her back against the wall, in deep affliction, her trembling knees almost refusing her support. Such is the scene which awaits the ungrateful son; he advances,—his mother



THE KNITTER ASLEEP.—J. M. GREUZE.

dominated by passion, the exaggerated gestures, so far removed from the strong and grave sobriety of Poussin, suddenly break the chain of tradition and indicate a recent evolution in art. For the first time, noble tragedy enters into the family of a simple farmer; the anguish of a labourer is judged worthy to be represented by the pencil, and to interest all hearts. Even if we descend to the most obscure station in life, the grief of an outraged father, however common his dress and simple his abode, appears great enough to serve as a theme to the painter of the emotions of the human heart.

"The scene is very beautiful," exclaims Diderot, "but it does not nearly equal that which follows. The bad son has ended his campaign; he returns, and at what a moment! His

receives him,—she is silent, but her arms, stretched toward the corpse, say to him, 'Look!' The unhappy youth is over-whelmed, his head falls on his breast, and he strikes his forehead with his fist. What a lesson for fathers and for children! It is beautiful, very beautiful, sublime," exclaims Diderot, "all, all!"

Thus the melo-dramatic style, which offends us in this picture of Greuze, was just that which Diderot most admired. Melo-drama! Diderot and Greuze invented it, and why should we reproach them for having attained the end they wished to attain? Style!—but whoever becomes a painter of the people ought, for that reason, to renounce style. Are we to confine an innovator to conventionalities, which he reasonably

wishes to destroy? To become celebrated as the painter of any certain style, it is necessary above all things to represent, not any particular class of people, but humanity in its highest acceptance. Greuze only observed society in the world, and in society he only studied one class of men, the little *bourgeoisie*. But amongst them he met with noble sentiments, dramatic emotions, or simple pictures of happiness. Greuze never painted for the pleasure of painting, he did not allow himself to be tempted by a wall splendidly illumined by the sun, by a passing dog, or the first coloured object which met his eye. He pursued the course dictated by sentiment. Sentiment is the domain of Greuze.

In those of his pictures which tend to the drama, there reigns an indescribable tenderness, the most charming gentleness and kindliness expressed by grace.

What are the thoughts of the young girl, who weeps over her dead bird? She is in full front, her head resting upon her left hand, the dead bird is before her, quite dead, alas! Its wings droop, its feet are in the air. How pensive the little girl is! Her blue eyes are veiled in reverie, and tears glisten there. For a lost bird the grief is very deep! Death, doubtless, thus causes sighs at the age of sixteen, but love as well. What can the beautiful girl have to regret? The head is that of a child, the sorrow that of a woman. Diderot has consecrated several injudicious pages to seeking and betraying the secret of this melancholy gaze. Why these pages? A delicate touch of Greuze's pencil would have sufficed to have thrown all that into this pensive look, and is it not destroying the delicacy and even the charm of the thought of the painter, to divest it of all that is vague and divine?

One might people a large establishment with these young girls of Greuze, who dream in maidenly amazement. Poor young girls! the broken mirror, the broken pitcher, [p. 104] the dead bird; they have always something to weep about. With what charming regret does this one carry her cracked pitcher on her arm, with one hand gathering up her apron full of flowers! She is going to enter the house, thus grieving, her eyes not cast down, but, on the contrary, open with the most touching simplicity. This little pitcher, then, was of great value? No, it is only of stone. The reason is, then, that her mother is very severe? No, the families of Greuze are gentle and smiling, from the child to the grandfather. Wherefore, then, this grief?

Je ne savais pas même
Son nom jusqu'à ce jour.
Hélas! lorsque l'on aime,
On a donc de l'amour?

"And grace, still more lovely than beauty," this is, doubtless, the ideal of Greuze. He was much in the company of women, with whom he was generally a great favourite. "Greuze," says M. Lécarpentier, who knew him, "was of middle height; he had a finely developed head, a high forehead, bright eyes, an intellectual face, and the bearing of a man of genius. Fond of praise himself, he was always the first to lavish it, with an affectionate warmth and artistic delicacy, which always seemed to address to art what was intended for the model. Greuze spoke well, enthusiastically, especially of painting and of himself. Full of his own merit, he created enemies among his most wary rivals, by his unguarded naiveté."

"Our painter is rather vain," cries Diderot, "but his vanity is that of a child, it is the intoxication of talent. Deprive him of that ingenuousness, which causes him to say of his own work, 'Look at that! that is beautiful!' and you take from him his spirit, you extinguish his fire, and his genius will be eclipsed. I much fear that when he becomes modest, he will have reason to be so. Our good qualities, at least some of them, approach near to our faults; most of our virtuous women have their caprices, and great artists are a little eccentric."

The Marquis of Marigny having repaired, in his capacity of *ordonnateur d'art*, to the Exhibition of 1765, was received with distinguished honour; and walked leisurely through the picture gallery, accompanied by some artists favoured by his

good opinion. Other artists were also there. He passed on, examining the pictures, approving some, condemning others. Greuze's "Weeping Girl" arrested and surprised him. "That is beautiful," said he to the artist, who answered, "Monsieur, I know it; I am praised, but work fails me." "The reason is that you have a swarm of enemies," interrupted Joseph Vernet, "and among these enemies there is one who appears to love you to distraction, and who will ruin you." "And who is this enemy?" asked Greuze. "Yourself," replied Vernet.

When the marine painter addressed to him this cutting remark, Greuze had been, on the suggestion of Pigalle, received into the Academy, which had given him the right of exhibiting his works at the Salon. Several criticisms, cast amidst the general admiration, piqued him so much, that he determined to make a journey to Rome, for the purpose of changing his style. Ingenuous error! Ah! what would he seek at Rome? what could teach the sentimental and natural painter of the people to represent heroes and gods—the painter of the honest citizen in the midst of his family, of the aged mother at her spinning-wheel, of children quarrelling with their dolls? What had he to do with copying the "Virgins of Raphael," reserved for divine love; he, who knew by heart the blooming maidens created for earth and the devotion of man? Can one imagine the painter Greuze visiting the Sistine chapel? He hastened to leave Rome, and returned to Paris to paint the "Good Mother," and the "Twelfth Cake," in the garret in the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne, where he lived.

And that "Twelfth Cake"—Le Gâteau des Rois—what a charming picture it is. How admirably each figure seems to take its place in the composition, and how harmoniously the various elements blend into one perfect whole! Here again we have the father and mother, surrounded by their family of loosely-dressed little ones, in a poor apartment. It is the celebration of the last day of Christmas. Joy beams from every countenance, and mirth peeps out from every eye, as the various members of the family join, in anticipation, in the revelry of the time. No, not from every face and every eye; for behind the father's chair, looking wistfully at the steaming bowl, which the eldest son bears aloft in his hands, we notice a pensive and sorrowful countenance. It is the naughty little girl, who, in another minute or two, will be received into the arms of the mother and made happy for the rest of the evening. At present she is undergoing punishment for some trifling fault; but it is only a preparatory step to happiness. What a contrast to the little fellow who brings his parcel of Christmas gifts, and places them in the hands of his father for distribution among his brothers and sisters. See, with what kind motherly affection the woman listens to the tale the bright-eyed boy is whispering in her ear; and with what attention the children on the other side of the table regard the preparations for the feast. These simple creatures seem to want little indeed to complete their happiness. The room may be a mean one, crowded with domestic utensils, but the poverty of its inmates is rather seen than felt by the spectator. There is a look of comfort in the round plump faces of the children, a sleek contentedness in the posture of the cat,—all Greuze's domestic pictures have a cat or dog in them,—and an entire absence of that pinched and miserable expression which belongs to severe poverty. It is a happy scene. The simple hearts of the loving family are united one to another by a band which no outer influences can break asunder.

"The Bride of the Village" (page 108) is another of those domestic scenes which our artist knew so well how to depict. There is no mistaking the story. The youthful pair, "whom love beguiled," have just entered, or are just about to enter, the bonds of matrimony. Joy and sorrow mingle strangely, but naturally, in the scene. The beautiful maiden, though she clings to the youth of her choice, cannot part from those dear ones at home without regret. The sister lays her head upon the shoulder of the bride and weeps; the mother clasps her hand and looks up into her face appealingly, and almost weeps for sympathy. She, too, remembers when she left her father's house to become a wife, and well can she understand

the feeling which agitates the breast of the maiden. Old associations have to be given up, new friendships have to be formed, and henceforth father and mother, brother and friend, are centred in one—the husband, the broad-winner. And the latter, with the maiden's portion in a leathern purse, is listening, with a grave and respectful reluctance, to the words of advice which the hearty old man is giving him. Meanwhile, the advocate looks gravely, and the domestics tearfully, on; and even the children—those never-absent adjuncts to Greuze's pictures—seem to share somewhat in the interest of the passing scene; though one of them cannot resist, even now, the temptation of feeding the chickens on the floor. Like nearly all of our artist's productions, the interest of the pictured story is eminently home-like. If Lancret was entitled the painter of court ladies and gallant gentlemen, Greuze may be styled pre-eminently the painter of the people; for only in his productions do we really catch a glimpse of village life in France in the last century. His stories are all eloquent, for they are all natural.

In the pictures of Greuze one might trace the touching history of the daughter of the people, from the day she imprudently went to the fountain and returned, her eyes full of tears and her apron full of flowers, to the day when we find her the mother of a family, surrounded by a group of fresh and blooming children; she will realise, in the tender austeries of duty, the dreams of sixteen. Who would not recognise her as the "Bride of the Village?" Who has not seen her pass on her way to sign the contract, supported by a friend of her childhood, and led by her betrothed, who does not yet dare to press her arm in his? Her charming head covered with a pretty cap, her figure enveloped in a white bodice, the rose which is placed upon her bosom, would absorb the attention of all the spectators were they not engaged by a scene in which every one so admirably plays his part. And, besides, there is so much modesty in the bride's downcast look, in her attitude, that one would scarcely dare to address to her the compliments she merits, for she is at once modest and triumphant, delighted at being young, embarrassed at being beautiful, affected at being loved.

Greuze was the painter of domestic life, and it is not astonishing that his pictures should be full of detail, that the light should be spread over a thousand objects. Is it not natural that as much importance should be given to detail in Greuze's pictures as in private life? What interest does not one attach to the least of the inanimate objects contained within the narrow limits of home, an interest which is at the same time the effect of habit, selfishness, and kindness! With Greuze domestic harmony, the sweetness of a caress which the young wife reserves for the father of her child in the cradle, all these good things are inseparable from the centre from which they proceed: but the utensils which are in order in the house are represented in the painting in picturesque confusion. The cage of canaries is hung against the linen-press, the housewife is employed in washing beside the table, upon which are placed glasses, round loaves of bread, and large jars of preserves. The kitchen utensils shine here and there, but not so much as the neck and arms of the washer-woman; a bunch of onions is seen by the side of the children's top; and the house-dog, an inseparable part of the family, smells everything, barks, caresses, looks fixedly at his mistress, or sleeps upon an old crazy chair. In the midst of this pell-mell, Greuze usually places his *mère de famille*, whom he represents surrounded by children, with bare necks, pouting, smiling, asleep, observed in every posture, and at all times of the day, their stockings falling about their feet, their little shoes trodden down at heel, and their dresses so torn that glimpses of the white, delicate, plump little bodies may be caught through the rents. The drums are already cracked, and the wooden horse lies forgotten in a corner; however, the *bonwilli* is on the fire, the saucepan awaits the appetites of those dear children, who, after having filled the house with their din, come to dispute the spoonful of pottage which their pretty mother holds, as in the picture of *La Maman*.

"That preaches population," cries Diderot, in his usual

blunt style. Certainly, after Rubens, no painter has portrayed more lovely children: in this particular Boucher is, perhaps, the only Frenchman who equals Greuze; but Rubens and Boucher have painted naked children; Greuze has represented them dressed negligently, and, if he have avoided in this manner a greater difficulty, he has at least made the very most of the charming looseness of their costume. It seems that he wished to depict the history of those happy unions which, in old romances, always end with a great number of children; and it would be more appropriate to say, that preaches *narrative*. As to the mothers, they have that richness of carnation which is the effect of their peaceful, happy life: pensive Flemish women, such are the women of Greuze. The same exuberance of flesh, the same brilliancy, but with that additional charm—grace. How easy it is to recognise a French painter by the lively manner of distributing, or rather of throwing about, objects; of arranging, or rather disarranging, the toilet. The shoulders are exposed, the head-dress ruffled, the neckerchief displaced, as if not to conceal the beautiful neck; an end of lace falls also in elegant disorder upon the blooming cheek, together with some curls of hair. And since this was the age of careless and floating frills, it is not surprising that the mob-cap should be so oddly placed on the head by chance, that most skilful of coiffeurs.

Greuze's wife served as the type of that prosperous and pure beauty which he has represented in all his pictures. "This painter is certainly loving towards his wife," writes Diderot; "and in fact she was constantly his model. A precious woman to have given celebrity to the painter and happiness to the husband!"

The love of Greuze for his wife, the preference which he so willingly bestowed on that animated and fresh kind of beauty, sufficiently explains why he incurred the reproach which was applied to him, even during his lifetime, of having given a family likeness to all his heads of women, which makes them too easily recognised as the children of one father. His partisans, for he had many and distinguished ones, defended him, saying, that beauty is one, that ugliness alone is manifold; that, after all, Greuze was the creator of his family, that his children were really his own, as their resemblance proved them to be.

"——— *Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualls decet esse sororum.*"

But certainly the reproach was merited, and it would be a feeble excuse to recollect, in favour of Greuze, that the heads of women bear a general resemblance in the pictures of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Guido. Such monotony is only permitted to the painter or sculptor who has found, like Apelles or Phidias, the true and immutable type of beauty. To deviate from it then would be a fault, unless there were necessity for a contrast. And besides, between severity and grace there are so many shades, that the artist may be faithful to his ideal, while avoiding too much uniformity; that is to say, to find, without any alteration, all the gradations of the beautiful.

The most serious fault that can be found with Greuze is an affected negligence in the execution of his draperies. This fault was with him voluntary, and he made a principle of it; he neglected them to give more brilliancy to the flesh. But it may be said that this is an useless and mistaken sacrifice; the dress sets off the flesh merely by difference of tone, and that is true of very light as well as very dark draperies. It might be excused if the negligence of the painter were dissembled; but as it is sufficiently marked to strike the eye, he has defeated his purpose, since he has drawn the attention of the spectator to the very point from which he wished to divert it.

That Greuze was deeply sensitive we can see from his pictures, and those who lived near him say that his humour depended entirely upon the subject which occupied his mind; it deeply affected him, he entered like an actor into the scenes he represented, at least as much as a painter, and in the evening he carried into society the character of the picture he

had been painting during the day; sad or gay, playful or serious, gallant or reserved, according to what had occupied his pencil or his imagination. How charming must he have been the day of the "Bride of the Village!"

But doubtless he had worked at some sad subject when he made so violent a sally against Madame Geoffrin, who, detesting marriage and large families, had laughed, it is said, at that *fricassée d'enfants* which surround the beloved mother in one of Greuze's pictures. "What is she thinking of!" cried the painter, on hearing the remark of Madame Geoffrin; "let her take care I do not immortalise her! I will paint her as a school-mistress, a whip in her hand, and she will frighten all children both now and in future."

Diderot, of whom Greuze has made so excellent a portrait, has, in his turn, portrayed his friend, accompanied by his

it is most lovely—as a glance at our exquisite engraving will testify. Neither would anybody but Greuze have paid attention to the scene, in the Rue Mouffetard, of two children, a little boy and a little girl, sheltering themselves from the rain under the little girl's tucked-up petticoat; Bernardin de St. Pierre passed, and the simple episode of this rainy day became one of the sweetest pages of French literature.

From familiar poetry Greuze attempted, on a day of mistaken inspiration, to raise himself to history, to reach historical poetry. But though he knew the theories of Diderot, he did not know those of Corneille. "Septimus Severus reproaching his son Caracalla for having attempted his life in the defiles of Scotland," was a shocking outrage against Greuze himself, and brought down upon him reproaches from every one. The Academy, for which the picture was intended,



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THE BRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

talent, wherever he went, in crowds, in churches, at the market, on the promenade, in the family circle, in the streets. He went about constantly observing actions, passions, characters; thus the world was transformed into a vast studio, in which every passer-by became a model for Greuze. Thus he stole from the crowd those images which the delighted people afterwards saw at the Louvre, in his agreeable pictures, without recognising them. The picture of a fair little girl, holding a black dog* in her arms, is doubtless the result of a happy meeting. Living scene! The eyes of the child and the eyes of the dog glisten like four stars. The illusion of art, the action of life, could not be carried farther; it is, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Greuze. A child playing with a dog: this was nothing remarkable in the street, on the canvas

deserved it, but grumbled; it received Greuze into its bosom. Ashamed, however, of his "Caracalla," he quickly returned to his own style, vowing never again to be led into the defiles of Scotland and the Academy.

"Greuze had much natural wit," says the *Journal des Débats*: "his conversation with women was full of politeness and gallantry, and appeared to proceed from a profound admiration, and the lively sentiment he had of their excellence. It was with him a sort of worship, and the praises he lavished upon them had in his mouth an extraordinary grace and originality. His conversation with men was piquant and animated, especially when he spoke of his art, with which he was thoroughly conversant, and for which he had a true enthusiasm. His mind was naturally exalted, even a little proud, and his pride was not slow in manifesting itself when he did not obtain the justice which he considered due to his

talents, or when it was provoked by a bitter and ignorant censure. Although it was long before he was held in the estimation which he merited, although he never enjoyed it without contradiction, he nevertheless received many flattering testimonials of public admiration. He was extremely sensitive on this point, often brought them to mind, and spoke of them with an ingenuousness which served as an excuse for, and qualified the appearance of, vanity, which one must have when speaking of oneself with complacency."

Poor Greuze! He was not of a yielding nature, as Diderot so well observed to him. It was with a bad grace that he submitted to dance attendance upon the *Directeur-ordonnateur des Arts*; he was not the man to say to his compeers that he

had exhausted the small sum of money which he had collected for the journey, he was allowed to return to Paris, before having gained the advantage for which he had hoped. Since his return he has been allowed to execute the most beautiful pictures, and to sell them as well as he could. At the time of the success of the picture of the 'Paralytic,' in the last exhibition, he was permitted to have it conveyed to Versailles, to be shown to the king and the royal family, and to spend twenty crowns for the journey. Then, not having been able to find a purchaser for this picture, which cost him a hundred louis in study, he has just been permitted to sell it to the Academy of Arts of Petersburg, in order to carry the reputation of the painter to the extreme limits of Europe. Series of



THE FATHER EXPLAINING THE BIBLE TO HIS CHILDREN.

looked upon them as masters, and considered himself a mere child compared to them. Besides, the favours of M. de Marigny did not encourage the painter. A director of the fine arts would naturally seek out proud talent, were it only to revenge himself upon the sycophants by whom he is besieged. But that is not always possible, because the importunate, though they make themselves detestable, occupy the time which should be devoted to unknown or unobtrusive merit. In a note to the *Salon* of 1765, is the sarcastic list, made out by Diderot, of the favours which M. de Marigny had, up to this time, procured for Greuze. "When the talent of this painter was known," says the witty philosopher, "he was permitted to go to Rome at his own expense; and when he

avours granted to M. Greuze for the next exhibition." Here is, doubtless, something to laugh at, but something also for which to blush.

In spite of his pride and the obscurity in which the government left him, Greuze enjoyed, towards the end of his life, easy circumstances; but his savings, invested in government stocks and bank shares, were almost entirely lost, in consequence of successive conversions and failures. Domestic misfortunes destroyed the remnant of his fortune, so that at the age of seventy-five, he was compelled to have recourse to his brush and pencil, to procure means of subsistence. One may easily imagine the distress of this old man, when the illness, of which he died, deprived him of the power of drawing or

painting. To the uneasiness, so natural at his age, was added cruel anxiety for the fate of his two daughters, to whom he could leave no other inheritance than an illustrious name. In this extremity he wrote a touching letter to Napoleon's minister, which has been preserved, and the translation of which is as follows:—

The picture which I have painted for the government is not half finished, and the situation in which I find myself placed renders it necessary for me to request that you will give me an order to retouch it. I have the honour, by your kindness, to tell you all my misfortunes; I have lost all,—talent and courage,—I am seventy five, and have not a single work in hand. Your kindness is great—your heart is good—and my necessities are urgent. The respectful salutation of
GREUZE.

The twenty-eighth of Pluviose,*

Greuze Rue dertotier,
Galerie du Louvre.

Greuze died in 1805, at the age of eighty. "The simplicity of his funeral was relieved," says the *Moniteur*, "by a scene as touching as it was unexpected. When the body was about to be removed from the church, to be placed upon the funeral car, a young person, whose emotion and tears were perceptible, although her face was covered by a veil, approaching the coffin, placed upon it a bouquet of everlasting flowers, and then retired to the furthest part of the church, to continue her prayers." The stalks of the flowers were held together by a folded paper, upon which were written the words, "These flowers, offered by the most grateful of his pupils, are the emblem of his glory."

It was right, adds the narrator, that one woman, in the name of all, should come to place this tribute of admiration upon the tomb of the celebrated artist, who had especially consecrated his works and genius to them. This young person was Mademoiselle Mayer, a pupil of Greuze, and afterwards a friend of Prud'hon.

Deprive Prud'hon of the style and feeling of the antique, the ideal, and you will recognise a resemblance to Greuze. Between these two masters there exists the delicate bond of grace. It is that which gives interest to the "Betrothed" of Greuze, his "Spinners at the Spinning-wheel," his "Peas-shellers," to all those sweet household occupations, in which reign domestic peace and health, all his mothers displaying their little Græchi, their treasures. Grace is a sort of poetry, which, when added to passion, may render citizens heroes. Now, grace and passion were represented by the blue and vermilion of Greuze; he had them constantly on his palette. Flemish, in point of style, he is eminently French in thought. His playful, light, and powdery touch, deposits on its course a sort of cross-hatching; but if it is suitable to express the rosy cheek of a child, or the fresh complexion of a young girl, it sometimes seems to cut up objects, multiplying them beyond all measure. Greuze's touch often resembles the flat touch of Metzau, the excellences of which it often exaggerates. It may be truly said, however, that this defect, which is less perceptible in his more finished works, entirely disappears in his best productions. We will repeat what M. Paillet de Montalembert says upon this subject. "A multitude of painters who have been, and who yet are, very monotonous and insipid by their affected polish, do not, however, equal the finish of Greuze, who certainly did not possess their smooth and even brush or subtle workmanship." But in composition so far as regards the dramatic and the sensible, Greuze adheres sufficiently to the French school to be an honour to it; but not so strongly to be the most original of its masters. If his pictures are sometimes deficient in dramatic uniformity, they possess a moral unity, if we may so express it, the domestic spirit, and one not only illumined by the light of day, but by a mild ray of philosophy.

The very fine picture known as "A Family Scene," but which is also called "Reading the Novel," is but another

phase of our artist's peculiar and popular manner. It appeals at once to the senses; and, appealing, charms them. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Helena says—

"Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transform to form and dignity."

And so, by a slight paraphrase of meaning, we may assume that incidents, of themselves commonplace enough, may be transformed, by the power of the narrator, into tales of wondrous witchery and power. At any rate this would seem to have been the idea of the painter of our picture; for he has given to the three figures, which form his group, the precise expressions which belong to the delighted reader and the absorbed listener.

Who amongst us has not, at some time or other, formed one of such a group as is here represented? By winter fire-side or in summer bower, who has not listened spell-bound to

"Some sad tale

That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;"

or melted into tears, or almost cracked his sides with laughter, at the alternations of the story? But for the anachronism—the painter of the picture having lived a hundred years ago—we might suppose the young lady to be reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so interested do the listeners appear. But simple folk, such as Greuze delighted to depicture on his canvas, were content with tales of far less truth and pathos. With them the woes and sorrows of imaginary knights and maidens, of love-lorn ladies and deserted children, were certain to obtain sympathy; and with tears and laughter the cunning master of words was rewarded, as page and chapter succeeded each other.

How exquisite the picture: what an air of attention and repose appear to dwell upon it. The reader has thrown her work aside, though the open basket, the worsted balls on the floor, and the riband hanging over the back of the chair, suggest its resumption presently; and her father and mother—for such we may suppose them to be—are intent upon the story she is reading. It is a charming and well-told group.

Nor less interesting is the single figure called the "Knitter Asleep," (page 105) considered either as a specimen of the painter's manner, or in reference to the subject chosen. There is nothing that Greuze selected for a subject that he did not raise into poetry and beauty.

Jean Baptiste Greuze has painted a great number of pictures, principally domestic scenes, portraits, and studies of heads; he has taken but one subject from history: "Severus reprimanding his son Caracalla."

John Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Painters," gives the description of 184 compositions by the hand of this great artist.

In the galleries of France are to be found some of his most valuable pictures, and England possesses many beautiful specimens of his works.

We will now proceed to give a list of the pictures of J. B. Greuze which are contained in the public and private collections of Europe: in the Louvre are eight pictures by this master, although the catalogue, which is very defective, only points out five.

"The Bride of the Village." Valued at £600 during the empire, £1,200 at the restoration, and which is now worth £6,000. It has been engraved by Flipart. It was bought by the Marquis of Menars for £360, and sold by him, in 1782, for £695.

"The Broken Pitcher," engraved by Massard, has been copied a thousand times, but never successfully. It is one of the most highly finished and finely conceived of Greuze's pictures. It was sold, in 1785, at the Marquis of Verre's sale, for £120; amateurs value it at from £1,000 to £1,200. The little engraving under the portrait of the artist is a very successful rendering of this charming picture.

"The Paternal Malediction." An admirable work, valued at £400, in 1816, by the inspectors of the Musée. It has been engraved by R. Gaillard.

* Pluviose was the fifth month of the calendar of the first French republic, from 20th of January to the 18th or 19th of February.

"The Son Punished." A companion to the last; is valued at the same price, and engraved by the same artist. At the Marquis de Vore's sale, in 1785, it fetched £840.

"The Portrait of the Artist," an engraving of which is in the Musée Français. It is from this portrait that our engraving is taken.

"The Portrait of the painter Jeaurat." Admirable for expression and truth.

Lastly, two Heads of Young Girls.

The Musée Fabre, at Montpellier, contains eleven pictures by Greuze:

"Morning Prayers." An exquisite composition, valued by M. Paillet at £640, but which is now worth double that sum.

"The Twelfth Cake." A picture containing eight figures, and signed J. B. Greuze, 1774, valued at £120. It has been engraved by Flipart. There is engraved a very good copy of this celebrated picture.

"The Little Mathematician." A half-length figure, valued at £232. In 1795 it was sold for £596.

"A Young Girl with clasped Hands," valued at £200, "The Young Girl with the Basket," £160, "A Girl's Head," valued at the same sum. "Study of a Child of four or five years old," £80.

These seven pictures of Greuze's were presented to the Montpellier gallery by M. Valodeau, in 1836.

The generous founder of this celebrated collection contributed "The Head of a Paralytic," and the study of "A Head of a Sleeping Child."

To these the town of Montpellier added two other studies by Greuze: one of a Young Boy, the other of a Young Girl, each valued at £32.

Delessert Collection:—"The Reading of the Bible." Engraved by Mariniani and Flipart. In 1769, at the sale of La Live de Jully, this picture obtained the price of £190. In 1777, at the sale of Randon de Boisset, £268, and £164 10s. at that of the Clos Cabinet, in 1812.

"A Head of a Young Girl," "The Child Fishing," "The Portrait of Wille," the celebrated engraver, which Diderot ranks with the best portraits of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck.

Baron J. de Rothschild's collection contains "The Pretty Milk-maid," engraved by C. Levasseur. This is one of the most charming works of this master; it was painted as a companion to "The Broken Pitcher," and was sold in 1794 for £122. This picture is now worth from £1,000 to £1,200.

"Meditation." A young girl supporting her beautiful head upon one hand.

"The Thought of Love." Companion to the last, representing the form of a charming young girl reading, whose head has just sunk upon one of her arms.

The Marquis Maison, in his collection, possesses "The Twelfth Cake." It is very vexatious to the owner, that the counterpart of this composition is in the Montpellier gallery.

In the collection of Jules Ducas is "The Portrait of the Artist," "The Head of a Young Woman," expressive of grief. "The Emigration of the Little Savoyards," a beautiful sketch in the style of Correggio, full of sentiment.

In the collection Pourtales Gargier is "Innocence," a half-length figure of a young girl, who presses a lamb to her bosom.

The collection of the Marquis of Hertford contains "Prayer, or the Offering to Love," an engraving of which, by Macret, was contained in the gallery of the Duc de Choiseul. The picture was bought at Cardinal Fesch's sale, in 1845, for £1,296. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, it was knocked down at £266, and at £200 in 1777, at the sale of the Prince of Conti.

"The Unforeseen Misfortune, or the Broken Mirror," engraved by Daniel, obtained 2933 10s., in 1777, at the sale of Cardinal Fesch; but in 1769, at the sale of La Live de Jully, this picture only fetched £140.

Mr. Holford, of London, possesses a very beautiful head by Greuze.

In the National Gallery we find a "Study of a Young Girl," bequeathed in 1840 to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, by H. Summons; "The Paralytic waited upon by his Children," an excellent composition of ten figures, engraved by Flipart, valued at £1,000; and a "Study of a Young Woman with a smiling Face."

Amateurs, especially those in London, possess a large number of the compositions of this celebrated French painter.

"A Mother with her three Children," was in George the Fourth's private gallery in Pall-mall; and "The Bust of a Young Girl" in Lord Yarborough's collection.

Mr. John Cole possesses "The Blind Men Deceived," engraved by L. Caus; Sir Robert Wigram "La Voluptueuse," engraved by Gaillard; Richard Foster "The Young Girl with the Dog," admirably engraved by Porporati and Ingouf, and, in the Choiseul gallery, by de Lannay. At the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, in 1772, this picture was sold for £288; in 1832, for £670. It is now well worth £1,000.

In the Queen's gallery at Buckingham Palace is one picture by Greuze, "La Trompette," engraved by Jardinier; it is valued at £400.

General Ramsey possesses "The Dead Canary," engraved in oval by Flipart; and the "Studious Youth," engraved by Levasseur.

In the collection of Baron Lionel de Rothschild is "Irresolute Virtue," engraved by Massard. A very elaborate painting, valued at £400.

It will be observed that we only mention those works which have been engraved. Otherwise we might point out twenty others.

In the Pauloffsky Palace, near St. Petersburg, is the half-length figure of a "Young Girl sheltering a Bird in her bosom;" "The Widow and her Curé," engraved by Levasseur.

In the celebrated Grosvenor Gallery, which has been chiefly formed by its present owner, the Marquis of Westminster, there is a good specimen of Greuze's talents. It consists of four figures—a mother with three children. The younger child is asleep on the lap of its mother, who is warning one of the other children not to disturb the repose of the infant by the noise of a flute which one of them holds in his hand. Dr. Waagen is of opinion that this is one of the finest pictures of the master in the possession of a private person. "The refined expression and truth of the mother's action," he says, "the greater precision in all the forms, the careful execution throughout, distinguish this picture, much to its advantage, from the sketchy and bloated girls' heads of Greuze, which we so often meet with. If the colour is less brilliant than in them, it is, however, fuller and tenderer." The Doctor looks upon French art with the critical eye of a German, or he would not surely have considered it necessary to characterise the female heads of our artist as "sketchy and bloated."

In Lord Yarborough's collection there is also another very fine and genuine Greuze. It is the "Head of a Girl," peculiarly clean in the colouring, with luxuriant tresses, and a sweet expression of countenance. These two pictures have never, we believe, been engraved.

There are, doubtless, numerous examples of Greuze in the private galleries of the nobility and gentry of England; and the estimation in which his works are held in that country is sufficiently indicated by the high price which they attain whenever any of them happen to appear in a public sale-room.

We will complete these references by a list of those engraved pictures of this master, of which we have not yet spoken.

"The Portrait of the Artist," in profile. "The Toy," engraved by Ingouf. "The Little Pointer," by Guttenburg. "La Deiveuse," by Flipart, sold for £640 (Choiseul collection, 1772). "La Belle Blanchisseuse," by Danzel. This picture has been chosen by many as the best illustration of Greuze's most popular manner; although consisting of but a single figure, the various accessories introduced render this composition a really delightful study. "The Knitter Asleep," by Jardinier. "The Tender Wish," engraved by the same. "Les Seveuses," engraved by Ingouf. "Thais,"

or "The Beautiful Penitent," by Levasseur (the sale of Duclos Dufresnoy, in 1795, £180). "The Prayer to Love," by P. P. Moles, the same sale, £840. "The Spoilt Child," by Maleurree. "Melancholy," engraved, after the manner of a pencil drawing, by an unknown hand. "The Benevolent Lady," by Massard, in 1778. "The Magdeline in the Desert," and "A Young Girl," engraved in outline, in the gallery of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. "Love," by B. L. Henriquez (Count Perregaux sale, 1841, £300. "The Serenader," engraved by P. L. Moitte. "The Tender Glance of Colin," by Damel. "The First Lessons of Love," by Voyez. "Little Jeannette," by Guetin. "The Angry Mother," or "The Abashed Daughter," by Ingouf. "Repen-

by Watelet. "The Welcome," engraved in aquatinta, anonymous. "The Sleeping Philosopher," by Aliamet. "Sensible Privation," by Simonet. "The Pea-Shellers," by Moitte. "The Mother-in-law," by Levasseur. "The Beloved Mother," by Massard, 1775. "The Torn Will," by Levasseur. "The Hermit," by Marais. "Le Geste Napolitain," by Moitte. "Household Peace," and "Good Education," by Ingouf. "The Return of the Nurse," after a drawing, by Laurent. "La Maman," after a drawing, by Beauvarlet. "The Grandmamma," after a drawing, by Binet. "The Discharged Servant," after a drawing by Damery. "The Market Woman," "La Curieuse." "The Chestnut-woman." "The Woman selling Baked Apples;" "A Grisette," engraved



GIRL AND DOG.

tance," by Moitte. "Diana," by Gaillard. "Calistes," by the same. "The Broken Eggs," by Moitte. "Serena," by Bause. "The Mother and Child," by Watelet. "Retour sur soi-même," by L. Binet. "The Little Neapolitan," by Ingouf. "Little Nanette," by Beljambes. "The Young Nurse," and its companion, "The Kittens," by Moitte. "The Ragged Little Boy," by Breteuil. "Portrait of Catherine II.," by Gaudier. "Portrait of Diderot," by Saint Aubin. "Portrait of Mademoiselle Babuti," the wife of the artist, engraved by the same. "Young Girl with a Rose on her Bosom," by Ingouf. "The Little Brother and Sister," by Haner. "The Astonished Children," by Elleum. "A Gentleman standing," in imitation of the Burgomaster Six, by Rembrandt, engraved

after drawing, by Beauvarlet; "The Chimney-sweeper," from a drawing, by Voyez; "Lubin and Annette," by Binet, after drawings; "Music;" "Poetry;" "La Trilceuse;" the "Flower-girl," by Moitte, who has also engraved twenty-four sheets, entitled, "Divers Habillements Suivant le Costume," drawn after nature by J. B. Greuze. Weisbrod has engraved a series of five heads, after studies by our artist. The drawings of Greuze, like those of Prud'hon, are much coveted by amateurs; they are generally in red chalk, sometimes in pencil washed with Indian ink; the Louvre possesses a fine collection of them.

Greuze very rarely signed his pictures; his autograph compositions are consequently scarce.

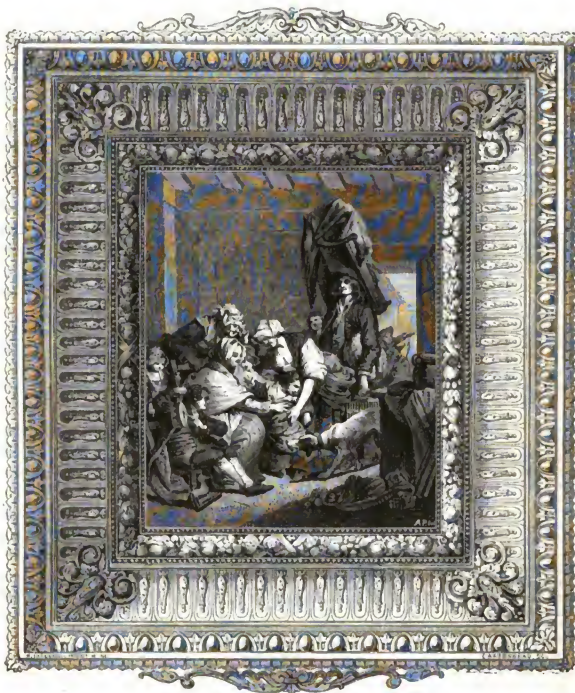


DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.

The picture called "The Return of the Nurse Child," is another of those subjects which won such applause from the people of France. In it we have the same forms and faces as figure in so many of Greuze's pictures. There is the same bare-raftered room, the same dog smelling about it, the same domestic utensils, and almost the same disposition of the principal draperies. The materials are alike, but the expression and the story are new and original; and herein lies the triumph of the master. The mind and hand worked in unison,

Art was profaned and polluted. Vernet, with his marine compositions, which have a sea savour about them, and Claude Caylus, with his classic taste and national enthusiasm, laboured to preserve a love of nature, and a respect for the pure and the lofty; in this they were ably seconded by Jean Baptiste Greuze, whom his countrymen call the painter of the Graces; he might with equal propriety be called the painter of the Virtues, for he loved to delineate moral and pathetic subjects—scenes of devout emotion and tender sentiment. Joseph Marie Vien



THE RETURN OF THE NURSE CHILD.

and what the one conceived the other executed successfully. In this picture, as in many others, we obtain another view of the habits of a peasantry, whom no man better understood or studied with greater assiduity than Jean Baptiste Greuze.

"Before the death of Watteau," says Allan Cunningham, "the School of Painting in France began to decline in natural beauty and in lofty simplicity. The magnificent affectations of Louis the Fourteenth aided largely in this; the pictures which gave to Francis Boucher the name of the Anacreon of painters, finished what royalty had begun, and the purity of

may be named as the last of that long line of artists who interpreted Scripture and prophecy for the church. He was born at Montpellier in 1716, and established his reputation in an age inclined to the licentious and the loose by his pictures of 'St. Martha,' the 'Centurion,' the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' and the 'Preaching of St. Denis;' he suffered by the Revolution, which abated effectually that love of devout histories which distinguished his country for centuries.

"The storm of the Revolution purified and cleared the air; it swept away the splendid affectations of the court, and res-

tored society to something like the simplicity from which it had fallen. The ridiculous etiquette, the hollow courtesies, and the ceremonious frivolities, were abated by a stern hand, and with them went much that could be spared both of costume and manners; the dresses, caped and cuffed, laced lapped and lapelled, frogged, frounced and frittered, gave place to the plain and simple attire of republicanism; and Nature, taking the pencil from the hand of Fashion, delineated scenes of heroism and glory in a style of simplicity real and unaffected. The first step of France was in her own blood; but the second was on the heads of her enemies; the march of her victorious armies was to her painters a new inspiration; and Napoleon and his marshals took the place of saints and madonnas; the one painted nearly as well as the other fought, and continued longer in the field."

RAFFAELLE'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD."

ROME has been a watchword in the world. There, from their mountain throne, the grave of barbarism, the cradle of civilisation, the Cæsars ruled all lands and shouted forth their proud defiance to all nations and kindreds of the earth. There, philosophy and poetry developed all their acuteness and refinement, and while in solemn tones one gave forth its deep speculations and rules for useful life, the other clothed its thoughts in a vesture of enchanting loveliness and imperishable beauty. There, the arts and graces waited on man's bidding, and reared for him the golden house and temples of snowy marble, and with all their magic power made his life a very vision of delight. Italy was the mistress of the world; Rome was the wonder of Italy. And when these classic days had passed away, when the sun of their glory had sunk in night, and all that remained to tell of the imperial majesty of Rome were ivy-mantled ruins or disjointed fragments of its artistic greatness—great in their fall—beautiful in their decay—the admiration of succeeding ages—the models for all time!—there again revived the love of the beautiful, which was not dead, but sleeping; and from the profound ignorance of the dark ages, Italy was the first to recognise the value of art.

From the study of the antique—art trophies won from time—the Roman painters improved in knowledge of design, greatness of style, beauty of form and justness of expression, and they have left behind them, as monuments of their genius, and as a legacy to the world, all that is valuable in the higher departments of Art; so that Rome has become the centre of attraction to which European painters have directed their attention.

And foremost stands Raffaele, a great man towering above his fellows, the prince of painters, at once the admiration and the envy of his contemporaries, the cynosure of all eyes, the painter for all men and for all time. His whole life was devoted to Art. He was cradled in a studio, the palette and the brushes were his toys, his earliest lessons were in painting, his childhood and youth were consecrated to it, he rose higher and higher in the path of glory, surrounded by aspiring disciples, dwelling in the greatest splendour, until at thirty-seven years of age his life was ended and his body was laid out in his painting-room in state, and his own picture of the Transfiguration placed near him. The great incomparable man of his time, distinguished among painters by the appellation of the Divine.

Some people have been disappointed when they have looked upon the pictures of Raffaele; and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment visited the Vatican with an eager desire to study the works of Raffaele; but passed by those very compositions with indifference which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for. This suggests an important inquiry. How is it that the works of Raffaele strike some minds so little at first sight? Is it not, it has been said, that he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more sur-

prised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd and singular attitudes of an inferior artist, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. Raffaele may be compared to Virgil—sublime, easy, natural, and majestic. There cannot be a stronger test of excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we first feel to be not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently conversing with it, that it not only supports itself but increases continually in our esteem and leads us on to admiration.

The Abbé Winklemann, after his treatise on sculpture, especially as exhibited in the Apollo Belvidere, says, "Go, and study it; if you see no peculiar beauty in it to captivate you, go again; and if you still discern nothing, go again, and again, and again; for be assured it's there." This may as truly be said of all the pictures of the great Raffaele.

Our engraving, from one of this master's designs, represents what has been so often and so beautifully represented, "The Virgin and Child." The original picture is in the possession of Rogers, the poet and banker, and the cartoon or rough drawing, upon large paper, which served as the design for the picture, is numbered among the treasures of Mr. Colnaghi. It was discovered by that gentleman in a very dilapidated condition, but with great care and attention has been completely restored. From that cartoon our engraving is exactly copied. The design is simple, but its very simplicity constitutes its greatness, and exhibits the power and skill of Raffaele. To enumerate his works would require a volume; to point out their whole merits, a genius as mighty as his own.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

PART THE THIRD.

DAY dawned faintly at the windows—Marcello turned towards the door. The monk slept on. The picture was hidden in darkness—the morning came on apace, and with it would arrive the busy throng, the funeral rites, the priests and senators. He paused no longer, but unlocked the door. The morning air blew freshly on his brow; he wrapped himself closely in his mantle, and fled hastily away.

Still day crept slowly over the skies; the grey dawn came over the picture, and dimly revealed the angels and the evil spirits. The coffin was empty, and the monk slept on.

In a dark and meanly furnished room, in an obscure quarter of Amsterdam, an engraver was bending over his solitary work. A single lamp, by whose light he laboured, cast its rays upon his haggard countenance, his grizzled beard, his thin and trembling fingers, his attenuated form, his neglected dress, and the plate upon which he was employed with minute and laborious industry. It was a cold and wintry night. A thick fog pervaded the damp and narrow streets of the unwholesome city, and penetrating through door and window, hung a murky canopy around the ceiling of the fireless room, and filled it with damp and darkness. The engraver shuddered, coughed a hollow echoing cough, and then strove to warm his frozen fingers in the breast of his doublet.

"Cold!" he muttered, "cold and dreary, as my heart! Oh, Pisa! oh, my sunny Italy! why did thy son depart from thee? But the punishment of fraud has fallen upon him. Penury and sorrow cling to him to the last! Famous and unknown, honoured and neglected, revered and withal toiling and despised, he lives an exile in the dark land and chill servitude of the stranger. Lives, and is yet dead to thee and to his glory!"

Marcello rose abruptly and approached the casement. The faint beams of the oil-lamps in the street below struggled feebly through the dense atmosphere; not a star was to be seen in the black sky; not a footfall rung upon the pavement. Sounds of distant mirth came at intervals from the shipping in the neighbouring canal, and the great bell of the cathedral,

with slow and solemn tongue, boomed forth its deep summons to the evening prayers. The Italian shuddered again, glanced round his cheerless apartment, drew his hat over his brows, extinguished his lamp, and descended rapidly into the street.

In a few moments he had entered the cathedral, and was crouching on a low seat in a dark corner near the stove. The worship there was not that of his native land, but he was nevertheless a frequent visitor in the Protestant temple. The curious and elaborate carvings in stone and wood, the stained heraldic windows, the bannered walls, the superb screen of Corinthian bras, the majestic monuments, and the wondrous organ with its almost human voices,* had a charm and a consolation for the unhappy painter, and inspired him with devotional awe. Soon the church became filled, the sonorous tones of the minister reverberated through the fretted roof; the simple psalmody of the Calvinistic service filled Marcello's soul with a glad hope; he listened no longer to the preacher, preaching in a foreign tongue; he pictured an angel-vision in his soul, and heard sweet angel-voices mingling with the deep music of the hymn.

"I will do it," he murmured to himself, while the large tears rolled down his cheeks, "I will do it. Another vast and holy painting shall crown the glory of my name. With it I will return to thee, O Pisa!—with it I will claim a renewal of those honours which thou didst render to my corpse—with it I will reveal the truth, and return, a living glory, to thy maternal bosom. Remorse and concealment have blighted my days: fame unenjoyed is fame no longer. I have no pleasure and no pride in laurels showered on my tomb. What is posthumous reputation to daily privation? If, in the stranger's land, I hear the distant rumour of my great triumph, I have no share in the splendour which is mine own, and no joy in its possession. Better that I had remained unknown, than have the weight of sin and sorrow for ever on my heart. I will return, and return with new claims upon the love and gratitude of my native land!"

He returned to his solitary lodging. The false dream once more controlled his being—once more he seized the palette and the brush—once more he devoted nights and days to a work which should surpass all former and all future glory. But the painter himself was not the same: penury and privation had done their utmost on his frame. His arm was weak, his eye dimmed with the minute labours of the graver, his hair was tinged with grey, his figure prematurely bowed and wasted. Even climate was against him: he no longer painted beneath the glorious sky of his native Italy; he was inspired no longer with the sublime enthusiasm of youth; his soul alone remained the same. But ambition is not all-sufficient: the picture, alas! betrays the physical debility of its creator; it wants the energy of genius, and it is impressed only with the fevered exaggeration of his brain.

But Marcello knew not the change. The picture was completed, and with it he departed for Pisa.

His first care, on entering the city, was to inquire of a passer-by if the memory of Marcello was yet respected in the country. He was told, in reply, that his name was the glory of the province; that, so holy had been his life, that his body had been carried to heaven by angels on the night that it rested in the church; that the Pope had canonised him as a saint, in honour of the miracle; and that pilgrims from all quarters of Italy came daily to kneel before the shrine of the great picture.

"But supposing that he never died—that he lives? He may, perhaps, yet return to those who deplore his loss!"

The man smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and passed on.

The senate were seated in the justice-hall, when a stranger craved a hearing for a few moments on a matter of the highest import. It was granted; and Marcello, way-worn and travel-stained, appeared, trembling, before that powerful tribunal

* The organ of this cathedral has a row of pipes which represent a chorus of human voices. At the period of this tale it was the finest instrument in the world.

which had consecrated his name, and from whom he now came to demand honour for his person. He leaned feebly against a column, and began:—

"My lords,—Once you beheld and honoured an artist named Marcello. He was humble, and you gave him greatness; he was unknown, and you made him famous. But he never tasted the delight of that fame; for, knowing the words of the Evangelist, that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' he feigned to die, and, by drinking a soporific, deceived you with the appearance of death. He was borne in triumph with his picture before him, and left in the church by night. . . . With that night the painter departed, no man knew whither. Alas! his heart never departed—he returns living from the sepulchre—he is before you—do you not remember him?—it is I!"

And, casting his mantle on the ground, the painter raised his head and bared his brow.

There was but one cry:—"Down with the impostor! the impious impostor!" The senators, in their holy-indignation, rose altogether; the crowd which thronged the court pressed forward, mocking and reviling; the halberdiers advanced to take the blasphemous of the new saint into custody. At length, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, one of the judges demanded of him on what title he grounded his pretensions.

"On a painting," said Marcello eagerly—"on a painting which is worthy of the artist's name, and of a station beside the other, in the chapel of St. Augustine."

This reply awoke a storm of exclamations. The senator descended, and approached the stranger, crying derisively,—
"Where is this *chef-d'œuvre*? Produce it!"

"Willingly, but my canvas is rolled for travelling."

"Unroll it."

"Where, my lords?"

"On this very spot."

Marcello was forced to obey, and, with the aid of some standers-by, fixed his picture against a pillar.

Meanwhile the populace of Pisa, attracted by the quick report of some great impiety, came pouring in, and the senate crowded round the column. A smile of contemptuous indignation curled every patrician lip as they beheld this feeble and unworthy production of the painter's genius, and turned away, repeating the fatal word, "Impostor?" "Impostor!" echoed the crowd—the fickle crowd—so easily swayed to celebrate a victory or revenge a defeat! Angry faces glared upon Marcello from every side, oaths and rude laughter assailed his ears, menacing hands approached his picture and himself. He felt the gathering storm. Calm, pale, and motionless—with fixed brow and folded arms—he waited for its coming with the stony courage of despair.

The mass swayed from side to side. "Down with him!" "Down with the traitor!" "Impostor!" "Blasphemer!" "Down with him!" A hundred hands seized upon the picture—a picture no longer! Its fragments strew the floor, are trodden on by savage feet, and scattered to the winds!

The furious populace, not yet satisfied with the ravage of their hands, would have extended their vengeance to its author: pitiless faces press round him, mocking eyes glare into his—he will perish, and perish miserably!—when, suddenly, an aged monk steps forth and interposes his sacred person and the uplifted cross between the multitude and their intended victim.

The crowd fell back—the painter was saved!

That night beheld the wanderer and the monk in earnest converse within the convent chapel, where the great work looked down in glory from the altar.

Eusebius had just emerged, with his penitent, from the confessional, and was pointing once more to the grave-stone, whose inscription, worn by the passing footsteps of a few short years, was now wholly illegible.

"My son," said he, "behold the fame of the painter! he labours, he dies, he is forgotten."

"But his work," said Marcello, earnestly—"his work lives after him!"

"Yes," replied the monk; "his soul is immortal, and re-

turns to the God who gave it, and the child of his soul is immortal upon earth. The name of the artist may pass away, but his Thought—his pure and Divine Thought—can never pass away. Such is the true fame for which the soul should aspire. Its work is a seed of lasting beauty, which bursts forth and blooms long after the hands which sowed it have

future. MAN dies, and is forgotten; but THE BEAUTIFUL survives him, and is immortal!"

On the following day the Convent of the Augustines received into its bosom a new brother. He was a silent and a gloomy man—solitary in the midst of society—sad and droop-



READING THE NOVEL. BY J. B. GREUZE (PAGE 110).

returned to dust. It blooms and bears fruit in the hearts of the pure and the just; it breathes the love of art and imagination into the young; it is reproduced perpetually in the stone of the sculptor, on the canvas of the painter, in the glowing song of the poet. Artist, dream no more of the gross harvest of pride and pleasure upon earth; live only in the eternity of the

ing among his brethren. Day by day, year by year, he languished and consumed with inward grief; and, after a brief interval of pain and weakness, they found him, one morning, lying at the foot of the great altar, cold and lifeless—his glazed and fixed eyes turned, even in death, towards the picture on which they had rested to the last.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY ANNA MARIA HOWITT.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS.

CHAPTER II.

Each to each we are mysteries;
Nor can we guess what we may be,
Except by what a glance can seize.

Henry Sutton.

Ah, children, children! never grieve those you love: never lose an opportunity of doing a kindness to those you love: never give way to bitterness and hardness, else you will lay up a punishment for yourselves which will pursue you as with a whip of scorpions!—*Mary Howitt.*

It would be a curious surprise to us could we see laid out before us, as on a chart, the intermingling lines of life of dearest friends, of deadliest foes, of lovers, of future wives and husbands. Up to a certain point their destinies have appeared to the superficial looker-on, to themselves even, as widely separate; yet in many an instance, could we but obtain the secret clue to the two lives, they have, unconsciously to each other, wandered on side by side, or crossed and recrossed each other in their separate orbits with a marvellous pertinacity.

Thus Leonard Mordant was quite unconscious, as he passed through the picturesque village of Wilford, on his way to Clifton-grove, that he, in a rosy-faced urchin of some thirteen years old, encountered an individual whose fate would in years to come be singularly linked together with his own. Leonard Mordant, the genius, the would-be great painter, the R.A. expectant.

This important individual was opening the shutters of one of those singularly picturesque little thatched cottages of that quaint, old-fashioned village. There was something so fresh and pleasing in the whole scene, that the bright, youthful face of the boy, with his clear, frank eyes and golden hair, as he looked out of the dusky cottage window, putting back the grey shutters—the long, dagger-like icicles hanging down from the thick eaves, with the rays of the up-rising sun glittering upon them—and the pure, untrodden snow making the fresh colouring of the lad's face all the richer and brighter from contrast—fixed themselves deeply in Leonard's artist-soul as one of those exquisite combinations which nature is unceasingly weaving for the delight of poets and painters. Leonard observed the lad's face with an almost unconscious interest, and then sank back again into his absorbing speculations regarding his own fate.

The boy's countenance looked bright enough in the glowing beams of the morning sun; but had Leonard chanced to pass the same little cottage some five hours later, he would have seen a very different expression upon it. He would have seen a cloud of the most decided ill-temper overshadowing those frank, clear eyes; he would have seen that sweet mouth pouting with most unmitigated crossness! And all that he would have remembered would have been how a little country bumpkin had bounced out of a cottage, muttering in a very surly manner between his clenched teeth, and pulling very hard at a grand new red and green comforter, which was tightly tied round his throat. Had Leonard cared to watch this exhibition of childish rage, he would have observed how the boy, having advanced several paces from the cottage, pulled off the comforter, striking it violently upon the ground, and exclaiming—

"The nasty thing! I hate it—I can't abide it—I can't abide worsted things—they tickle me so! And that grandmother knows, that she does!—I'd like to tear it, that I would!"

And Leonard might have seen, had he still cared to watch the lad, how the door of the little cottage again flew open, and how a tidy old woman, also very cross, appeared, shouting out at the pitch of her voice, and shaking her fist at him—

"Johnny! Johnny! I saw thee, that I did! thou bad lad! thou ungrateful, bad chap! I'll never knit thee any more comforters—see if I will!"

"Don't, then, grandmother—I hate 'em! they tickle a body so!"—and he would have seen how Johnny hereupon stamped with his heavy old shoes upon one end of the nice new com-

forter, pulling the other end up with his hands till he tore it in earnest. And then he would have seen how the old grandmother rushed out, and, beginning to box Johnny's ears, ended by crying bitterly; and how Johnny, vouchsafing the poor old soul no other comfort than the torn comforter, doggedly trudged off towards Nottingham.

It is grievous to relate such a change in the bright-faced little lad of the morning, but such, nevertheless, was the scene which occurred before the pretty thatched cottage, about one o'clock of the eventful 15th of December, 1830. And as this 15th of December is a day of considerable importance to the said little Johnny, or John Wetherley, as we must later on in our story respectfully call him, let us inquire further into the origin of this quarrel.

Johnny usually worked for a farmer of the village, but the severe frost having put an end to all out-door labour for the present, Johnny had a holiday until the frost should break up again. Johnny and his grandmother, Sally Wetherley, lived alone, and Johnny being what is usually called "a handy lad," made himself in his holidays so extremely useful to the old woman, that some twenty times a day she exclaimed, laughing, that she "only wished she could keep Johnny always as her servant of all work, and live like a lady." This very morning, after opening the shutters at seven o'clock, how busy he had been! You would never have fancied Johnny could go into a pet, had you only watched him setting the breakfast-things for his dear merry old grandmother out upon that funny black tea-tray, that stood upon the little walnut stand before the fire, or toasting her a bit of bread, which he *battered* with dripping! And then both having breakfasted, he eating "dry-bread and pull-it," as he called it, instead of toast and dripping, he had washed up the breakfast-things like the tidiest of little servants, had chopped the wood, brought it in, fetched water from the river—had swept out the house, and peeled the potatoes for his and his grandmother's dinner—and now having been in a very great hurry to finish everything—he said,—

"Grandmother! I've attended to all the little jobs, and I want you now to do something for me—will you, dear old grann?" asked the lad coaxingly, and laying his cheek upon his old grandmother's head as she sat warming her feet at the fire.—"I want you, grandmother, to sit quietly in your arm-chair a bit, as you do on Sundays—for I want to try to make a picture of you. I want to try and make one with the colours Mr. Brewster gave me, the day after he laughed so much at my painting the view of the church with your powder-blue and mustard!"

"Make a picture of me, lad!" returned his grandmother. "Bless thee, lad! don't thou relly think, then, thou could'st make a picture of me? But thou'd'st better try thy hand, Johnny, upon something hand-somer than my wizen old face, it's all so full of crows'-feet, and such like!"

"Now I think, grandmother," replied Johnny, looking up from an old tea-chest which stood in the window, and out of which he was bringing with much care a new juvenile paint-box, and several sheets of cartridge paper,—"*now*, I think, grandmother, that you have a very nice, dear, old face, a very pretty face, that I do;" and Johnny, setting down his paint-box, began kissing his grandmother upon her eyes and her cheeks, and even upon her double-chin—till the merry old woman laughed so heartily, that she nearly fell off her

chair—"Yes, I do indeed think you *very* pretty, grandmother," said the lad, still more coaxingly and affectionately; "and you must just sit still a bit, now won't you?"

But the old woman declared so vehemently that it was not "her natriment to sit still upon her chair," and that "she couldn't believe it were Sunday," that Johnny would never certainly have persuaded her to let him take her picture unless a brilliant idea had struck him, and this was to give his grandmother her knitting. And so away he ran to the drawer in an old press where the old dame kept her knitting. However, before he could open the drawer, his grandmother was after him, and pushing him away, cried, "Get off with thy impudence, get off with thee! Thou must na come here; every one keep to their own concerns." And Johnny, who in reality cared more about his picture than about the old woman's private drawer, and seeing her quietly take out her stocking to knit, arranged his paper and colours very contentedly, and Sally Wetherley sitting down at last with her knitting, the important picture was commenced.

It was a clever, spirited likeness of the old woman that the lad traced upon his cartridge paper; there were all the curious lines and markings of the face indicated, though most rudely, with such life-like expression, that the young artist glanced with surprise as he saw the success of his attempt.

"Why, grandmother!" cried he, "your face looks really, only its coloured, like one of the three pictures in black frames that Mr. Brewster has hanging up in the room where he writes his sermons! I wish you'd only seen them, grandmother. I'd a good look at them t'other night when he gave me those Penny Magazines." And in truth the sketch *did* resemble these pictures, which were rare etchings after Albert Dürer. The hand and eye of little Johnny were the rare hand and eye of a born artist; but how richly endowed the lad was, neither he nor his poor old grandmother had as yet the faintest inkling.

Johnny Wetherley was holding up his sketch for the wondering admiration of the good old woman, when a knock at the door suddenly disturbed them, and the door opening, there stood before the curtsying, surprised grandmother and the bashful boy-artist, a commanding-looking gentleman, and by his side a slender girl of twelve or thirteen.

"So here we find our young Giotto in the very act, Honoria!" said the gentleman, turning to his youthful companion.

"Will not his honour be seated! Johnny, Johnny, why doesn't thou run for a cheer, thou idle lad; doesn't thou see the young lady has no cheer?" ejaculated poor old Sally Wetherley, in a very great flurry, lotting her knitting fall, and rubbing down her own arm chair with her apron to offer it to "his honour."

But "his honour," who was in fact no less a personage than the Honourable Jasper Pierpoint, of the Hellings, unobserved of all this attention, had taken up Johnny's sketch and was examining it very attentively.

"This really is very surprising, Honoria!" observed Mr. Pierpoint to his daughter, addressing her as though she were his equal in age; and then turning towards the old woman: "Is it true," he demanded kindly, yet somewhat severely, "what you have assured Mr. Brewster, that except for the few cheap prints which Mr. Brewster has given your grandson, he has had no instruction in drawing whatsoever?"

"Bless your honour, Mester Pierpoint, my Johnny never has had no learning but 't' the Sunday-school! Mester Brewster, sure enow, give Johnny some picturs, but what for I know na!" responded Sally Wetherley briskly.

"Honoria," pursued Mr. Pierpoint, again addressing the little girl, who stood holding Johnny's sketch with a sort of proud contempt, but lowering his voice considerably: "Honoria, we must be careful in removing this lad out of the sphere in which destiny has placed him;—it seems certainly to me, that there is extraordinary genius in this rude sketch. If all be as we are assured by our excellent friend, Mr. Brewster, (and these people seem honest simple folks, incapable of deceit) we will see after placing the lad where he can obtain proper instruction. But we must be cautious, Honoria—and as you

so warmly desired to seek out the young Giotto, I will do all, my Honoria, in your name."

"But, papa, I do not think him a Giotto." And with an indescrivable *haster*, the young lady laid down the little artist's sketch. "I am disappointed, papa. I think Mr. Brewster has exaggerated—but, if you, papa, think him a Giotto," pursued she, smiling beautifully and lovingly at her father, "I shall believe, of course, that I am wrong to be disappointed!"—and she laid her slender hand within the arm of her father, as he, having again taken the sketch, was once more examining it.

Johnny had undergone, during the last five minutes, extraordinary sensations. That bit of cartridge paper—which had given him such pleasure when only his own eyes and the eyes of his good old grandmother had rested upon it, and upon those rude lines which had appeared to him the "very moral" of his grandmother—the instant the eyes of these two strange, grand, gentlefolks fell upon them, became objects of horror;—he wished his paper were in the fire;—his cheeks burned hot as flame—he caught a sight of the sketch—oh, it was not a *bit* like his grandmother *now*! It was like nothing—it was a muddle of blots—oh, why was he standing there!—and his mouth felt so dry, and his eyes so hot,—if he were only in the turnip-field at work! "It is really very surprising, Honoria!"—the words rang through him down to his very finger and toe ends! Was his sketch extraordinary!—Did these grand, clever people who knew all about pictures say his sketch was extraordinary!—And the Honourable Jasper Pierpoint, of the Hellings, had pictures which had been spoken of in his "Penny Magazines!" Yes, it was like his grandmother, he saw it now—it was! It was like her, and he could make the pictures of every thing he saw upon paper, that he could, if he might only try, instead of working in the turnip-field and straw-yard! Every word reached his ear, let Mr. Pierpoint lower his voice ever so much.—*Genius!* he'd read of genius—what was it? *Remove him!*—Mr. Brewster?—honest?—oh, yes, they were honest!—*instruction!*—oh, thought he, would they only let him have instruction—he'd work night and day—he'd never go to bed, if he might only be instructed to paint and to make pictures! But a Giotto!—what did that mean? And then the beautiful young lady looked so proud, and she did not like the little picture; and she was *quite* right—oh dear, he wished he had never made it, he wished the ground would open under his feet and swallow him up—he felt quite "badly like"—and so confused, that when he saw his old grandmother curtsying again, and almost crying with joy—and Mr. Pierpoint rolling up the sketch, and then holding out a golden half-sovereign towards him—little Johnny Wetherley!—he thought he was dreaming—and in his dream could neither move nor speak, only grew hotter and hotter! and felt his grandmother pushing his elbow, and exclaiming, "The lad's soft! the silly lad's downright soft!"—and the grand folks were gone, and his picture was gone, and he had a golden half-sovereign in his hand. But, somehow, he was more ready to cry than to do any thing else. John Wetherley had begun to learn one of the many painful lessons in the artist's "School of Life,"—a lesson which, with its bitter alternation of joy, and of self-contempt, of hope, courage, and despondency, must be repeated, with many an unrelenting severity, before John Wetherley can stand forth the humble, yet self-reliant and perfected man and painter!

Poor little Johnny! he actually did sit down on the ground and cry, holding the money in his hard little hand—such queer feelings were in his heart! He wanted his little picture, to look at it again—he cared more, after all, for it, than he did for the half-sovereign—and yet that was very fine, and he could buy some beautiful paper and paints with it—and a picture or two, perhaps, out of a print shop window in Nottingham. But oh, the beautiful young lady had looked so disdainful! Poor Johnny's vanity was wounded, and the tears streamed down faster than ever.

"Why Johnny, Johnny! where art to lad, where art to?" cried the delighted grandmother, as she came running back

from the end of the garden where she had been watching the "gentlefolks" drive away in their carriage, which all the time had been waiting for them at the end of the elm-tree avenue. "Why thou'lt never a crying, thou big booby! thou'lt got such a heap o' money! Let's see, lad! bless thee! but thou'lt a born soft 'un, I do believe! Let a body look at the money!" and kissing and hugging her grandson, who stood silent, looking very unhappy all the time, she snatched the money out of his reluctant hands, and looking at it side-ways as she held it towards the light, continued in the highest glee: "But thou'lt a rare un, Johnny, bless thee! I'd never a thought any body 'ud a given a half-sovereign for they bits o' painting o' my old face. But they gave it thee, lad, out o' charity like; they seed we were getting very bare, Johnny, and Mester Brewster, he's always a thoughtful gentleman, had told 'em of us, that's it, lad! And now, Johnny, thou mun really buy thyself a pair o' stout ankle-boots; thine is got too bad, thou patched 'em up on Wednesday, I seed thee myself, with an 'oud end o' pack-thread, but they're really done for;—them will be five shillings, may happen, five and sixpence; and then, Johnny, I mun have a bit o' flannel for my rhumatis, and that will be fifteen pence—thou'lt get good stout flannel for fifteen pence a yard, thou can go to Cook's, middle o' th' Long Row, or to Manlove's, that's not such a big shop and they are civil folks; and that will make—let me see—six shillings say th' boots—and mind, lad, thou get's 'em big enough, with good stout nails in 'em—and then thou can get 'i' Goose-gate, thou knows; but stop, I've lost my reckoning,—six shillings th' boots; fifteen pence th' flannel, that's seven and threepence; and bring us two ounces o' tea from Mester Fox's the quaker's, his tea's the best for th' money; and half a pound o' soap, and half a pound o' sugar, and that'll make—let me see! sixpence tea, twopence th' soap, sugar threepence—that's elevenpence, that'll make eight and twopence; and thou can buy thyself a pen'orth or two o' marbles, and a bit o' Gibraltar rock if thou likes—and stop!—we may as well a two or three candles, and that'll make up about nine shillings, and the other shilling we'll lend poor old Dolly White, she's so badly, and Samuel out o' work, and that'll bring thee, lad, a blessing upon thy money! and them 're honest folks, and 'll pay it back as soon as she can go out a washing again. But really, Johnny, thou mun be down-right soft, that thou mun, to look so glum, and thou so rich! Thou mun set off right sharp for Nottingham, the taters are just hiled, and here they are we! a pinch a salt to 'em; come, make a good dinner and be off with thee! Bless thee, lad, for thou art a good 'un!" And the chattering, happy old woman, totally oblivious to her grandson's state of mind, bustled about, all the time her tongue going as fast as possible.

"I don't want no dinner, grandmother," pettishly ejaculated Johnny, roughly brushing away from the old woman as she pressed him to eat; "I don't want no dinner; and I wish you'd let me alone, that I do!"

"The Lord ha' mercy! bless us and save us! what's come all on a sudden to th' lad! Why he seems quite upset we's luck. Lord, ha' mercy! The thought of 's new boots has fair upset him, sure enough, and taen 's appetite. Johnny, lad! I'll tell thee what, I'm so proud and upset myself by th' good luck, that I think I mun e'en tell thee a secret, that I've had ever so long in my head, and that's *this*—look'e Johnny!" And with much bustle and delight she pulled out of her private drawer the splendid new comforter all so gorgeous in its scarlet and green. "There lad, there! isn't it fine? and I've knitted it all 'i' hiddings for thee, to give thee at Christmas; but to-day's as good as Christmas, it's so uncommon lucky! just look, and it's so warm, and thou can wrap thyself up in it ever so fine! I do think now—" soliloquised the grandmother, regarding her handiwork with undisguised pride,—"I do think, Johnny, it's the very handsomest comforter as ever I set eyes on! But the lad's gone clean off his head, I do believe; he never even looks at th' comforter, and a's putting on 's hat to set off, and without ever having taken bit or sup;—well I never would a thought of thee, Johnny, that thou could ha' been so queer, never I—

and I having knitted this beautiful comforter for thee—I wish I'd never been fool enough—but if thou'lt got the mullie-grubs, I can't help it now. Here, lad, let's tie th' comforter tight round thy throat, and be off with thee, and forget none of the things, and there's the money." Saying which, Sally Wetherley knitting the ungraciously received present round Johnny's throat till he could scarcely breathe, she opened the door, and pushing Johnny's ill-tempered looking shoulder, forth he bounced.

And that, too, as we have seen, in a tremendous rage! What a ferment was Johnny Wetherley in—wounded vanity, a strange and galling sense of injustice, which had sprung up and increased to a mighty degree within his breast, whilst his poor old grandmother was so comfortably disposing of his own especial money;—a vague sense of a world, magnificent and beautiful, to which he himself did not belong, and which had now first dimly dawned upon his startled imagination,—were the chief causes of agitation;—he could have wept, he could have laughed, and could equally have gone into a passion—which was what he finally did, as we have seen, venting his strange discomfort upon the innocent comforter!

Johnny's pride rose, as his grandmother boxed his ears, to such an unusual degree, that though the sight of her tears of vexation at another moment, would have almost broken his heart, he trudged off towards Nottingham, wishing fervently that he might enlist—might run away—might do anything, in short, desperate and bad, to punish his good old grandmother!

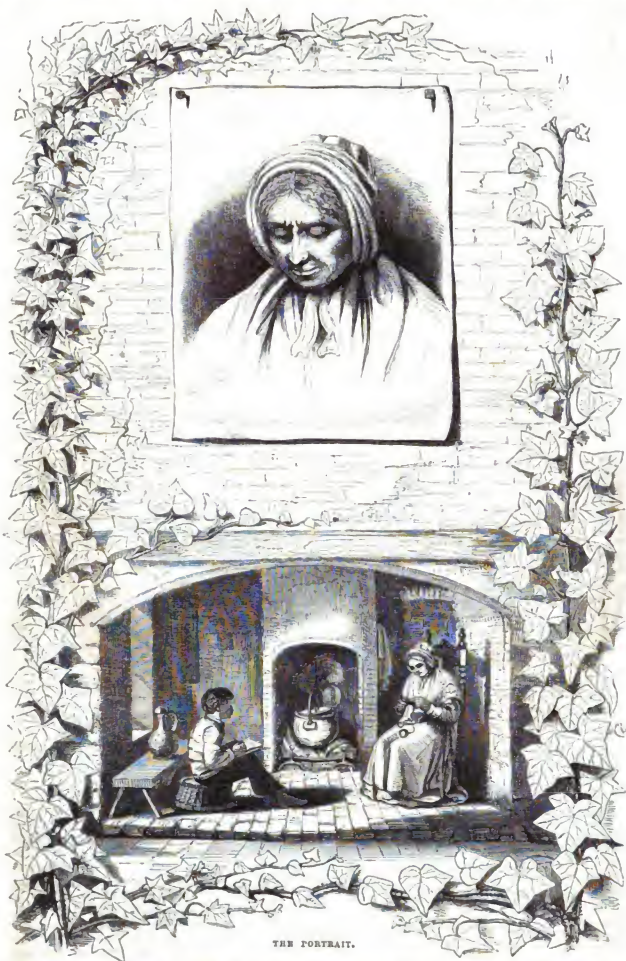
But the more violent Johnny's rage, the sooner it was over, and before he had reached the town he was quite surprised to find his old grandmother assuming an amiable aspect again. "It was too bad of her though," mused he, "to want me to spend all my money upon her things; and to say that Mr. Pierrpoint gave us—gave me—that half-sovereign out of charity. He gave it me for my drawing—and he thinks something of my little picture, or else he would not have talked to that beautiful young lady about my having instruction!" At the remembrance of this, Johnny's countenance cleared up so suddenly, that in an instant his face was that of the bright, fresh, innocent little lad of the morning, who opened so cheerily the window-shutters to the up-rising sun. "Poor old soul! it was too bad of me though about the comforter! I was very nasty-tempered. I'll buy her all her things, that I will, sure enough; but my boots I really can't buy. I must buy those pictures, that I must, and some more paper and pencils, and then I'll make more pictures—and then, perhaps—" But we won't follow Johnny through all his "castles in the air;" suffice it to say, that he transacted all his business very much to his satisfaction; and with a yearning after his grandmother in his heart, which lent wings to his feet as he returned from the town, he entered the village as twilight was closing in.

But how was this? Before the cottage stood a crowd of people—lights gleamed from the casements in an unusual manner! Johnny's breath seemed snatched from him—his heart to stand suddenly still—all to grow dark around him—he was wildly rushing through the crowd, who sought to detain him! "Poor little chap!" rang through his ears, as if it were the voice of the crowd. He stood, he knew not how, in his grandmother's chamber. Mousing, she lay upon her bed—her face was very white and strange! There stood Mr. and Mrs. Brewster—there stood the doctor—oh, Johnny knew him so well! Johnny uttered a wild cry, and, clasping his hands, fell upon his knees beside the poor old woman. She had broken her leg.

Poor old woman! her heart had gone through a process of remorse for her sharpness and testiness, pretty much as Johnny's had done; and praying "the Lord to forgive her for being so very hard upon th' poor little chap," she determined "to have the kettle boiling and the tea ready by his return," and "she'd werrit him na' more about th' comforter,"—she ought 't have thought on't, that he couldn't hide worsted!" And in order to have a regular feast upon this lucky day, she put on her cloak, and trudged off to Stafford's to buy a loaf and half a pound of treacle. It was growing dusk, and she

never noticed a slide upon which the boys of the village had been very active all day, and which was close to the shop.

was much worse, breaking her leg. Her scream, as she fell, brought out Mr. Stafford and all the neighbours. She was



THE PORTRAIT.

Down she came with a terrible shock, cutting her hand sadly with a cup which she was carrying for the treacle, and, which

picked up terribly hurt, as we have seen, and borne home upon a door. What an end was this to so promising a day!

We will not dwell upon the earlier portion of poor Sally Wetherley's illness. It was a season of bitter sorrow to poor little Johnny; but the time of trial brought its sweet as well as its bitter fruit. The kind clergyman, Mr. Brewster, and his wife, watched over the old woman's sick-bed like guardian spirits. Johnny was kept at home the whole winter as his grandmother's nurse. And before you found such another tender, cheerful little nurse as Johnny was, you might have sought both far and wide. Mrs. Brewster, who

card-board, she would buy them from him; and that if he succeeded—as she was sure he would—she would procure him many customers, and that thus he might make a deal of money—as much, if not more than if he were at work in the turnip-fields. You may imagine what a delight this was to the poor lad!

He was always drawing and painting now, whenever his poor old grandmother or his little domestic duties did not require his attention. The little table that stood in the win-



JOHNNY IN THE WOOD.

had her eyes and motherly heart wide open to all that passed in the village, noticed Johnny's gentle, loving care of the old woman; and her husband having long since noticed Johnny's talent for drawing, the good lady determined to turn it to account. Thus, one day on her visit to Sally Wetherley, she gave Johnny a quantity of card-board, some delicate camels'-hair pencils, and beautiful colours out of her own well-stocked colour-box, together with a pair of handkerchiefs upon which were painted clusters of roses and pansies; and she told Johnny that if he would paint her similar groups of flowers upon the

dow was generally covered with his work, and he would sit drawing for hours, and talking to the dear old invalid. When she began to recover, as she lay in her bed she was able to read, and she would read aloud sometimes to her grandson—the book propped up before her upon pillows. It was generally "the best of books" that she read, or "Pilgrim's Progress." She read very slowly, it is true, and miscalled names somewhat, but Johnny in those days was no critic: the slowness only perhaps impressed the beautiful, affecting histories of the Bible, and the quaint marvels of the "Pilgrim's

Progress," the more deeply in his memory. Many a time in after life did these readings recur to him; he heard the lovely, blessed words falling from the dear lips of the good old woman, and they seemed words of heaven uttered in a heaven. The two hearts were wondrously knit together by this affliction and its accompanying joy. Without clearly defining it to themselves, they both felt how God often bestows the truest happiness, or rather *blissfulness*, upon His children through means which appear the very opposite to happy. In the then state of their hearts, to have quarrelled about the comforter would have been impossible. Johnny never remembered that unhappy morning without a terrible pang, and yet he always wished to remember it; and as a lesson to himself, he hung the comforter on a nail near the window, so that it might constantly be before his eyes.

The painting of the screens succeeded marvellously, and, besides screens, Johnny painted for Mrs. Brewster and her friends needle-books and card-racks, and the paste-board sides for bags, or *reticules* as they were called in those days. Mrs. Brewster brought Johnny a number of her own drawings of flowers; and from these Johnny composed extraordinarily intricate groups, and borders, and arabesques: he quite astonished himself!—he used to dream at night of nothing but bouquets of forget-me-nots and of garlands of roses and violets. And then, when the snowdrops began to peep out of the dark mould in the parsonage garden, and there was a flush of violet crocuses in the meadows lying between Wilford and the town, and the orange crocuses in the cottage-gardens opened wide their burnished chalice, then Johnny painted flowers from nature, and was so astounded at the beauty of these lovely stars of earth, which now first revealed their wonders to him, that he was at times fairly like one intoxicated with joy and surprise.

But, though the winter was past and gone, and the joyous spring was arriving, it had not passed without its anxieties, and among them was a secret, private one, locked up in the little artist's breast. The Honourable Jasper Pierrpoint of the Hellings, and the beautiful young lady, had evidently quite forgotten him, and their intention of giving him instruction. After the first dreadful anxiety about his grandmother was over, he had so often thought about them and their words, and speculated upon them, and listened—oh, a thousand times—for their coming, and pictured to himself what they would do and say;—but they never came! Neither did Mr. Brewster, nor yet Mrs. Brewster, speak of them. Johnny wished at times he could forget all about them; but this he could not, do whatever he would.

One gusty February afternoon, when all the country was dreary with the swollen waters from the Trent,—when the pale, feeble rays of a struggling sun, breaking through a sky heavy with leaden clouds, gleamed mournfully upon the vast expanse of muddy waters which covered the meadows lying between the village and the town,—when there was a melancholy drip, drip, from the heavy cottage eaves, and the trees, and hedges, and gardens, had as dank and hopeless an air as in November,—old Dolly White, looking in towards twilight for a gossip with Johnny's grandmother, began dilating upon the great funeral of old Lady De Callis, which her son had seen vending its way along the mirey road from Nottingham towards the little village of Pierrpoint-cum-Hellings, in the church of which, built by her grandfather, would now repose the corpse of Honoria Ethelgiva Cowdery, Baroness Cowdery, Dowager Countess De Callis.

"Lord 'a mercy," exclaimed Sally Wetherley, raising her hands piously, "and may He give th' oud lady a seat in His blessedness, and may she taste o' His tender mercies! And would you think, Dolly, we was born on th' self-same day—th' oud Lady De Callis and me!—that we was. And I mind me well, Dolly, when a' the country side was feasted at her wedding—my old man and me was a-courting in those days—and we'd a fine holiday like at the wedding and merrymaking up at th' Hellings. But, bless me, Dolly, you mun remember all as well as me!"

"Oh, bless you!" returned Dolly White, "that I do; and

above all, what a fuss there was some few years later, when she left her husband up i' the north, and came back with her youngest baby!—Mester Jasper—oh, Sally! what a waste a' years lies 'tween them times and these! and th' Hellings was all a-strir again, and what queer ways she had, with all her rearing o' Mester Jasper—th' wonder is he ever was reared at all!—she wur a queer un, depend on 't. She led the oud lord an uneasy life on 't, I's warrant ye, Sally!"

"Folks allers said," interrupted Johnny's grandmother, who was now sitting up in her bed quite excited with her reminiscences, "that Mester Jasper took marvellous after the old lady, and they says he's th' outlandishest ways, and's a-bringing up Miss Honoria to be quite th' moral o' her grandmother—bless the poor lass, but she wanted a father to be always a-caring for her, having no mother, poor thing! I hears she's nothing but men to teach her, and that she can shoot and ride like a lad—but she looks like a young lady, and a very handsome young lady any how! don't she, Johnny?" appealed the grandmother to her little grandson, who had been listening most attentively to every word of the discourse between the two old gossips.

That evening, as Johnny sat painting a bunch of forget-me-nots, he asked his grandmother to tell him all the stories about the strange old Lady de Callis and the Pierrpoints that she could remember,—he had often heard things which had greatly excited his imagination, and to-night his grandmother grew quite eloquent upon a theme which was always interesting to her. And whilst she talked, Johnny arranged in his mind a scheme, and this was, to make a little present to the beautiful Miss Honoria of the forget-me-not needle-book he was painting. He had heard, in the gossip of the two women, that she and her father had been away in London all the winter, and this had considerably soothed the slight irritation which he had felt whenever the name of Pierrpoint fell upon his ear. Yes, he would paint her the loveliest little needle-book, and telling kind Mrs. Brewster whom it was for, beg her to make it up for him in the prettiest way she could, with rose-coloured ribbon and gold thread, as she made them up for her friends, and then, when Honoria returned from London, he would go to the Hellings and endeavour to see her.

And now a month has passed since this gusty February afternoon. The brisk winds of March have blown through the country, clearing the heavens and dyeing them with deepest azure, and summoning forth buds and bells from the vigorous old earth, and flushing the hedge-rows and groves with the russet and violet of kindling life. Johnny Wetherley is on his way to the Hellings, with the needle-book laid, together with a variety of little pictures, in a basket, and with a great anxiety and tremor lying in his heart.

He sees the smoke rising from the many-chimneyed roof of the Hellings, which lies low among its woods—he hears the bark of deep-mouthed hounds, ascending to him from the old mansion—he hears the crowing of cocks shrilly pealing through the quiet morning air—he hears and sees the innumerable rooks who fitfully career and caw around the tall elms which skirt the widely-extending out-buildings—he sees the sunlight gleam and glitter upon the tall vane of the weather-cock like a brilliant star—he sees it gleam and glitter upon the sullen water which fills a mossy moat which on one side crosses the closely shaven grass-plats of the small but stately garden—he sees the great hatchment with its emblazements which hangs above the grey gateway leading up by a flagged walk to the red brick, many-windowed, many-gabled mansion—he sees the ivy-matted griffins which guard the gateway—he sees a figure—a spot of brightest scarlet;—it appears at first upon the steps of the old mansion, then there are other figures—there is a bustle—a barking of dogs—the scarlet figure is seated upon a white pony; away it dashes, followed by two splendid hounds,—pony, scarlet figure, and hounds, rush on across the green turf of the park-like pasture field in which lies the old house. Johnny's heart leaps up into his mouth—he feels that it is the beautiful Honoria; she approaches near enough for him to see between the leafless tree branches—

though still far off—how beautiful she is in her black riding-dress,—above which she wears a wondrously dainty little scarlet jacket,—in her black velvet hat and feather, and with her splendid hounds and pony. Wild as the careering rooks above her head, she gallops round and round the great field, leaping ditches, making her pony curvet and rear, free and bold as the wind which rushes through her fair hair, that in a luxuriant mass is allowed to float beneath her velvet hat.

Johnny feels quite sick at heart,—he feels somehow as though he had been bold enough to think of making a needle-book, and giving it to an angel whose abode was in heaven, where no pain or poverty ever had entered,—he felt so humbled that he sank his head down among the bright fresh primroses and wild hyacinths which were springing up through the dry brown oak leaves which carpeted the thicket where he sat, and a strange discomfort gnawed his soul.

A far stranger, far bitter discomfort gnawed the soul of another being who was pacing that thickly-wooded hill-side. Whilst Johnny had watched Honoria so gaily riding in her scarlet jacket, joyous and strong as the brisk March morning, a mournfully brooding woman had drawn near to him, her eyes cast towards the earth; but seeing nothing there—no violets, no fresh verdure, no lovely snail-shell freshly burnished with gold and purple for the new year, no happy bird pulling bents and leaves for its building nest—those eyes only saw the phantom of a beloved, lost son.

She was Leonard's mother.

All through the winter had she ever and anon put forth in the papers appeals "to a tenderly beloved and anxiously mourned over absent son;" she had besought "L. M. to communicate with his heart-broken mother." "As L. M. valued the earthly and eternal welfare of a parent, he was besought to write—to forgive, and all should be forgiven." But Leonard read no paper, communicated his history to no one in the great metropolis which had swallowed him up, and thus the heart-broken mother lived on in a sickening despondency. She had quitted her brother's, and lodged in a squalid part of the town, refusing all assistance from, and all intercourse with, him. Her days were spent in restless wanderings;

she had tramped the country far and wide in search of him she had lost, ever returning with a sick hope to Nottingham, hoping—longing—that the young bird might have returned weary to the nest. She was this morning upon one of her rambles: she was always expecting to meet Leonard in some sylvan haunt—she had seen his phantom many a time standing in Clifton Grove, and other solitary spots, picking up mosses and stones and flowers; and when, with wide open arms, she had sprung towards the figure with a shriek of joy, the form had melted into a tree or bush!

Johnny heard a wild cry at his ear—a form hovered above him—he was madly clasped to a woman's heart—his eyes, his hair, his hands, his clothes were kissed—tears, hot as molten lead, burnt upon his hands, his brow—and a pair of large, bright, flashing eyes gazed at him—and then the woman flung him with violent indignation from her, her face changed instantaneously from most passionate love to intensest anger; he saw in giddy amaze, as he cowered against a tree-stem, the woman press his little pictures, his little needle-book, and the flowers with which he had adorned his little basket, as madly to her lips—to her heart—as she had pressed him but a moment before.

"My boy! my Leonard! they have murdered thee!" shrieked in wild accents the strange woman. "Thy flowers! thy pictures! thy dear, dear pictures! they have taken them from thee, thou art despoiled, thou art slain! But vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked she, springing up a maniac. "Vengeance is mine, quoth the Lord," and she sprang towards the tree where a moment before Johnny had stood. But Johnny had slipped down in horror and haste by a steep pathless bank, and leaping from point to point, and clinging by roots and ivy trails, had escaped, with the agility of terror, from the mad-woman.

Honoria was still careering upon her white pony over the pasture-field, but he heeded her no longer; the dogs barked with deep-mouthed echoes from the Hellings, but it was only the cry of the strange woman that rang in his ears.

Bathed in perspiration, and white as a ghost, with his clothes torn by briars and stumps of trees, panting and breathless, he burst into the cottage of his grandmother, and fell fainting upon her bed.

THE ART OF TURNING.

TURNING is the art of giving a circular form to a variety of materials. It is employed in manufacturing articles of wood, bone, ivory, horn, marble, alabaster, stone, diamond, glass, steel, and all metals. It is an art of great antiquity, and vast importance in practical science. It includes many varieties requiring different arrangements of machinery, from the simple throwing-wheel of the potter to the complicated slide-lathe. There is great versatility in the mode of operation, but the principle is the same throughout. Thus, the material to be turned may be made to revolve round its own axis, and the cutting-tool applied to its surface so as to produce the requisite form as in the simple turning performed in the lathe commonly used by cabinet makers; or the article may be made to continue stationary while the cutting instrument revolves; or it may be made to move in some curve derived from circular motion, and the cutting-tool applied as before;—the action may be changed in a variety of ways, and all the motions may be more or less continued, but the simple mechanical operation still continues the same, and under the head "turnery" are comprehended all operations performed with the turning-lathe.

The art of turning is employed in almost every branch of manufacture; snuff-boxes chess-men, children's toys, cups and balls, cases, spinning-wheels, table legs, tools for embroidery, reels, billiard balls, and a host of other things which we daily use, we owe to the skill of the turner. When we are at

peace, he supplies all that can contribute to our comfort and convenience, in business, in pleasure, in scientific investigation; and when we are at war, he turns out pieces of artillery with a finish and perfection altogether unattainable by any other means. The cannon being cast solid, the outside cools first, with a close sound grain, and the porous or spongy parts of the metal are found in the centre. This is afterwards turned or bored out in an engine-lathe, which leaves the inner surface perfectly true, and the bore of an equal diameter.

There is no manufacturing operation so general as turning. It is used to fashion the rudest shapes, and also to bestow the highest polish. The lathe works with automatic precision. Without it the operative must labour at all parts of his work with care and trouble to produce a regular figure, and after all only partially succeed. The value and principle of the lathe has been summed up in a few words:—for every point marked by the workman it produces a circle; and is a machine for moving the material to be wrought in such a manner that, being fixed opposite to the tool, any point in the circumference will act upon the whole circle in precisely the same way.

Turnery is not only a useful branch of art, but it is one of peculiar interest, and many have found it an agreeable relaxation. In our article we do not propose furnishing a complete history or description of the process; but as there are hundreds who possess some taste for the mechanical arts to whom some

general information may be acceptable, we intend indicating the most simple process of turnery, and presenting therewith engravings of the machinery employed, and of the most interesting and most useful results of the process.

The workshop in which a lathe is to be employed should be carefully selected. It should neither be exposed to the direct rays of the sun, nor yet so situated as to be affected by damp, and the lathe should be so placed that the light may fall from the left-hand side.

The most simple and primitive lathe is formed by two upright pieces, each having a conical iron or steel point fixed on the side opposite the other, the two points directly opposite one another. One of these uprights, called puppet heads, is stationary, the other moveable, so that it can be fixed at any

the work. This is called a rest, but can only be applied during the fall of the treadle, and thus a great loss of time is occasioned; and on this account the pole lathe is now but little used.

A slight modification of this principle is represented in fig. 1.

The piece of wood (A), previously prepared, is placed between the points *u u*, which are fixed in the uprights; the puppets, *c c*, arranged according to the length of the piece of wood to be turned, and the whole is supported in the table, *n n*. A cord, *x*, is turned twice round the piece of wood, *A*, which cord is fixed underneath the frame-work to a treadle, *r*, and is attached above to the cat-gut string of a steel bow (*o*), perfectly flexible and securely fastened to a beam. As the wood is made to revolve, the tool (*u*) is applied, resting as before on a slight support, and thus the form of the article to be turned



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

FIGS. 3 TO 12.—GOUGES AND CHISELS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

part of the bed by a wedge beneath; the wood to be turned having been reduced to the desired length, the centre of one of its ends is pressed against the point of the fixed puppet; the point of the other puppet is then brought against the centre of the other end, and the puppet wedged firmly in its place; over the lathe, and at right angles to it, is a long flexible wooden pole or lath—whence the term *lathe*—one end fixed firmly overhead; the other, which must be just over the end of the work nearest to the left-hand puppet, has a cord or a cat-gut attached to it, which passes once or twice round the work, and is fixed at the lower end to a treadle; the oppression of the treadle and counteraction of the pole give an alternate rotary motion to the work. The workman rests the tool upon the top of a fixed piece between the two puppets, and close to

is modified according to the direction given by the hand of the workman. On page 125 is an enlarged view of the working part of this lathe; the reference figures being common to both.

Another description of foot lathe is represented (fig. 2). This is of excellent construction, and is adapted to all ordinary work. It is of cast-iron, but is mounted in much the same way as the other lathe. But whilst in the last mentioned case the material to be turned had to be supported at both ends in the puppet, the lathe now under consideration is adapted principally for the work which does not require such support, and is sustained on a single point, by an axletree of iron.

To the left of the turn-bench an apparatus is strongly fixed by two screws, on which the tools used in the operation are allowed to rest.

In giving the ordinary movement to the treadle, *A*, the large wheel *B* and the corresponding small wheel, *C*, are set in motion, the cord, *D*, passing over both wheels, and communicating to them a rotary movement, a movement which rapidly turns the iron axle, *E*, the end of which is adapted to the purposes of the turner, and is called the nose. The nose is cut with a coarse screw to receive the instrument named the mandril, *G*, and the mandril receives upon it the article to be turned, *H*.

When the article which is to be turned, *I*, is long and flexible, it is fixed in a sort of rest at the point *K*, which is established in the same manner as the other.

The tools used in turning are very numerous, and of great

enlarged by other tools. Instruments indicated at fig. 9 are principally employed in wood-turning. The hooked tools are used for turning the interior of an orifice. Figs. 11 and 12 are other specimens adapted for particular work.

For finishing the work, graters of different sizes and shapes are used. The drills and tools are generally made so as to be used with a hook held upon the rest to the left hand. This allows much more freedom to the operator.

Chucks are employed for holding the work, and are of various descriptions; the three principal being the common chuck, the ring chuck, and the screw chuck.

The common chuck is very simple in its construction. It

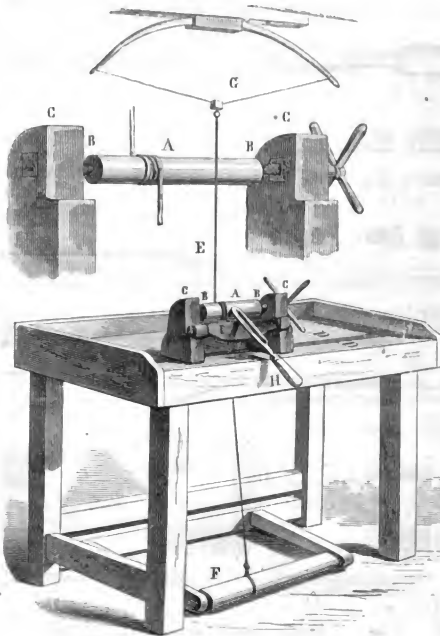


FIG. 1.—SIMPLEST FORM OF A LATHE.

variety. We can only mention a few of them, and those the most commonly in use. The principal and most indispensable are the following:—the gouge (fig. 3), which is used to rough out the work, and is chiefly employed in wood-turning; chisels (fig. 4) with a cutting edge and sharp point; chisels sharpened on both sides (fig. 5), so as to form two right angles with the sides *A* of the tool; others are formed on an acute angle, *x*, and on an obtuse angle, *D*. Drills, and chisels, and gouges, are used of every conceivable shape—straight, oblique, double angular, curved, hollow, semi-circular—according to the form of the work (figs. 6, 7). The ripping chisel (fig. 8) is chiefly used to make the first opening, which is afterwards

is a small cylinder, two or three inches long, varying in thickness according to the size of the article to be turned. The interior is fitted for a screw, and while the end, *A*, is screwed to the nose of the lathe, the work is attached to the extremity marked *n*.

The ring chuck is four or five inches long. That part which is screwed to the lathe is the same as in the other chuck, but the other part is very much longer, is separated into four pieces, and diminishes in size toward the extremities, *A*. The work can thus easily be introduced, and is firmly held by a metal band, *B*, which presses down the sides of the chuck. This renders the operation of turning much more perfect and

easy than when the material is held by the common method. It is perfectly secure, and the work can be continued without any fear of accident by the looseness of the chuck.

The screw chuck is a circular plate of metal, with a boss at

Screw tools are important appendages to a lathe, and with the engineer are in constant use. They are filed up with several teeth exactly the shape of the spaces between the threads, and are applied in the following manner :—The piece

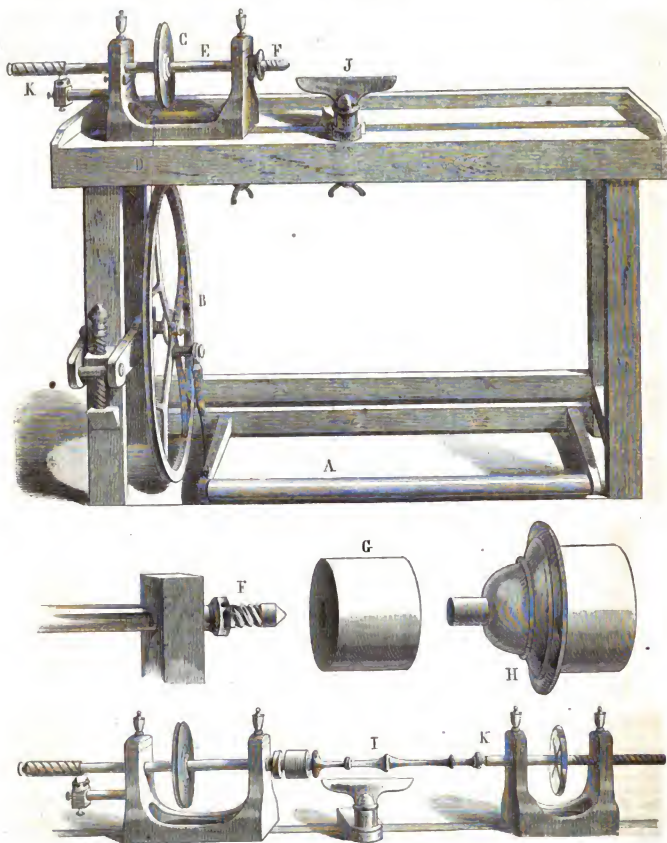


FIG. 2.—FOOT-LATHE.

the back tapped to screw upon the nose of the mandril. The face is turned quite true, and in the centre is a coarse conical screw to hold any large piece of wood to be turned; a hole being made in the centre of the work, it is screwed tight up against the face, and no further adjustment is required.

of metal having been turned to the proper size and shape, the workman holds the tool in his right hand upon the top of the rest; then, clasping the rest with his left hand, he places the thumb across the tool, and gives the point a circular motion towards the left as the work revolves; this operation he

repeats until a few threads are cut near the point, which serve as guides for the next, and so on till the screw is finished. This operation requires very great care. The tool must be



FIG. 13.—COMMON CHUCK.

firmly held, so as to prevent it getting out of the thread and spoiling the screw. But, though held firmly, the pressure must be light, especially when the screw is of any great length,

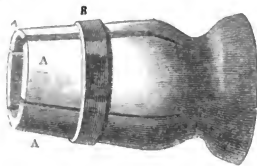


FIG. 14.—RING CHUCK.

or it will vary and become untrue. Screws are thus cut with extraordinary facility, but it requires a steady hand and considerable practice.

In the operation of turning a circular saw is very frequently used. This is especially the case with ivory turners. The saw is placed upon a spindle against a projecting collar, and held in its place by a washer and nut; the spindle is held between the mandril and front puppet, and over it is a small table, with a slit to allow the upper part of the saw to pass through; this table is mounted upon a frame fitted to the bed of the lathe in the same manner as the rest, and can be raised or lowered according to the depth that the saw is wanted to cut.

But one of the most important adjuncts to a lathe is the slide rest. When the tool is held in the hand it is subject to

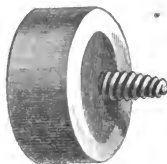


FIG. 15.—SCREW CHUCK.

any unsteadiness in the workman. To obviate this imperfection was a great desideratum; it was effected by the invention of the slide rest. The principle of the slide rest is, that the tool is fastened to a plate moved in the required direction by means of a screw, instead of being held in the hand.

We have thus briefly specified the tools employed in the process; in another paper we shall give some description of the process itself.

A FRUIT PIECE, BY LANCE.

THE next best thing to a country trip in this bright summer weather, is a stroll through the rooms of the Royal Academy. Outside, the hot sun is shining down upon the shadeless flagstones of Trafalgar-square; but follow the stream of ladies and gentlemen into the hall of the Academy, and you experience a change of climate immediately.* In the streets you were oppressed with the heat; here, there is a delightful and refreshing coolness in the atmosphere, which is only equalled by the well-bred coolness of the gentleman who takes your two shillings for admission and catalogue. And so, feeling entirely a different kind of personage to him who, just now, stood and wearied on the pavé outside, you pass at once into the great west room; and, assuming the air of a nonchalant, quiet connoisseur, begin to examine the pictures.

Beautiful, exquisite, refreshing! Sea pieces by Stanfield, in which the water is positively cool to look upon; landscapes by Cooper and Danby, with dark depths in the shady avenues that seem to invite repose and contemplation; forest scenes by Landseer, with "Children of the Mist"—as the painter chooses to call a herd of deer—flying over brake and brook; village scenes and domestic incidents by Frith and Webster; portraits, of fine ladies and gentlemen in drawing-room costume, by Mr. Secretary Knight; figures by Eastlake and Mulready, and flowers and fruit by Lance.

These last,—in a greater degree, perhaps, than any of the others—have a cool and pleasant look. How tempting the round ripe apples; how inviting the luscious grapes, both black and green; how exquisitely toothsome the rough mottled skin of the green fig! And then with what art the painter has introduced rich silver tankards and brightly painted porcelain ware, and dark carved woodwork into his picture; and how well the great green and red-dappled vine-leaf contrasts with the crimson velvet of the table-cover, and the hangings at the back; surely, Mr. Lance must be a great lover of fruit and flowers! For ourselves, we say unblushingly,

that we have quite a child's love for both—the only remnant of youth that, with most people, remains with them after thirty.

Mr. Lance is a little before the season, though; the flowers blossom in June, the fruits come in autumn. But no matter, we may enjoy the picture without anticipating the time when the grapes and the apples become ripe; and certainly without it suggesting to us that autumn is the afternoon of life as well as of the year,—for, thanks to the skill of scientific gardeners, and the properly-regulated temperature of hot-houses, we can obtain fruit all the year round! Not always do the delicious fruits which form the painter's models replace the faded flowers, for they exist while yet the yellow buttercups and pink-eyed daisies dot the fields. In Mr. Lance's pictures, as in an old orchard, "the mellow apple, whose golden brilliancy is heightened by rich streaks of purple, weighs down the branch that bears it; and the luscious pears and grapes, display their beauties and invite us to pluck them."

Who, gazing at the picture, does not wander, in fancy, far away into the green fields, and lie down lazily beneath brown old trees, humming over to himself that fine old ballad of Shakespeare's, which begins—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?"

or, curbing his imagination, and trusting to his less fickle memory, recall some incident of his youth, associated with flowers and fruit? Some orchard frolic, in which fair girls and brown hearty boys—who are staid men and women now with girls and boys of their own, perhaps,—took joyous part? some happy winter meetings, in which those who shall meet no more on earth, sang songs together and made a merry noise, and gathered factitious fruit and artificial flowers from Christmas trees of green and gold?

In the exquisite design which the courtesy of the painter

has enabled us to present to our readers, all that grace and opulence of fancy for which Mr. Lance is so justly celebrated will be discovered. In works of this kind the artist, though he was for many years engaged in historical composition,

artistic creations. In his creative art is discovered the genius of the painter. Taking his materials from the most obvious and ordinary sources, he idealises and refines, till his finished productions are worthy the companionship of the more ambi-



FRUIT PIECE BY G. LANCE. DRAWN BY J. GILBERT, AND ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

stands unrivalled. He possesses the rare faculty of embodying the real with the poetical, and blending with representations of the products of the orchard and the hot-house, such ornamental and architectural adjuncts as serve to raise his compositions from the rank of mere copies of nature to real

tious art-specimens which hang upon the same walls. His flowers, indeed, have no perfume, and his fruits no flavour; but considered as works of art, they possess a higher value and more enduring interest than belongs to many pictures of greater pretensions.



BARIOLOMO, THE CHARLATAN, ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

THE DEAD BRIDAL. A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY JONATHAN FREEK SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER VI.

"Amongst many other things that doo famous this cite, the mountebanks are not the least; for although there are mountebanks also in other cities of Italie, yet because there is a greater concourse of them in Venice than elsewhere, and that of the better sort and the most eloquent fellows; and also for that there is larger toleration of them here than in other cities, therefore they use to name a Venetian mountebank for the Corphus and principall mountebanke of all Italie. I have observed marvellous strange matters done by some of these mountebanks; moreover, I have seen some of them doe such strange iugling trickes as would be almost incredible to be reported."—*Carpal's Credulities.*

THE cheery sun of a spring morning was shining down upon the waters that flowed around and through Venice—not as he shines upon us here in Britain on an April day, now blotched and blotted out from the face of heaven by a mass of clouds, now struggling through lighter vapours, now laughing them away with his brightness or mocking their tears with his smiles—no, but looking down through a cloudless sky, in which there was not one fleck of white to chequer the universal blue, and scarce a breeze to temper a warmth that would be to us at home as the heat of summer. The hour was, judging from the sun's elevation, midway between dawn and noon; and the gondolas were skimming to and fro along lagunes and canals, just as hackney-coaches in the days that are now gone by, and Hansoms and cabs at present, ply through our metropolis, only in a manner far more easy to the half-recumbent body, and more picturesque to the half-closed eyes. As one of these aquatic coaches sped along through the Canale Grande, close by the water's edge, it was encountered by a similar vehicle, which shot suddenly from under one of the low narrow bridges that span the smaller canals which everywhere open into the principal one, as the smaller arteries into the great ones. Accidents of this sort will even still sometimes happen in Venice now-a-days, notwithstanding the marvellous skill and dexterity of the gondoliers; and, of course, there is no reason why the oars and men of five hundred years ago should be exempt from a casualty which their modern successors cannot always avoid. The boatmen of the respective gondolas commenced forthwith to indulge in that species of vituperation which, in all times, seems to have been a favourite mode of warfare with the propeilers of conveyances when impeding in their motion, from the days of Juvenal, who commemorates the "stansis convicia mandræ," to those of our own days, when our ears have been edified with the maledictory slang in which London cabmen apostrophise each other's eyes when they meet and obstruct each other in a narrow thoroughfare. The gentleman, for such he was, who sat within the first-mentioned gondola started up and drew back the curtains, with the intention, very probably, of personally resenting the insolence of the other gondolier, in case he found that his fare was of a sex and constitution with whom he could quarrel; and, indeed, such results were not very uncommon amongst a people where the blood was as quick as the pride was sensitive. How the matter might have ended it would be difficult to say, nor indeed would it, as will appear, be very important to speculate, had it not so happened that at the same moment the occupant of the assailing gondola—for such we consider the one which came from the smaller canal was—also pulled aside the curtain which screened him, and they both were face to face. An exclamation of surprise was uttered at the same moment by each of the gentlemen.

"Jacques!" cried the one.

"Giulio!" cried the other.

The boatmen, seeing the friendly recognition with which their respective fares greeted each other, at once discontinued their wordy contest, and, by a tacit understanding, they brought their gondolas side by side, so that the two gentlemen were able to exchange a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ben arrivato a Venezia, ben arrivato carissimo mio," cried our old acquaintance, Giulio Polani. "Per Bacco! you were about the last man I should have expected to see in our fair city."

"Pardieu!" replied the stranger in an accent that had something of the farther side of the Alps in it. "Pardieu, my dear Polani, it may be so, yet, nevertheless, here I am, and I assure you I count myself fortunate that almost the first respectable face I have seen since my arrival in your bella Venezia should be that of so dear a friend. Ben trovato, ben trovato!"

"Well, and whither are you going now, Jacques?"

"Faith, nowhere in particular, Giulio; I was about to kill an hour or two at this unfashionable time of day, and for that purpose I put myself into the care of this worthy, ce monsieur le gondolier, who has, as you perceive, made so excellent an attempt just now to kill your humble servant instead of his enemy, Time. Ma foi, I should not much like to make much acquaintance with the bottom of your canals; and as to the surface, we have been shooting this half hour through all sorts of dykes that look like over-grown sewers, and under little, low bridges that make one involuntarily take off his bonnet and bow his head in token of respect for such stupendous creations."

"Or out of regard for your own aigrette and feather, and your exquisite chevelure, Jacques," added Giulio, laughing. "But come, my friend, you shall put yourself under my guidance. Let your gondolier put round," said he, making a sign to the boatman; "I was just going to the Palazzo Polani, which is close at hand here, when those fellows knocked the heads of their boats together."

The men obeyed the signal, and both gondolas skimmed side by side along the water for a short distance, till they stopped beside a flight of marble steps that, rising from the water, led up to the portico of the Palazzo Polani. The two gentlemen left their gondolas, and ascending the steps passed into the mansion.

"Well, Taddeo," said the gondolier of Count Giulio to him who had rowed the stranger, "what hast thou got there," lad? Thou lookest as if thou wert bitten by a tarantola? Has the stranger, with all his bravery, given thee base coin or a paltry zecchino?"

"Proprio il diavolo! no such thing, Christophero," replied the man addressed, who was intently regarding something in his hand. "The eccellenza is a true noble, a lord or a prince, or an emperor mayhap. Look you, 'tis a real yellow golden piece," and he held it up between his finger and thumb admiringly.

"A golden florin, by St. Nicholas!" cried the other. "Thou art in good luck to-day, Taddeo mio. But thou knowest one half of that is a 'buonmano,' and thou art bound to drink the health of his excellency. So come, lad, thou shalt take me with thee to aid in doing him honour. Besides, thou owest me something for running foul of me just now."

"Cospetto, no, Christophero; 'twas thine own fault entirely; thou knowest very well thou shouldst not have kept so close to the *rica*; 'tis against the ordinances. Faith, if I were to have thee up before the 'Signori alle acque,' I trow they would lay upon thee smartly in the shape of fine."

"Well, well," said the other, "whoever was in the wrong, thou hast got the best fare and the most damage. See you how the side of your boat has bent the iron of my prow and well-nigh broken it in two; but I bear thee no malice, Taddeo."

"Nay, for the matter of that," said the other, "I will keep

up no grudge either. So come along, *compare*, I care not if I stand a *bicchieri di vinello*."

"Diavolo, what dost talk about—a *bicchieri di vinello*! I tell thee, we cannot do less than drink a whole fiasco of the best wine, *Liatico* or *Muscadine* at the least, to the health of his excellency. So push away, *Caro mio*, no one keeps better wine than old *Paolo*, the taverner, near the church of San Nicolo."

While the boatmen were gliding amicably away through one of the lateral canals that led from the Canale Grande to the quarter of San Nicolo, the two gentlemen whom they had been rowing had passed through the pillared hall, and up the marble staircase, and entered a stately apartment such as the Venetian nobles delighted to display for the reception of guests. The walls were covered with ancestral pictures, and the furniture was rich in gold and marble, and curiously wrought tables, and costly ornaments of glass. Giulio now cordially embraced his friend, pressing him within his arms, and touching either cheek with his lips—a custom which at first strikes an Englishman as extravagant and effeminate, but which, in time, he learns to feel is neither the one nor the other amongst people whose impulses are stronger by nature, and put under less restraint by education than are our own.

"Welcome, once more welcome, my dear Jacques, to Venice and to my father's house. I grieve he is not here to receive the friend and benefactor of his son as his merits deserve; but count his house your own; and such poor cheer as it can afford in these times of war and necessity is heartily at your command."

"A thousand thanks, dear Giulio," said the other, warmly returning the pressure of his friend's hand. "But in truth thou dost rate too highly the trifling service that it was my good fortune to render thee in the gay capital of France. The loan of a few gold pieces happily enabled thee to avail thyself of the fortune of the dice, and to retrieve thyself. It was a pleasant sight to see thee take thy revenge upon the sharpers of Paris. But as thou must needs remember this matter, why thou shalt even repay the obligation tenfold by showing me some of the wonders of your celebrated city of Venice, whereof I have heard so much."

"Most willingly, my dear Jacques," said the young Venetian, "though I advertise thee that thou shalt see us now but to small advantage. The present war has drained the city of our gayest nobles, and thou wilt find Venice but a *triste* place just now. But tell me, to what favouring gale we are indebted to thy presence? When we parted in France, a visit to Italy was not in thy thoughts."

"In good faith, Giulio, I am, as thou knowest, but a rolling stone at best, gathering little moss, as the proverb hath it."

"Aye, Jacques, but gaining all the more polish."

"Well, it may be so," said the other. "But now, how wilt thou order our movements?"

"Why, Jacques, it is yet too early to see our clarissimos and ladies, so we shall even sail forth in the meantime to see whatever chance may throw in our way. Believe me, there are things in this our Venice that will amuse thee, if it be but for their strangeness."

"It is so reported," said Jacques, "and I long much to inspect them."

"Meanwhile," said Giulio, "your effects shall be brought from the *Ostria*, and then we shall return to doff our travelling attire, and prepare for visiting. I would willingly make you known to some of my fair countrywomen."

"That is what I most desire. I have always heard that your Venetian dames are not easily accessible to strangers, but that they are beautiful and charming; and in truth I count much on your friendship in affording me this pleasure."

"That will I gladly, and thou shalt confess that rumour has not overrated their loveliness. So look to your heart, Jacques."

The young man laughed with careless gaiety—"Oh, fear not for me, Giulio, I am well nigh proof against the spells of woman!"

"We shall see, we shall see," said the other; "be not over-boastful, my friend."

"Well, well, let us proceed. Thou shalt first pledge me, Jacques, in a cup of such wine as Venice affords."

So saying, Giulio summoned a servant, who speedily entered bearing a salver upon which were various refreshments and two large bottles of coloured glass, small in the neck, but swelling out into very goodly dimensions in the body, and which from their shape had obtained the name of *Ingistère*. When they were set down on the table, the host continued:—

"Here is wine of Cyprus, if thou wilt; or, what sayest thou to this other, which is from the grape of Southern Italy? We count the *Lagrima di Christo* the most delectable of all liquors."

"And with justice," said Jacques; "I have heard of a worthy French monk who was so affected with its delicious flavour, that he exclaimed, '*O Domine, Domine, cur non lacrymasti in regionibus nostris*!'"

"The taste of the good father was more to be commended than his piety," remarked Giulio, with a smile; "but let it pass. So now fill to our pleasant rambles."

"Buon viaggio," said Jacques, pouring out the wine into a drinking glass, and courteously touching the rim of his host's *bicchieri* with his own.

The young men issued forth from the palazzo at the side opposite that which faced the canal, and found themselves in a *cortile*, which having traversed, they passed along various narrow streets or *calli*, and crossing occasionally the small canals by means of steep bridges which were ascended by flights of steps on either side, at length they emerged into more open ground in the front of the church of *San Geminiano*, which forms the western limit of the Piazza di San Marco.

A little beyond the façade of the church, a dense crowd was collected, consisting principally of the lower classes, mechanics, sailors, and labourers, with here and there a merchant or a master of a bottega, the one arrested, it might be, in his passage through the great thoroughfare of Venice, the other attracted from his counter to witness the spectacle at which they were now looking. There were not wanting, too, troops of boys and an abundance of the women of that rank in life who scruple not to be abroad whenever their avocations require, and their large veils of black, white, and yellow, according to their age and condition of wife, maid, or widow, and their glancing necks and shoulders, which were but poorly concealed by such flimsy covering, gave variety and piquancy to the scene. The most casual observer could not fail to be struck with the fact that the heads of the women for the most part were on a level with those of the other sex, and indeed occasionally out-topped them. When one looked down, however, the mystery was solved, for each woman stood in a strange sort of wooden clogs, called *cioppini*, covered with leather of different colours, according to the caprice of the wearer, and varying in height from a few inches to half a foot. The concourse thus brought together were evidently intent upon some object that was in the Piazza, in the direction of Saint Mark's, and as the further progress of the two friends was somewhat impeded, they also turned their eyes in the same direction. Midway in the Piazza was a rude stage of boards, raised up some few feet from the ground upon benches or forms; and upon the stage appeared several persons, some of them with masks of a grotesque character, and all dressed in the tawdry bravery of players of those days. One was readily recognised by the gaudy colours of his hose and doublet, and the immense ruff beneath his chin, as the representative of the gallant or young lover; another, by his visard and antics, was unmistakably the fool or jack-pudding; while two or three women (an unusual thing except in Venice at this period) appeared in various dresses. But the principal of the troop was the *ciarlatano* or mountebank, who stood at one extremity of the stage near to a large chest, in which were deposited a strange variety of the most incongruous things imaginable. A flourish of music ensued, which, to speak truly, was more commendable for its noise and energy than for any harmony which was produced; indeed, harmony could not be reasonably expected from the

musicians themselves, or the instruments upon which they performed, which were cornets, lutes, and hurdy-gurdys, or vielles as they were called. During this performance, the ciarlatano opened the chest and drew forth his various wares. There were unguents of divers kinds in bottles of various colours; waters and lotions of marvellous virtues; drugs of unheard of potency; elixirs, salves, cosmetics, songs, charms, and a multitude of other wonders which no tongue save his own could recount or describe. These, as he took them forth one by one, he held up to the gaze of the multitude, and when the first tempest of music was stilled, the ciarlatano raised himself to his full height, and extending both his hands, the fingers of which were covered with thick, silver rings, he held up a phial with an oily liquid in one hand, and flourished the other as he addressed the people.

Jacques said to his friend—"Stop a little, Giulio; I would gladly listen to one of your ciarlatani, who, I hear, are the most wonderful in the world."

The young men accordingly stood still, and had no difficulty in hearing the mountebank's oration.

"Eccomi, cittadini di Venetria, eccomi, Bartolomeo Venturini, medico, magico, astrologico, dentista e professore. Here am I, who can read the stars, cure all diseases, and draw teeth—*sans aucun dolore*—without your feeling as much as a twitch of pain. Messires, have any of you here a bad tooth? Eh ben, I can draw it, if it have one prong, or two prongs, or three prongs (and here he held up a finger for each prong), be they straight or crooked (twisting his fingers together), it is all the same to Bartolomeo Venturini. Ebbene, qui vuol un di queste mirabile bottiglie? And only two zecchini a-piece." The ciarlatano upon this held out the bottle to the crowd.

"What is it good for?" asked an old woman who had made her way up near to the stage.

"What is it good for?" said Bartolomeo, repeating her question. "What is it *not* good for, mamma mia? 'Tis good for cholics and rheumatism—for the ague and for the fever; aye, per bacco, and for the plague itself."

"Santissima Virgine!" ejaculated the old woman, at the dreaded name of the plague. "If 'tis good for all these, 'twil do something for the rheum in my eyes, belike."

"Sicuro, madre mia, sicuro, 'tis the very thing for them. Here"—and he gave the poor old soul the bottle, and got her money.

"Ah, bella, bella," addressing a smart young widow, "thou hast nothing amiss with thine eyes, and needst no salve or wash for them, but I have the choicest cosmetic for thy cheeks, that will make them glow like the brazen horses above St. Mark's, there beyond, with the sun shining on them."

The widow simpered, and said nothing; nevertheless, when the quack held out a little box of unguent to her and said, "Only four zecchini, bella donna," the money speedily found its way into his hand, and the bottle into hers.

"Who wants juleps for all sorts of weakness of the limbs? Ecco una medicina maravigliosa! una medicina santissima!" and he held up high in the air a small paper packet "the receipt whereof was gotten from the blessed Saint Luke the physician himself. Know you not all of you Giuseppe Ladro, the Calzolaio, the cobler, that lives hard by? Well, his brother Tomaso, un povero diavolo, did I not cure him of a weakness and anguish of his loins, when he was doubled up—thus—così?" And the knave mimicked a man bent together with pain, in a manner so irresistibly comic, that the whole of the rabble burst into shouts of laughter.

And so the wily charlatan continued to sell his nostrums, and above all his love philtres and charms in all directions. Then, when he rested for a while, the others began to play and sing, and the jack-pudding amused the bystanders with all sorts of jokes and smart things suitable to his auditory.

After a short time, Bartolomeo again advanced to the front of the stage with a knife in his hand, and, baring his left arm, he inflicted a frightful gash mid-way between the wrist and elbow that seemed to cut almost into the bone. The blood

spouted from the arteries so frightfully, that one would have thought the man could not fail to bleed to death in a few moments, and the shrieks of the women, and ejaculations of the men, at once testified to their horror and astonishment. The mountebank, however, poured upon the wound a dark glutinous balsam, and in a moment the blood was stanchied, and when the arm was wiped the wound was not discoverable. This marvel being performed, he drew from the inexhaustible chest a large viper, and suffered the reptile to crawl and twine round his naked arm. He was just announcing to the wondering crowd how that this same viper, with whose sting he played, was lineally descended from the very reptile that stung the blessed Saint Paul at Melita, when his eye recognised Giulio and his friend at the outer extremity of his audience.

"Ah! noble young gentleman, excellent clarissimi!" cried he. "What can Bartolomeo do for you? Here is a miride unguent from a cock's comb to make your beards grow; or will you have a philtre of agnus castus to cause all the doors of Venice to fly open to you, and to set every bella ragazzina in the town dying of love for your sweet persons?"

The youths, as might be expected, only smiled but made no reply, and now endeavoured to make their way along the skirt of the crowd, seeing that the eyes of the people were turned upon them. But the ciarlatano was not to be thus baffled, for he well knew that a joke at the expense of a noble, when it could be indulged in safely, was ever relished by the people with the keenest enjoyment.

"Nay, do not depart yet, eccellentissimi: we have got choice drugs for nobles. Here is a famous purge for pride; this other is a fomentation to bring down vanity; and here are sweating powders to assuage sensuality."

The young men had by this time pressed onward, and had reached almost the centre of the Piazza, and come right opposite the front of the mountebank's stage; Giulio turned round quickly at these last words, and looking scornfully at the utterer, exclaimed—

"Per dio, varlet, wert thou not beneath my displeasure, it were well done to send thee to the office of the '*Cinque della Pace*,' hard by. A score of stripes across thy back would, I trow, be a better medicine to cure thee of petulance, than all thy drugs and nostrums."

Bartolomeo was stung by the bitterness of the youth's rebuke, more than he would have been by louder or angrier words; and as the laws for the internal regulation of the city were administered somewhat laxly during the war, he was emboldened to take his revenge. So he continued his bantering:—

"Brave gentlemen, would ye have the latest news from the troops, seeing that ye keep at home with your mothers; or shall I consult the stars and cast your nativities. Beseech you, let me calculate your horoscopes, noble sirs?" continued he, taking from the chest a paper covered with squares and triangles, and marked with strange characters. "Or would ye rather have a proof of my skill in the wonderful art of Palmistry? Show me your hands, sweet sirs, and I will tell you your fortunes, incontinently. Nay, then," he continued, seeing that the persons whom he thus interrogated made no reply, "nay, then, I shall show you, noble sirs, that Bartolomeo Venturini knows you better than you know yourselves. Your fates are written on your faces for him who can decipher the legend by the divine light of the science of metoposcopy."

At this moment the faces of the young men were turned directly towards the speaker, and he proceeded to comment upon their features in a rapid and elevated voice, which gradually lost all the bitterness of tone in which he had so lately accosted them. Indeed, he was now apparently hurried away by the contemplation of his subject, forgetful of everything else; and one could well believe that he was as much the dupe of his own fantasies as were those whom he endeavoured to mystify—a result not uncommon with persons who had given themselves to the study of the occult sciences, as they were called.

"Ah! how plain are the planetary influences upon that

countenance," cried he—but to which of the youths he alluded it was impossible to discover;—"I trace them as clearly as I would upon the heavens of a starlit night. How *Mars* dominates on that high forehead! Choleric, fiery, courageous, and, at the same time, haughty and somewhat reckless; he is one who brooks not readily to bend to the will of another. A fine nose, truly, with a well-defined nostril—ah! *Venus* lies there, as if it were her own Paphos; I find he is of a sweet nature, loving and somewhat voluptuous; and one who shall be loved with the whole heart of woman. But, then, I like not the curl of that lip: truly, *Mercury* is malign in the mouth, and crosses *Venus* with a sinister influence. Alas, what a pity! Assuredly, some evil awaits him, and that in a quarter whence he least expects it—sad, sad!"

The man muttered a few words which were inaudible: then turning, as it seemed, to the consideration of the other face, he said:—

"Dio, what fine eyes!—*Sol* in the meridian and *Luna* at the full. Truly hast thou a benevolent and noble disposition: faithful in friendship, and true; ingenious, yet secret; sincere, yet reserved and thoughtful; engaging manners; no craven anxiety about the future; imaginative, versatile, fond of travel and of knowledge, a lover of the arts. And yet see how *Saturn* lowers in that left ear, and flings his pale, leaden shadow across the hollow cheek! Ahime! thou, too, young man, shalt have thy hour of sorrow."

While the charlatan was uttering these disjointed comments upon the characters and destinies of the youths, mingled with the unintelligible jargon of that now-explored lore which pretended to assign to each of the planets and zodiacal signs a particular feature over which it was said to exercise a special influence,—the rabble listening the while in mute wonder,—the objects of his remarks, as if wrought on by an irresistible fascination, stood still, affected to some extent by the enthusiasm of the speaker. Now, however, they held on their way again, and had nearly effected their escape from the crowd, when the voice of the conjuror pursued them in deep and solemn accents:—

"Thou shalt seek a bride in her house, but thou shalt find the angel of death there before thee! She whom thou wouldst take to thy heart shall be ravished from thee for ever. Through the portals whence the bride should go forth in the morning to the altar, shall the corpse be borne at evening to the grave. So do the planets portend, and so do I declare."

The words of this prophecy, though it was doubtful to which of the young men they were addressed, arrested at once the step and the attention of Giulio, and made him turn pale with a mingled feeling of rage and horror. Half drawing his short rapier, which was concealed beneath his cloak, he was springing forward to administer a chastisement upon Bartolomeo that would, in all probability, have defied the efficacy of his wonderful styptic to heal, when Jacques, seeing at a glance all the danger of so rash a step—for the people observed the movement and shewed symptoms of taking part with Bartolomeo,—seized his friend by the arm, and hurried him forward towards the church of San Marco.

"Nay, Giulio," said Jacques, as they stood beneath the western portico of the chapel, "thou shouldst not heed the random words of that poor devil. If the stars are to declare the course of our lives, they must be conjured by some more potent influences than yonder quacksalver can command."

Giulio laughed, but made no reply, and so they passed between the columns of porphyry and verd-antique which support the arches of the façade, and passed into the interior of the building.

But, despite of his gay laugh, the mind of the young Venetian was not altogether at ease. At the period of which we write, it will be borne in mind, men's intellects were but little emancipated from the trammels of gross superstition. A belief in the occult sciences was everywhere prevalent, and the most enlightened minds did not venture to discredit the marvels of witchcraft and demonology. Amongst other dark lore, astrology was then in high repute; and we cannot wonder at the universal credence it obtained in this age, when we recollect

that two centuries later, Catherine de Medicis and Cardinal Mazarin regulated their conduct in every affair of moment by astrological predictions; that Dee gained influence over the strong mind of our own Elizabeth, and visited the courts of Poland and Bohemia; and, later still, Lilly gave public lectures in astrology, calculated nativities, received a golden chain from the warlike Charles Gustavus of Sweden, and was consulted by Charles the First of England. It could not, therefore, be expected that Giulio Polani should be above the prejudices or the superstitions of his age; and though his disposition did not lead him to shrink at physical danger, in the case of supernatural influences he was no more valiant than others. Thus a morbid sensibility of feeling, increased, no doubt, by the interview of the preceding evening with Bianca, and the revival of all his old affections, made him apply the words of the charlatan to himself and to her whom he already hoped would yet be his bride; and without acknowledging to himself that he believed thoroughly in the prophetic powers of Bartolomeo, yet neither did he feel the assurance that the prophecy, strange as it seemed, was nothing more than what his friend Jacques had pronounced it—the random words of a mere quacksalver.

For a time, despite of himself, he was moody and abstracted; but—not caring to let his friend see that he was really disturbed by what Jacques did not think worth a thought, though it might apply as well to the one as the other—he rallied his spirits, and by a strong effort shook off the uneasy feeling. Occupying himself in showing to the stranger the glories of a city of which every Venetian was justly proud, Giulio soon forgot the scene of the morning, and not a shadow lingered in his memory to mar the sunshine of his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"O mercy God! what masking stuff is here?"

What's this? a sleeve?—'tis like a demi-canon.

What! up and down carved like an apple tart?

Here snip and nip, and cut and slash and slash.

Why what the devil callest thou this?—*Taming of the Shrew.*

It might be then an hour of the mid-day when the two friends sat together in one of the saloons of the Palazzo Polani. They had partaken of that meal which in those days preceded noon, though succeeding generations and the advance of civilisation has gradually postponed it, till, in our own days, it is never witnessed by the sun. In a word, they had dined, and now sat in pleasant converse previous to going abroad for an afternoon's lounge. On the table beside them stood various flasks of those fine wines the Venetians imported from all parts.

The style in which the gentlemen were dressed indicated that their intention was to seek the places of fashionable resort. They had laid aside the plainer attire in which we found them in the early forenoon, and now appeared, each in the costume of his own country. Jacques wore a jupon, or cote-hardie reaching half-way down his thigh, at this period considered a very smart and fashionable curtailment of the length of these garments. It was of black velvet, and the sleeves opened midway in the upper arm, so that the arm itself could pass out at pleasure, leaving the rest of the sleeve to hang down till the wearer should be disposed to draw it on. At present it was not in use, and the part of the arm thus uncovered displayed the tight-fitting sleeve of the under garment or vest, which was of satin; the right sleeve was red, the left one yellow. A belt of embroidered leather passed loosely over the hips, so that it sloped downwards beneath the stomach; and from it depended, in front, a short sword or dagger in a sheath of crimson velvet, tipped with a ferule of gold. The hose, like the vest, fitted tightly to the person, from the thigh to the ankle, and was of the same colours and material as the inner sleeves, only that those colours were on opposite sides—the right leg being yellow, while the left was red. His shoes were made of black velvet, very long, and tapering to a sharp point at the toe, and were fastened to the foot by a band of black velvet which passed over the instep. Round his neck was a cape of crimson velvet edged with gold; and on a

chair near him lay his cap, which was also of crimson velvet, ornamented with a large button of gold, and a plume of white feathers; across the cap were carelessly thrown his embroidered gloves.

The costume of Giulio Polani was very different from that of his guest, or from what the Venetian gentlemen of more advanced years were in the habit of wearing. But it will be remembered that Giulio was yet within the age of full manhood, and considerable latitude in dress was permitted to the young nobles during their non-age, before which period the sumptuary laws in relation to dress were not enforced. He wore a doublet of mulberry-coloured satin tabby, which was slashed on the breast and sleeves in the form of a cross, through which appeared the lining of yellow taffeta; the dress was closed down the front from the neck by buttons or studs of gold, and terminated at the upper end by a lace ruff, and a chain of Venetian wrought gold hung midway down his breast. The hose matched the doublet in material and colour, and was slashed upon the thigh, and shoes of dark Spanish morocco leather completed his attire.

"And so thou sayest, Jacques, that thou findest this, our Venice, does not disappoint thy expectations?"

"In faith, no, Giulio; for once, Fame hath not been a liar. Your Chiesa di San Marco hath not its equal in the world. And the palaces of your nobles may compare with those of any other land."

"Ah, but thou shouldst see us under happier circumstances, when war has not drained us of our wealth and thinned our city of its noblest, and wealthiest, and gayest. But, come, there is still somewhat for thee to see, and thou shalt now make thy selection. Shall we take a turn or two in the piazza and piazzetta of Saint Mark? There you shall be sure to meet such of our claressini and gay youths as are in town. 'Tis the fashionable promenade of Venice in the afternoon."

"Faith, Giulio, thou must arrange our mode of proceeding thyself. To me all is new."

"Well, then, let us first to the promenade. After that we shall stroll into the Merceria, where we shall not fail to see some of our fair dames and donzelle looking at the mercers' wares and the stationery. Afterwards we shall step into a gondola, and run down to the Murano to have a stroll in the public gardens, and taste the most delicious oysters in the world."

"And see your manufactory of crystal, Giulio, of which I have heard so much. Is it true what they report, that the glass has such an excellent virtue and purity that it will not bear the slightest taint of any poison, but will incontinently break if but a drop be poured into it?"

"Such is the common belief," answered the Venetian; "but I cannot certify the fact of my own knowledge."

"Come, then, Giulio, let us make use of our time. As an old traveller, I know its value."

The young men now rose from the table, and prepared to leave the house, Giulio throwing over his gay attire the Venetian cloak of sombre black; but to indemnify himself for this compliance with the gravity of the Venetians, he placed on his head a bonnet of rich morone velvet, having an ornamental band and a rich loop and button.

We shall not follow the two friends in their promenade through the piazza and the piazzetta, nor detail how the young Venetian explained to his companion the manner in which the different offices and grades of the Venetian nobles were indicated by the various colours with which their gowns were faced, the length of the sleeves, or of the flaps that fell over the left shoulder. In one respect, however, Jacques observed, that they were all similarly attired, namely, in the flat black cap of felt, which was very low and small and had no brim, and in the small band of linen that fell down not more than an inch or two. Giulio encountered more than one of those who had been his intimate companions before he had gone to travel; the meeting in those cases was in remarkable contrast to the general sobriety of demeanour which the Venetians affected. They embraced and kissed each other on the cheeks,

and repeated the salutation at parting; while in the cases of recognition between mere acquaintances, each made a low formal bow, and placed the right hand upon the breast.

"Ah, what a stately figure!" said Jacques to his friend, as they passed down the Merceria.

Giulio looked in the direction to which his companion pointed, and replied:

"What, that lady in the veil of white holland edged with bone-lace; she that wears the robe of flowered black silk with enormous sleeves reaching almost to the ground?"

"And who walks upon red chioppine half a cubit high," added Jacques. "Pardieu, she would surely fall if she were not borne up under the left arm by that serving-man. The same."

Giulio laughed heartily, as he surveyed the stately gentleman to whom his friend alluded.

"Ah, carissimo!" he replied, "that is indeed a very noble signora, as you would have at once known from the height of her chioppine, had you been familiar with these our customs of Venice. That is the lady Lucretia Polani, my very honoured kinswoman, one of the most pious matrons, as well as the most inveterate gossips, in all Venice. I dare be sworn she is now going to gratify her vanity for dress in some of the fashionable shops, after which she will most likely turn her steps to the chiesa to perform her devotions. Ah! there, too, is my cousin, her fair daughter Caterina."

"What, that donzella with the huge veil of pale yellow silk, which is quilled in such a strange fashion? in good sooth, it is slight and aerial as gossamer."

"And as transparent as a summer cloud. I warrant me, Jacques, you have no difficulty in discovering through it that Caterina is a charming brunette, with a pair of black eyes that sparkle like stars at midnight."

"And a finely-turned shoulder and bosom," added Jacques, which that cobweb kerchief of lawn doth ill conceal."

"At all events this meeting is most fortunate; let us pay our respects; I shall make you known to the ladies."

So saying, Giulio advanced, and lifting his bonnet from his head (a reverence which Venetians only showed to men of the highest rank and to ladies), and making a profound and courteous obeisance, said:

"I salute the noble Signora Lucretia Polani. Have I the felicity to find her excellency in the enjoyment of good health?"

The matron drew herself up haughtily, not recognising the person who addressed her; but the sharper eyes and quicker memory of Caterina in a moment discovered who the seeming stranger was, and so, with a joyous exclamation, she said:

"Why, dearest mother, have you forgotten our kinsman, Giulio?"

"Ah, Santissima Maria, is it possible?" said the elder lady.

"Tis even as my fair cousin hath said," replied Giulio; "let me thank her for her kind recognition," and he saluted the blushing beauty with more warmth and gallantry than he had shown towards the matron.

"Well, Giulio, I am heartily glad to see thee, child; why, thou art grown a man outright. But when did you return to Venice? where did you come from? what have you been doing? how are you? what news from the count, your father? Ah, I have a thousand questions to ask you, and so many things to tell you, too; who is that foreteller?" This last she added in a lower tone, glancing towards Giulio's friend, who stood a little apart.

"With your excellency's permission I will make known to you my most honoured friend and sometime companion in Paris, the Sieur Jacques Dela Mole."

The matron returned the bow of the young gentlemen with a gracious yet ceremonious movement of the head; the bright eyes of Caterina gave a warmer acknowledgment to the courtly salutation, which the youth concluded with a glance of respectful admiration and a gallant pressure of his hand upon his heart.

The matron turned towards Giulio and resumed—

"I am just going to a mercer's booth yonder, to see some Dalmatian velvets, which he hath apprised me have just arrived to him, and are, he says, of rare beauty. Shall I have the honour of your escort and that of your friend, and the benefit of your judgments in the matter? You travellers should be judges of everything."

The gentlemen assented. Giulio placed himself at the right side of his elder relative, while Jacques attached himself to the younger lady. When they had inspected the merchant's wares, the matron selected a figured velvet cloth, richly embroidered with gold, and demanded its price.

"Ah!" said the crafty mercer, with an obsequious bow, "the Signora's taste is unimpeachable; that is the finest cloth of velvet in Venice. Her highness the Dogressa has as yet been the only lady to whom I have shown it, and she has purchased a robe of it."

This announcement at once decided the lady's choice, and she accordingly ordered a mantle of the costly fabric. Let not our readers be surprised at this extravagance of a Venetian lady. At the period of which we write, their expensive luxury in dress had reached a height that must have been very formidable to their lords, with whose graver apparel that of their wives and daughters so strikingly contrasted. To such a pitch had the feminine passion for dress arisen, that in the beginning of the fifteenth century some of the Venetian ladies appeared in robes that were covered over with gold, and of such vastness that the sleeves touched the ground. The senate was at length obliged to interfere to check this perilous mania, and by a sumptuary law of the year 1402, it was ordered that the sleeves of the ladies' robes should not exceed in circumference eight *quarters*, and that the robes themselves should not be wider than eight braccia. As to the matter of the robes of gold, "it appeared," in the words of an old Venetian writer, "to be a very grave affair to the fathers," and accordingly they ordained that it should not be lawful for any woman to be so attired for the future. At this day one smiles to think of the dread powers of the law being brought to bear upon such things as the cut of a lady's sleeve or the texture of her garments. Were such tyranny attempted to be recorded upon our statute-book in the benign reign of Queen Victoria, we verily believe that "the better half" of the nation would be in a state of insurrection, and the *modistes* of the kingdom would organise the overthrow of the ministry.

"Now," said the elder lady, when she had completed her purchase, "I am going to the chiesa; one, you know, my dear young friend, should never be remiss in the discharge of religious duties. I never am. Is not that so, Caterina?"

"Indeed it is, dearest mother," said the girl; "I sometimes think your over strict devotion may injure your health."

"I am a good Catholic, I humbly trust," replied the lady, with a self-satisfied air that partook but little of humility. "Gentlemen, will you be disposed to accompany us to prayers?"

An arch smile lurked on the lips of the daughter, which her thin veil could not entirely conceal, at this invitation from her mother. The young men, however, excused themselves on the score of previous engagements.

"Ah, che infortunio!" replied the matron. "Well, you must assuredly call to see me before evening. We shall be at home in an hour, and shall be happy to receive the Sieur de la Mole at our Palazzo."

A willing assent was given to this invitation, and the two parties took leave of each other. The ladies proceeded to their devotions, while Giulio and his friend stepped into a gondola, and glided through the small canals in a north-easterly direction, till they emerged into the lagoons and entered into the canal leading to the island of Murano.

Then, as now, the island of Murano was, to use the language of one of our own countrymen who visited it some centuries ago, "a very delectable and populous place, having many faire buildings both public and private, and divers very pleasant gardens;" it is not, therefore, to be wondered that the two friends spent a considerable time in so agreeable a locality. The sun was, it might be, half-way on his westward journey

towards the blue hills of Verona, when the young men found themselves again in Venice.

"And now," said Giulio, "I propose we pay our promised visit to Madonna Lucretzia. You will find an hour pass away not unpleasantly, believe me, with her sprightly daughter; for the better insuring whereof, I shall take upon myself to occupy her honoured mother."

"An excellent arrangement," said Jacques, smiling; "let us proceed forthwith."

The prow of the gondola was turned in the direction indicated by Giulio, and in a few moments they entered the principal reception-room of the palazzo.

We will not venture to affirm that either of the youths felt any very great disappointment when they found that the beautiful Caterina was its only occupant. She was superbly clothed in a dress of rich flounced brocade, so fashioned as to expose to view the bosom and back to an extent that, in our days and country, would be thought scarcely consistent with maidenly propriety; but the truth is, that the over strictness exercised over the ladies of Venice in their attire and deportment out of doors, produced the natural result of stimulating them to greater licence in their houses. The waist was long, so as to allow room for the display of a rich stomacher; the neck was encircled by an enormous quilled ruff of bone-lace, and the yellow veil of the morning was replaced by one of white gauze, which was thrown back from the head, and stood out from the shoulders like an immense wing; in her hand she held a circular fan, and over her head towered the mass of crisped curls in two mountains glittering with unguents that made them look like hills in the sunset. In a few moments a waiting-maid, fantastically dressed, as was the habit of her class, entered, bearing from the signora a request that Giulio would come to her in her dressing-room, a request with which he immediately complied, leaving his fair cousin and his agreeable friend to the enjoyment of a *l'été-a-l'été*.

Madonna Lucretzia Polani received her young kinsman within the very penetralia of the shrine—a favour only conceded to those who are nearly allied, or on terms of the most familiar intimacy. It so happened, that at the moment, an operation of a most important and mysterious nature was in progress; and as it was peculiar to Venetian ladies, and has now, alas! with many another peculiarity—things of wisdom and glory as well as of vanity and folly—passed away for ever, we shall count ourselves fortunate in being able to record it for the admiration, if not for the imitation, of the fair daughters of our own land. To speak plainly, then, the noble dame was then undergoing that peculiar process by which the Venetian *checcure* was worked up into that wonderful formation which we have already alluded to. Be it known, then, that the Lady Lucretzia sat in a window which commanded a south-western aspect, so that the sun at the moment was shining strongly into the room through the open *jalousies*; her hair was gathered up all round her head, and enclosed within a high circlet of lead, somewhat like a crown, which fitted close to the head; within this, a serving-maid poured certain oleaginous and perfumed drugs, the properties of which were to dye the hair of a light colour, a hue much affected by the Venetian women, as enhancing the brilliancy of a dark complexion, which they considered the most beautiful. The lady held a mirror in her hand, and from time to time inspected the operation; and when she deemed that a sufficient quantity of the dye had been absorbed by her hair she then directed the next step in the process, which was to fling back her hair and spread it out over the rim of the leaden circlet, so that it was exposed to the sun, which gradually bleached and dried it. This was a slow and tedious process one may judge; but vanity is a passion that is full of patience and as enduring as charity itself. It was in this stage of the proceeding that Giulio arrived, and the lady hailed his coming, as it afforded an agreeable mode of alleviating the tedium of the toilette, and the best opportunity of satisfying her love of acquiring and communicating everything new or interesting.

"Welcome, my dear kinsman," said the lady, as the young man entered, "you see I accord to you the privilege of a relation."

The youth bowed his acknowledgment, while the lady continued—"Come, sit down here beside me. Well," she proceeded when he was seated, "Che nuove ci portate? What news have you for me? You must tell me all about your travels, and first of all about this friend of yours. Where did you make his acquaintance?"

"In Paris last year."

"Ah! is he a Frenchman?"

"I have always considered him to be so, but in truth I never took the trouble of inquiring."

"Dear me, how strange; never to have the curiosity to ask him where he came from. Do you know any of his family?"

"Not one. He had no relatives that I know of in Paris, nor for ought I know in the world."

"My dear Giulio, how very imprudent of you to form an intimacy with you know not whom. You don't know how disadvantageous such an acquaintance may prove to you."

"True, dear signora, but I know how advantageous it has proved to me. He has rendered me a signal service."

"Ah! what was it? I should so like to know."

"Pardon me, I am not at liberty to disclose it. He has insisted that I should not."

"Well, how very singular. But now tell me every thing about yourself."

Giulio being under no restraint on this subject, proceeded to detail such points as he thought might prove interesting to his auditors. Meantime the sun did its duty upon the hue and moisture of the lady's locks, after which the serving-maiden removed the leaden crown, and heating in a brazier, which stood at the further end of the apartment, a pair of frizzling or crisping irons, she plied them with such skill upon the locks of her mistress, that in a short time she raised a vast superstructure over the forehead, which accumulated at either side, in one of those monstrous peaks. When this operation was performed, nothing further remained to complete the personal adornment of the Signora Polani, save drawing on a loose robe of satin tabby. Having done this, she graciously took the young man's arm, and proceeded to the apartment where we left Jacques and Caterina engaged in a *tête-à-tête*, which we have no doubt each party had wit enough to improve to the utmost.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE 12th of May, 1853, was a great day for Ireland; for on that day the triumphant experiment of 1851 was repeated in the centre of her beautiful metropolis. Of the influence of such an experiment on the welfare of England's sister kingdom there can be little doubt; for, though the Exhibition of 1853 is on a much smaller scale than that of 1851, it is in many respects in advance of it. Indeed, if we consider for a moment the different positions of the two cities—London, the metropolis of the British empire and of the whole world, Dublin, the principal city of a kingdom but lately risen from the slough of famine and despond—we shall easily understand how far the Irish people have profited by the great example set before them. In the nineteenth century, with the powers of the printing-press, of steam, and of electricity to aid us, we are reviving—it has been well observed—in new forms, adapted to our wants and social states, the great fairs and chivalric gatherings of the middle ages, and the classic games and contests of still remoter times. We have found in the arts of industry and the departments of trade a glorious embodiment of the spirit of modern civilisation. This is the secret of the exhibitions which are now springing up in all the great capitals of the world; this is the motive power which brings the artists and manufacturers of New York and London, Paris and Dublin, Berlin and Petersburg, Antwerp and Vienna, into such intimate connexion and friendly rivalry. The present generation of men, devoted to peaceful pursuits, has not the less, on that account, the enthusiasm and romance of character which belonged to the men of the old time. These sentiments remain substantially the same, though the complexion of them has changed with the circumstances under which they have been evolved. Four hundred years ago the public will and spirit was expressed in tournaments and crusades—to-day the same chivalric sentiment shows itself in exhibitions of international industry; and it is simply the force of events which has substituted executive committees, and glass and iron palaces, and the bloodless contention of skilled labour, for lists, and men-at-arms, and fierce encounters with lance and shield. If this be so, there is an immense and happy significance in the circumstance of that second great display opened to the industries of all countries is held in the metropolis of Ireland. Several weeks in advance of our New York Exhibition, though considerably later in the field—far in advance of the Parisian industrial show, and winning the earliest laurels even from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—the Dublin International Exhibition may be looked upon as a great hope and promise for the future of Ireland.

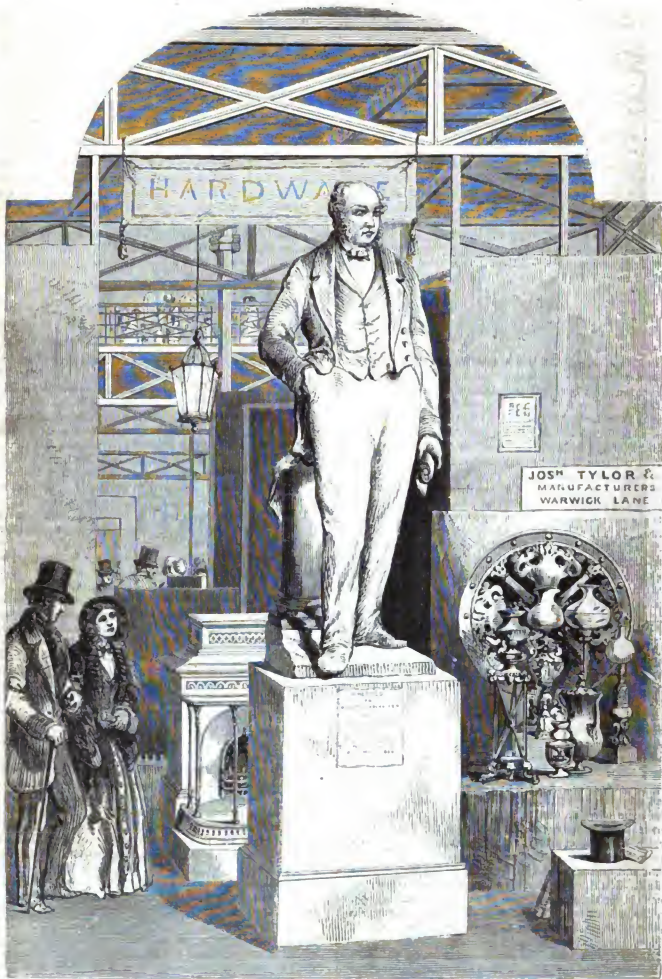
At this moment, not only are the "eyes of Europe" upon

the Irish metropolis, but "our own correspondents" are busy in recording the triumphs which the Industrial Exhibition is every day achieving. And it is a proud reflection for Irishmen, that they have raised this beautiful building, and filled it with the evidences of skill and the products of industry, by means entirely their own. Without government assistance of any kind, but by sheer force of perseverance, and through the patriotic endeavours of a single individual, the Irish Exhibition of 1853 has won for itself a name and distinction which cannot but be beneficial to the social, industrial, and political welfare of the people.

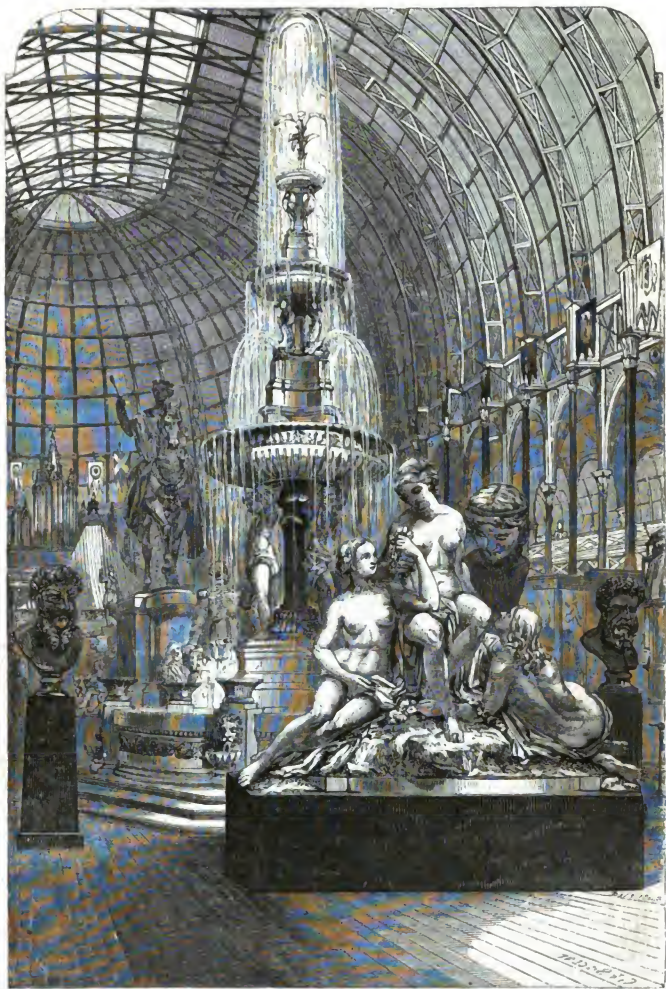
We have already—*ante vol. i. p. 153*—made our readers acquainted with the patriotic Mr. Dargan, to whom, indeed, the present Exhibition is mainly owing; or we might show how, rising from the people, and possessing a spirit, energy, and liberality which appears to belong as much, or more, to the merchants and traders of our time, as to the inheritors of great historic names, he has laboured untiringly, grudging neither time nor money, for the good of his country. Although upwards of £100,000 have been advanced by Mr. Dargan for the purposes of the Exhibition, for the repayment of which he looks alone to the receipts at the doors, it must never be forgotten, that the main motive of this gentleman has been, not pecuniary benefit or advantageous employment of capital, but a desire to place within the reach of his humble countrymen, in the midst of their own metropolis, a collection of the products of human skill and ingenuity, the contemplation of which might encourage them to work out with patience and self-reliance the great problem of their own social and political welfare.

The beautiful building in which the Exhibition is held is the production of Mr. Benson, from whose designs it has been erected. By reference to the annexed ground plan, the distribution of the various parts will be understood.

The Irish Exhibition Building differs in many important respects from its progenitor in Hyde-park. Like it, the framing of the building is composed of iron columns and girders, but, unlike it, the whole light is admitted from above, a portion only of the roof being glazed. The peculiarly light and airy appearance of the Crystal Palace is therefore lost; nevertheless, sufficient light, well toned down, is admitted to all parts of the present building to set off the objects exhibited to the best advantage. If the reader will turn to page 152, vol. I., he will perceive what an elegant appearance the main front of the building makes. It was originally intended to erect it of much smaller dimensions, and the chief features were a main central hall with side aisles, each hall having a grand semicircular roof. This arrangement of the space still



STATUE OF WILLIAM DARGUN, ESQ., BY E. JONES. ENTRANCE TO HARDWARE COURT.



VIEW OF THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL.

THE GRACES, BY R. BAILY, R.A.; COLOSSAL HEAD OF NIOME, BY M. AURILIUS; TERRA COTTA FOUNTAIN; EQUESTRIAN
STATUE OF HER MAJESTY, ETC.

continues to a certain extent; but, instead of there being only two aisles, the building now consists of five large parallel halls, the centre one of which is about the size of Westminster-hall. The mixture of the oriental with what may be called the modern style of building is strikingly displayed in Mr. Benson's novel structure. In case any of our readers have a talent for realizing space from figures, we give them the benefit of the following:—

The main portion of the building forms nearly a square, presenting a frontage of 405 feet, and a depth of 425; this is divided into five large halls, the central one being a noble compartment of 425 feet in length, by 100 feet in breadth, and 104 feet in height. The great semicircular roof is supported by trellis ribs, constructed of timber, and rests on cast-iron columns, 45 feet in height; on either side are two compartments of 25 feet in width, running the whole length of the building; adjoining these are two halls of 325 feet in length by 50 in width, with semicircular roofs 65 feet in height. These halls are separated by compartments of 25 feet in width, on one side from the Machinery Court, a fine hall of 450 feet in length by 50 in breadth; and on the other from the Fine Arts Hall, 325 by 40 feet. In addition to these, the Fore Court of the Dublin Society's House is surrounded by a large building 500 feet in length and 55 in breadth, being connected with the main building by a Court for Agricultural Machinery, 250 feet by 40 feet on one side; and on the other, by a Corridor leading into the Machinery Court.

These figures, however, convey but a slight idea of the *tout ensemble* presented by the circularity of the roofs and ends of the building—the centre dome towering high above the others—and the novelty of the form adopted. The exterior of the building, as well as the interior, is decorated in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Owen Jones at the Crystal Palace; but the main front, which looks towards Merriion-square, possesses an entirely new feature, namely, an outer gallery, or balcony, some 20 feet wide. This balcony is reached from the inner galleries, which are disposed on much the same plan as those at the Crystal Palace; and when it is filled with company, it will present a very gay and lively appearance.

From the galleries a good view of the arrangements below will be obtained; but it is remarkable that in no position in the building can its entire figure be seen at a glance, as was possible at either end of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park.

At the entrance to the hardware court (p. 136), standing just within the centre avenue, there is erected a statue of William Dargan, the patriotic founder and father of the Irish Industrial Exhibition. Having already given a portrait and biographical notice of this patriotic gentleman, little remains for us to say in connexion with this true patriot and lover of his country. Risen from the people, his whole career has been one of usefulness and persevering industry. The offer of a baronetcy has been formally made to Mr. Dargan, in acknowledgment of his high personal character and the great services he has rendered his country. This, however, Mr. Dargan has gratefully and gracefully declined to accept. Nor are we surprised at this determination, for those who know Mr. Dargan best are aware that he has uniformly avoided all kind of display and distinction in connexion with his great work; and that he looks for no pecuniary profit from its results. Under these circumstances, the national testimonial, to be presented to him, will be a graceful recognition of the singleness of purpose and greatness of mind which could conceive and accomplish so great an undertaking as the Irish Industrial Exhibition. It is anticipated that the design for the Dargan testimonial will be submitted to Queen Victoria, during her visit to Ireland.

With regard to the statue itself, nothing can be said that is not praise. Mr. Jones has succeeded in catching the "manner of the man" with extreme fidelity; and, although not placed in the most conspicuous situation, we doubt not but that this statue will be the most frequently-sought object in the beautiful building.

On the pedestal is the following inscription:

ERECTED
TO
WILLIAM DARGAN, ESQUIRE,
BY
THE PERSONS ON THE STAFF
OF HIS VARIOUS UNDERTAKINGS,
AS A TRIBUTE
TO HIS GREAT AND INESTIMABLE QUALITIES,
NOT ONLY AS A PUBLIC EMPLOYER, BUT AS
THE BENEFACTOR OF HIS COUNTRY.
12th MAY, 1853.

The friends and countrymen of Mr. Dargan will be pleased to learn that a bust of this distinguished patriot is prepared in Irish statuary porcelain, and is sold at a moderate price in the gallery of the Exhibition, Class 25, as well as in Dublin and London. This beautiful and appropriate monument of a great event in Irish history, has been admirably cast at the porcelain works of Messrs. Kerr and Co., Worcester, England.

The various objects exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition are arranged according to the classification adopted in the Great Exhibition of 1851, but in the catalogue the names of the exhibitors are numbered consecutively from 1 to 1838. The paintings, sculptures, castings, &c., in the Fine Arts court bear a distinct set of numbers, from 1 to 1366; as also do the East Indian and other collections of curiosities. This arrangement, though it makes no provision for the probable increase of both exhibitors and objects exhibited, is one which is directly understood by the visitor. We find that there are 1,460 exhibitors from the United Kingdom, and about 400 from the other parts of the world. The foreign nations, which figure most conspicuously in the Irish Exhibition, are France, Belgium, Holland, and the several States comprised in what is called the German Zollverein. As we have already spoken briefly of the contents of the exquisite building; it will now be our task to go somewhat more into detail of the various objects exhibited. And here, at the outset, we must be allowed to remark that the ornamental is greatly in excess of the useful, even among the contributions of the Irish themselves. It has been thought necessary to apologise for the admission of paintings to a place in this Industrial Exposition, and in the introduction to the official catalogue we have the question ably argued. "It has not been without consideration," says the writer, "that the claims of the Fine Arts—in their abstract character, and viewed apart from utilitarian industry (if, indeed, they can ever be justly so viewed)—have been recognised. The difficulty of exclusion appeared at the least as great as of admission. It is not easy often to draw the line of demarcation between objects which come within the strict limits of the Fine Arts, and those Arts which are strictly utilitarian in their character. There are few of the latter which do not, to a greater or less extent, include or intimately ally themselves to the former; and, therefore, were the boundary to be defined with a scrupulous determination to exclude every article whose object is solely utilitarian, the result would be to reject from the Exhibition much that now finds a place within it. When the mere necessities of life have been satisfied, civilisation superadds to the useful the ornamental, and soon learns to recognise it as a necessity of life also; for the perception of the beautiful is innate to the mind of man, and when the useful has been achieved, the cravings for the beautiful will seek to be satisfied. Hence Sculpture, in the most extended acceptance of that term, enters into the composition of a vast proportion of the articles designed for utilitarian purposes. The same may be said of Painting. In truth, it is difficult, when once we have emerged from the rudest and most elementary state of society, to deny that the Fine Arts are themselves utilitarian. The desires of the eye for that which is beautiful in form and colour, if not essential to mere existence, assuredly are so to the enjoyment

of life; and hence sculpture and painting, in the abstract, may, it is presumed, be fitly exhibited without transgressing the strict limits which should be assigned to an Industrial Exhibition. Under this conviction the Committee have admitted works of Fine Art which are not utilitarian, in the ordinary sense of the word; and they have done so the rather that the study of sculpture and painting is essential to perfection in the ornamentation of almost everything in ordinary use. Nor let it be forgotten, as one of the uses of the Fine Arts unconnected with industrial objects, that the statuary and the painter contribute to the pages of history as well as the Scribe or the Printer. The former perpetuates and diffuses the forms and the character of historical persons and events, of natural history, scenery, and costume, as the latter cannot do."

In furtherance of these views, a Fine Arts Court has been constructed in the extreme southern aisle, between the Archaeological and Mediæval courts, principally for the reception of Paintings; and the Committee have been enabled to bring together a considerable collection, at once interesting, as exhibiting the progress of the Art in modern times, and instructive, as containing some superior specimens of the Ancient Masters of the Art. Classification in relation to ages and countries rather than to schools has been adopted; but the collection will be found to contain examples of the earlier schools of Italy—the Lombardic and Venetian, the Raphaelite and Bolognese, of the ancient Flemish school, and of the modern schools of France, Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain. Many of the works of these modern schools exhibit the great progress of the Art of Painting towards another grand development in its history.

In addition to Paintings of the character mentioned, places have been assigned to Pictures which are the product of mechanical skill and the application of scientific discovery; such as specimens of Heliography, or the process whereby the actinic rays of the sun produce permanent pictures of objects upon metallic plates. Encaustic Painting, Chromo-Lithography, and uncoloured Lithography, may also be classed under the general head of Painting.

The application of all these various branches of Painting, as ornamentation, to articles of use—upon ceramic manufactures, as china, porcelain, earthenware—upon glass, slate, enamel, wood, japanned goods, papier maché, paper-hangings, and decorative furniture of all sorts, have their appropriate places in the various manufactures under which the decorated articles are classed.

In the Fine Arts Hall have also been placed some objects of Sculpture—statues and busts in marble; the greater portion, however, of the Sculpture, including marbles, bronzes, casts in clay and other materials, have been dispersed throughout the nave and aisles in a manner which adds greatly to the interest and effect of the general exposition. Amongst them are to be found, in the casts from the bassi-relief Sculptures of the Metopes of the Parthenon at Athens, the finest exponents of the Phidian era of the art, exhibiting the unrivalled excellence of the Greek sculptors, resulting from their perfect acquaintance with anatomical structure and mechanical balance, and their true perception of form and sentiment. It will be instructive to contrast these with the specimens of the Etruscan school, as exhibited amongst the ceramic manufactures, and mark the absence of flow in the draping, the meagreness in the treatment of details, the exaggeration of attitude and action which characterise the latter.

Several good illustrations of Greek and Roman Sculpture during the post-Phidian eras may also be seen throughout the nave, some of them possessing high merit. There are some specimens of the Italian school, after the revival of Sculpture in the eleventh century, one of which, as the work of the painter Raphael, commands attention. The Sculpture of British artists of the present age is abundantly and creditably exemplified, and the works of some foreign Masters give a favourable impression of their progress in the Art.

Besides the subjects already adverted to, Sculpture embraces within its limits the Modelling and Plastic Arts, and includes

works in Stone, in Metallic and Mineral productions, in Ceramic and Vitreous compositions, in Animal and Vegetable substances; in fine, whatever is capable of being wrought into form by the tool or the finger of the Statuary; and that, whether in relief, as in medals, coins, gems, or in intaglio, as in die-sinking, seal-cutting, &c. The application of Sculpture to the useful Arts takes a range of vast extent. Wherever the form or outline of articles is not rigidly prescribed, the Sculptor and the Modeller are called in to give variety and beauty to figure; such is the case in gems and jewellery, in vases, urns, tazze, drinking-cups, and other vessels, in candelabra, and in ornamented furniture, &c. When Sculpture is found in these combinations, it is transferred to the particular class of manufacture to which the decorated article belongs.

In connexion with the Fine Arts Department, the Mediæval and Archaeological courts are to be classed and studied. The former contains within it a large development of the Fine Arts—of Sculpture and Painting—as monumental bronzes, coronæ lucis, and windows of stained and painted glass. The latter possesses a rare and valuable collection of objects of ancient art, principally Irish, highly important, illustrating the state of the arts, sciences, and manufactures in this country during several centuries.

THE CENTRAL HALL is an object of great attraction, by reason not only of the central situation and superior size of that noble apartment, but also from the fact that the most prominent objects are here exhibited. In the centre stands the grand equestrian statue of Queen Victoria, by the Baron Marochetti (p. 137). This beautiful statue is intended for erection in the city of Glasgow, and is exhibited by the permission of the committee under whose direction the work has been brought to its present state. His Royal Highness Prince Albert exhibits a Grand Centre Plateau, which has been executed under his directions by the Messrs. Gairard of the Haymarket. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company have a large iron summer-house, almost in the centre of the hall; and Messrs. Houldsworth of Manchester have a fine show of furniture and objects for ecclesiastical decoration. The Earl of Eglington has sent the two fine pieces of plate, called the Emperor's Vase, and the Goodwood Cup, which were won by his lordship's race-horse Van Trump, in 1848 and 1849. The Earl of Cardigan, and the officers of the 11th Hussars, have kindly lent to the Exhibition the silver equestrian statue which was executed for them by Cotterel for presentation to their late colonel, the Prince Consort; and the officers of the 7th Hussars likewise send the silver statue which was presented to them by the Marquis of Anglesey. It is executed by the same clever artist, Cotterel.

Facing the grand entrance, a Fountain, in cast iron, designed by Lienard for M. André, of Paris, has been appropriately placed; while in a corresponding situation, at the other end of the centre avenue, is erected a fine terra cotta Fountain, executed by Messrs. Ferguson, Millar and Co., of Glasgow (p. 137). Messrs. Pain, Brothers, have their Jacquard loom at work; while near at hand the Messrs. Atkinson and Co., Fenton and Co., Todd and Co., make rich displays of figured poplins, tabinets, &c. There is also a Jacquard loom shown by Messrs. Keely and Leach, which is adapted for weaving figured and plain poplins, in various colours. The "Royal Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland" exhibit a series of specimens illustrating the preparation of the flax plant for manufacturing purposes, and the different processes incident to the manufacture of flax for the loom. Here we have bunches of the flax straw with the seeds on, there various specimens of the same kind of straw after steeping; besides varieties of different kinds of flax, seeds, capsules, &c. Then the flax is shown in its various conditions after being "scutched," "heckled," "roved," "bleached," and, finally, woven into linens, damasks, lawns, cambrics, and other plain and printed fabrics. As we may have occasion again to refer to Irish flax and its products, we may briefly observe that, besides flax grown in Ireland, the Royal Society exhibit various specimens of Russian, Dutch,

Belgian, Egyptian, and English grown flax, all of which are used in the manufacture of that incomparable material—Irish linen.

Visitors are thus afforded an admirable opportunity of studying the features and becoming acquainted with the personal appearance of men who have rendered themselves renowned



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BELGIAN COURT.



ENTRANCE TO THE STATIONERY AND BOOKBINDING COURT.

The collection of busts of distinguished persons in the great hall forms not the least interesting feature of the Exhibition.

as warriors, statesmen, and patriots. The founder's own countrymen naturally compose the majority of this interesting

collection, and we believe that nearly all the busts were executed by Irishmen—the largest contributors being Moore, Jones, and Kirk. Commencing with the bust of that distinguished warrior, Lord Gough, we recognise in succession those of Major Edwards, Sir Philip Crampton, Lord Clarendon, Lord Brougham, Mr. Jonathan Henn, Q.C. (a splendid likeness by Moore), Lord Denman, the Marquis of Anglesey, the late Tom Steele, and the late John Lawless; Dr. Henry, Provost of the Belfast College; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Cogan, M.P., Sir R. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Catherine Hayes (by Barter), the Nepaulese Ambassador, Captain Williams, Louis Napoleon and the Earl St. Germans (both by Mr. Jones),

The objects, however, which must be esteemed of a more peculiarly Irish character are distributed over the building in certainly not the most conspicuous situations. On the right-hand side of the Great Central Hall we have a splendid display of

IRISH POPLINS, TABINETTS, ETC.

These are exhibited by several well-known Dublin firms, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. Atkinson, of College-green; the Messrs. Pim, of George's-street; Messrs. Fry, of Westmoreland-street; and Messrs. Todd and Burn, of Mary-street. As trophies of national skill and industry, these beautiful silks, damasks, tabinets, &c., are peculiarly interest-



GROUP OF VASES FROM THE BELGIAN DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Dargan, Mr. Colley Grattan, Lord Dunboyne, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Rev. Dr. Todd, another bust of Sir R. Peel, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, O'Connell (by Hogan), and the Duke of Cambridge. Under these, on lower pedestals, there are a number of other marble busts. Between the columns which support the great organ loft five elegant pedestals of carved wood have been placed, on which are erected a series of marble groups, illustrative of mythological subjects, and supposed to have been executed early in the sixteenth century. One of these represents Jupiter destroying the giants, and consists of four or five figures, which were all carved out of a solid block of marble. The figures are very small, but display wonderful boldness and originality, with great correctness of design and exquisite finish of execution. They will attract much curiosity and admiration.

ing. The patterns of some of the choicest of these figured tabinets and poplins have been furnished by pupils belonging to the School of Design lately established in connexion with the Royal Dublin Society—an admirable institution, which has already justly excited great public interest, and which promises to become an important instrument in developing the latent genius of our Irish fellow-subjects. Adjacent to those stalls, Mr. W. Dunn, and Mr. Moran, of Mark's-alley, Francis-street, display specimens of their silks and poplins.

The silk manufacture is generally supposed to have been introduced into Dublin by the French Huguenot refugees, and to have been established shortly after their residence in that city. In the year 1764, an act was passed which placed it for some time under the direction of the Dublin Society. For its encouragement the Society established a warehouse in

Parliament-street, which they placed under the superintendence of persons, annually returned by the Corporation of Weavers to examine the quality of goods sent in by manufacturers, to whom the Society paid a premium or discount of five per cent. on all sales made in the house. Under this management the sales rose to an average of £70,000 a-year. Another act of Parliament followed, however, by which the Dublin Society was prohibited from disposing of any part of its funds for the support of any house in which Irish silk goods were sold by wholesale or retail.

History tells us that China was the first country in which man availed himself of the labours of the silk-worm. From

countries from whence we chiefly import the raw material are China, Italy, Malta, and Southern France. It is said that in time the British market will be almost exclusively supplied with the raw silk from our Indian possessions, as labour is not only excessively cheap there, but three "crops" of silk may be taken in the year, while in any country west of India only one can be obtained. All attempts hitherto to produce the raw material on an extensive scale in these islands have failed. In 1835 a company commenced operations in the county of Cork by planting 80 acres with 4,000 mulberry trees, but they soon after abandoned the experiment.

The visitor who may wish to witness the process of manu-



THE LEISON INTERRUPTED. A PORTRAIT GROUP IN PLASTER, BY M. PARTEN, DUBLIN.

thence silk spread to other countries of the East; and the Romans, who had it in general use, were supplied with it by the ingenious artificers of Tyre and other cities of Phœnicia. Later, the Persians monopolised the supply of the raw material; and, by prohibiting the passage through their country of travellers to and from China, entirely stopped the importation of silk into Europe. Two Nestorian monks, however, are said to have contrived to smuggle some eggs in a hollow cane, which they afterwards hatched by heat, and presented to the Emperor Justinian, whom they likewise made acquainted with the art of manufacturing silk. In the fifteenth century the manufacture was established in England. The

fashioning tabinet, can here gratify his curiosity, as the Messrs. Fry have a loom at full work in their stall. Here we behold those extended simple threads of silk and wool converted by the art of the manufacturer into the beautiful fabric, which all the skill and perseverance of the English artisan, and the delicate taste of the French one cannot rival. Among the tabinet patterns exhibited by this firm, is one of the dress wrought expressly for Mrs. Dargan.

SEWED AND EMBROIDERED LACE, ETC.,

A branch of industry peculiarly interesting to contemplate, as being entirely the handwork of the female peasantry of Ire-

land. The successful carrying out of this kind of cottage labour seems to realize the wish of those philanthropists who object to the congregation of large masses of individuals in factories and close buildings. The introduction of home manufactures of this kind among the rural population of Ireland is of recent date; and it certainly contradicts the assertions of those who call the Irish an idle people, to see with what extreme avidity this work is accepted by the poor. It is gratifying to be able to record the fact of the rapid increase of the sewed muslin and lace work. In the province of Ulster the countrywomen and girls are almost universally busied with this kind of work; and we learn that "in a small town in one of the most distressed parts of the county of Donegal, and the district immediately around it, several hundred pounds have been paid weekly; and by it alone the entire population of the barony may be almost said to have been kept alive. One promising feature of the speculation is, that the supply of hands is not nearly equal to the demand." Throughout Connaught and Munster this branch of female industry is likewise happily extending, and there is not a thread of the delicate tracery before us which does not speak touchingly and hopefully of miseries relieved, and of intellectual and moral faculties developed. We trust that this employment may be made, what it has to some extent become already, a lever for bettering the general condition of peasantry.

THE SCULPTURE IN THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The "Lesson Interrupted," by Barter, deserves special notice. The group represents two sisters and their young brother—one of the sisters has been in the act of teaching the boy—the other holds over him a cup and ball, which diverts his attention from his book. On the ground are scattered music-books, manuscripts, pens, and other auxiliaries of a domestic academy—near the preceptress is a guitar, upon which the frolicsome sister seems to have been playing, and to have left aside for the enjoyment of this girlish whim. This is one of those pleasing delineations of social incidents that modern sculptors deem not unworthy their genius. "The Young Musician," by Burnet, is a charming production. A pleasant little boy is engaged in the act of playing an accordion, his mouth wide open, as if intently listening to the sweet sounds he has himself evoked. "The Wrestlers," by J. Lawler. A bird has been caught in a net, and the boys are wrestling to decide the ownership of the prize. The discontented face of the boy who is almost vanquished contrasts admirably with the happy, exulting countenance of the conqueror. "The Dove's Return," by J. Farrell. This is executed in marble. A dove is perched on the right hand of a youth. The work well merits praise. A group, by J. E. Jones, also attracts the eye. An interesting girl holds in her hand a bird—her little sister is at her side, looking up into her face with that expression of curiosity and pleasure which the face of childhood wears, and an expectant terrier is eagerly watching the bird, apparently quite convinced that the young ladies design it for his special gratification. In the Exhibition are many works which, though small, possess considerable merit—gems that have been executed with great care and genius.

Our space will allow us merely to indicate even the more prominent groups. The illustration of the Great Central Hall will give a better idea of the appearance of some of the sculptures than could any words of ours. Besides these, we may mention the "First Born," by Frances McDonnell, a deaf and dumb artist; J. Lawlor, of London, who has four elegant objects; Mr. Noble, whose statues of "Sir Robert," and the "Duke," are very admirable; Christopher Moore, who has no fewer than seventeen statues and busts; Mr. Papworth, Mr. Williamson, of Belfast; E. C. Physick, of London; Lord Cloncurry, Sir Henry Bruce, and many others; and, in addition to these, there are a variety of articles in bronze, contributed by Messrs. Elkington, Mason and Co., the patentees of the electrotype process; and numerous groups and single figures from France, Belgium, and Germany.

A CHINA "PLATE."

In looking at a picture of the superb structure which is known as the Palace of the Emperor of China—a building erected at an uncertain date, for the chief of a country of which we have but an indistinct kind of knowledge, belonging to no regular order of architecture, and reminding us rather of some youthful dream of the Tower of Babel than of anything else—we begin to entertain a degree of respect for the Chinese surpassing any that we ever felt before.

China, like Japan, has been almost a sealed book to Europeans till within the last few years. Boasting an historical record which precedes the Mosaic account of the creation of the earth by thousands of years, and inhabiting a widely-extended, beautiful, and thickly-populated land in the centre of the continent of Asia, the Chinese may be regarded as the most original and interesting people in the world.

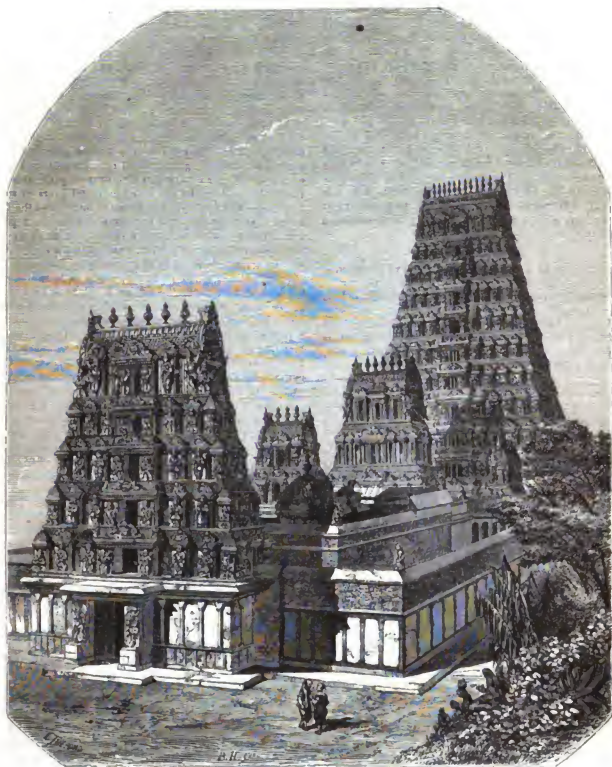
All the knowledge possessed by Europeans regarding "China and the Chinese" is necessarily of a doubtful and second-hand character. It is true that we possess a tolerably correct idea of the geographical outlines and limits of the country, and have dim fancies about the stupendous wall that the inhabitants built a couple of thousand years or so since, to protect the "flowery land" from the invasion of the Tartars, as well as some romantic notions about porcelain pagodas, earthenware towers, and other remarkable edifices; but of the aspect of the country itself,—except in the neighbourhood of Canton, which is made to resemble an European city as much as possible,—and of the manners of its inhabitants,—but for such stray information as can be gleaned from "roving Englishmen," who will be poking their noses into all manner of forbidden, and to-other-people inaccessible places,—we have really no special and reliable records. Opium wars and intestine struggles have, doubtless, had a tendency to bring Europeans into a somewhat closer intimacy with Chinese authorities than was perhaps altogether agreeable to either party; but it is nevertheless a fact, that after having just a peep into the book of Oriental manners, just a glimpse of a few of its pretty pictures, the covers of the interesting volume are suddenly and ruthlessly closed, and the pages we would fain read are no longer visible to the eyes of "the barbarian."

And of the history of the Chinese nation we have almost as little real knowledge. How the vast extent of country came to be first inhabited, and how many distinct races and dynasties have lorded it over the contented and impassable natives, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to tell. During the long series of ages that have elapsed since the vast continent of Asia was peopled with wandering tribes, it has repeatedly happened that a multitude of warlike barbarians have issued forth from their homes in the inhospitable regions of the north, and poured down upon the more prosperous, but less hardy, nations of the south, overpowering them in war, and taking possession of their homes, to be themselves dispossessed in their turn by some subsequent immigration from the same quarter. The history of China presents numerous instances of this kind of invasion and subjugation. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Tartars in full assembly unanimously resolved to follow one of their most eminent leaders, named Tchingis-Khan, whithersoever he went, and to fulfil all his commands. He turned his arms against China, and met with great success in his expedition. But it was not till after his death, in the year A.D. 1227, that China was completely subdued by the Mongols. In the year A.D. 1279, Kublar-Khan, a descendant of Tchingis-Khan, was crowned emperor of China. But the Tartar dynasty was soon overthrown, and the emperor Schuntai was compelled to flee for refuge to his native regions, where his son Bidusar afterwards founded the kingdom of the Kalkas-Mongols. Chu, the leader of the first insurrection against the Tartars, then ascended the Chinese throne, and founded the Ming dynasty, which continued through a series of sixteen powerful monarchs, down to the year 1614. In the history of China this period, during which the Ming dynasty swayed the sceptre, is considered the golden age. The seat of empire was at

Nankin. Repeated invasions were made upon the Chinese territory by the Tartars during this interval; and in spite of every attempt to prevent them from gaining a footing on the borders, they at length became powerful enough to commence a formal war against China. Under the last king of the Ming dynasty an insurrection broke out, in which Litshing, the leader of the rebels, got possession of the capital, and the

only about six years of age; and from him is descended the present occupant of the imperial throne.

As we all know, the revolution at this moment going on in China is fomented by what may there be called the "national party," who are seriously endeavouring to overturn the Tartar dynasty, and restore the ancient race to the throne of China. By the latest intelligence received, we learn that the



THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT NANKIN.

emperor committed suicide. The Chinese general then appealed for assistance to a neighbouring Tartar tribe, by whose aid the rebels were dispersed. But shortly afterwards, in the year 1645, this tribe, under their king Taisong, took Nankin, murdered all the descendants of the Ming dynasty, and got complete possession of the empire. The son of Taisong, a youth named Shintshi, was placed upon the throne, though

"rebels" have been driven from Nankin, after having made an attempt on the palace of the emperor, and that the "court party" are again paramount. Whether this revolution will be a successful one, and, if successful, whether it will be likely to open up the vast kingdom of China to the enterprise of Americans and commerce-loving Englishmen, Time, as the proverb says, alone can tell!



THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE "SEAS, LANDS, AND COASTS, AND PORTS AND ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH,"
IN THE NAME OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF CASTILE.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

THE adventures of the early explorers of the American continent furnished to the wonder-lovers of the sixteenth century the same rich delights which the knights and dames of an earlier age found in the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, of Roland at Roncesvalles, and of Amadis de Gaul. Even the old black letter men who pored in solitude over the accounts of the Argonautic expedition, or the adventurous rambles of Perseus, and believed them all, because it was impossible to prove them false, began to doubt as they heard of the dazzling conquests of the Spaniards, whether the classic age of marvel was yet passed. There certainly never was an age in which rude physical courage and energy gave more striking manifestations of their power, and we have now only to lament that the sense of justice and humanity was not at that time so fully developed as to make them subservient to the wants and happiness of mankind, instead of pandering to lust and covetousness.

In the character of Columbus himself, and in all his acts, there is everything to admire. There was in him that devout simplicity, that humble aspiration, that chastened and refined enthusiasm which animated the artists of his day, and made art not so much a profession as a religious faith. He followed out his convictions with an earnestness and single-mindedness, which were in themselves the best guarantees of success, and sought his reward, not so much in personal aggrandisement, as in the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge. It might have been said of him with no less truth than of our own great hero, that no woman ever feared to mention his name with honour, and no priest to couple it with prayer.

The men who followed in his footsteps were of a widely different stamp. They speedily took from the stories of new world exploration all the show of noble daring and disinterestedness which gave to the earlier voyages an air of epic grandeur, and changed an illiad of sailors into a series of marauding expeditions, full of romance, valour, and audacity to be sure, but tainted by the constant overflow of all the blackest passions of the human heart.

Spain, at the period of the discovery of America, was filled with young daring and impoverished adventurers, mostly of noble families, in whom a love of broils had been nurtured by the war which raged with the Moors of Granada during the whole of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and to whom pride and custom left no means of retrieving their fortunes, and winning honourable fame, except the profession of arms. The expulsion of the Moors threw all these idle upon the country, and the discovery of America found them fretting against their forced inactivity like an imprisoned lion against the bars of his cage.

A Spanish colony existed in 1510 at St. Domingo, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, and from it bands of adventurers issued at various times, for the purpose of exploring the interior of the southern continent, and in the hope of meeting with rich booty. One of the most daring, most romantic, and most unfortunate, was Alonso de Ojeda, a model of fiery courage, untempered by one grain of prudence or caution. During one of his visits to St. Domingo, when full of hope and enthusiasm, but sorely pressed for money, he so dazzled the imagination of a rich lawyer, whom he there met, named Martin Fernandez de Enciso, by his glowing pictures of the riches and fertility of the forests of the continent, that he induced him to invest all his riches in fitting out an expedition, with a part of which Ojeda started directly himself, leaving Enciso to follow with the remainder. Ojeda passed through wondrous perils and hair breadth escapes, to find himself, at the close of his strange eventful history, a ruined and broken-hearted man. It is not our purpose, however, to follow him through his romantic career. Our attention must for the present be confined to Enciso and his party, who prepared to follow his confederate with supplies and reinforcements. When he was on the eve

of sailing, all the gentlemen of "doubtful reputation," debtors, swindlers, and other unfortunates, with whom St. Domingo already abounded, became most anxious to accompany him, finding, naturally enough, the vicinity of their creditors highly disagreeable. The latter, however, getting wind of their intention, placed a close watch around the coast and harbour, and obtained an armed vessel from the admiral to escort Enciso's ship out of the port. The would-be emigrants were thus grievously disappointed, but one among them was determined not to be baffled, and we all know that where there is a will there is a way. He concealed himself in a cask, which he caused to be carried on board, as if containing provisions for the voyage, and when the vessel was fairly at sea, he emerged from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished gaze of the commander on deck. The latter was at first in a great rage, at the deception which had been practised upon him, fumed, shouted, and swore roundly that he would place the delinquent on shore on the first inhabited island they met with. The intruder, however, was a fine tall muscular fellow, bronzed by the sun, and well insured to fatigue, and there was a look of quiet daring in his eye, which made him, after all, no very unwelcome visitant to the leader of an expedition directing its course to unknown and barbarous shores.

The name of this new recruit was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was a native of Xeres de los Caballeros, and of poor but noble family. He had been brought up, according to the custom of the time, in the service of a nobleman named Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, and had enlisted amongst the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his expedition to America. Peter Martyr, in his Latin Decades, speaks of him as an "egregius degladiator," a skilful swordsman, or, as some say, an adroit fencing-master; and gives him the character of a soldier of fortune, of loose, prodigal habits. He had for a short time taken up his abode at Hispaniola, and had commenced to cultivate a small farm at Salvaterra; but he soon found himself involved in debt, and at last made his escape in the way we have described. During the remainder of the voyage we hear nothing of him; but no sooner had the armament reached its destination, than his courage and capacity displayed themselves.

Enciso had expected to find Ojeda comfortably settled in a strong fort called San Sebastian, surrounded by treasure and lordly abundance; but alas! instead of this, he found but a howling wilderness, the fort a heap of blackened ruins, and its garrison gone he knew not whither. The Indians were timid or hostile, and, to add to his misfortunes, his vessel was wrecked on the coast, and the crew escaped with difficulty. His supplies were soon exhausted, but where to seek assistance he knew not. In this dilemma, Vasco Nunez, the contraband passenger, came to his aid, by informing him that he had formerly sailed along the coast, and knew an Indian village on the banks of the river called Darien, where they would find plenty of everything they needed, gold and food. They followed his guidance, attacked the village successfully, and found an immense booty. The soldiers were delighted; their hardships were over. Enciso here fixed his head-quarters, assuming the title of alcalde mayor, and Vasco Nunez became a general favourite. But the first edict of the alcalde forbidding all trafficking with the natives for gold on private account, upon pain of death, produced general dissatisfaction. It was in accordance with the king's command, to be sure; but men who had risked their all for gold were not to be balked in the acquisition of it by any squeamish loyalty. They murmured openly, and Vasco Nunez encouraged them in their murmurings; and at last a powerful party, of which he was the head, denied Enciso's right to the position he had assumed, and at last formally deposed him from his authority. In his place, Vasco Nunez and one Zemudio were elected joint alcaldes, and a cavalier named Valdivia, regidor. Nunez was now in his element, in

the prime of life, tall, well-formed, and vigorous, and with an open prepossessing countenance, and in possession of an authority all but supreme. He determined to carry matters to the extreme against Enciso, and therefore summoned him before him to answer the charge of usurping the powers of alcaide mayor. As might have been expected, he was found guilty, thrown into prison, and his property confiscated. By the intercessions of his friends he was soon liberated, and permitted to return to Spain. As Nunez knew well, however, that he would plead his cause ably before the king, he sent one of his own friends to argue his own cause against him.

Vasco Nunez now (1511) strained every nerve to distinguish himself in his new government, and thus remove any unfavourable impression regarding his proceedings which the home government might be disposed to entertain. His first object was to collect as large a quantity of gold as possible, and for this purpose he instantly sent out exploring parties into the neighbourhood. One of these, under the command of the famous Pizarro, then a subordinate in the army, met with a severe reverse in a conflict with the Indians. Nunez, at last, set out himself at the head of 120 men, and attacked a place named Coyba, surprised the cacique, made him prisoner, and plundered his village. The unfortunate chief finding himself a captive in the hands of his enemies, implored mercy, offered to supply the Spanish troops with provisions, and to reveal the riches of the land, and as a pledge of his good faith gave his daughter in marriage to Nunez. The prayers and tears of the cacique might doubtless have knocked in vain at the door of the conqueror's stern heart, but the beauty of the Indian maiden quite vanquished him. He released the prisoners, entered into an offensive alliance with her father, and on receiving a supply of provisions started on his march for the chastisement of some of his father-in-law's enemies. From some of them whom he awed into subjection, and from whom he extorted vast sums of gold, he first heard of a great ocean which lay beyond the mountains to the westward. He continued his explorations for some time with varied success, suffering terrible hardships from cold, hunger, fatigue, and watching; nightly harassed by vigilant enemies, and daily worn out by toilsome marches through trackless forests, and across precipitous and dreary hills. In the midst of such difficulties any but "men of iron," who carried with them nothing of civilisation but its ingenuity in destruction, and whose sole hopes lay in their valour, must have sunk down in despair. But such spirits as Vasco Nunez had at command were daunted by no perils, and dismayed by no difficulties, and he was advancing from conquest to conquest, when news arrived from Spain, that for the moment paralysed and unnerved him, and seemed to blast every one of his hopes for ever. One of his private friends informed him by letter that Enciso had lodged his complaint before the king, and after a long trial had obtained the condemnation and deposition of Nunez, who was at the same time sentenced to pay costs and damages, and that he would in all probability be shortly summoned to Madrid to answer other criminal charges in person. This was a heavy blow, and Nunez's ancient firmness seemed to have deserted him. But it was only for the moment. He had as yet received no official intimation of the result of the trial, and until that arrived, he was still his own master, and might still hope for extrication from his perils. His only safety lay in the achievement of some striking exploit which should atone for all his past offences, and restore him to the king's favour. Now or never! The choice lay between glory and a prison, and there was little time for deliberation. A thousand men, it is true, would have been necessary for such an expedition as he contemplated, but where were they? Vasco Nunez was not the man to be balked by unpropitious circumstances; so when a thousand men were not to be had, he determined that one-fifth of that number should do their work. Of the hardy and reckless crew that surrounded him, he chose 150 of the most daring, and devoted, to whom danger, mystery, unknown and frightful hazards, were sweet as women's kisses, and arming them with swords, targets,

crossbows, and harquebusses, informed them that he was to put their and his fortunes on the east, and set forward in search of the great unknown ocean beyond the hills, accompanied by a large number of bloodhounds, long trained in Indian warfare.

On the 6th of September, 1513, he took solemn leave of the main body of his forces, and after a prayer, suitable to the occasion, struck into the wilderness with his little band of explorers. For ten days they pursued their way amidst almost incredible hardships and fatigues, suffering intensely from hunger, torn by briars in the thickets, half-drowned in the swamps, and daily exposed to the fierce attacks of the Indians, who hung on the march in great numbers, and every hour threatened to overwhelm them. Often the Spaniards had to fight their way for miles in the face of the most fearful odds, but their unconquerable valour, their fire-arms and bloodhounds, generally brought them unscathed through every encounter. At last they arrived, laden with booty, at the foot of the great mountain range, beyond which they were told lay the object of their search, and after resting here for one night, Vasco Nunez prepared to ascend in the morning early, to get the first glimpse of his new discovery. But of all his followers sixty-seven only were strong enough to climb the mountain to gaze upon the object of their toils and struggles.

When the day dawned, they set forth from the Indian village, in which they had passed the night, and by ten o'clock, by a toilsome ascent, through thick forests, they emerged upon the bare and rugged region, which lay below the summit. The Indian guides here pointed to a craggy eminence, from which the first view of the ocean might be obtained. Nunez commanded his men to halt, and now proceeded alone. With a throbbing heart he ascended the bare mountain top. The crisis of his fate was come, and he trembled with anxiety. At last he stood upon the summit and gazed eagerly westward. Below him lay a vast chaos of rock and wood, and pampa, and roaring torrent, and, oh, joy unutterable! away in the distance, the long sought ocean danced and glittered in the morning sun.

"Ades, O desiderabilis,
Quem petebamus in tenebris!"

Vasco Nunez fell on his knees on the spot, and poured forth his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had so abundantly blessed him. Here was the great Indian Sea, which washed the isles of spices and of gems, where the golden dreams of the old world poets were living, palpable realities, and Vasco Nunez was the happy discoverer. His followers soon joined him, swore to follow him to death, and having chanted a *Te Deum* on the spot, they made preparations for descending to the sea coast. The way was long and difficult, and the tribes through whose territory they had to pass were fierce and hostile, and before he reached the end of the journey, Nunez was forced to leave behind most of his men to take rest after their fatigues, and advanced himself at the head of a small band of the bravest and best armed, accompanied by the cacique who reigned over the adjoining district, and some of his chosen warriors. The thick forests which covered the mountains descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays which penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man. They had arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays to which he gave the name of St. Michael, the saint on whose day it was discovered. The tide was out, and so gradual was the incline of the strand, that the water was full half a league distant. Nunez seated himself under the shade of a tree until it should come in. At last it came dashing on to his very feet with great impetuosity. He started up, seized a banner on which were printed a Virgin and child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon. Then drawing his sword he advanced into the sea until the water was up to his knees, and waving the standard, exclaimed with a loud voice,—

"Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdi-

nand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed, and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner; and by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these islands, or seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indian seas, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind!" His followers hailed this pompous declaration with loud acclamations, and declared themselves ready to defend his claims against all comers, and advancing to the brink, having tasted the water, and found it to be indeed salt, they returned thanks to God once more. When these ceremonies were concluded Vasco Nunez drew his dagger, and cut three crosses on trees in the neighbourhood, in honour of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and his example was followed by many of his soldiers.

The after history of Nunez was melancholy in the extreme. After going through unparalleled hardships and dangers in exploring the coast of the Pacific, he once more crossed the isthmus, and returned to Darien laden with treasure. During his absence a new governor had arrived, who was animated by the bitterest enmity against him, and although the magnitude of his discoveries had restored him to favour at Madrid, his foes in the colony were numerous and determined. A trumped up charge of treason was brought against him, and he was arrested in the midst of his glory and prosperity; tried hastily and condemned, and executed in the square of Acla, amidst the tears and lamentations of the soldiers and people. He died as he had lived, with undaunted courage, in the forty-second year of his age, and in the prime and vigour of his life, and Spain long mourned him as one of the bravest, the most intrepid, and most enterprising of her great captains.

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

I was led to investigate the history of sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Banks, one day at breakfast. I forget now how the conversation arose, but he inquired whether I had met with any of the remains of the sugar-cane in Sicily, mentioning that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete, but the sugar manufactured in that island was more crystallised than ours, and was called, from the place where it was boiled, sugar of Candi, otherwise sugar Candy, and it seems never to have been prepared better there than in that form.

It is certain, however, that in the year 1148 considerable quantities of the article were produced in the island of Sicily, and the Venetians traded in it; but I have met with no evidence to support the "Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce," in which the author says that the Saracens brought the sugar-cane from India to Sicily.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans," says Dr. William Douglas, "used honey only for sweetening." And Paulus Egineta, who calls it cane-honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. Salmassius says, however, that it had been used in Arabia 900 years before. But it is certain that sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions, when it was first introduced into the west of Europe; but Mr. Wotton, in his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," says that the sugar-cane was not anciently un-

known, since it grows naturally in Arabia and Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with its delicious juice, that "some of the ablest men," says he, "doubted whether it were a dew like manna, or the juice of the plant itself." It is, however, certain that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America.

About the year 1419, the Portuguese planted the Island of Madeira with sugar-canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Batero, in an English translation of his book, in 1606, on the "Causes of the Magnificence and Grandeur of Cities," mentions the excellence of the sugar-cane of Madeira, for which it was transported to the West Indies; and there can be no doubt that Madeira was one of the first islands of the Atlantic Ocean in which this important article was earliest manufactured.

It was about this time (1503) that the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who is said to have realised 100,000 crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

From the Brazils and the Canaries sugar-canes were brought and planted in the Island of Hispaniola, and in the same year sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and used only on rare occasions, honey being till then the general ingredient for sweetening of meats and drinks.

When sugar was introduced into this country first is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St. Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article which had been imported there from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641 the sugar-cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes, and being found to thrive, sugar-mills were established. A Colonel James Drax, who began the cultivation with about £300, declared that he would never return to England till he had made £10,000 a-year; and Colonel Thomas Modyford was still higher in his expectations.

It was from the island of Barbadoes that the slave trade began. The first planters finding such immense profits, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the product of the island, but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar by white people in so hot a climate. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the negro slave trade, and it flourished till abolished by Act of Parliament; but in that age it was a most flourishing business, and the ports of London and Bristol had the main supply. Barbadoes, in the year 1569, attained its utmost pitch of prosperity. In a pamphlet entitled "Trade Revived," it is spoken of as "having given to many men of low degree vast fortunes, equal to noblemen; that upwards of a hundred sail of ships there yearly find employment, by carrying goods and passengers thither, and bringing thence other commodities, whereby seamen are bred and custom increased, our commodities vended, and many thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670 our sugar colonies drew the means of support from what were then our North American colonies, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys; and the first time that sugar was made subject to taxation at home was in 1685. Like other merchandise, it was previously subject to a five per cent poundage.

In 1739 the importation of sugar from the West India Islands was so great, that there was a relaxation of our colonial policy towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugar to any part south of Cape Finisterre, without being obliged to land them first in Great Britain. From this time sugar has continued to increase, and it is needless to pursue its history further; it was then a great article of trade, and, as an ingredient, the consumption has been continually increasing. Whether the cultivation has exceeded the wants of the commercial world, or that the new colonies have been found more fertile than the old, I cannot pretend to say; but at this moment the proprietors of the sugar estates are suffering at all hands, and their greatest calamity is not the emancipation of their slaves.—From Mr. Galt's *Literary Autobiography*.

THE PRADO.

MADRID, the capital of "all the Spains," stands on several low hills, on the wide extending plain of Castile. A small rivulet, the Mangananes, flows past the city and falls into the city. Madrid is a superb but somewhat gloomy capital; the houses are high, well-built of good stone, and not defaced by smoke; the streets are well paved and have broad foot-paths. That which particularly attracts attention is the street of Alcalá, long, spacious, and bordered on each side by a row of princely houses. But far above all other places in Madrid ranks the Prado. This is the great promenade of Madrid. In Spanish comedies and in Spanish romances it is the chief scene of the story—the most fashionable quarter, the busiest and bravest locality, where Spanish grandees swagger, and Spanish beauties smile.

shadowed by trees, and both ornamented and refreshed by fountains. One is appropriated to vehicles, the other to foot-passengers. One of the most beautiful among the fountains is represented in our engraving. The art of the sculptor has been effectively exerted, and the graceful outline of the whole is well adapted to the place. The light falls brightly on the water as it is cast upwards in the air, and falls again in a shower of spray. The fountain is situated in close neighbourhood to the gate of the Alcalá, in a spot known as the Saloon, surrounded by some of the finest buildings and fairest gardens in all Madrid. The basin of the fountain is circular and richly ornamented, presenting a noble as well as elegant appearance. The figures at the base of the fountain are kneeling, supporting an armorial shield and crown.



FOUNTAIN ON THE PRADO, MADRID.

It is in the interior of the city, and begins at the convent of Atocha, a staid, sober-looking building, very dim and dreary, and continues at a right angle to the gate of the Alcalá. It is more than 2,120 yards in length. The spot has always attained a high celebrity, higher than Venetian Rialto or Parisian Boulevard, or our own Broadway, and has been tastefully adorned from time to time by the reigning monarchs of Spain. Charles III. planted it with trees, and decorated it with fountains and marble statues. Once it was a great place for duels, and many a don has fleshed his sword in that honourable quarter; but its near proximity to the court put an end to this sort of gallantry, and now, in the evening, the place is thronged with all the nobility, beauty and fashion of Madrid. Colour upon colour, crowd upon crowd, in one grand moving panorama, which no tongue can tell, no language can describe.

The Prado is divided into two grand avenues, both over-

It is supplied with salubrious water, filtered through beds of gravel and sand, from a distance of seven or eight leagues. And as it is one of the fairest, so it is one of the most thronged in the city. There the concourse is prodigious. The equipages are very brilliant, chiefly drawn by black mules ornamented with bells, whose ceaseless tinkling is by no means disagreeable. The ladies, in their mantillas of black and white, do not descend from their carriages, and as vehicle after vehicle rolls on its way, the scene is extremely animating. The water-sellers busily ply their trade, and their musical cry is incessantly heard. The scene which the Prado presents is unrivalled in the world. The stately trees, the well-cultivated gardens, the architectural beauty of the buildings, the marble statues, the graceful fountains, the gay groups, the tinkling bells, the murmur of light laughter, the tramp of feet, and the sound of the falling waters—all unite to present us with a picture such as Spain alone can give.

WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

"Power to let." Such were the words which some quarter of a century since struck our eye as we traversed the streets of Manchester for the first time. "Power to let?" What could the words mean? We had just left college, and were fresh from the discussions of the schools respecting the origin of man's idea of power, and all the metaphysical jargon connected therewith. Power, therefore, to us meant mental and moral power, a quality inherent in the soul. How, then,

Our age is the age of the steam-engine. The steam-engine is the symbol of the age. The fact has been made use of to the disparagement of this generation. But the fact has its bright side. The augmentation of man's material forces is in itself a good. What in the whole history of the world has augmented those forces so much as the steam-engine?

In the sphere of material forces, as in other spheres, like



WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, OF MANCHESTER.

could power be "to let?" Light soon dawned on our mind, and by "power" we found steam-power was intended. And veritably the steam-engine is a power, a great social power; nay, if viewed in its remoter results, a great moral and spiritual power; for the steam-engine, by facilitating intercourse, economises time, abridges space, wears down prejudices, enlightens minds, and unites while it enlarges hearts.

requires and begets like. Discoveries come in a group; improvements go forward hand in hand. The steam-engine would have been of small service without the railway; the existence of the former called the latter into being. Other applications of steam-power ensued as a natural consequence. Hence the rapid and amazing change which has taken place in our means of locomotion within the last hundred years. This change, so very easy to set down on paper or to express in print

has been effected in the face of innumerable difficulties. The progress and the transition have been well sketched by Mr. Thomas Bazley in his "Lecture on Cotton."

"Up to the seventeenth century, goods passing between Liverpool, the destined port of the cotton-trade, and its manufacturing capital, Manchester, had been carried by pack-horses and in waggons; but in 1720 an act of Parliament was obtained for rendering the idle waters of the rivers Irwell and Mersey useful and navigable, though much opposed by the pack-horse and waggon interests. In 1758, however, the Duke of Bridgewater engaged that most practical and distinguished engineer, Brindley, to construct works in harmony with the other achievements of his time; and he was empowered to disembowel the estate of the duke at Worsley of coal, and to construct a canal to convey that welcome fuel to the profitable market of Manchester. This engineer, with singular boldness, directed his canal at a low level, to penetrate the very mines which were to be excavated, and he proposed to cross the river Irwell, at Barton, with it, by an aqueduct at a considerable height; but before he would proceed with his design, he desired his patron to consult some experienced engineer upon the difficulty to be surmounted; and on the duke applying to such an one, the sarcastic reply was, that 'many a castle in the air had been projected, but the place which one was intended to occupy was only then pointed out'; but with unbounded confidence in Brindley, the duke ordered the work to be executed; and the first canal of our country started into successful existence. Assured of the success of a new and great principle, and seeing, with prophetic penetration, that the growing wants of an infant manufacturing and commercial community would require facilities of transit, in addition to the retiring pack-horse, to the waggon, and river conveyances, and that a canal might be constructed with great advantage, to place Liverpool and Manchester in more direct and immediate communication, in 1762 was begun the celebrated Bridgewater Canal, which became another triumph of that energetic age; but it may be well to remark, that before the legislature sanctioned this last projection, the interests of the old carriers, including the river company, were fiercely directed against this innovation upon vested privileges. Conveyance was of indispensable importance to the industry which had continually enlarged its productions; it was requisite for the transport of fuel, food, raw materials and manufactured goods; as well as for those business visits which merchants and manufacturers had to exchange, and which were then effected by that novel agent a stage-coach. Subsequently the career of progress decreed that the mighty power of steam should be the impelling principle of traffic and locomotion; and here again the energy of Lancashire was displayed, for the first efficient railway in the kingdom was established between Liverpool and Manchester, continuing to their trade and commerce the onward impulse of rapid progress. Was this railway established without difficulty? No. The engineering difficulties were said to be insurmountable; but before these were permitted to be grappled with, the legislature, through the combined and powerful interests of the carriers upon the old roads, the proprietors of coaches, canals, the river navigation, and of extensive landowners, who had not the penetration to discern that a new path of progress was projected which would enhance the value of their own property, and also benefit the public, resisted the proposition; and it was only when selfish interests were made to succumb to the general good, that an act of Parliament was obtained for the first railway. Yet so jealous had the legislature been of every innovation, that the Sankey Canal, of some six miles long, near Warrington, had only been allowed to be made with the express condition, that the boats intended to ply upon it should be propelled by no power except that of human labour; but in derision of antiquated contrivances, and all obstacles, the railway admonishes the advocate of retrogression; for on passing along its line, the traveller may survey the comparatively deserted old high road, that conserved canal where men are still beasts of burden, the Bridgewater Canal, and the old river; and steam, the school-

master of improvement, now leaves behind the slow boats and slow coaches of former days."—Pp. 20-21.

An engineer of the same class as Fairbairn is here presented to the attention of the reader. Of all the generators of motive power, none occupies a higher place than Mr. Fairbairn. Endowed by nature with the fervid genius and the indomitable perseverance characteristic of Scotchmen, he has by his inventive and constructive skill conferred on the world incalculable advantages, and made for himself a name whose repute is limited only by the four quarters of the globe.

The subject of this sketch was born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, on the 19th of February, 1789. He received the rudiments of a very defective education, first at the parish school in that town, and afterwards at the school of Millachy in the Highlands of Scotland, where he resided from his tenth to his fourteenth year. From this training he acquired some skill in reading and writing, accompanied with a very limited knowledge of arithmetic and a slight acquaintance with bookkeeping and mensuration. On quitting school he was bound an apprentice to an engine-wright in Northumberland. During his period of service he extended his knowledge to the earlier books of Euclid, a few algebraic problems, and the more popular works of English literature. On these subjects, by untiring perseverance in a rigid system of self-instruction, he acquired some useful information, and laid the foundation of those tastes and habits which up to the present hour have been his sole means of relaxation, and proved to him a ceaseless source of increasing usefulness. Prompted by impulses which were felt rather than understood, the apprentice, after the labours of the day, spent his evenings in the recreations of study; and now that he has risen to a very high rank among men of practical science, William Fairbairn still occasionally looks back on this period of his early history with no small degree of pride and satisfaction.

On the termination of his apprenticeship, the young engineer went to London, where he worked for two years as a journeyman millwright; and during his leisure hours constructed several machines of considerable merit. After a roving excursion over most parts of England, South Wales, and a part of Ireland—working his way the whole time—he finally settled in Manchester, in October, 1814, and shortly after commenced business on his own account, with no capital and very few friends. Forming a partnership with Mr. James Lillie, a man of strict integrity, he began in a resolute spirit to struggle with the difficulties incident to his position.

At an early date in his mechanical career, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the very great defects which existed in the machinery of transmission, or the system of millwork then in use for driving cotton factories. The mills of Lancashire and other districts were then moved by ponderous square shafts and large wooden drums, making seldom more than forty revolutions per minute. Assured that he could effect a great improvement, Mr. Fairbairn prevailed on one of the largest spinners to consent to the complete alteration of his mill-gearing: the whole factory was gutted, and in lieu of shafts seven to eight inches square, and wooden drums four feet and upwards in diameter, Mr. Fairbairn boldly introduced light cast-iron pulleys with wrought-iron shafting, varying from two and a half to three inches, and increased the speed so as to obtain from 100 to 160 revolutions per minute. Here was a gain of power four-fold! This improvement was followed by an entirely new principle of coupling the shafts, since denominated "the circular half-lap coupling." A natural consequence was a great augmentation of business; and from that day may be dated Mr. Fairbairn's success in life. Steadily pursuing the useful and honourable career on which he had now entered so satisfactorily, he accomplished several important improvements in the construction of millwork, water-wheels, and other hydraulic machines.

Towards the end of the year 1829, Mr. Fairbairn's attention was directed to the possibility of increasing the speed of boats in their passage through canals, and at the request of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, he instituted a series of experiments to determine the tractive force at velocities

varying from three to fourteen miles an hour; and farther to ascertain how far and with what advantage steam could be applied either as a tractive or propelling power instead of horses. These experiments were published at the expense of the company; and although the objects for which they were undertaken were not fully realised, they led the author's mind to a subject of higher importance, namely, the employment of iron as a material for shipbuilding. Iron boats were indeed in use previously, but they had never been constructed on principles fitted to enable them to resist the violence of storms, and to meet all the requirements of vessels intended to navigate the open sea. Mr. Fairbairn, aware of the importance of this new field of inquiry, bestowed thereon the full energy of his powerful intellect, and was rewarded with great success. Among the earliest improvers of this branch of practical science, he embarked largely in the manufacture of them both in London and in Manchester, and has since constructed above 100 iron ships, some of them war-frigates of nearly 2,000 tons burden.

During the years 1834-1835, the use of a hot blast for melting iron ores became prevalent, and along with this important improvement a very inferior description of iron was introduced. To relieve the public mind, and determine the relative merits of the new manufacture, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. (now Professor) Hodgkinson were requested by "The British Association for the Advancement of Science" to investigate the cause of certain supposed defects; and after a most laborious experimental research, the reports of both gentlemen were published in full in the "Transactions" of the Association.

Almost simultaneously with this investigation into the properties and comparative value of the hot and cold blast-iron, Mr. Fairbairn instituted an experimental inquiry into the relative values and properties of all the British irons. The valuable results were published in the "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester." These papers were at intervals followed by others on scientific subjects, which were honoured with the approval of learned societies, and published in their "Transactions." Whilst these investigations were going forward for the purpose of discovery and improvement, Mr. Fairbairn was involved in the multi-form and engrossing duties of large engineering establishments, the successful conduct of which has largely increased his reputation and augmented his wealth.

The most distinguished and lasting monument which Mr. Fairbairn has hitherto erected to his fame, is his construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges. The conception of the grand and novel design, as Mr. Fairbairn has unreservedly stated, belongs to Mr. Stephenson, who also deserves high praise for the share which he took in the labour as a colleague with the subject of this memoir. The respective shares taken in the construction by these two eminent men have unhappily been brought into dispute. While we maintain the just rights of the one, we have no wish whatever to derogate from the merit of the other; and an impartial review of the controversy authorises us to say, that without Mr. Fairbairn's practical knowledge and skill, Mr. Stephenson's idea would not have been carried into effect.

The reputation acquired by Mr. Fairbairn generally as a constructive engineer, has led to his services being put in requisition in all parts of Europe, whether for the heavier sort of mill work, iron shipbuilding, or locomotive engines; he has also successfully erected more than one hundred public bridges from forty to two hundred feet in span.

These eminent services have brought him honours from many quarters. Learned societies and crowned heads have bestowed on him tokens of their sense of his great and numerous merits.

While thus reaping the appropriate rewards of his genius, enterprise, and industry in the highest walks of life, Mr. Fairbairn, glad to help others to rise, occasionally devotes the resources of his richly-furnished mind to the instruction of the humbler classes. Two lectures are before us on "The Construction of Boilers," and on "Boiler Explosions," which

he recently delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution. From this pamphlet we make a quotation:—

"The modifications of the steam-engine which have been adopted since its introduction by Watt, three-quarters of a century ago, have been very numerous and varied; and although the progression in its applications and improvements has been most rapid and wonderful, we are still undecided as to the best form of its construction. Sound principles, scientifically applied, and the gradually increasing excellence of our workshop, have enabled us to attain the great perfection which characterises the working parts of the modern steam-engine. The steam-engine itself may be regarded as a comparatively perfect machine, and I shall, therefore, confine my observations almost exclusively to that very important and necessary adjunct, the boiler, which is the source of all its power. With this limitation a very wide field of inquiry is opened out, and in the earliest steps of the investigation we become perplexed with the endless variety of forms and constructions which at different periods have been adopted by engineers, and which have never, unfortunately, received the same judicious attention that was paid to the steam-engine. This is an anomalous and much-to-be-regretted fact, for the boiler being the source of the motive-power, is one of the most important parts of the whole machine. Upon its proper proportions and arrangements for the generation of steam depend the economy and regularity with which the engine can be worked; and upon its strength and excellence of workmanship depends the safety of the lives and property of those who come in contact with it. Regarding the steam-engine as one of the most active agents in the extension of our prosperity, and in the civilization of the world, and seeing how it is mixed up with the daily duties and workings of society, the safety and efficiency of every part, and more especially the boiler, are subjects of national importance; and I feel gratified by being called upon to lay before you such knowledge and experience on this subject of deep interest as I myself possess."

EARTHLY HONOURS.

(A Sonnet by Edward Bolton, published in 1610.)

"As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the massy mountains;
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy—such short life gathers.
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy,
The wither'd primrose from the weeping river,
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems—that the treasures we up-lay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK.

SOME of the most romantic and picturesque scenes in all fair France are to be found in the department of the Haute-Loire. Geologists tell us that, in days gone by, the district was torn by volcanic eruptions, and the traces of the lava are still to be found. This gives to the place a wild and somewhat terrible grandeur. Elevated peaks bristle over a black and yawning gorge, which, branching off into deep and mysterious recesses, forms the upper basin of the principal valley, in which two mountain rills, the Dor and the Dogue, unite, and give their joint names to a noble river. The rocks, lifting their craggy peaks on high, the fissures in those rocks, the unknown depths which they disclose, the giant trees, the roar of the falling waters, all combined, present a picture of remarkable interest, such an one as Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. It is a singularly suggestive spot to the imaginative temperament. We people the towering rocks and beautiful green valleys with creatures of our own fancy, weave out a story for each

locality—now of violence and terror, now of calm security and sylvan solitude; and, indeed, connected with the place are many strange eventful stories of the days when the Huguenots enrolled their names among the noble band of martyrs, and when all France was shaken with the first revolution, and legitimacy struggled to the death. Hence, irrespectively of its own natural grandeur, there is peculiar

Some of them are of no great elevation or grandeur, others present a magnificent appearance. Such an one is represented in our engraving. The water has rent the rock, and forced a passage through it, and from the rugged summit pours down its flood into the river, its fall now broken by a projecting rock, its course now turned by some impediment, but still fighting bravely, as if instinct with life and passion, in a noble



THE CASCADE OF THE ROCK, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HAUTE-LOIRE, FRANCE.

interest attaching to the place—a land of poetry and romance, a region of woods and waterfalls.

The view from the Pic de Sancy is very striking. The Pic is 6,171 feet above the level of the sea, and the prospect which stretches out before the observer is a labyrinth of valleys and gorges, with peaks bristling around on all sides, while numerous small lakes are glittering in the depths.

The waterfalls are the one great characteristic of the place.

struggle to be free. An artificial arch erected over the waterfall, the luxuriant foliage, and the graceful trees and herbage around, add to the beauty of the scene. Man is absent, but life is present; for there is life in the struggle and the leap of the mountain stream—life in the leaves that quiver on the boughs and in every blade of grass.

Not far from the Cascade of the Rock is the forest of Murse, one of the finest and most extensive in Auvergne.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER III.

Qui voudrait vivre, mon fils, s'il connaissait l'avenir !—Bernadin de Saint Pierre.

Ausserordentlich schwärmerische Menschen, Genies und Narren sollten gar nicht heirathen, aber die erste Liebe äusserst heiss, just bis zum ersten Kusse treiben und dann auf und davon gehen — Warte mit dem Zorne, die Gründe kommen.—*Adalbert Stifter.*

HONORIA was reining in her white pony, and commencing a quiet return towards the old mansion, when suddenly a strange mind and an excellent seat on horseback. The hounds sprang towards the woman; Honoria's decisive tone of command,



URSULA MORDANT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

woman emerged from a coppice, and with wildly waving arms paused like some ancient Pythoness before the young girl. The affrighted pony reared, and infallibly would have thrown his rider, had she not been possessed of unusual presence of

uttered in her clear, bell-like voice, instantly caused them to fall back; or, it might be, they fell back shivering, cowed more by a strange undaunted something in the woman, than even by the command of their mistress.

"Stand off, woman!" ejaculated Honoria, the blood with violence suffusing her transparent skin; "do you not see how you have startled my pony?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked the woman, heedless of Honoria's danger and her own, "my Leonard! my Leonard! my son—he has been foully murdered, girl!—look here!" and the poor maniac held forth towards Honoria the little pictures and needle-book. Honoria, startled by these awful words, cast her eyes upon the childish paintings, and her keen spirit appeared instantly to comprehend the condition of the unhappy being before her.

"That is sad, indeed, poor woman!" said she, soothingly, whilst she sought to curb in her fiery little steed, which still curvetted about in a manner perilous enough for Mrs. Mordant. "We will try and help you," pursued Honoria; "I will ride off for help!" and saying this she loosened her pony's rein, and fled like an arrow towards the house.

Soon Mr. Pierpoint and Honoria's tutor, followed by a servant, might have been observed crossing the meadow towards the unhappy woman, who was restlessly pacing up and down upon the spot where Honoria had left her. Mr. Pierpoint proffered his assistance, and poor Mrs. Mordant, in her frantic vehemence, mingling truth and miserable fancies, poured forth to him her distress of mind.

Mr. Pierpoint obtained sufficient information from her incoherent speeches for his purpose. He discovered that she was the sister of Michael Stanboise, and to the house of this well-known merchant he forthwith conveyed her.

The morrow's grey dawn saw her removed from Stanboise's house to an asylum lying on the outskirts of the town.

And here for the present, in this house of woe, must we leave the miserable mother. Nothing could induce her to part with the scraps of paper covered with Johnny Wetherley's childish paintings. She had folded them in a pink-gauze handkerchief and carried them in her bosom, guarding them fiercely and jealously, as if they were an untold treasure.

Her guardians, with a wide humanity, indulged her frenzied fancies by leaving her, undisturbed, this pitiful solace. Her madness had now sunk into a lethargic misery for the most part. For hours she might have been seen crouched in some corner of her sleeping cell, or of the common ward, with her head bowed in a wild abandonment upon her knees—like one of those extraordinary figures designed by that sublime madman, William Blake—or flung upon the floor with her face lying in the dust, in the attitude of oriental worship, oblivious to the blood-curdling cries that rose around her from afflicted souls torn by frantic misery, which now presented itself in awful ribald jests, in cries of bitterest anguish, or, more fearful still, in laughter such as never issued from sane bosom. But there were also times when poor Ursula Mordant woke up from lethargy, and flinging her treasure from her bosom, would blend her cry with other cries of agony, echoing through the white mournful corridors, and ascending up to God.

But this cry of anguish never reached Leonard. Where was he? Let us seek after him.

One morning the scholars of Signor Lambelli, assembled in the rotunda of his celebrated academy of painting in London, were addressed by their worthy master in the following little set speech:—

"Gentlemen! to-day a pupil will enter this Temple of the Muses, for whom I must, gentlemen, request your special courtesy. Art, my dear youthful friends, we all believe, sublimates the meanest atom. As Jove, we learn, descended from the skies, assuming grovelling shapes of beasts and birds to bear away the prize of beauty, so now in common life—as in the case which I am about to lay before you, gentlemen—we perceive how the highly-born—if I mistake not—and the highly-endowed with genius, may stoop to perform the drudgery of slaves in order to gain admittance to the Temple of the Muses. Gentlemen, I bewilder you! In simple terms—casting aside the flowers of rhetoric—I will explain. A young gentleman last night besought admittance to me—his name, as given, is Leonard Hale—and, with a noble frankness,

declaring himself unpossessed of worldly wealth, but burning with an inextinguishable ardour for the service of the Muses, he besought permission, upon any terms, to enter this Temple. He would, he declared, with eyes of pride, become a menial even, so that he might in the end attain to the rank of a disciple. I was"—pursued the kind-hearted, but pompous Lambelli, his voice becoming somewhat husky, his speech somewhat less florid—"interested, gentlemen, in the youth; his manner bespoke an earnest, steadfast love and ardour; his sketches, which he showed me, power. He would not receive his admission among you upon any terms but those of working out a return for my instruction. He will, gentlemen, henceforth perform the functions of that lazy dog, Peter; and, gentlemen, my dear young friends, you will evince yourselves in the reception of this gentleman"—concluded Lambelli, sonorously clearing his throat as if to drive away some lingering emotion.

The good signor's little address was received in a variety of ways: there were titterings and coughings, and there were also a few instances of noble and generous response to poor Leonard's action, which expressed themselves in murmurs of "By Jove, though, there must be stuff in the chap!"—"We must be up and doing, old fellow, or this Phoenix of servitors will sweep us out of the rotunda with the other rubbish!"

The door opening, Leonard entered, and murmurs and titterings ceased suddenly, although many glances, both bold and furtive, were cast upon him.

It was with no cowed or menial air that he advanced, but with so proud a bearing that the good signor's suspicions regarding the youth's noble birth readily have been acceded to by all present. A keen fire flashed in his eyes as they rapidly glanced over the room prepared for study, with the light striking broadly upon the rows of large-limbed casts after the antique which in calm dignity stood around the walls. Then slightly bowing to Signor Lambelli, and the colour suffusing his usually pale cheek as he felt so many wondering, strange eyes rivetted upon him, he said in a clear but low voice,—

"Is there any duty, Sir, which I shall perform before commencing my drawing? You will perhaps have the goodness clearly to explain to me here, before these gentlemen, what my duties are; I wish to arrange all my work methodically, so that the one kind shall not interfere with the other, in order that both you and I, Sir, may have satisfaction in each other."

Signor Lambelli, with a certain bustling excitement, and an undisguised deference, then explained the mysteries of straining paper upon the student's drawing-boards, of arranging the room for models, and various other duties of the same kind which would devolve upon the youth,—

"The brooms," observed the kind-hearted signor, lowering his voice and drawing Leonard aside, "for—hem—hem—my dear young sir, you will pardon my using such homely terms—for sweeping out the rotunda, and dust-pans, and such trifling matters, I will order up here, and they shall be kept in this closet; so that—you understand me, my dear young sir—that with the menials of my household you shall have no occasion to come in contact. As you gracefully observed last evening, 'the hand is never defiled by an action, however lowly, which is performed in a noble spirit'; we know that—we know that. But now let us set to work upon the nobler work—of course—of course, in a noble spirit." And the good man drew forth an easel, and arranging an anatomical cast in an advantageous light, with love and earnestness set his new pupil to work.

"And, gentlemen," pursued he, turning round to the considerably-surprised groups of youths who were scattered through the room, "you will not be unreasonable in your demands upon Mr. Hale's time. I rely upon your honourable feelings, gentlemen."

It would be needless, step by step, to follow Leonard through this portion of his career. Let it suffice to say, that he battled onward through difficulties, and through what to many a less truly proud spirit would have been humiliations, inspired by a fervent love of art, inflamed with a vast ambition, nerved up to endure all things for the accomplishment of his then so

purpose in life—the development of his latent genius, and thereby the attainment of triumphant artistic success, which should be the sign of his love to his mother—his revenge upon his uncle.

He had, in the first instance, to run the gauntlet with various mean spirits amongst Lambelli's pupils; but the nobler ones speedily arose as his champions, and in Lambelli himself he had ever a true and steadfast friend, who not alone imparted freely and proudly all the practical knowledge of art of which he was possessed to his singular pupil, but, with a gentle thought inquiring into the poor youth's circumstances, put work into his hands which enabled Leonard, by unceasing toil at night and in the early mornings, to earn sufficient for his slender wants. But this evident pride of Lambelli in his pupil only in another way produced thorns for Leonard—jealousy and envy of him spread among the other students; but silently, earnestly, at times moodily, Leonard wrought on, performing his two spheres of labour, the lower for the love of the higher, and that, too, with a conscientiousness which would have been incredible to Michael Stamboyse, had he known of it. But where a strong love rules how easy become all things! Speedily, however, did the time arrive for Leonard to pass on to a yet higher school than that of the Rotunda—to the school of the Royal Academy, where Lambelli longed to see him entered as a student; foreseeing that much credit to his teaching would accrue to him through Leonard, and also from an unselfish interest in the youth.

And neither were master nor scholar disappointed in their expectations: Leonard's success was signal; his zeal and skill a constant subject of discourse both among teachers and fellow-students, and the highest expectations were excited regarding his career. This phase of Leonard's life was truly typified in a bold figure which he had once sketched in charcoal upon the wall of Lambelli's school, and which for long years was carefully preserved there by Lambelli, and by later generations of students, as a relic of "that clever fellow, Hale." It was of a strong youthful warrior hewing his way through the world with a huge two-edged sword, his breast heaving, his youthful brows knit with a strong determination.

And thus Leonard hewed his way boldly forward, and in the struggle and emulation of the combat he could not hear the wailing voice of his poor mother echoing through the desolate corridors of her abode of misery.

"I shall write to my mother on the day of my triumph!" said Leonard in his heart. And for the sake of the great joy to his mother and himself of this triumph, he silenced with a strong will the agency of his love for her, which at times threatened to overwhelm him and his ambition.

Let us now return to our poor little artist, Johnny. Before a month had passed from the day on which he had encountered Mrs. Mordant in the wood above the Hellings, that long-yearned-for happiness had arrived—a visit from the Pierppoints; and then a yet more marvellous bliss—his translation from the cottage of his good old grandmother to the studio of Mr. Isaac Strudwicke, of Nottingham, a portrait-painter of much provincial fame.

On a clear-skied, joyous May morning, the carriage of the Honourable Jasper Pierppoint stopped at the turn of the lane, near to Sally Wetherley's cottage, and the old dame herself, now pretty nearly recovered from her accident, might have been seen at the door of the cottage supported on a crutch, which nevertheless did not prevent her from attempting various curtsies in reply to Mr. Pierppoint's words, as he conducted away Johnny, who, attired in bran new clothes, and with a very crimson countenance, was grasping his grandmother's hand. Then one might have seen how the good old woman hobbled down, as fast as she could, to her favourite point of observation in the little garden, where, standing among the young cabbage-plants, through a gap in the hedge, she watched, with tears of pride and affection gathering in her eyes, the carriage roll away, with Johnny seated in the rumble.

And now commences, truly, a fresh chapter in the life of John Wetherley.

Often in after life did that first entrance into the temple of art recur to him and call forth smiles, but smiles mingled with a certain tenderness. John Wetherley's maturer judgment in later years declared the studio of worthy Isaac Strudwicke to have been but a dreary, barren temple. Great names, and much technicality and conventionality, certainly adorned the teaching and the life in the temple, and many a strictly correct and conventional picture of a gentleman standing before a crimson curtain, fastened between marble columns, the said gentleman holding in his hand an open letter, or leaning it gracefully upon a table scattered over with books and papers, did Johnny study; and as he progressed under the instruction of his worthy master, aid in the creation of.

Innumerable were the crimson Indian scarfs which he industriously dashed in for Isaac Strudwicke for the adornment of elderly ladies, both amiable and severe, who attired in brilliant black satin, were seated upon Grecian couches—innumerable the pale blue scarfs for the young ladies in white, who, with ringlets and pensive eyes, wandered through cinnamon-coloured groves, often bearing in their hands baskets of roses. Much labour also did blue coats, striped buff waistcoats, crimson curtains with ditto cords and tassels, and green table-cloths, and vellum-bound books, and massive ink-stands, afford him. But it was some time ere such delicacies of art were intrusted to the pencil of the novice.

Above all, in John Wetherley's memory bloomed two pictures of his life with Isaac Strudwicke—his presentation to his master, and the last day of his discipleship.

The carriage of the Honourable Jasper Pierppoint, upon the bright May morning already referred to, stopped abruptly at a house in the same street as that of Michael Stamboyse, and, like it, a house bearing the stamp of the reign of William and Mary. Johnny's heart beat faster and louder, and his breath came ever thicker and quicker, and his cheeks glowed ever hotter and redder, as he followed Mr. Pierppoint, and the demure elderly woman-servant who ushered them up the well-carpeted staircase, and through a long gallery hung and carpeted with crimson baize, and adorned with copies after Rubens, Vanduyke, and Rembrandt, made by Mr. Strudwicke when upon his continental tour. Now the door at the end of the gallery was opened, Johnny feeling as though certainly his loudly beating heart must burst his breast, and as though every one certainly must hear, as he did, a rush as of winds and waters—which was, after all, simply the circulation of his own excited blood.

The door opened, they entered, and he saw tall easels rising up around him, from which gleamed down the contented countenances of gentlemen and ladies; he saw light streaming in a blinding shower from the upper portion of a tall window at the end of the room, the lower portion of the window being mysteriously hung with a heavy green curtain. Everywhere he saw pictures, and books, and prints, and portfolios, and ghastly-looking casts of hands, arms, feet, and heads, standing about the floor or hanging upon the walls; he saw a hideous, huge doll bedizened up with a widow's cap and a crimson scarf; and he saw Isaac Strudwicke himself.

The good old gentleman had been inspired by one of the unusual flights of imagination which, upon two or three occasions of his long and indefatigable life, had visited him. He was painting a picture which, to employ his own words, he regarded as "idealised poetical portraiture." It was a picture of Niobe and her children; and in order to enjoy the full force of contrast, or maybe the picture originating in the fantastic contradiction inherent in human nature, he had chosen as the models for his poetical picture his newly-wedded wife, the matronly relict of Jeremiah Dale, formerly mayor of Sheffield, and her two little daughters, Phoebe and Emma. Possible, also, is it that Mrs. Strudwicke's poetical mind had influenced that of her "cherished spouse," for she was a lady with a vein of tender sentimentality running through her comfortable being; and now, rejoicing in a second and beloved husband, and in the possession of two remarkably healthy and pretty

little daughters, she poetically chose to have herself immortalised, by the pencil of her husband, as the unhappy Niobe, and Phoebe and Emma, clinging to her, in horror of Diana's arrows, as the last of her ten daughters.

Could Johnny have read the expression upon Mr. Pierrpoint's countenance when that gentleman's eyes encountered "the poetical portrait" in progress, and the group throned before Isaac Strudwicke, the lad would have read something there very dry and sarcastic. But Johnny was in no condition to read countenances or anything else; he was fairly bewildered—bewildered by the portly dame in classical drapery and whose plump arm, protruding from a flame-coloured tunic, was wound round the shaft of a broken column, against which her stout cheek reposed; he was bewildered by the two pretty little girls dressed in blue and pink gauze, who were amusing themselves, until commanded by their step-father to "pose," the one with eating queen's-cakes, the other with dressing her doll; he was bewildered by the vision of the painter himself, who was seated before his picture, palette and brushes in his hand, and attired in a green damask painting-gown. With the pair of round spectacles upon his nose, and with the powder he wore in his hair, altogether Isaac Strudwicke bore a certain resemblance to the well known portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a resemblance, he it known, especially cherished by the worthy man himself.

Everything bewildered the country lad, and a strange sense of humility overwhelmed him, also a feeling akin to that which had made him in the wood above the Hellings bury his face, wet with bitter tears, among the bright spring blossoms. What a world of new knowledge was opening before him!—how should he ever learn to understand all the strange things about him! And as he heard Mr. Pierrpoint's clear aristocratic voice in easy converse with this strange gentleman talking about the picture—that wonderfully beautiful picture, as Johnny thought, of the fat lady in the queer yellow shawl, Johnny called it—he felt how rough his own voice was, how clumsy his tongue, as well as his feet and his hands—oh were he only back in the turnip-field or with his dear old granny; but then the thought—the intoxicating thought flashed through him—"but I'm come to learn how to make beautiful pictures such as these around me! and I *can* make them too, I feel sure, some day!" And Johnny's head was very erect when Strudwicke observed, "And so, my dear boy, you would like to be a painter?" And his voice was not at all thick and husky, when he replied, "Yes, indeed, that I should, sir!" for it was his soul which spoke, and gave clearness of utterance.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Strudwicke, as I before observed, I trust you will find that I have discovered a 'Giotto,'" remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, with a smiling look at the blushing boy, whose face once more had sunk upon his breast suffused with blushes.

"A Sir Joshua, a Sir Joshua, let us rather say, my dear sir," returned Mr. Strudwicke, again peering coolly-temperedly at poor Johnny through his round spectacle glasses.

"I need not repeat my wishes regarding my young protégé, Mr. Strudwicke," said Mr. Pierrpoint, taking his leave. "All affairs were satisfactorily arranged upon my last visit; and now good bye, Wetherley, and let us hear satisfactory accounts of your progress!"

Some five years have calmly flowed away since this first picture was impressed upon the memory of our friend. He is grown into the youth of eighteen, and the second picture, which in maturer years called forth both smiles and a certain tenderness in John Wetherley's heart, shows him reclining in a pleasant shadowy garden upon grass and among flowers at the feet of a young girl.

To his enamoured eyes all that ever poets sang of love and loveliness, of nymphs, of goddesses, of shepherdesses, of angels, is embodied in the form and face of this girl, around whose soft brown hair Johnny has placed a wreath of roses. How his fingers are thrilled with a delicious faintness as he places the happy flowers upon that little head, every beloved hair of

which has wound itself around his heart—how he feels a sharp pang of half-sweet jealousy shiver through him as he looks at her little dimpled fingers pressing the dainty little needle which sparkles in the warm afternoon sun—and if those sweet violet eyes would but raise themselves only for a halt moment and gaze into his, and read there all the romantic devotion welling up into them from his throbbing, warm, intoxicated heart, would not that indeed and indeed be bliss! But they rest, those dove-like eyes, with the most provokingly bewitching demureness upon the delicate muslin which the little dimpled fingers are embroidering—and the sun-light flickers through the vine leaves upon the trellis-work covering the garden-house, at the foot of which this beloved goddess is embroidering, and sharply pencilled shadows fall upon her peach-like cheek from those long eye-lashes, and roses of earth never were such marvellous brilliancy as her red-lips, or breathed such perfume—and her white dress, catching the sun's rays, gleams with celestial radiance—and as Johnny lies dreaming before her, half supported by cushions, upon which he has enthroned his goddess, his soul dissolves into an ecstasy, then deepens into sadness, as he feels how in a few short hours he will have been borne away from her, his beloved idol.

London! London! fresh paths of study opening out before him! his debt of gratitude to the Pierrpoints! In this moment what were they? He had of late been seized with discontent at this eternal painting of sleek ladies and gentlemen wearing an eternal simper, and in his heart of hearts had scorned the skill of honest Isaac Strudwicke; and when thrills of intensest joy vibrated through his being at visions of gorgeous sun-set skies, of fresh dewy flowers unfurling their delicately-tinted chalcids; of solemn and thickly-wooded landscapes, stretching away towards a vast horizon with ocean-like immensity—had not a new sense of artistic power been born within him, and had he not then burst the bonds which for years had bound him reverently to his good old master's teachings? And had not Miss Pierrpoint, as if divining this secret new-born aspiration, but a few weeks before, witnessing his flushed face and gleaming eyes, as he leant over a rare design by an old Italian master, which she had shown him, exclaimed, "Mr. Wetherley has staid long enough, too long, father, in Strudwicke's studio—he must have higher teaching—the true love of art is in him; we shall not after all be disappointed."

Yes, once more earnest, oracular words had been spoken by this cold, haughty Miss Pierrpoint, she whose beauty, decision, and harsh frankness throughout five years of unceasing thoughtfulness for him, their low-born protégé, had weighed upon him rather with pain than joy;—and once more in her he had recognised the angel who burst the dungeon gates for him, drawing him forth into the refuge of day. His heart had bowed before her in gratitude, and for a space he had rejoiced over his approaching deliverance from the eternal delineation of vapid faces and forms.

But as his departure for London approached, John Wetherley had discovered how bands of a far more subtle bondage than those of Isaac Strudwicke's art had bound themselves stealthily around him. He believed that now, when it was too late to save himself from a great misery and mistake in life, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he, in full consciousness of the calm and beautiful life he left behind smiling and beckoning to him from the shore, was plunging into an ocean of troubled waters, within whose depths lay fearful monsters awaiting his destruction. What at that moment to his soul were the pearls and the rare marvels he might discover within the ocean caverns, to the familiar joys of the meadow flowers upon the peaceful shores?

"After all," he repeated again and again to himself, "do not I believe Love to be nobler, more beautiful, than Art? Why, therefore, do I quit this beloved being? I have offended this good Mr. Strudwicke, her second father, by quitting him and his instruction at the very time when he has declared me, with noble generosity, to be his *son* and favourite pupil; even half hinting, also, how, perhaps, in years to come, I might take up his palette and step into his vacant place as second

emulator of 'Sir Joshua?'—and that good motherly, Mrs. Strudwicke, too, am not I also bitterly ungrateful to her? and Phoebe? and—Emma?" And his restless thoughts touching upon this enchanting goddess, and his eyes resting with bewilderment upon her radiant face and dimpled hands, he was tossed from all anchorage of reason; and yet, duty to the stern Honoria and her father, all, all might have been lost, but for dire necessity.

Yes, John Wetherley, and now, with these thoughts teeming within thy brain, with thy lips seeking to utter words which should bear them glowing to the silly little heart of thy goddess, much gratitude dost thou owe, although thou couldst not then acknowledge it, to thy Nemesis, who approaches

kiss the tender soles of her dear little shoes! The large and handsomely bound volume, in which *Il Penseroso* had been reading studiously all that cloudless June afternoon, was her common-place book, and into it she copied, as she informed inquirers, "All the most melancholy passages from the most melancholy poets." Apparently she had this afternoon been perusing the most melancholy of all her extracts, for her countenance wore a pensiveness more striking than even that depicted in Strudwicke's celebrated "Poetical Portrait" of herself and Emma, from which the two sisters had derived their cognomens of *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro*. *Il Penseroso* clapped her volume to her breast with nun-like air, her small head sunk upon it, her eyes resting on the earth,



THE LOVERS IN THE GARDEN.

through the bowery garden in the guise of Phoebe Dale, the sister of thy divinity, or *Il Penseroso*, as she is called familiarly. "Tee awaits us within the honeysuckle bower," with melancholy air says *Il Penseroso*, closing a large book which she has been perusing, and smiling faintly at the romantic pair; and the glowing words rush back to John's heart; and, blessed interference of Nemesis, oh, John Wetherley, thou art rescued from bondage for life to an empty, pretty face, with, either for thyself miserable mental deterioration, or for thy idol of clay bitter misery and injustice!

Slowly, very slowly, the three walked towards the bower, John silently and looking very pale, his eyes fixed upon the mossy turf, which yielded to the dainty footsteps of his divinity—he was jealous even of the happy moss which dared to

and thus she walked to the left hand of our unhappy lover—Emma danced along upon his right—now she had flitted off like a butterfly to gather a rose, now she had stuck it into John's button-hole, looking up into his face with such arch smiles, that had not the melancholy figure been at his side—and Isaac Strudwicke and his worthy wife been seated beneath the bower in full view of the approaching trio—he must infallibly have seized upon that terribly beautiful little face, and pressed it to his heart instead of the rose. And then she chirped around him like a merry bird, and everywhere sunshine fell upon her—and he was bewildered—distracted—Alas! poor Johnny, thou wast in a deplorable condition! But kind irrevocable fate was saving thee from the syren. Yes, although the withered remains of the rose which she had

given thee for long months were cherished by thee as the most sacred relic of a saint; although in fantastic, heavenly dreams that divine face haunted thee nightly with a pernicious madness for a long space; although with burning, passionate, and earnest heart, thou hadst implored from heaven the possession of her love through the long night of thy journey up to London, sitting upon the top of the coach, and gazing up into the calm sky, and towards the stern, indifferent stars—thou wast only learning one of the very earliest lessons in life's school—poor Johnny!—Heaven's wisdom in turning a deaf ear to many a mortal's prayer.

But spite of our friend's heart being tossed to and fro by the billows of love's ocean, and by the billows also of jealousy—for Mrs. Strudwicke, during the meal within the honey-suckle bower, with cold cruelty lacerated John's heart, intruding into his sensitive core the thorn of jealousy by lavishing, as she did, unbounded praise upon "that delightful Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, whose appreciation of her Strudwicke's genius was undisguised, and who having been so greatly struck by that lovely picture of her Strudwicke's, *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*, was himself going to sit immediately,"—yes, spite of these tides of agitating love and jealousy, and of the self-condemnation also called forth by the cold and silent expression of good old Strudwicke's countenance, John Wetherley had much to arrange and think of this evening before his departure with the coach at nine o'clock.

He had to bid adieu to the kind but awe-inspiring Pierpoints, now staying for a few days at their stately mansion in the town, Pierpoint House, one of those handsome and dignified old houses belonging to old county families, of which Nottingham is—or was, perhaps more correctly speaking—very rich.

John, his senses in a feverish delirium, passed through the familiar streets, along which, bathed in the quiet golden light of evening, people moved gaily or loiteringly. Happy people, John thought, who tomorrow, and the next day, and the next after that, would wake up within the familiar town, and who would, lying down to rest or waking, breathe the same air as his beloved! That stately, gloomy mansion of the Pierpoints, divided from the street by its court-yard, where grew the tall poplars which shivered in the breeze of this balmy June evening, as though Pierpoint atmosphere even to them were chilling; and where the formal grass-plats, divided at right-angles by hard straight gravel-walks, were yielding as softest velvet to any insanely erratic foot-step which should dare to cross them—and where the jessamine, festooning the rich iron-balustrade running up either hand of the stone steps leading to the tall portal of the mansion, gleamed forth in gold white stars from darkest hued leaves—all smote this night on John's burning breast, like ice upon a volcano.

The tall portal swinging back, whilst still the voice of the decaying bell vibrated through the air, and a grave, sable-clad servant replying to John's somewhat abashed inquiries, he was speedily ushered across the gleaming black and white marble floor of the hall—grim portraits of departed Pierpoints and antlered heads frowning down upon him from the dark wainscoted walls.

And now he stood in the large dining-room. More generations of stately Pierpoints gazed around upon him from the walls, also of dark, gleaming wainscot; and that extraordinarily beautiful, but bold-looking, Lady de Callis, whose face was Honoria's, and yet not Honoria's, looked forth from among the knots and festoons of carved flowers and fruits above the high mantel-piece. The slender, aristocratic, large blue-eyed boy, whose arm encircled her proud neck, seemed jealously to frown away all gazers upon his mother's strange, beautiful face, and that face seemed heartily to invite John's approach, then to repel him with a marvellous, enigmatical expression on her lips.

No sunlight was in the spacious room; and, though June, a fire burned upon the low, broad hearth beneath that heavily carved mantel-piece. But no fire-rays could warm up either the cold gleamings from the pictured faces, from the polished

walls, from the polished Indian cabinets standing here and there, or from the polished oaken floor, which revealed itself where it ceased to be covered by thick and richly-tinted Turkey carpet.

Sunlight had also passed away from the square of stately garden which was seen through the broad plate-glass windows lying beyond a low terrace with stone balustrades crowned with balls. Sunlight streaked the cloudlets with rose and orange in the pearly sky which hung above the garden, but within it all was cold and dusky green; a chilliness hung around the sun-dial that rose in the centre of the garden; it hung among the tall, dark cypresses, upon the thick tapestry of jessamine and ivy which clothed the high walls surrounding the garden, and crept over the soft velvet turf. A deep hush brooded over the whole place without, only rendered more perceptible by the chirp of noisy town sparrows,—within, by the loud ticking of an ancient time-piece all gold and enamel, and by the startling fall of cinders from the fire upon the polished steel hearth.

The remains of a rich dessert were standing upon a small table drawn up near to the fire-place. There were delicious hot-house fruits heaped up in rich silver and china baskets, and rendered yet more lovely from being wreathed with leaves and flowers; and through the crystal sides of antiquely-formed decanters shone golden and ruddy wine. In that chair, with its ebony back and crimson-cushioned seat, must that cold, awful Mr. Pierpoint have sat, and there at his feet, upon that crimson velvet ottoman, must Honoria have nestled up to her father's knee. Could even a daughter, John thought, cling to so cold, so awful a being as Mr. Pierpoint? or could words so cold and keen as his ever soften into love, even to this daughter?

But John was not long allowed to ponder upon the frigid Honoria, or the glowing Emma—a much more dangerous theme,—for in a moment more the grave servant was conducting him into a smaller adjoining room, lined with books up to the ceiling. Seated beside the fire was Mr. Pierpoint, sipping coffee out of a tiny cup of daintiest china. Honoria, attired in a grey silk—now silvery as a gleam of moonlight—now dusky as a rain-cloud—and with her marvellously beautiful hair gleaming in the light, as if her head were surrounded with a golden glory, stood before a little table with quaintly-carved legs, pouring out coffee from a massive silver coffee-pot for an elderly lady, dressed in black, who sat beside her.

But neither the most courteous reception from this group, nor warm coffee poured from this quaint coffee-pot, worthy to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented in a Sevres cup by the fair hands of Honoria,—nor yet Mr. Pierpoint's wise advice to John upon this, the new chapter in his art-life commencing for him,—could set the poor youth at ease, or thaw the ice within him;—no, not even Mr. Pierpoint's parting gift of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," nor yet, much more, the parting words and action of Honoria.

With a sudden glow, as of a reflected sunset upon her white brow and among her crisp golden hair,—“Father,” said she, slightly turning towards Mr. Pierpoint, “remember that our copy of *Albion*, which Mr. Wetherley was so much interested in the other night, is to be lent to him, until he is rich enough to purchase one for himself. It is already packed; shall I order it to be carried to the coach-office?” and turning towards John with a certain swan-like action, as she drew up her noble figure—“Mr. Wetherley,” she pursued, “my father imagines that Mr. Strudwicke has given you no anatomical instruction; now you must earnestly begin to study anatomy. Without such knowledge you can be no artist, and were I one, or wishing to become one, I would never rest until Science had yielded to me her strength, as Poetry should yield to me her beauty. Let ‘*thorough*’ be your motto in art and in life. Old *Albion* shall aid you. Neither books nor human beings have a right to waste their lives—both should ever be in useful activity; *Albion* will be doing his duty more by accompanying you to London than by stopping to moulder in a rich binding upon our shelves. You do your duty by him. But

remember, he is only *lent*, not given. Take care of him, both because he is a loan and because he is an excellent work, worthy of respect from you. And now, Mr. Wetherley, good bye, we must not detain you!"

About an hour and a half later, the London coach rolling, along with Johnny and Albinus upon its top, was stopped by a little cart standing at the corner of a lane in the gathering twilight. An old voice cried out from the little cart, "Good bye, my dear lad—again, good bye! Samiuel brought me for

a last word. Bless thee, my lad!—and here's a nice pasty for thee, poor chap!" And then a warm packet, wrapped up in a spotlessly clean blue and white checked handkerchief, was handed up to Johnny by the laughing guard. Away rolled the coach towards London, but the little cart stood in the dust until the last sound of this hurrying horses and wheels was heard. But neither Albinus, Honoria, nor the pasty, nor yet its giver occupied the thoughts of John, as he sped along towards London.

CASCADE OF TERNI.

TURNER's name has for years been the war-cry of one of the great art factions in England, and his pictures have served much the same purpose as the famous shield, about the colour of which the two knights-errant belaboured each other all day long, though neither had seen more than one side. He never exhibited a picture in the Academy that did not give rise to the fiercest disputes and reprimand, which were often carried far beyond their legitimate sphere or object. Since his death, however, his works have gradually been assuming their proper rank; and there is hardly a doubt that at the present moment they stand as high in the estimation of all competent judges, as any artist either of ancient or of modern times.

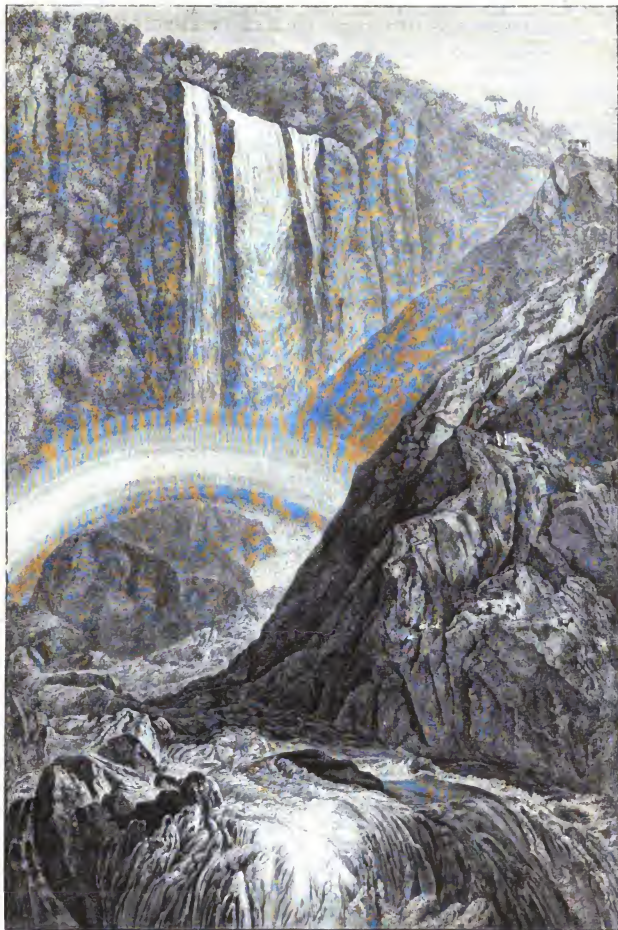
Before Turner's time landscape painting in England partook very much of the character of young ladies' drawings, or the steel engravings in annuals, at least so far as regarded the subjects chosen. These were generally "moonlight scenes," calm sunsets with clear skies, shady valleys, and river banks at summer noon-day. Little change was ever seen in the character of the atmosphere or hue of the sky. People were beginning to get tired of this, when Turner appeared to supply them with a change of fare. He displayed at the very outset one of his chief characteristics, his intense and inviolable nationality.

Turner, strange to say, is the only painter who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water with precision and fidelity. He has obtained this expression of force in falling or running water by fearless and full rendering of its forms. He goes down with the stream or cataract but never loses himself and his subject in the splash of the fall, or forgets to follow out the details. He does not blind us with spray, or veil the countenance of his fall in its own drapery. It is easy to give the appearance of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam, she shows beneath and through a distinct outline and character for each wave, and bend, and jet, in short, throws a character of definiteness over the whole. Now Turner is remarkable, above all things, for his dislike of generalities, and for his love of definiteness, and he accordingly discards every thing that conceals or overloads it. In the "Cascade of Terni," one of his Italian views, the whole basin of the fall is blue and dim with rising vapour, and is arched by a rainbow; but, nevertheless, the attention of the spectator is mainly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself. The great mistake of most other painters has been that they have given the water a springing parabolic descent, as if it were an enraged prisoner springing eagerly from his bonds: they give it an appearance of activity. Now falling water is in reality, to all appearance, helpless and lifeless, a heavy falling body. Water may leap over a store, but it tumbles over a fall, abandons itself wholly to the air, and the descent becomes a dead weight. It is the expression of this hopeless abandonment, this utter prostration—if we may so speak—for which Turner is famous. There is no muscle, or srew, or wiriness, or self-control in his cataracts.

He displays the same wonderful powers of perspective in his treatment of the water as it flows among the rocks after its descent. Water, when once it finds itself in the bed of the river, and commences its onward course, when it meets

with any obstructions, does not rush madly onward after surmounting them, but rests awhile in the hollow on the other side, and so it goes on, alternately gurgling round the stones in its way, and then resting again. But if it be going down a steep descent, so that its motion is quick accelerated by flowing down a steep incline, it leaps manfully over the first obstacle in its way; and instead of resting now, it leaps again over the next with increased momentum; and so on in a succession of leaps, until its surface becomes a series of undulations. Turner seizes on these curved lines of torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are a constant expression of power and velocity, and tell us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. The leap and splash may occasionally be seen in any quiet lowland scene, but the undulating line is the peculiar attribute of the mountain torrent which has been rushing mid foam and fury, for miles, over rock and fall.

A few words about Terni itself. Terni, from which the cascade derives the name it most commonly bears, is a town in Italy, in the Duchy of Spoleto. Besides being celebrated on account of its proximity to this most beautiful object, it possesses considerable interest for all classical scholars as having been the birth-place of Tacitus, the profound, philosophical, and impartial historian of the Roman empire, when on the point of its decline. Salvator Rosa writing, in 1662, to his friend Ricciardi, says of this cascade: "I have seen at Terni the cascade of Vellino, a river which takes its rise in the mountains above Rieti, and falls over a height of nearly half a mile; the foam and vapour of which rise up in an arch of a thousand views." Lord Byron wrote to Murray, in 1817, "I have twice visited the fall of Terni, which surpasses every thing." Though these two men had seen most of the wild and terrible scenes of nature, the painter in Calabria, and the poet in Switzerland and the Alps, yet Terni impressed their imaginations more powerfully than any. It is perhaps the finest fall of water, not in Italy only, but in Europe, and can only be surpassed by the giant fall of the western world. The cascades of Tivoli, beside which Horace and Catullus mused and read, invite the senses to repose and slumber; but the emotions produced by Terni are tumultuous and profound. The river of Vellino casts itself, with its entire body of water, over a rock of immense height, and in the midst of thick and luxuriant, but still wild, vegetation. From the abyss into which it falls, it rises in a thick cloud of foam which forms an ever-hanging rainbow, with the most gorgeous hues; but the vibration caused by the descent is so terrible, that the very trees on the side of the rock tremble, and then rushes forward with great impetuosity through a barren and rugged valley. It is said that Curius Dentatus, the famous Roman who has earned for himself an immortality by his self-devotion to the cause of his country, turned aside the course of the river Vellino, in the year 671, from the foundation of the city, in order to protect the district of Rieti from the floods occasioned by its overflows. He brought it by means of a canal to the edge of the steep rock of Marmora much in the same way, says a clever writer, as they formerly conducted criminals to the Tarpeian rock, and threw them down headlong. The names of Vellino, Marmora, and



CASCADE OF TERNI.

Terni are given to the cascade indiscriminately. Travellers going to visit it usually set out from Terni. There are two roads; one passes above the little village of Papigno, and

winding to the heights of Marmora; but, by taking the other, a better view is obtained both of the fall and of the scenery in the neighbourhood.

WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

JAN STEEN.



HOUBRACKEN, who was for a short time the contemporary of Jan Steen, has represented this artist to us as a free drinker,



and relates of him such numerous excesses and ludicrous traits of character as to have given him in history the reputation of a confirmed drunkard and buffoon. All those who have spoken of Jan Steen, since Houbraken, have, in imitation of his biographer, repeated the jokes of the celebrated painter, so that they have become proverbial, especially in Holland. But, for want of having carefully studied his works, and in consequence of the practice, common to almost all book-makers, of copying one from the other, without making any sort of independent inquiry or research, the biographers have given us a false idea of the Dutch painter, in describing him as a man who was capable of nothing better than drinking and jesting. His private affairs, rather than his art, appear to have engaged their attention—they concerned themselves too much with what took place in his household, and did not rightly comprehend what passed in his mind.

It is, doubtless, quite true that Jan Steen lived at the ale-house, and ended by turning his own dwelling into a tavern. This view of his life should not, however, prevent us from desecrating his real merits, or from allowing, that though a free-liver, he was also a philosopher, a profound and acute observer, and able to raise himself without effort to the conception of beauty. Possessed of much comic power, he was skilful in portraying diversities of character, and in reproving the follies of mankind,—not with bitterness, but gaily, as it becomes a man who laughs both at the great and petty miseries of life.

Among the numerous biographical works of Arnold Houbraken—which are for the most part without interest, detail, or colour,—that of the life of Jan Steen is remarkable. One

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feels that this writer, although younger than Jan Steen by twenty-four years, knew the man of whom he speaks, and derived the elements of his biography from a good source. He informs us that Jan Steen was born in 1636 at Leyden, in Holland, and that he was the contemporary and friend of Mieris. His master was Van Jan Goyen, under whose instruction he made great progress. Whilst he excited the admiration of this painter by the rapidity with which his talents developed themselves, he insinuated himself into his good graces, and eventually Van Goyen became so partial to him, that he granted him entire liberty in his house, and allowed him to live there on terms of the greatest intimacy. Van Goyen had a daughter, named Margaret, an indolent and simple, but very pretty girl, who, from being much amused by the continual jokes of Jan Steen, came at last to be far from indifferent to him. The affection of the youthful painter for the damsel being thus reciprocated, they agreed to marry, if the consent of their parents could be obtained. It naturally became the lover's task to communicate with the father of the young lady; and an opportunity was sought to accomplish this object. When he had finished his work in the *atelier*, he was accustomed to go in the evening to drink beer with Van Goyen. One day, finding the old man in a tolerably good humour, Jan Steen gently accosted him, although not without some hesitation. "I have," said he, "some news to tell you which will surprise you as much as if you were to hear the thunder rumble at Cologne. Your daughter and I, since it must be told, have an affection for each other; and, if you do not consider me unworthy, I shall be much honoured in becoming your son-in-law." Van Goyen, though rather surprised at this speech, for he had never thought of such a thing as his daughter's "falling in love," comprehended at once the force of Steen's argument, and that his resistance would only aggravate his pupil and his daughter. So, like a good father, he acceded with a good grace to the proposition of Jan Steen. But the latter did not find his own father, Havik Jan Steen, quite so easy to deal with. He was a brewer, established at Delft: a practical man, less sensible to the power of love than to the value of ready money. It was long before he would consent that his son should marry at an age when he was not in a condition to maintain a family by his labour. However, after much entreaty, he at last yielded to the pressing solicitations of Jan, and agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated. But, that his son might be in a fair pecuniary position, he built a brewery at Delft, where he established the newly-married couple, with a capital of 10,000 florins. Steen, finding himself in possession of ready money, and considering it but natural to spend it, thought only of leading a joyous life; and Margaret, on her part, constitutionally indolent, neither attended to her domestic duties nor to her counter.—

*Je laisse à penser la vie
Que firent nos deux amis.*

It may easily be imagined that affairs managed by two persons of this temperament could not long continue in good condition. "Margaret," says Campo Weyerman, "kept no account-book; all the beer that was taken on credit from the house was set down in chalk upon a slate or a wooden board. Now it happened one day that, being accused of having defrauded the rights of the town-due, Jan Steen was summoned by the excise officer to show his books. The slate was produced, but no one could make any thing of it, not even Margaret Steen, who had left it all in confusion, and who was not in the habit of giving any thought to what she had written down. Nevertheless, a heavy fine was exacted, but, as the brewery was on the eve of its ruin, Jan Steen, laughing heartily, reminded the excise-man that, where there is nothing, the devil loses his right and the king too."

The artist-brewer was on the point of being forced to close his house when his father came to his assistance. But this only delayed the ruin of Jan Steen. Margaret confessed one morning to her jovial husband that there was absolutely nothing left in his cellar, neither beer nor casks, and that there

was scarcely corn enough to make a cake. It was all over Jan Steen saw the ruin of his brewery, for a second time, with an undisturbed mind, and was even the first to joke about his disaster. After all, said he to himself, here is a picture all ready; and, remembering that he was a painter, he set to work and depicted in a spirited composition the disorder of his house. This picture represents a room in which every thing is in confusion, the furniture is upset, the dog licks the sweepan, the cat runs off with the bacon, the children are sprawling on the floor, and the mother, seated in an arm-chair, calmly contemplates this delightful scene, whilst Jan Steen stands philosophically holding a glass in his hand.

This was our artist's first picture, and it is not astonishing that he, a painter of what are called conversation pieces, should have taken as his subject the scene which passed before his eyes. Those who have the genius to observe, look first at the objects which immediately surround them. But all biographers are much mistaken in saying that Jan Steen painted himself in all his works; and that almost all his compositions represent ale-house scenes, coarse farces or smoking-rooms, full of toppers. Nothing is further from the truth, as is proved by the works of this painter. Jan Steen has always allowed his sly humour to peep out of his pictures, but it is an exception when he has painted the customs of his life. When will the mania cease for copying from books without inquiring into the truth of their statements? Even in our days, that is to say, in a time in which the spirit of criticism is more than ever developed and exercised, we perceive this fault in some very valuable books, written by regular authors no less than by amateurs. For instance, in Smith's Catalogue, so exact and truthful in all that concerns the description of the pictures of each master, the author, repeating what the biographers have successively said, does not fail to observe that Jan Steen was the painter of his own manners and those of the society in which he lived. And this is even more surprising, because this preliminary notice is followed by a long catalogue of the known works of Jan Steen, and among more than 300 compositions, which are there described, only thirty have drunkenness for the subject, and the ale-house for the scene. This master takes the subjects of his pictures almost entirely from human life; we mean life considered from a comic point of view, from the side which amuses philosophers and good-tempered observers.

Another modern writer, M. Immerzeel,* remarking, doubtless, that the works of Jan Steen had little relation to the circumstances of his life, as Houbraken and Campo Weyerman assert, has resolutely contested the assertions of the historians of his country, without giving any other reason than the startling contrast between the habits of a dissolute man and pictures so delicate, sometimes even so elegant, as those of Jan Steen. But how are we to deny facts which have been repeatedly affirmed and related in detail by a contemporary of Jan Steen, when such a denial is without proof, and really rests only upon a presumption, in itself very contestable? In short, is it inadmissible that a professed drinker may have refinement of mind, delicacy of feeling and the talent of observation? And even if genius were always incompatible with the sad propensity to drunkenness, what becomes of the observation of M. Immerzeel, opposed to the authority of a biographer, who, for more than a century, has not been contradicted, at least on this point?

Yes, Jan Steen was what the world calls a joyous toper, who went through life laughing—not with that coarse laugh which is only the gaiety of fools, but with that delicate, intelligent, and slightly sardonic smile which is the sportiveness of philosophers. He passed his life in observing men for his own amusement, and in painting for theirs. Nobody had a more communicative joviality; and it is impossible to contemplate one of his pictures without feeling one's heart expand. He was the first to laugh at that bottle which he kept continually by his side, and which doubtless sustained

* *De levens en werken der hollandsche en vlaamsche Kunstschilders.* Amsterdam, 1842.

his Rabelaisian humour, although continually emptying and refilling it. And it is remarkable that, when he happened to represent drunken people, he never failed to ridicule their drunkenness; thus he seemed to preach temperance with the glass in his hand. Take, as an example of this curious fact, the celebrated picture, which was in the celebrated collection of Mr. Beckford; it is entitled, "The Effects of Intemperance." The artist has there painted himself, with his interesting and pretty wife, in the state of drowsiness which follows too frequent libations. She, dressed in a red jacket edged with ermine, over a silk petticoat, is seated in the middle of the room, as it becomes the mistress of the house. While the husband and wife sleep, others profit by their intoxication. The children are searching in their mother's pocket, and already a little boy has pulled forth a piece of money, which he holds aloft in his hand with a triumphant air; another holds a glass in his hand, which he appears about to dash to the ground and shiver in pieces. The servant of the house hastens to profit by so favourable a moment to declare his passion to a young girl, sliding into her hand some money, which no doubt he had also stolen. The dog seizes upon a pie; the cat breaks a china vase, in endeavouring to spring upon a cage containing a bird; the monkey amuses himself with some parchments and books; on the ground, scattered pell-mell, are silver dishes, broken glasses, a violin, a Bible, a china plate, and, as if the elements themselves must interfere, the fire is burning a goose which is on the spit.

Jan Steen has treated this subject several times, and a different version of it may be found among the valuable pictures in the collection formed by the late Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The monkey in this instance plays with the clock, as if, says Dr. Waagen, to show that the happy do not count the hours. But such a lesson given to drunkards has nothing pedantic, thanks to the good humour with which the painter has represented himself. Jan Steen, being a witty man, who wishes to continue amusing, bears on his own back the burden of human caprices and follies.

The picture called the "Young Gallant" (page 164) gives us the whole style and manner of Jan Steen in a single composition. It consists of six figures, sitting or standing round a table, on which are some eggs in a dish. A man in a chair at the left-front of the picture is talking to a dog, while on the opposite side a young fellow comes dancing in from the open doorway, holding a mackerel up by the tail, and carrying a few young onions in the other hand. The mistress of the house looks smilingly up from her seat, and another woman, standing at the table, desists from her household duties, and looks a smiling welcome to the young gallant. A man standing by the bedside points to another going out at the door, probably the "good man" of the establishment. The entire composition—the candle-chandelier, decorated with flowers in token of the summer weather; the pipe stuck in the hat of the sitting figure, in the way our wagoners wear them even in this day; the heavy close-curtained bed, the bare room, the expectant dog looking up to the suspended fish, and the sunlight streaming in from window and garden doorway, bespeak a thoughtfulness for general effect and picturesque arrangement entirely Jan Steen's. This has been considered one of the best of his genre paintings.

In 1669, after his ill success as a brewer, he set up as a tavern-keeper. Old Havik Jan being just dead, Jan Steen came into possession of a house at Leyden. This induced him to leave the town of Delft, and to establish himself under the paternal roof; and there it was that he opened his tavern. He placed a sign-post before his door; and, as if he wished to effect a reconciliation with his creditors, he painted as the sign, a picture representing the figure of Peace, holding an olive-branch. Houbraeken tells us he was his own best customer, and that he did not succeed better in this new occupation as brewer and tavern-keeper, though he possessed all the gaiety, all the animation, which attracts customers to an ale-house. He was, probably, better able to induce them to drink than to pay. Most of those who frequented his house were painters as poor as himself. Franz Mieris, Ary de Vos,

Quiering, Brackelenkamp, and Jan Lievens were among those who resorted there, day and night; for Jan Steen never shut his door, that he might show his friends that he was not afraid, and because, having little to lose, he could laugh in the face of thieves. His cellar being soon emptied, he was obliged to take down his sign. In this extremity the painter came to the help of the tavern-keeper. The wine-merchant not being willing to give him credit any longer, Steen presented him with a little picture—in Holland every one likes painting—and the merchant sent a punchon of wine in exchange. The sign re-appeared—Steen's friends re-assembled to listen to his facetious stories, and the band of painters, who had turned out, hastened back, resolved not to leave the place while a drop of liquor remained in Master Jan's taps. But the cask did not last long, and this time it was necessary to close the tavern entirely.

Campo Weyerman, a facetious writer, who has sought out sarcastic expressions, some of which are marked by the grossest triviality, has enlarged upon the life of Jan Steen, and related numerous anecdotes, interspersed with coarse jokes, in which the pliancy especially consists in the unpolished language. After having exhausted his facetiousness, he accuses his predecessor Houbraeken of borrowing his anecdotes of Jan Steen from the Almanack of Liège, and of retailing a little story, as *dry as sea biscuit at the line, and as probable as the travels of Pinto*, about some incredible supply of bread made to the family of the painter. These censures have not prevented Campo Weyerman from relating many anecdotes himself; "A little story," says he, "will show that the kitchen and cellar of Jan Steen were not so abundantly supplied as the hotels on the quay of Y, or the *Lion d'or* at the Hague. Once, towards midnight, the famous Jan Lievens (pupil and friend of Rembrandt) knocked at Jan Steen's residence, and the door being only latched, according to custom, he entered without ceremony. 'Who's there?' demanded Jan, waking up with a start. 'It is I, dear brother,' said Lievens, 'I am come to bring you a couple of chickens, as fat as strong Brunswick beer, as white as the white of an egg, and as tender as the leg of a pheasant.' 'Are they roasted?' asked Steen. 'No, king of the universe,' replied Lievens, 'they are raw; but I have resided in several courts, and there I learned to cook; I pray you, then, get up, and I will serve you up a dish in my own way.' Jan got up, lighted his lamp, and calling Corneille, his eldest son, who was his waiter, ordered him to prepare every thing for the repast. But some of the ingredients in the worldly pleasures of our two painters, who especially regretted the absence of wine and tobacco, were wanting. In spite of the reluctance of Corneille to ask for credit, Steen sent him to the wine merchant, Gorkens, to beg him, for the last time, to advance some wine, for which he should be paid in paintings. 'That done,' added the father, 'you will go to Gerard Vander Laan, and ask him for a penny-worth of leaf-tobacco, with a couple of little pipes, and you will swear in my name that my gratitude will be eternal.' Whilst Corneille ran through the town to awaken the tradesmen and to execute his commissions, Jan Lievens set to work, without losing a moment, plucked his fowls and placed them on a broken gridiron, which was buried in the peat dust to preserve it from rust; and Jan Steen, on his part, prepared a highly-flavoured sauce with pepper, mustard, vinegar, and butter. When the fowls were scarcely cooked through, the two companions began to devour them with such an appetite, that poor Corneille, returning quite out of breath, with his supply of wine and tobacco, only found, upon the earthenware dish, a head and a half and three black feet. The wine and the packet of tobacco, which had just arrived, were now all that remained to be consumed, and this did not occupy long. After Steen and Lievens had thus satisfied their appetites, they went to take an airing outside the *Porte-aux-Vaches*, and walked along talking morality like true disciples of Pythagoras. But Jan Steen paid dearly for the carelessness with which, relying always on Providence, he ventured from home, leaving the door on the latch, as is the custom in the little towns of Westphalia. Whilst he slept, all his clothes, as well

as those of his children, were carried off; and, to put the finishing stroke to his misfortunes, the canvas and panels, on which he was employed in painting pictures for his creditors, were also taken. The tavern-keeper, who was accustomed to be awakened by the noise of the children, remained in bed; but finding that the house was silent longer than usual, 'Holloa, you rogues,' cried he, 'get up at last and light the fire.' The children replied by the denial of Adam, complaining that they were naked and could not find their clothes. Steen stretched forth his hand to reach his garments, but,

a pirate, and he, being as poor as a church mouse, was the man to rob a painter without much scruple, when occasion prompted. The suspicions of Jan Steen were aroused against the chemist, and when he came expressly to condole with him on the loss of his clothes and his pictures, Steen, no doubt incensed by so much hypocrisy, received Esculapius, knife in hand.—'Race of thieves!' cried he, 'pirate! buccaneer! thou shalt see if thou canst carry off the shell after having taken the yoke of the egg!' At this exclamation, the alarmed doctor immediately took flight, and although he was innocent,



THE YOUNG GALLANT.

finding that his whole wardrobe had vanished, he was obliged to send one of the little Adamites to the cook, Gommert Bana, who lent him some clothes till he could tell his misfortune to his nephew Rynsberg, who took the plundered Jan and his featherless chickens to a woollen draper's, where the father and his progeny issued like so many of those birds of the sun, baptised by Pliny by the name of *Phœnix*. The most ludicrous part of the story is what happened to a doctor, who frequented Jan Steen's alehouse, and sometimes served him as a model. The brother of this doctor had the reputation of being

he left Jan Steen persuaded that the robbery had been committed by the very man who had just expressed so much regret that it had taken place."

Among Jan Steen's companions, and, like him, a determined drinker, was the celebrated painter, Franz Mieris. Judging from his carefully-finished little pictures, and the elegance of his compositions, one would never have suspected that Mieris passed his life in drinking, and in listening to the humorous speeches of Jan Steen, who, by means of his superior intelligence, and the amusing sallies of his inexhaustible wit, exer-

cised an irresistible influence over him. This painter of rich interiors and silk dresses yielded in spite of himself to the ascendancy of Jan Steen, even following him into the midst of taverns, and there passing whole nights in a state of oblivion. Nevertheless, completely as he was ruled by his friend, Mieris had, in his turn, and perhaps without being conscious of it, a decisive influence over the manners of Steen; by this, however, we do not mean his manner of thinking, but his manner of painting. This influence is often perceptible in the larger works of the tavern philosopher. One often meets with a

bronze; a guitar hangs from one of the panels; and a beautiful landscape is enclosed in an ebony frame. The repast is composed of delicious fruits, and some ready-opened oysters which glisten temptingly, the sight of which "makes one's mouth water." There are ripe grapes, fine peaches, whose downy skins rival the blush upon a maiden's cheek, and lemons, part of whose golden peel lies beside them. Such was the reciprocal influence which Mieris and Jan Steen possessed over each other; and, in connexion with this subject, we remember, that whilst standing before the pretty



THE PARROT.

"Dutch Repast," a "Game at Backgammon," in which the careful execution and soft, tender touch remind one of Mieris; and the elaborate style is then in harmony with the importance of the subject, and the distinguished appearance of all the personages in the picture. There is no coarse drinking, as in the taverns of Adrian Brauwer. Each one plays his part naturally, and sometimes even gracefully; not one ignoble accessory obtrudes upon the order of the house, and the details of the furniture are all in accordance with the refinement of the guests. For instance, on the mantel-shelf is seen a Cupid in

picture, which is called "The Parrot" in the Amsterdam Gallery, an amateur came up who, at first sight, took this Jan Steen for a Mieris. In this picture the figures are elegantly dressed and very good-looking. Three gentlemen, their swords at their sides and their short mantles thrown over the back of the arm-chair, are playing at backgammon; a charming woman, negligently dressed in a silk petticoat, is feeding the parrot. Her arms are raised for this purpose, and, her back being turned towards the spectators, her face is only seen in profile; while the parrot, whose cage, in the shape of

a lantern, is hung from the ceiling, is putting out his claw for the tender morsel. A child is feeding a cat, and a matron engaged in cooking some veal on a gridiron, for the gentlemen to eat between the games, completes the charming picture.

"The Aged Invalid" (p. 172) is another of Steen's *genre* compositions. It is conceived in his happiest spirit, and represents an incident common enough in high life in all countries. A rich hypochondriac is servilely tended by various friends and nurses, who, while they feign great affection and care for his person, are every one of them intent upon making a purse for themselves by favouring his whims and fancies. Here, as in many others of Steen's paintings, the physician and family friends are introduced. The nurse-maid is warming the bed, while on the floor are scattered various tokens of sickness—bottles, caudle-pans, cooking utensils, and a chamber candlestick, with which a cat is playing. All is real and life-like, and every figure and object seems to have its place and purpose; and the whole picture is carefully drawn. The colours in the original, which were once bright and transparent, have, however, yielded, says Kügler, to the finger of Time.

But Jan Steen, when he abandons himself to his own fancy, may be easily recognised by the sprightly mirth of his composition. It is almost impossible to find a picture of his in which there is not a sly meaning. He translates popular proverbs with sufficient spirit to relieve their triteness; and, by the appearance of the figures, the appropriateness of their gestures, and the part that each one plays in the comedy of life, according to the character suited to his age, trade, or condition, he gives these proverbs piquancy. Doctors have often called forth the caustic wit of Jan Steen; besides, it was the custom with all the artists of the seventeenth century to turn them to ridicule. Whilst Molière paraded them on the French stage, Jan Steen delighted in painting them, in all the quackery of their gravity, in all the severity of their costume, studied for effect.

"The Dancing Dog," which we give at page 168, may be considered a gem—a complete triumph of artistic arrangement and varied colour. It consists of ten figures, with the dancing dog in the front centre. Jan Steen's whole family are portrayed in this composition. There is the painter himself with his invariably good-natured smile and his violin in his hand—for he was a tolerable musician as well as a good artist—sitting between his wife and mother. The latter offers him a glass of wine,—an offer he was seldom known to refuse,—and the former looks lovingly into his eyes, while she allows his friend to seize her by the hand and invite her to join in the dance. One of his sons plays the flute to the dog, another is dipping water from the vine-decorated water-tub, and a third, a fine plump little fellow, with a whistle in his hand, stands behind in calm contemplation of the joyous scene. Just behind the jovial old lady stands a figure, whom we may suppose to be Franz Mieris, holding a tankard; and in the back centre are a couple of figures with smiling faces, whom the painter probably introduced to fill up the unseemly gap which the disposition of his other figures would have left in the picture. The owl on the wall looks wisely down, as becomes a bird of his staid and solemn nature, while the parrot, released from his cage, seems to listen to the music with quite a critical ear. Trees hang over the garden wall in the extreme distance, and a rich piece of drapery disposed in graceful folds, contrasts admirably with the sameness of the walls before which it is suspended, and gives an air of finish and luxurious refinement to the whole. The accessories are few and simple, and consist—as in most pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools—of the utensils of the table, and the means of enjoyment—drinking cups, dishes, pipes, and so on. This picture is at the Hague, where it is highly esteemed as a good exemplification of the artist's peculiar humour. The painter's family, grouped in various ways, has often formed the subject of his pictures.

Quite different in style and moral feeling is the elegant little picture called "Le Benedicite" (page 169). Here the sentiment is pure and holy; but even here the painter's comic vein

peeps out,—for the dog licks the empty soup-pot, and the toy-ship and child's ball are made accessory to the action of the picture. Peasant life in Holland is nowhere so fully shown as in the compositions of Jan Steen. While in the pictures of Terburg we have the ease and tranquillity of well-bred society, the noise and riot, the humour and joviality—the high spirits and special license of middle and low life in Holland, is discovered in the paintings of Jan Steen. There is never any difficulty in reading the story which he tells with his eloquent pencil. In the "Dancing Dog," no less than in the "Grace before Meat," we have a simple incident simply expressed. In the one case all is life, fun, and frolic; in the other, an air of tranquil satisfaction and calm prayerful sincerity sits upon all faces; in each the expression is suited to the subject, and a perfect harmony pervades the picture. The whole economy of a Dutch family—their pleasures and their duties, may be discovered in these two pictures.

It is asserted that Jan Steen was related to Metzru, who was, like him, originally from the town of Leyden. It is certain that the style of Gabriel Metzru may be recognised in some pictures of his compatriot; for example, in the "Nativity of St. John," which was in the Braemcamp collection, in 1771, and was sold for 1,210 florins. It is equally certain that Steen printed the portrait of Metzru, and that of his wife: these two portraits appeared in a sale which took place at Paris, in 1774. But that there was the same kind of intimacy between Steen and Metzru, as existed between Steen and Mieris, is not likely, on account of the character and quiet habits of Gabriel Metzru. Houbraken does not mention their friendship; nevertheless, it is probable that this biographer was personally acquainted with the amusing brewer, whose jests he relates, and from whom he bought more than one picture. However, without drawing the elegant and sedate painter from the rich Dutch boudoir to the tavern, Jan Steen could charm him by his conversation; for no one spoke better of his art than he; and, without having learnt its rules, he seemed to have guessed them by the inspiration of genius. We may confidently assert that the great principles, which he has so well observed in his small pictures, could not have been derived either from the instruction of Kimpfer—who was, it is said, his first master—or from his good father-in-law Van Goyen, who was, nevertheless, a very clever man.

How many intellectual harmonies, which have been overlooked by most of the Dutch painters, has Jan Steen perfectly understood! With him every one plays his part and retains his character throughout. Costume, bearing, physiognomy, gesture—each heightens the force of expression, and contributes something to the unity of the figure. The doctor preserves his professional importance; he is clothed in black from head to foot, and is grave from foot to head. The tooth-drawer adds a cock's feather to the peaked hat of the doctor, and gives a little more depth to the wrinkles of his forehead. The jolly peasant is distinguished from the lively citizen. The attitude of the betrothed is not exactly that of the young lover. The action of the notary is in character with his function and his habits; and, as to the drunkard, he betrays himself in the smallest details of his dress, and in the slightest leanings of his body. In short, Jan Steen could not have called forth the apostrophe of Garrick, the celebrated comedian, who, seeing an actor play the part of a drunken man with much truth, by the indecision of his look, the disfigurement of his features, and the embarrassment of his broken talk, while the action of the rest of his body did not correspond to these expressions, said to him: "My friend, thy head is truly drunk, but thy feet and legs are full of sense."

In a fit of ill-humour against the masters of the Dutch school, M. Paillot de Montabert exclaims, "This good man in black, what does he want here? What is he going to do? This is what one asks one's self in the presence of a Dutch picture; but before those of Jan Steen we do not feel the same uncertainty. The figures are characteristic, he has carried to a very high degree of perfection the delicacy, life, and precision of the character. However, but how many Jan Steens are there in this school?" With all the good qualities

indicated in the above criticism, Jan Steen did not make his fortune; indeed, he scarcely succeeded better in his career as a painter, than as a brewer or tavern-keeper. His pictures, so much prized now, were very poorly paid for during his lifetime. They were only to be found then, says Descamps, at wine merchants' houses. He, however, did not trouble himself much about the prices of his pictures, and had neither the talent to value them nor the inclination to take the trouble of doing so. On all occasions he showed a marked contempt for money. It happened one day, that he received some gold as the price of a picture. Immediately, without listening to his wife, who was unwilling to leave any large sum in his hands, he went to the tavern, spent part of the money in drink, and lost the rest in gaming. His wife, seeing him return happy, and in good humour, asked him what he had done with his money? "I have it no longer," said Steen, laughing, "and the best of the joke is, that the companions who have taken it from me think they have duped me, whilst they are dupes themselves. Of all the gold coins which you saw me with to-day, there is not one that is not light. Now, I leave you to imagine how they will look to-morrow, when they discover it!" Light! this word, so amusing in this particular instance, Jan Steen might apply to life—to his own at least. In fact, nothing weighed him down in an existence, passed in observing men, in laughing at their caprices, and depicting their carousals.

Were we to judge from his pictures, we might suppose that not a cloud of sadness had ever come to trouble the serenity of his mind. It was not that he did not see the discouraging side of things, but he did not give himself up to discouragement; and, inaccessible himself to melancholy, it did not throw its shade upon his compositions. There exists a celebrated picture of his, which is the exact representation of human life. It is in the gallery of the Hague, and we should not be able to abstain from giving a description of it here, had we not found one, simple, striking, and brief, in the catalogue *raisonné* of this valuable gallery, arranged by M. Van Steengracht Van Oostkapelle. "The subject," says this connoisseur, "seems to point out the different periods of existence. In the foreground some children are playing with a cat; beyond, a woman is courted by a young man; near the hearth an old man is seated, holding a child on his knee; the old man and the child are amusing themselves with a parrot. A servant is cooking some oysters; in the background several persons drink, smoke, and play. A picture, hung upon the wall behind, represents a gibbet, as if to point out the end reserved for those who give themselves up to excess in drinking and gambling. An opening made into the granary beyond, discovers a young man carelessly reclining and blowing soap-bubbles, with a death's head at his side; an impressive allusion to the vanity and emptiness of life. A thick curtain at the top of the picture is suspended above these various personages, and seems to threaten, by its fall, to end this whole scene of human action. There is nothing in painting more ingenious or more striking than the simple idea of this vast curtain, which immediately gives one to understand, that the scene represented is the 'Comedy of Life.'"

Jan Steen had six children by Margaret Van Goyen, who died before him; but, as if not contented with these, he took it into his head to contract a second marriage with a widow named Mariette Herkulus, who had two children of her own. This large family constantly furnished models to the painter; he delighted to represent them with disordered hair and dress, in all the sprightliness of their frolics, observing the variations of age, from the extreme simplicity of the little girl who plays with a rattle or teases the cat, to the comical gaiety of the lad of fourteen, who already assumes the manners of a man. His old parents also figured in his pictures whenever he wished to represent old age, so that, like a true philosopher, Jan Steen observed the whole human family without leaving his own; and there was nothing, even to his spotted dog, which he did not admit to the honours of painting, and consider worthy to represent his whole race. The Dutch have a proverb, which, when translated, runs thus:—"As the old sing, the young

whistle." Wishing to illustrate this saying, and to characterise the pleasures of each age, Jan Steen painted the portraits of all his family, in a picture which may be seen in the Museum of the Hague, and which is rendered still more valuable by the artist's having represented himself, between his two wives, Margaret Van Goyen and Mariette Herkulus. These persons were both good-looking, the first especially, if we may rely upon the brush of their husband, who, however, was not a man likely to flatter either them or himself. Mariette Herkulus sold ready-cooked calves' and sheep's heads and feet in the market. Steen's union with her was not exactly a prudent marriage, and the poor painter saw his increased family sink into the deepest misery; but for this he appears to have shown little concern.

The day of St. Nicholas is in Holland the children's fête, and it is known that on that day fathers and mothers are accustomed to fill the shoes of their little ones with all sorts of playthings and sweetmeats, making them believe that St. Nicholas came during the night to throw these *boutons* down the chimney for them. Jan Steen has treated this subject in several of his works, and it is evident that, like a good father, he often celebrated the fête of St. Nicholas. With the exception, perhaps, of Hogarth and Wilkie, among the modern artists, no painter—certainly no painter of the Dutch school—has carried the expression of human sentiments, as they are discovered in private and familiar life, to so high a degree of perfection as Jan Steen. What variety of physiognomy; how much truth of character! Whilst from a window in the background the grandmother, playing the part of the saint, throws dainties into the fire-place, the children rush to pick up the presents which the good saint sends them. They hurry forward, push against each other, upset the chairs, and tumble on the ground. A little girl holds out her apron, her eye expressive of hope and faith, and a boy, cap in hand, goes a begging among his more fortunate rivals. A baby, with outstretched arms, seems to claim his share; and the servant, animating the competitors with voice and gesture, seems to say, "You see what it is to be good!" We may repeat what M. Burtin has justly said of Jan Steen, that not only can we perceive the thoughts of each person in this picture, but we seem to hear what he says. The most amusing and comical figure in this composition is that of a boy of nine or ten years of age, who, carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece, smiles, with an intelligent and superior air, at the innocence of his little brothers, and seems quite proud of knowing that St. Nicholas has nothing to do with the matter. Play offesture could scarcely be rendered with greater truth than in the works of Jan Steen, and, except perhaps Chardin, we should scarcely find his equal in this respect, among the masters of the French school. The Dutchman has thus secured for himself a lasting celebrity. "So long as there is expression in your pictures," wrote Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) to an artist friend of his, "you may congratulate yourself upon your works. That constitutes the essence, and renders many faults excusable, which one would not pardon in an ordinary artist."

Houben relates, that he long possessed and preserved in his house one of Steen's pictures, which was afterwards sold to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel. The subject of this picture was the signing of a marriage contract. The attitudes and gestures of all the figures are so natural and so expressive, that the spectator imagines himself to be present at the ceremony, and even to take part in it. The two fathers-in-law, completely bent upon asserting their respective claims, are explaining them with much earnestness to the notary, who, pen in hand, listens with a grave and attentive air. The bridegroom, transported with anger, throws his hat upon the ground, together with the wedding presents. He slings his shoulders, raises his hands, and looks at his affianced bride, as if to give her to understand that he takes no part in such vulgar calcu-

* *Traité théorique et pratique des Connaissances qui sont nécessaires à tout amateur de tableaux*, par François Xavier de Burtin, Brussels, 1808. M. de Burtin describes this "Fête of St. Nicholas" as having formed part of his own collection.

lations. She appears moved, and as a return of tenderness, casts her eyes, full of gratitude and love upon her future husband. "It must be confessed," says Houbraken, "that this picture is admirable for expression.

Amongst the friends of Jan Steen was the Chevalier Karel de Moor, the celebrated painter of Leyden. In one of the frequent visits which he paid to his countryman, hearing that Mariette Steen had long teased her husband to paint her portrait, and that Steen continually promised, but never kept

husband, could not help laughing at this joke, and her portrait, thus completed, appeared to her more charming than ever.

Happy the painters who have excelled in expression, in character! They are certain of renown during their lives, and of fame afterwards. If the number of amateurs who appreciate the properties of touch, delicate *impasto*, purity and felicity of tone—in short, all that constitutes the technical in art, is limited; on the other hand, almost every body of any



THE DANCING DOG.

his word, Karel de Moor offered to pay her the compliment of executing the long-desired picture. She joyfully accepted his offer, and dressed herself in her smartest clothes for the occasion. The picture finished, Mariette immediately carried it to Jan Steen, who highly approved of it. "There is but one thing wanting," said he, "which I will add." Then, taking his palette and brushes, he painted, in a few strokes, a large basket hanging on her arm, filled with sheep's heads and feet. "You understand," said Steen, "that without this basket you would not be known." The wife, as philosophical as her

enlightenment is able to understand the thoughts which an artist has translated by his brush, and is solicitous at least to appear interested in them. We do not mean to say that ingenious turn of thought can compensate, in painting, for feebleness of execution; but, when the execution is sufficiently rigorous to please the eye, it is a great advantage to the popularity of the artist to awaken in us sentiments and ideas, the effectiveness of which is independent of the prejudices of schools and of national and local customs. By working upon the human mind, which has always points of resem-

blance, one may suit the taste of the most opposite people. Such has been the fortune of Jan Steen, one of the masters of the Dutch school, whose works command the highest prices even in our day. Holland and England, especially, contend for his pictures, which, however, do not always need the indulgence that the comic humour of the painter might fairly claim for them. In fact, if there is a want of uniformity in his painting, if it is sometimes poor, inconsistent, and blame-

tures—as, for instance, in the “Sick Young Woman;” but he certainly had two manners. Sometimes his composition is hurried, careless, too uniformly brown in tone, and his colouring seems harsh and inharmonious sometimes he painted with a clear and exquisite colouring, in the elaborate style of Mieris, but with more liveliness than that master. This latter style is especially marked in Jan Steen’s “Country Wedding,” in the museum of Amsterdam. It is a little *chef-d’œuvre*, in



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

able, on account of the carelessness of execution; on the other hand, his pictures are often carefully finished and executed with firmness, in the style of Gabriel Metsu. They are rendered piquant by a touch of humour, and their tints are charmingly fresh and clear. We do not know whether it is true that all the drunken and disorderly habits, to which Jan Steen abandoned himself, were the cause of the extreme negligence which is observable in certain portions of his pic-

tures, which the light is as well managed, and the execution as rich, as in a Van Ostade. Jan Steen has occasionally the vigour and depth of Peter Van Hooghe, and his painting proves that execution is subordinate to intellect, and that the mind guides the brush at least as much as the hand.

The interiors of Jan Steen, like those of Ostade, are taken from a raised point of view, so that the figures which are in the further part of the room are not hidden by those in

the foreground. A second window is generally introduced in his backgrounds, to throw light on the distant figures and objects. Then the number of utensils is less than with the other Dutch painters: Jan Steen had too much sense to multiply them uselessly and without measure. No superfluity is found in his pictures, and if the painter introduce some kettles, a frying-pan, a pestle, or other utensil, it is only to recal the familiarities of domestic life. Like Metzu, Steen liked to paint framed pictures to adorn the walls of his "Repasts," his "Joyous Meetings;" and it is remarkable that these frames are always filled with noble subjects—engagements of the cavalry, heroic landscapes, and fabulous scenes, as, for instance, the conflict between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

Jan Steen died, in 1689, at the age of fifty-three. He left nine children, concerning whose future he never troubled himself. The son he had by his second wife was named Thierry, and practised sculpture at the court of a German prince. Of the other children nothing is known.

Dr. Franz Kugler, a most friendly and judicious critic, thus speaks of the character of Jan Steen as an artist:—"His works imply a free and cheerful view of common life, and he treats it with a careless humour, such as seems to deal with all its daily occurrences, high and low, as a laughable masquerade, and a mere scene of perverse absurdity. His treatment of subjects differed essentially from that adopted by other artists. Frequently, indeed, they are the same jolly drinking parties, or the meetings of boors; but in other masters the object is, for the most part, to depict a certain situation, either quiet or animated, whilst in Jan Steen is generally to be found action, more or less developed, together with all the reciprocal relations and interests between the characters which spring from it. This is accompanied by great force and variety of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist of the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all these elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, is as firm and correct as it is free and light."

This artist, who never painted for the mere pleasure of painting, has had the honour of being cited by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of the most eminent masters. He says of him, that if with his genius he had had better models, in point of taste, he might have ranged with the greatest pillars of art. His lasting renown is not to be accounted for by the numerous anecdotes which the Dutch historians have related of his life, and which are all more or less ridiculous, but arises from the fact that his pictures, being full of sense and sly humour, remarkable for expression, and amusing from their comic meaning, delight all those who, not wishing to have their minds uninterested in the admiration of works of art, look for something else in painting than the representation of a carpet, the execution of a silk dress, or the delicacy of a tone.

Jan Steen, perhaps the most jovial and lively of Dutch masters, has treated every kind of subject, domestic, grotesque, and bacchanalian scenes, conversation pieces, landscapes, history, and religion. By his hand are "The Continence of Scipio;" "Jesus Preaching in the Wilderness;" "The Marriage of Cana," &c. &c.; but let us observe that the comic sentiment of the artist penetrates even these compositions.

At any rate, the superintendents of public museums, as well as amateurs, endeavour, with a very justifiable earnestness, to obtain the works of the celebrated Dutchman.

In the royal collection of Windsor Castle there is a fine specimen of Jan Steen's best period. It is the interior of a Dutch cottage, with the inmates preparing for a meal. Although a small picture, being only fifteen inches in height and twelve in breadth, it is full of evidences of Steen's peculiar method of treatment, and homely, though forcible style. It consists of eight figures in all; in the front is a man with a pipe, playing with three children, while a woman is laying a

cloth on a table behind, and others are engaged in the processes of cooking at the fire. It is hung in the apartment called the King's closet, between a picture attributed to Andrea del Sarto and a Holy Family of Teniers.

Neither at the English National Gallery, nor at Dulwich, which is rather famous for Dutch and Flemish pictures, is there a single specimen from our painter's easel.

In the private galleries of English noblemen and gentlemen, however, there are many pictures illustrative of what may be called low life in the Netherlands. Thus, besides the seven pictures of Jan Steen's in Queen Victoria's private collection, there are several examples of our master's best manner in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Ashburton, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Hope, Mr. Munro, the late Mr. Beckford, the Earl of Scarsdale, and the Marquis of Bute, besides numerous genuine Steens in the houses of amateurs of art.

Her Britannic Majesty's private collection at Buckingham Palace contains by far the most rare examples of the Dutch masters in England. This collection was originally formed by George the Fourth, whose predilection for Flemish and Dutch pictures is well known. Through the agency of Lord Farnborough, many of the most precious specimens of Jan Steen's pencil were secured to this country. Of the seven pictures by this master, the most celebrated in this collection is "A Family Party," in which the painter has introduced himself playing on the violin. The group consists of eleven persons, all of whom are amusing themselves in various ways—card-playing, singing, and laughing. There is a vast deal of humour in this composition, and the treatment is more than commonly careful; but the tone of the colour is considered by artists rather too dark in some parts—an accident which may possibly be the work of time and the picture cleaner. "Twelfth Night," a group of twelve persons, with the king of the revels in the centre. "A Company of Country People indulging in riotous mirth before the door of a Public-house;" "The Card Party," a small composition, consisting of four figures; "The Village Feast," which represents the interior of a tavern, with a number of country people eating, drinking, and dancing; a nameless picture, having for its subject a young lady at the toilet; and one other completes the list. Of the last in our list, Dr. Waagen* does not presume to offer an opinion, though of the "Village Feast," and the "Maiden's Toilet," he speaks in high terms. The one he pronounces to be "full of the happiest and merriest thoughts, but at the same time delicately finished;" and of the other, he says, "that in admirable *impasto* and spirited execution it rivals the finest Metzu;" and that the "bright masterly graduated light and the cool harmony of the colours, in which blue and purple prevail, make this one of the choicest pictures of the master."

Lord Francis Egerton's collection of paintings—known as the Bridgewater Gallery, from its founder, the duke—is famous also for its examples of the Dutch and Flemish masters. The Village School of Jan Steen, a picture which cost its owner no less a sum than £1,500, and one or two smaller specimens of the same master are deservedly esteemed.

Lord Ashburton's collection of paintings at his house in Piccadilly—permission to view being easily obtainable—is one of the lions of the metropolis. The two specimens of Jan Steen—which hang beside other worthy examples of art from the Netherlands—are especially commendable for "the care and delicacy of their finish, the humour of their incidents, and the warmth of their tones." These quoted words are those of a most learned art-critic; but as one of the finest of these paintings has been selected by our artist for illustration, we may be excused if we dwell a little longer upon its peculiarities. THE GAME OF SKITTLES (p. 173), is one of Jan Steen's most successful pictures; and not its least merit is its entire originality and genuineness—its history, from the celebrated Poulain collection to that of Prince Talleyrand—through seven cabinets, in fact,—having been clearly traced. It is a compos-

* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen.

tion of nine figures, and is painted on panel, 13½ inches in height, and 10½ inches in width—a size not uncommon with the best of the Dutch masters. Two men are playing at skittles in the foreground, with a couple of boys watching the game; while, on the grass to the left, are seated a young man and woman, the latter drinking from a long Flemish glass, and a man smoking a pipe with a pitcher of liquor before him. A horse belonging to one of the company stands patiently by the fence, an old fellow appears in the field beyond, and looks longingly over at the group upon the grass, and a woman is seen in the background, as if trudging homewards. This picture has been pronounced a "model of picturesque arrangement;" but we may go farther than that, and say, that for careful finish, delicacy of tone, cheerful humour, and freedom from coarseness and vulgarity, this picture of Jan Steen's is superior to many attributed to him. Indeed, the spirited execution of the landscape, in which the effect of a bright evening sunlight is well and feelingly represented, and the minute touches of nature everywhere observable, stamp this as one of the most successful of the Dutchman's pictorial efforts. "Worthy of Cuyt," was the late Mr. Turner's exclamation on looking at this picture when it was first placed in its present position; and worthy indeed it is of all praise, as an incomparable specimen of careful finish and brilliant execution. How different are the manner and moral of the little engraving under the portrait—a reduced copy of a large engraving in the Munich gallery.

In the Duke of Wellington's collection, at Apsley House, are several fine examples of Jan Steen. One of the most striking is that to which we have already referred—"The Topsy Turvy." This is really quite a moral lesson. The mother, sleeping off the fumes of the liquor, sits stupidly in the centre of the room, while one of her sons empties her pockets, and two others assist in conveying away the purloined property. The eldest daughter is engaged in an evidently interesting conversation with her lover, while a fiddler romps with the servant-girl. Confusion and riot reign supreme; but with all this, and over and above the humour and truth of the delineation, "this picture has the merit of careful execution and clear colouring."

Mr. Hope's gallery contains three good pictures—"The Glutton," and its companion, "The Christening;" and another of a large company singing and dancing before an ale-house. Of the first, Dr. Waagen says:—"The expression of boundless thoughtlessness and total absorption in transitory sensual pleasure was perhaps never represented in such a masterly manner as in this jolly fellow, who, with his whole face laughing, looks with the most wanton complacency at a pretty girl, who presents a glass of wine to him, while an old woman is opening oysters for him. In the foreground is a dog, and in a back room two gentlemen playing backgammon. The picture of Fortune over the mantel-piece, with the inscription, 'Lightly come, lightly go,' is like similar allusions in Hogarth's pictures. Marked with the artist's name and 1661. The careful execution is at the same time as spirited and free as the conception, the colouring glowing and powerful, the light and shade equal in clearness and depth to De Hooche."

In the collection, formed by the late Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," at Fonthill Abbey, near Bath, was a famous picture, called the "Progress of Intemperance," of which we have already spoken, in page 3. This picture—which is two feet nine inches in height by three feet in width—may be traced through the well-known collections of Danser, Hyman, Smeth, Van Alpen, Sererville, and Dalberg. The sum of 220 guineas, for which it was sold at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection, proves that, even in England, the best pictures are sometimes sold at prices which, compared to those obtained on the continent occasionally, are not considered very high.

Lord Northwick's collection contains the "Marriage of Cana," not a very successful painting; and in the Marquis of Bute's gallery, at Luton, are three pictures by Jan Steen, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"1. A Cock-

fight. A composition of twelve figures, full of happy thoughts. An old Man holds out his hand to a young Man, to receive payment of a bet, at which another laughs. In clearness of colouring too, in spirited, and, at the same time, careful execution, it is one of the finest works of the master. Two feet ten inches high, three feet nine inches wide.—2. Stragglers plundering a Farm. Most powerfully impressive by its dramatic truth! The desperation of the farmer, who would attack the soldiers with a pitchfork, but is held back by his wife and child; the insolence of the soldiers, one of whom cocks his musket, and another fires at some pigeons, form a striking contrast with two monks, who, enjoying themselves in eating and drinking, endeavour to make peace. Likewise very carefully executed. One foot eight and a-half inches high, one foot eight inches wide.—3. A Girl in white silk, and otherwise elegantly dressed, listens with pleasure to a richly-dressed young man, playing on the lute. An old man, behind a pillar, is watching them. In such pictures, which he rarely painted, Steen is very nearly equal to Metzu in clearness, force, and delicacy, but in general excels him in dramatic interest. One foot three inches high, one foot wide."

The Louvre possesses only one, but it is of a superior quality, although Mr. Smith, and the surveyors of the museum, who, in 1816, valued it at £32, do not consider it a good specimen of the painter's talent. This picture is worth £1,200. It represents a "Village Banquet."

The Belvidere Gallery, at Vienna, contains two, a "Village Wedding," and a "Dutch Family," a capital picture, dated 1663. The figures are one-third the size of life.

At the Pinacothek, at Munich, there are also two, "Some Boors quarrelling;" and "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Sick Woman."

The Royal Gallery at Dresden contains only one, which represents a "Woman feeding her little Child."

The Royal Museum at Amsterdam is rich in this master's productions, it contains as many as eight. "The Portrait of the artist;" "Villagers returning from a Fête;" "A Scourer;" "The Baker;" "A Quack;" "St. Nicholas' Day, an excellent picture, with a very lively composition;" "The Backgammon Party;" and a "Country Wedding."

At the Hague are six pictures by Jan Steen, "The Family of the Painter;" "Representation of Human Life;" "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Young Girl;" "A Dentist;" "A Poultry-yard;" and lastly, "A Doctor going to pay a visit to a Sick Person."

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Sick Girl and the Doctor."

In the Royal Museum of Berlin is found, "A Familiar Scene."

The Frankfort Museum includes "The Interior of a Room;" and a "Doctor dressing a Man's Wounds."

In the Florence Gallery, "Peasants seated at Table in an Arbour;" and "The Young Violinist;" are the only examples of Jan Steen.

In the museums of the departments of France, there are some beautiful works of this master.

At Montpellier are the "Repose of the Traveller;" and "A Familiar Scene." They both bear the signature of the master, and were bequeathed by M. Valdeu to the museum of this town.

At Nantes, there is a single picture of Steen's, called "Topers seated at Table."

Rouen possesses a gem, known as "The Loves of Jan Steen."

In the private collections of noblemen and gentlemen are to be found the most beautiful productions of our lively artist.

At M. Delesserts, in Paris, "The Interior of a Kitchen," and "St. Nicholas' Day."

It was not till lately that Jan Steen's pictures became known in the public sales of France, where their number has never been considerable.

At the Gagnat sale, in 1768, "A Dutch Interior" sold for £18.

At the Duc de Choiseul's sale, 1772, "A Sick Old Man,"

of which we here give an engraving, fetched £32 10s. "The Interior of an Alehouse," which heads this biography, realized £699 10s.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, 1777, "A Tipsy Woman," who is being carried away in a wheelbarrow, while a little boy squirts water at her with a syringe, produced £64.

At the sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777, "The Skittle Players" went for £64.—"The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £1,200 6s.

At the Calonne sale, 1788, "The Villagers' Dance" fetched

At the Van Leyden sale, 1804, "La Fiancée Précoce" went for £79.

At the Lampérière sale, 1817, "The Doctor and his Young Patient" reached £462, after a smart competition. This is a picture admirable for finish, firmness of touch, and brilliancy of colour. It contains three figures; the sick girl, her mother, and the doctor.

At the Rouge sale, 1818, "The Village Wedding" sold for £72; "La Danse de l'Œuf" for £120; "The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £284 10s.



THE AGED INVALID.

£84 10s. This picture came from M. de Montriboul's collection.

At the Duc de Praslin's sale, 1793, "The Lesson on the Harpsichord," from Randon de Boisset's collection, produced £52.

At the Robit sale, 1801, "The Dancing Dog," which we here give (p. 168), was purchased for £112. This picture came from the rich collection of M. Nogaret.

At the Lanjesc sale, 1802, "The Skittle Players," from the cabinet of Randon de Boisset, was knocked down for £116, and "The Betrothal," for £70.

At the Lampérière sale, 1823, "A Familiar Scene" was purchased for £60; and "The Comic Concert" for £19.

At M. Erard's sale, 1832, "The Village Wedding" brought £196; "The Pleasures of the Kermess" £75.

At the sale of the Duc de Berri, 1837, "The Marriage of Cana" sold for £540. This picture has been added to Van Leyden's celebrated collection; it was the delight of the dowager, to whom it was brought every day, as a powerful specific against ennui, thoughts of sorrow, and of her approaching end!

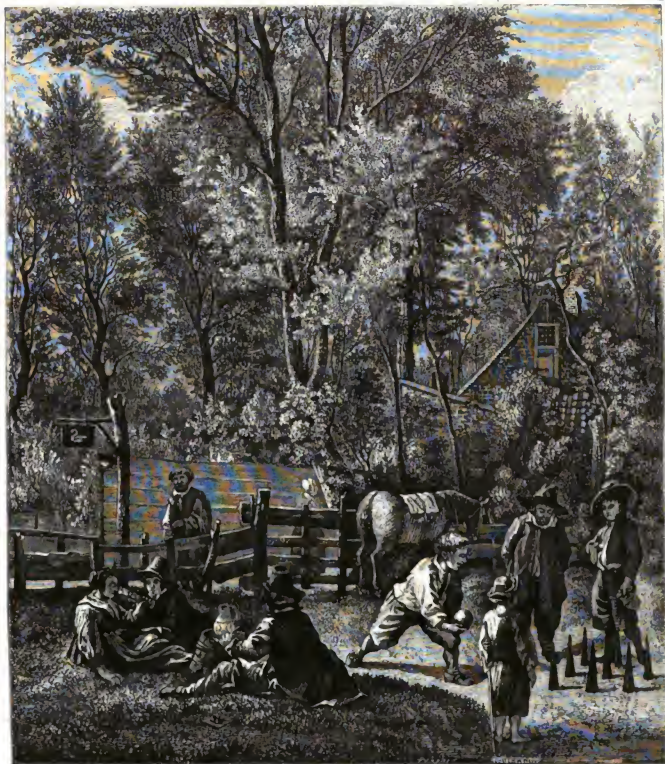
At the Heris' sale, 1841, the picture called "Indisposition" went for £224; and "The Wedding" for £112.

At the sale of the Count Perreux, 1841, "The Servant Girl dressed in a red Boddice" fetched £398.

At Paul Perrier's sale, in 1843, "The Marriage of Cana," from the collection of Duc de Berri, was purchased for £660.

£482 10s. The painting in this last picture seems to bid defiance to Terburg, Gerard Douw, or Metzru, on account of its elaborate finish and the beauty of the touch.

The drawings of Jan Steen are, like his paintings, full of animation and wit. We have seen a charming one, containing thirteen figures, amongst which is that of a little boy, who is beating a drum before the door of a house.



THE SKITTLE PLAYERS.

At the Vasserot sale, in 1846, the well-known picture "Resistance," and its companion, "The lost Bird," sold together for £90.

At the Meffre sale, in 1846, the "Fête des Seigneurs," sold for £268.

At Cardinal Fesch's sale, at Rome, in 1845, "The jovial Repast" went for £328, and "The after-dinner Nap" for

Jan Steen signed most of his pictures thus :

Steen. *Steen*
1672

SALE OF MR. WOODBURN'S PICTURES.

THE late Mr. Woodburn was well known as a collector of paintings, and often employed in that capacity, both by English noblemen and gentlemen, and by the government. His collection of pictures, including works of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, was recently put up for sale by public auction. As might be expected from the position he occupied, many of them are productions of a high order, and the large sums for which they were sold showed the estimation in which they are held by connoisseurs. Of the Italian school, three were described as *Raffaelles*, several as specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, and one as the work of Buonarroti. Doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of some of these, particularly that of "Christ bearing a Cross," by Da Vinci, and the "Saint John," by Raffaele. These doubts are founded partly on the anatomical modelling of the figures, and partly on the elaborate foldings of the drapery. That they were pretty generally entertained, is proved by the prices at which these pictures were knocked down. The total proceeds of the sale were £7,500. Among the paintings which sold best were the following:—"The Madonna of the Immaculate Conception," which was painted by Murillo for the Royal Family of Spain, and once belonged to the Infante Don Gabriel, was purchased by Mr. Farrar for 1,000 guineas. It is described in the catalogue as "the finest in England." Mr. Urwin bought "The Adoration of the Virgin," by Giorgione, for 500 guineas, in the name of the government. This picture represents the Virgin sitting with the infant Jesus, St. Joseph

by her side, and a Venetian general in armour kneeling before her, while his horse is held by a page. A convent is seen in the distance. The composition of the picture is strange, but the colouring is very rich and the treatment majestic, especially that of the Holy Mother, whose attitude and features display great spirituality. "The Magdalen," by Titian, fetched 210 guineas. "A Spacious Landscape, with a Village on a River and Figures," painted by Wouvermans, and bearing date 1690, formerly in the Duchess de Berri's gallery realised 405 guineas. "The Virgin Weeping over the Body of Christ," by Guercino, produced 250 guineas; "The Holy Family," by Vaga, 370 guineas; "The Marriage of Saint Catherine," by Poussin, 175 guineas; "The Virgin and Saint Joseph kneeling over the infant Jesus," by Perugino, 153 guineas; "The Tribute Money," a composition of twelve figures, by Rembrandt, engraved by M'Ardele, 380 guineas; "The Virgin," by Raffaellini, 145 guineas; "Saint John, in a Landscape, Preaching," by Raffaele, 135 guineas. "Other lots were—Bacchus and Ariadne on the Shore of the Island of Naxos, with Nymphs and Satyrs," by Guido, for 145 guineas; "The Virgin," by Hemling, for 121 guineas; two paintings of rural scenes, by Cuypp, for 115 guineas each; "A Landscape," by Wouvermans, for 181 guineas; "An Italian Landscape," by Poussin, for 150 guineas; "A Classical Landscape," by Claude, for 101 guineas; "A Frozen River, with a Village," by Van der Neer, for 100 guineas; "An Interior," by Terburg, for 93 guineas; and "The Duke of Urbino receiving the Order of the Garter," by Francesca, for 80 guineas. This last was purchased by Colonel Phipps.

THE WATERFALL, BY RUYSDAEL.

THE works of Jacob Ruysdael—who was born in Harlem in 1636, the same year as Jan Steen, and died in 1681, a few years before his comic contemporary—present a great and astonishing contrast to those we have just had under review. If Steen was well known for his *genre* and conversation pieces, Ruysdael was as famous for his shadowy landscapes, and exquisite, because natural, sea-pieces. This painter, says Sir Edmund Head, is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole school of Dutch landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something which was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brook—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are in fact a renewal of that old worship of the spirit of nature which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man, but such features in general stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements. Thus it is that the pictures of Ruysdael form the strongest possible contrast to those of Waterloo and other painters.

Ruysdael's subjects are taken from the scenery of the north, although the tame form of nature which he saw in his immediate neighbourhood rarely satisfied him; or when he did adopt it for his model, he generally impressed on it a feeling of mournful solitude. A simple picture in the Berlin Museum is a good example. It represents an old peasant's hut, behind which are lofty oaks; a little stream runs close by at the foot of a wooded hill, bubbling over bushes and stones; lowering shadows from the clouds are cast over the picture; a bright gleam of sun falls on the stem of an old willow, which

stretches itself upwards like a spectre in the foreground; the scenery is secluded and inhospitable; we feel the desolation in which the inhabitants of the cottage must dream away their existence. Other compositions of this kind bring before us the solitude of shady canals, or the depths of a thick wood, enlivened by the passing bustle of a stag-hunt. In some the works of man form the point of interest, but decayed and ruined by the elements. Of this class is the celebrated "Monastery" of the Dresden Gallery—a picture of a deep and peculiar poetic character—but above all his "Churchyard," in the same collection. In this last we see in the background the ruins of a once mighty church, obscured by a passing storm of rain; the whole scene around is wild and desolate, partly covered with bushes and brambles or with aged and decayed trees. This wildness extends even to the churchyard, in which monuments of varied forms give evidence of its former importance. A foaming stream in the foreground finds its way into the waste, even through the tombs, whilst a gleam of sun lights up its eddies and the adjoining graves.

Ruysdael more frequently delineated nature in her grander forms, such as rocky heights surrounded by woods, and torrents rushing between cliffs; sometimes he added a lonely dwelling, which, by its contrast, strengthens rather than softens the horror of the scene, or a shepherd who silently passes on his way over the light bridge. Frequently the scene is perfect solitude, in which the voice of the waters seems to be unbroken by any other sound; on a distant height, perhaps, is a solitary chapel, with the moon behind it, whose beams play upon the foaming waves and dart their single rays of light into the darkness. Pictures such as these are most widely dispersed, and the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Vienna, and the Hague, possess a great number of them. They all display the silent power of Nature, who opposes with her mighty hand the petty activity of man, and with a solemn warning, as it were, repels his encroachments.

In Ruysdael's admirable representations of the sea we find the same grand repose, and the same thorough life and motion of the element. In this line of art also he has executed first-rate works. A large and most excellent sea-piece with a

brick swell and rain-clouds clearing off, is in the Gallery of the Berlin Museum.

Her Britannic Majesty's private gallery contains one picture by Ruysdael; that of Lord F. Egerton no less than six; and Professor Waagen ascribes to this master another work in the same collection, which usually bears the name of Hobbema. Sir Robert Peel has three fine Ruysdaels: Lord Ashburton's are still more numerous. Besides these, the collections of Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hope, must be specially referred to. Waagen speaks with peculiar admiration of a large picture belonging to Mr. Sanderson, and mentions the Ruysdaels at Burlington and at Luton; more particularly a rare specimen in the latter collection, of the interior of a church, with figures by Philip Wouverman. The small but exquisite picture called "*Les Petits Canards*," which Smith, in 1834, valued at 150 guineas, sold in 1844 for 360 guineas, at Harman's sale. It should be added that the Louvre, as well as the Gallery of the Hermitage, contains some very fine Ruysdaels.

The exquisite picture on the next page may be considered a good specimen of Ruysdael's most popular manner. In it rock and water, cloud and verdure, action and repose, are blended together in a manner at once natural and magnificent. The name of Ruysdael is said to signify roaring or foaming water; "and thus," says Descamps, "he seemed predestined by his name to be the painter of Cascades." Houbraeken, too, makes no reservation when he praises the transparency and brilliancy of the water in Ruysdael's pictures. "Where is the traveller familiar with the impressive beauties of mountainous countries who cannot find them in the pictures of this great master? At the foot of those steep rocks, how the water falls, foams, and writhes round the ruins it has brought down! It dashes forward from the right, from the left, and from the background of the picture towards the gulf which draws it in; it rushes down, we were about to say, with a hollow noise, for in fact we imagine we can almost hear it. We see it gliding down the slippery rocks, dashing against the rough bark of the trees, and gushing down the rugged bottom of the ravine. We fancy we feel the cold and humid spray falling on our faces. To the left, upon one of the rocks which bound the torrent, is perched a frail cottage, close upon the noisy abyss; and the fragility of this edifice, crested there by the bold hand of some hermit, excites an apprehension as we approach it of some violent assault of the waters that so closely besiege the feeble dwelling. The sky is cloudy, the air oppressed with fog, and great birds are soaring through the loftiest regions of space. The trees are motionless, because the winds have no access to this narrow and confined retreat. The vegetation around it is in admirable vigour. On every rocky point that contains a little earth a tree has taken root. But such is the power of genius, that after having seen in all its magnificent reality the spectacle which the artist has reproduced on a piece of canvas of some few inches in magnitude, nature herself seems to us less grand and less startling than the work of Ruysdael!"

While on the subject of so celebrated a landscape painter, a question of high importance occurs, which had already been raised by the study of Claude Lorraine. Is not the beautiful in art only an imitation of the beautiful in nature? We are of opinion that it is not, and for this reason—but here we must quote the words of a man of taste and genius, an amiable writer, a painter with the pen, who will give our reason better than we could ourselves. "I have here upon my right a fine tree; a vigorous oak, young, leafy, even that of which—

'Le front au Causse pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.'

"Ruysdael, approach! and with those dark mysterious touches peculiar to thy sombre colouring, with those transparent shadows wherein thou knowest how to plunge the branches, paint us this colossus in all its beauty. Forget not, we pray thee the harmonious fissures of this unstained bark;

nor, higher up towards the north, those few leaves which, chilled and tardy in blowing, shelter beneath the stems of their elders their still fragile stalks and tender verdure. On the other hand, I have here upon my left an oak lopped and thick set, recently mutilated by the wood-cutters; it is nothing more than a knotty and twisted trunk, which from its base to its summit has sprouted forth in unequal twigs; on this side the ants have built their granaries in its gaping flanks, and we can see from its oozing and rotten caverns, black and slimy, the sap exuding from the diseased wood. Approach, in thy turn, Karel Dujardin, and with that charm of simplicity, that unaffected feeling, which breathe in thine artless execution, paint for us this pollard stump amidst all its sickly poverty. Forget not, I pray thee, those distorted swellings, those warts which surmount, like downy hair, the tufts of abortive stems, nor those humid black spots which hang like beads of soot upon the hollow channel of the pith.

"Our two pictures being finished, let the amateur enter, and let us observe him. He is ravished, transported. But this seems absurd, for he has certainly seen, many a time, upon the plain or the hill side, without even noticing them, as beautiful oaks as the one, and still more mutilated pollards than the other. How comes it to pass, then, that, on being thus reproduced upon canvas, these two trees yield him so much pleasure? How is it that already they seem not to be trees he is contemplating, but objects which give him pleasure, which affect him, which speak to him; words and language in which he reads some charming thought, expressed with grace and poetry that transport him? It is already clear that this oak, the production of Ruysdael, says things which our oak, the production of the scorn, does not say, and that if fine oaks do spring from the earth, it is nevertheless, in reality, this fine production of Ruysdael's art, and not this fine produce of the earth, which ravishes and transports the amateur."

Amateurs, who above all look at the painting, that is, the execution of a picture, remark in Ruysdael nothing of his touch (for it is blended and but slightly visible, in comparison especially with the *impasto* style of Hobbema) but those warm and bituminous grounds which give so much vigour to his tones, and serve as a basis to their harmony; then the cleverness with which he could render this preparation cold again by a general tint of a bluish and pearly-gray, which is more in accordance with the cast of his reveries; they admire the perfection of his foliage, which, instead of being rounded and *à peu près*, like that of many painters, is rendered with a precision and a tremulous touch imitating the cut-out leaf of parsley; but what they admire above all, are the transparency, the lightness, and depth of his skies. In Ruysdael's clouds are found at once the most beautiful forms of nature and its finest colours and movements. Sometimes they are seen floating rapidly through space, and casting their fleeting shadows over the country; sometimes they are sailing through the firmament with a majestic slowness. The illusion is always complete; the eye follows them, and expects at every instant to see them disappear. In the representation of clouds, Ruysdael has never been surpassed, or even equalled, unless by Gillaume van de Velde and Karel Dujardin; he excels especially in the art of representing those bursts of light when the sun suddenly disperses the rainy clouds and banishes them to the extremity of the horizon. This glimpse of the sky between two storms, this pale and fugitive smile of nature, have been cheering to the artist; they have at least soothed for an instant the morbid melancholy of his heart, and he has therefore rendered them with all the power of his genius. Nothing can be more wonderful in this way than the "*Coup de Soleil*," at the Louvre, known amongst artists as the "*Thicket of Ruysdael*." To attempt a description would be useless; how is it possible to describe a picture which is simply composed of a large dark thicket and a sandy road gilded by a sunbeam?

Grandeur is a quality of the mind. Thus we see how Ruysdael, in his landscapes of two or three feet square, has

succeeded in producing the illusion of profound solitude and infinite space. To produce such great effects, he employed very few means. Trees, water, and sky,—these are all his machinery: men and animals seldom intervene, or they are

monuments of man. Passion, then, was the genius of Ruysdael. What renders his pictures inestimable is, that he has, so to speak, enclosed under their glass his most intimate and secret sentiments; and on seeing so rare a mixture of



THE WATERFALL. BY JACOB RUYSDAEL.

not done by his own hand. He did not even avail himself of the mournful but commonplace influence of ruined buildings. He only painted the trunks of trees torn up by the tempest, or pieces of rocks carried away by torrents, that is to say, the ruins of nature; for nature has her ruins like the

ineffable poetry and strict precision, it may be said that he painted his landscapes in the obscure chamber of his soul.

Like a true poet, this great painter lived poor, and died young on the 16th of November, 1681.



THE DROPSICAL WOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.



LORENZO DE MEDICI RECEIVING THE EXILED GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

THE MEDICI FAMILY.

WITHOUT meaning, in the least, to depreciate historical parallels in the abstract, but being decidedly of opinion that they are by no means sure ground to stand upon when one feels the divine phrency coming upon him, and is preparing to utter historical predictions, we think that the thanks of all discoverers of them are eminently due to his present Imperial Majesty the Czar Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, &c. &c., for the striking resemblance which he has created between the course of events in European history, in the year 1853, and European history in the year 1453.

In the latter, Constantinople was the capital of an effete empire, which had once spread the terror of its arms throughout Europe, was implicitly obeyed from the shores of the Euxine to the coast of Gaul, and had been renowned for its wealth, luxury, and magnificence. In that year, the luxury, the wealth, and magnificence remained; but the courage, genius, and hardihood which made them had departed. Of all the vast territories in the east of Europe over which Constantine the Great had reigned, his namesake and successor had preserved nought, except a small tract of territory on the shores of the Hellespont, and a nominal rule over the hardy and intractable tribes who peopled the fertile plains of Thrace and Epirus. The Turks had absorbed all the rest. The sultans had fixed their residence at Adrianople; the Ottoman troops, whenever a difficulty arose between the two powers, showed themselves on the heights over the Bosphorus, and Constantinople trembled. The emperor was constantly begging aid from the sovereigns of western Europe, and though often promised it, never by any chance received it. The sultan was perpetually making unreasonable demands from him, and charging him with impossible offences, which he bore with a meekness befitting his fallen state. Who would have thought that this derided, insulted, heartbroken man was a descendant and successor of the ancient Cæsars, who had ridden over the world, conquering and to conquer, who proudly boasted of their mission—

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos"?

that this little strip of ground was all that was left of the great empire which stretched in one unbroken sweep from the Occident to the Orient sun, from the Ultima Thule to the gorges of Mount Atlas! that those crumbling fortifications and that gorgeous church were built by the great Constantine! that these effeminate, vain, and debauched nobles, and this poor, crouching herd of vassals, clients, and retainers looked on themselves as filling the place of the turbulent populace and conscript fathers of ancient Rome! that this decayed and worn-out state was the last link between modern Europe and the Europe of antiquity—the bridge across the mighty chasm of the barbarian invasion and the dark ages! And, nevertheless, so it was. Its hour was now come, and it was to disappear for ever. Early in 1453, panic reigned at Constantinople; Mahomet II. was about to assail it with a powerful force. In 1853, panic reigns in it also; but now it is the Turks who are to be assailed, and—strange retribution!—it is the head of the Greek church who threatens to extinguish their empire.

The parallel is complete in all but the closing scene; and this was a scene of horrors, which we would fain hope the wisdom and humanity of the west will never suffer to be re-enacted,—the mounting of all the male inhabitants able to bear arms upon the walls; the hurried repairs of the old and tottering towers; the suspension of all business and pleasure; the agony of suspense, or the terrible calm of despair, in lordly mansions, on which art had lavished all her skill and treasure, and which for centuries had been adorned by wit and beauty; the thunder of cannon against the bulwarks which had been built to withstand the catapults or ballista, but not the huge stone balls of the Ottoman artillery; and then the last fearful night: a breach practicable, and myriads of men watching for the dawn—the Turks that they might mount to the assault, and the Greeks that they might perish with their

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faith and empire; darkness everywhere, except in the churches, where the lights from the altars gleamed on crowds of old men, and children, and beautiful women, prostrate on their faces, praying in terror; and the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus listening in awe to the wailing sound of the *Kyrie Eleison*, which was wafted across from the doomed city. Constantine, the last of the emperors, died in a manner worthy of his name and lineage—a sword in hand, at the head of his followers; and with him perished the western empire.

Amidst a great many in this overthrow who were by no means to be regretted, and whose extinction was rather a benefit to the world than otherwise, one class was entitled to especial sympathy and regret. It would be doing injustice to the Greek empire to omit mentioning that it still sheltered a large portion of the learning of the ancient world, and that it was the only spot in Europe where the language of Demosthenes was still the mother tongue of the educated and refined, and where the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle were still studied and admired. Driven from every other part of the continent by the ravages of the barbarians, the arts and sciences had taken refuge here, and enjoyed all the prosperity that they could look for in the dominions of a feeble despot.

There were still found in Constantinople a large number of men who preserved, amidst the prevailing corruption, much of the simplicity of an earlier age, and cherished the traditions of the academy, despite the loss of the patriotism and love of liberty, from which it derived half its lustre. The ancient Greek was there spoken in all but its ancient purity. It was only amongst the common people, amongst the islanders and sailors, that it had been debased by intermixture with barbarous dialects; whilst the Latins were feebly groping their way amongst the disputes of the dialecticians, and the mummeries of superstition, many at Constantinople were daily and nightly poring over the works of the classic authors. This devotion to solid learning was adulterated, no doubt, by a great deal of the trifling and finical conceit, which made the Athenian sophists contemptible; but still, when compared with the pursuits of the western monks, it was cultivation of the highest order.

Most of these men fled precipitately on the fall of the empire. The Mussulman conqueror had, or was reputed to have, little sympathy with science or art, and their votaries, consequently, expected little favour from him, even if the difference of faith did not render them obnoxious to his followers. They were nearly all past the meridian of life. Their sober, scholarly, and retired pursuits would have ill fitted them for the rebuffs and disappointments of a wandering life in foreign lands, even if youth had supplied hope, courage, and viracity. What they wanted was a quiet refuge, where they could linger out to the close of their career, in calm retirement, and forget in the study of their books and MSS. their own misfortunes and the ruin of their country. This, happily, they soon found in Italy. That unhappy country was then enjoying the only gleam of prosperity which has ever shone upon her since the fall of Rome. She had recovered from the rude shock of the barbarian invasion. The disordered elements of society had gradually assumed shape and organization, and the fifteenth century found her divided into a number of independent republics, built up and supported by commercial prosperity, and in the enjoyment of unimpeded liberty and happiness. The arts were flourishing to a degree unknown in the rest of Europe, and in all the graces of life—wealth, refinement, and cultivation, she held such a proud position, that she might still without presumption apply to the Transalpine world the epithet of barbarous.

In these republics, commerce had assumed the place of honour, which, amongst the northmen, was accorded to arms exclusively. Their proud patricians were not knights or barons bold, but wealthy merchants, who gradually assumed the position of merchant princes, and distinguished themselves

as munificent patrons of learning. The proudest amongst these were the Medici of Florence, who, time out of memory, had occupied a high position in the republic, and had filled many of its most distinguished offices. The head of the family, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was Giovanni de Medici, who added to his already large store of wealth by his close attention to business, and secured the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens by his affability and moderation. His son Cosmo succeeded him in his wealth and dignities. The earlier part of his public career was disturbed by some of those intestine broils which seem inseparable from a popular form of government. He triumphed, however, in the long run over the malice of his enemies, and spent the greater part of a long life in uninterrupted tranquillity and prosperity. He had no greater pleasure than the encouragement of learning and the society of learned men; and his efforts raised Florence to the proud position of being the resort of all the wisest, witliest, and ablest scholars, poets, and artists of the day. The study of the ancient classics had at this period but just commenced. A few—and a few only—of the marvellous productions of ancient genius had been dragged to light from the convents and castles, in which they had slept since the fall of the empire, but by the exertions of Boccaccio, who was as famed for his learning as for his humour, the study of the Greek language had been introduced into Italy, and during his lifetime had been cultivated with success. At his death, however, it fell into neglect, but after a short interval was again revived through the exertions of Emanuele Chrysoloras, a noble Greek, who was entrusted with several important embassies to Italy, while Constantinople was threatened by the Turks, and taught it himself at Florence and other cities about the beginning of the fifteenth century. He left behind him many zealous disciples amongst the Italians, who laboured strenuously and with some success, to follow up the work which he had begun. But, though they kept their attention fixed upon their work, and kept alive the interest of the literati in it, it was impossible that they could make much progress. The number of works which they had the opportunity of examining was extremely small, and they were endeavouring to acquire a dead language by the slow and uncertain process of guessing out the meaning, construction, and connexion. They had none of the aids with which every school-boy now finds himself furnished—grammars, exercises, commentaries, keys, notes, and the oral instructions of men to whom, from their earliest years, the dead languages have been an all-absorbing subject of thought and study, based upon the labours of thousands who have trod the same path before them. Let us remember all that we have, and we shall have a better idea of all that they wanted, the countless tomes of every date since the fifteenth century to the present time, the huge heap of annotations, emendations,

and various readings, containing so much rubbish mingled with so much sterling thought. With all this, some of us found Greek difficult enough; many of us have lost our little share of it long ago; what then must have been the difficulty of those whose only hope lay in their own brains and industry? It is hardly to be expected that the study would not have flagged and finally died out, had it not received an unexpected stimulus.

The fall of Constantinople filled Europe with terror and astonishment; but whatever scandal it may have caused to the orthodox faith, was compensated by the assistance it brought to the cause of learning. The philosophers, who fled before the swords of the Janizaries, were received in Italy with open arms, and their welcome was the warmer because they carried with them a large store of rare and valuable manuscripts, some of them containing gems of antiquity which were before unknown to the scholars of the west. The fittest place to bear such treasures to, was the court of the Medici—for court it might be called—where great wealth spent on the noblest objects was backed up by a supremacy over a whole nation, which was founded only in respect and affection, and was not sanctioned by a single law. The exiles were received with characteristic hospitality, and in the pile of manuscripts which they laid at Cosmo's feet, he found himself more than rewarded for all the favours he could heap upon them. Demetrius, Chalcondyles, Johannes Andronicus, Callistus, Constantius, and Johannes Lascaris, and many others, whose names lent lustre to the last years of the tottering empire, met with an honourable reception, and by their instructions and example gave learning an impetus which has carried it on without faltering to its present proud position. Libraries, one of which is still, after a lapse of three centuries, a favourite resort of the scholar, were founded, and copies of the various works were rapidly multiplied by the printing press. The Greeks did not fail to trumpet abroad the praises of their benefactor, and the kindness and encouragement he showed them is the best claim to immortality, which the Medici family possess.

The friendship which was shown to learned men by his grandfather was cultivated in a still greater degree by Lorenzo de Medici, that great light of Italian literature and art. Their labours were repaid by his bounty, and encouraged by his smiles; professorships were established for giving instruction in the Greek philosophy and literature, to which scholars from all parts of Europe—from England, amongst others—resorted. Lorenzo was no less remarkable for his political wisdom and commercial success than for the delight afforded him by the society of the learned, and consequently the Greeks were frequent guests at his splendid villa in the environs of Florence. It is a singular circumstance that this great man should have found a biographer worthy of him, after the lapse of three centuries, in the greatest of our commercial emporia,

THE LAND OF GOLD.

"The Britishers have got a pretty considerable location in Australia," said a down-east friend of ours the other day; "but I calculate they won't know how to manage no-how. Too many genteel young fellers 'll go there, and contrivous 'll spring up, where tents and grub shops and stores 'ud do better."

This opinion seems to prevail to a great extent in England as well as in this country, for we find the following in *The Times*,—"Young men accustomed only to the desk, and unfitted for any mechanical occupation, will find it next to impossible to procure employment in Australia." Almost every letter that is sent home from Melbourne, and nearly every newspaper published in the colony, repeats this warning. But in spite of warnings of every kind, young men from shops and counting-houses appear to be the very persons who, for the last twelve months, have filled the greater part of the berths in emigrant ships bound for the land of gold. Again and again it has been stated that these are not the class of colonists

necessary to the commercial prosperity of the colony, or likely to prosper in it themselves. For many years to come, physical, rather than mental, labourers will be the need of California and Australia. Melbourne, although the richest city in the world, is, at the present moment, the worst lighted, ventilated, and paved; and its inhabitants, although the most wealthy, taken as a body, are as badly lodged as the peasantry of the poorest villages in Germany, or the dwellers in the most miserable log-huts in the backwoods. Nevertheless, there is abundant employment in Australia, besides gold-digging, for tens of thousands of artisans and labourers. Every man who has the strength and will to wield an axe or a spade may succeed in Australia; for, before the colony is fitted to receive intellectual labourers, houses must be built, roads and railroads made, bridges erected, and other social conveniences supplied. Handicraftsmen of all descriptions, agricultural labourers, and "backwoodsmen," are the most likely men to succeed in Australia.

It appears from a paper drawn up for the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. Westgarth, that the colony of Victoria—the modern name for the Port Phillip district—is in a most flourishing condition, both as regards its moral and commercial prospects. The history of the colony, as recorded by Mr. Westgarth, presents the most remarkable instance of commercial progress that, perhaps, the world ever saw. Ten years ago, the towns of Sidney, Melbourne, and Port Phillip were mere entrepôts for the agricultural produce from the interior of the country; and Australia itself was principally notorious for the lamentable failure of the settlement at Swan River. In 1851, the colony of Victoria contained a population of about 95,000 souls; in 1852, that number had more than doubled, and at this moment it cannot be estimated at less than 300,000. Nothing can be a more astonishing or decisive proof of the advance of this colony than the marvellous rapidity with which its population has increased. Twenty years since the white man was unknown in the districts which he has now made his home; the discovery of the gold took place, and, in a short time, the colony of Victoria—the principal auriferous district in Australia—was unrivalled for the magnificent scale of its wealth and commerce. There is no resisting “facts and figures,” so we will make use of a few of them. In March, 1851, the population of Melbourne was estimated at 23,000; at the present moment that city and its outskirts cannot contain fewer than 55,000 inhabitants; two years since the town of Geelong numbered about 8,000 souls; at present it cannot, certainly, have less than 20,000. The shipping entered inwards to the colony of Victoria, in 1851, comprised 609 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 126,000 tons; in 1852, the number of vessels had increased to 1,657, with an aggregate tonnage of 405,000 tons—an increase of about 325 per cent. in a single year! In the same period, the value and extent of the imports and exports to and from Victoria had increased in like proportion. In 1851, the imports were valued at £1,055,000; in 1852, they had increased to £1,044,000; the exports for the same years were—in 1851, £1,424,000; in 1852, £7,452,000! But in regard to this latter item, the exports for the year 1852 may be considered as greatly understated when given as £7,600,000; for large as the sum may appear, it has been ascertained to be very far short of the actual truth. Gold is the principal article of export from the colony of Victoria; and the probability is, that almost every person who left the diggings for Europe or America took with him a large quantity of the precious metal, which would not necessarily come into the official records. In 1852, the customs returns gave 1,975,000 ounces as the quantity exported; but 1,600,000 ounces, in addition, have been traced as having been exported from the neighbouring colonies, or otherwise brought from Australia without official cognizance. Taking these circumstances into consideration, and valuing the precious metal at its now ascertainable worth, it appears that gold to the value of upwards of £15,000,000 sterling—twice the amount given in the customs returns—has been dug from the bowels of the earth, washed from the sands of the rivers, or discovered by fortunate “prospectors,” in various parts of Australia, in a single year!

In fact, the colony of Victoria is at this moment the richest, and the most varied field for enterprise in the whole world. A man with a little money can buy land and rear sheep; or he can invest it in articles of consumption at home, and make a good profit by retailing them in Melbourne and the diggings. In the interior of the country, every child is a help instead of an incumbrance; and a man with a family, whose ages vary from three years to twenty, is as well off as if he had a large capital. Every kind of manual labour is at a premium in the cities of Melbourne, Geelong, and Sidney; and in the interior the scarcity of hands is very severely felt. All sorts of provisions, likewise, are sold at highly remunerative prices.

This last phrase, which we take from the *Melbourne Argus* of April the 7th, naturally leads us to the conclusion that farming is a very profitable kind of employment in Australia; and, opening a private letter which has been given us for

perusal, almost the first sentence we meet with is—“If you have any friends coming out with capital, advise them to buy land and try their hands at farming.”

It is well known that Mount Alexander—the district including Ballarat, the Bendigo, and the Forest Creek diggings—is the most auriferous region in Australia. In our first engraving (p. 180) we have a view of this celebrated mountain from what is called the Porcupine Road. The next (page 180) is a busy scene, Golden Point Ballarat—every one of the diggings has its golden point—is about seventy miles from Melbourne in a north-westerly direction, and about fifty from the thriving town of Geelong. At this spot it was that the celebrated “Cavenagh find” took place—as thus recorded in the *Geelong Advertiser* of September 27:—“On Saturday night last two brothers named Cavenagh arrived in Geelong with 60lbs. weight of gold, value £2,300, the produce of four weeks’ working. The party actually netted £100 per day.” The excitement consequent on the arrival of this news was immense, and “doctors, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, shipchairs, and labourers, all rushed off to the new El Dorado.” In the case of the Ballarat diggings, the speculators were not disappointed, for they still continue to be highly productive.

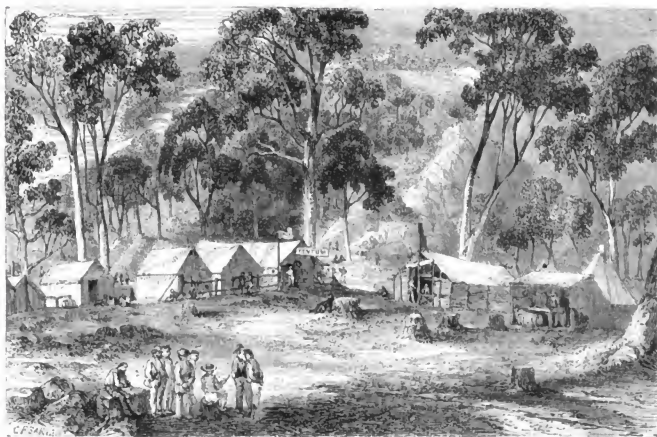
The two other engravings (page 181) speak eloquently for themselves. The districts all around have proved highly auriferous; and “enterprising men (we quote the own correspondent of the *Argus*) cannot fail to make a fortune.” The numerous dry diggings have been very successful of late; and it is by no means uncommon to see a man setting off to work in his hole, the only tool or implement that he carries with him being a large and pointed knife, called a “fossicking knife.” The mode of proceeding is by no means uninteresting. “Arrived at the hole, which, by the way, may have taken him and his mates a week or more to sink, he descends, and lighting a candle and his pipe, he lays himself out at full length on the rock which forms the bottom of his hole, and whilst he blows out the fragrant wreaths from his duccan, he quietly amuses himself, at the same time, by digging out with the point of his knife, such nuggets of the precious metal as may offer themselves to his view. Of course, in this operation, the small specks of gold are not collected, as this would be too troublesome a process; but the earth containing them is gathered up in a pocket handkerchief, and I have more than once seen two ounces washed out from a handkerchief full of stuff, whence the large pieces had been previously picked. By this “fossicking,” as it is termed, men have been known to obtain three and four pounds weight of gold in a day; though such cases are not, as a matter of course, numerous. This species of dry digging is now much resorted to, not only on the Bendigo, but on the Forest and other Creeks, the scarcity of water preventing the possibility of washing all the earth that would, were this element plentiful, amply repay the labour. Thus it happens that very much of the earth, now lying at the bottom or around the mouth of many of the holes, having been cast aside as useless during the drought, contains a per centage of gold sufficient to make the washing of it in the wet season highly remunerative. In fact, to prove this, after the recent showers up here, for they were no more than showers, many people were out prospecting amongst the refuse stuff thrown out of the holes, and I have met with persons who have thus collected two and three ounces in a few hours. I myself, not being too proud to dismount and become their possessor, picked up three pretty little nuggets that very handsomely offered themselves to my attention as I rode along past a number of deserted holes. It has often struck me that in many instances where a heavy find of gold has been made, very nearly as much of the precious metal is shovelled out with the earth as is gathered by the diggers; for with two and three ounce nuggets glittering in their sight, they have no eyes for the fine grains, which, in a rich hole, so thickly stud the earth that surrounds the larger nuggets. Besides which, let the digger search as carefully as he will, unless the whole of his good earth be washed, he will almost invariably throw out as much gold as he collects.”



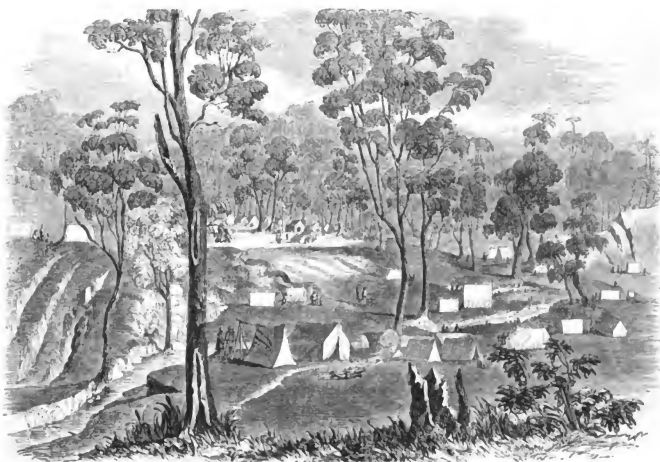
MOUNT ALEXANDER, FROM THE PORCUPINE ROAD.



VIEW OF GOLDEN POINT, BALLARAT—TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST SIDE OF THE CREEK.



VIEW OF THE POST-OFFICE AND THE "ARGUS" OFFICE, FOREST CREEK DIGGINGS.



VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF BARRELL'S CREEK AND THE FOREST CREEK—THE GOVERNMENT CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

A DAY AT CHITTENNANGO FALLS.

I WAS staying at Casa Nova. I had exhausted the rather limited amusements of that rural place, and time began to hang heavily on my hands. My friend Frank, who is an artist, and had sought the village on a professional speculation, had painted everybody in the vicinity who was at all willing to descend to posterity on canvas. The systematic flirtations which we had carried on with all the belles of the neighbourhood had ended in such a tangled web of jealousies, as to destroy all confidence in us as marrying men. There were no billiards; we had no guns to shoot with, and even if we had, I doubt if there was anything to shoot; we had read the "Life of Washington," the only book our landlady possessed, through three times. Dominoes became painful to us, we had played them so often, and the society of the village bar-room was neither interesting nor select. In short, no two human beings were ever more destitute of the means of amusing themselves than Frank and myself.

It was a clear September morning. The sky was of a deep blue and without a cloud, and the early sun shone with oppressive brightness on the staring white walls of the village. I was standing at the window, tapping listlessly on the panes, and wondering whether the pig, who was trying to get into Mrs. Spree's garden, would succeed in opening the gate with his snout. Frank was seated at his easel, finishing the eleventh portrait of himself that he had painted since his arrival, and Mrs. Rollit, our landlady, was dimly visible through the half-open door, plucking a large fowl which was to serve for our dinner. Just at this moment my attention was attracted by the appearance of a pedlar who had arrived in the village the day before, bringing his wagon out from a little shed at the other side of the street, and installing between its shafts a clever, short-tailed horse, with a big head, and thick, muscular legs that gave promise of a mile in "two, thirty," if he liked.

"Hallo!" I cried, opening the window, "you're not going to leave us so soon—are you? Why, you ought to get a week's trading, at least, out of such a place as this."

"Well, I guess I'm goin' on a little further," he answered, stowing away sundry boxes under his feet in the wagon. "The folks here don't appear to be very lively, and I calculate I'll make a better trade in Chittennango."

"Chittennango! what a strange name! Where is it?"

"Have you never been to Chittennango?" asked our pedlar, elevating his eyebrows with a glance of rather contemptuous amazement; "why it's just the place for fellows like you, who go poking about after the beauties of nature. There's rocks, and waterfalls, and trees, and it's altogether what people call picturesque."

"How far is it?"

"Five miles, more or less. If you come soon, may be you'll meet me there. Good bye!" And the pedlar gave his horse a chuck with the reins, and went down the hill in the midst of a hot, curling cloud of dust.

"Frank," said I, turning round, "here's luck; let us go to Chittennango."

"Let me finish this eyebrow," answered Frank, peevishly.

"The pedlar says there are waterfalls and rocks there."

"Very probably," said Frank, drily.

"And that there is a factory there with the loveliest girls."

Frank threw down his palette, rushed to the mirror, disposed of his hair to the best advantage, and in half an hour we were on our road to Chittennango.

The road on which we walked wound along the edge of the Chittennango river, a bright, joyous stream, broken into frequent babbling rapids, and full of wild, capricious windings. These turnings and doublings, in which the road shared, were in some places very sudden and abrupt. Sometimes the stream would bend back, and all we could see of it were little blue glintings through the dark trees, like the peeping eyes of some forest maiden.

The river runs on the right side of the road, and on the left

rises up a steep bank, frowning with dark pines that hang like a beard upon its cheek; while here and there great jagged rocks gleam out like the tusks of some wild animal. This bank, which is very lofty, is seamed and worn with elemental strife. Great scars are visible on its sides, where the winter torrents have torn away huge masses of earth and rock; and one can see from the tall pines that lie prostrate, but still clinging to their birthplace with a few tenacious roots, that the fierce winds of March have not spared the place. Climbing over all this savage grandeur, one sees the long tendrils of the wild vine festooning the trees and mantling over the rocks; while crowds of wild flowers gleam through the furthest depths of the forest with fragmentary glimpses of blue and gold.

Frank and I could not help stopping every hundred yards to admire some fresh beauty. Each winding of the river, as it were, recombined all the old elements of the landscape, forming another from them entirely new and enchanting. Our sketch-books were continually in our hands for the first mile, and if we had continued our mode of progression during that distance the rest of the way, we should have been about five days reaching Chittennango. Frank was in great ecstasies. "The scenery was so lovely. He must really take that bit away with him. There was plenty of time—no need of hurry. What was the use of being a bachelor if one could not stay out as long as he liked?" And down Frank would sit by the roadside, pencil in hand, to take, as he said, "that bit away with him."

It was during one of those fits of admiration that a new and unexpected feature was added to the landscape. Frank was sitting on a huge stone, which had fallen at some remote period from the cliff above us, and was sketching away vigorously at a solitary group of elms, that stood on a small spur of land which jutted out into the stream. I had taken a small reach of the river to my share, bordered with spruce and maple, and spanned a little way up by a slender rustic bridge. Some tall sedges broke the level line of the margin of the stream, and the whole constituted a charming bit of quiet river-beauty. I was busy making certain dots and lines which were intended to indicate rocks and trees, when an exclamation from Frank caused me to raise my head suddenly. A new feature had obtruded itself upon my landscape, one which I had made no provision for in my sketch, but which, nevertheless, was a most interesting addition to the former charms of the scene. On the slender rustic bridge, which I have mentioned as spanning the stream some twenty yards above where we sat, stood a young girl. She wore one of those wide leghorn hats, with long crimson ribbons streaming over its brim, which undulated gracefully in the gentle wind that stole down the banks. In one hand she held a small basket filled with wild berries, while in the other she bore a branch of green elm which she waved like a fan. It was a charming pastoral picture. Theocritus might have written an idyl upon it. Guercino might have painted it. The girl was very pretty and seemed somehow to belong naturally to the scene. When she reached the middle of the bridge she paused to look at us. We certainly returned the compliment. As to Frank, he stared with all his might and main. But there stood that light, delicate figure, framed in an exquisite natural picture, and balanced on that slender aerial-looking bridge, till it almost seemed as if some wood-nymph had taken a fancy to masquerade and got herself up in leghorn and muslin. While we were gazing with mute attention a shout rang from the opposite side of the river, and a troop of boys and girls all laden with baskets of wild fruit and green boughs issued from behind some trees, and made signals to our nymph. Two or three of the boys ran up on the bridge and wooed, as it were, to take her captive, and bear her back among them. The slight bridge undulated with the struggle, and after a few vain attempts to elude her captors she went slowly back to the noisy throng, and vanished behind a clump of elms.

About two miles from Casa Nova, and close on the river,

are several mills, all of them possessing considerable external evidence of prosperity. They employ a great many of the young people of the vicinity, and we had every reason for supposing that our rural goddess and her companions were *employés* of one or other of these establishments. It appeared to be a holiday with them at these mills; for in the open space before the door, which was well shaded with tall elms, there was a merry party of boys and girls dancing to certain unearthly sounds which a young lad, in a white jacket, drew from a dilapidated violin. The women were generally pretty, and all possessed the most delicately fair complexions, the result of so much in-door confinement in the factories. They appeared very happy and contented, and the dance went on with unflagging spirit. Irresistibly attracted by this rustic jollity, Frank and I stopped to look on. Presently we received a cordial invitation from some of the young ladies to join the festivities, and in another minute we were linked with a couple of partners in the performance of a Virginia reel. While thus engaged a burst of laughter rang through the place, and our dance was suddenly interrupted by another troop of gay rustics with green boughs in their hands, who came rushing down the slope towards us. It was the same group we had seen on the river, and in their midst our eager eyes discovered the goddess of the bridge. Strange to say she was not at all pretty, and her hands and lips being stained a dull purple colour with blackberry-juice did not add much to her attractions. Her figure, that before seemed so aerial and delicate, we now discovered to be bony and angular, and the curls which the wind seemed to play with so lovingly as she stood on the bridge, had, on a closer inspection, a decided tendency towards that fiery hue which people sometimes soften down under the name of auburn. So much for the poetry of circumstance. On the bridge she was all that a romantic imagination could desire. In the mill-yard the charm had vanished, and she stood confessed a lean, red-haired, raw-boned Yankee girl.

About a half a mile further on we came to a reach of the river, the effect of which, with its strongly marked lights and shades, reminded us both of an etching by Rembrandt. The stream has, as it were, cut a semi-circular piece completely out of the wooded precipice before described, forming thereby a sort of dark cove, along the edge of which the road still runs. The cliff, which here faces the west, is so much undermined that it hangs menacingly over road and river, and flings its black eternal shadow far across on the opposite bank. The pines, and spruce, and hemlock trees stand bristling out from this toppling bastion, and seem suspended by their roots above one's head. A terrible and unearthly gloom pervades the spot; the sunlight never falls at any period of the day upon stream or forest. The river runs by in the shade, cold and dusky as Acheron. An unwholesome chill oppresses the heart while in this gloomy sanctuary. Birds do not love the spot, and their song never echoes through the trees. The villagers do not linger there, tempting as its shade may be to brows scorched with the summer's sun. It is a place that seems made for murder and crime. And as if to mock the melancholy darkness of the scene, the river above and below glistens like gold through the trees, and invites the saddened wayfarer to hasten out of this Trophœan gloom.

When we suddenly emerged from this dismal spot into the bright sunshine, and saw the laughing sparkling river and the verdant trees, the change in our spirits was electric. While we were passing through the home of shadow, we had scarcely spoken. The scene was grand, doubtless, but its grandeur was oppressive, and weighed upon us so much, that to utter our thoughts would have cost us a considerable effort. But now that we had left it behind, we felt somewhat as Orpheus must have felt when he arrived on earth after the visit he had been paying to Pluto. Everything seemed to have acquired fresh splendour. The trees were greener than before—the river more golden, and the wild flowers, that lined the bank, seemed to speak to us in a joyful whisper and welcome us back again to the world, which they and the sunlight illuminated.

After loitering in this manner along the road for a distance

of four and a half or five miles, the subdued sound of falling water, softened by the trees, apprised us that we were close upon Chittennango Falls. At a little distance, they cannot be said to be very imposing, but I know no place that, on a closer acquaintance, possesses more charms. From the top of the fall to the bottom may be something over 130 feet, but the water does not gush in a direct stream for this distance, but is broken and split by ledges and tongues of rock, which, though they interfere with its sublimity, certainly add to its picturesqueness. We first came upon the fall looking down the river from above, and although the sensation of looking down a height is not so great as that of viewing a vast precipice from the base, yet the view that now met our eyes was striking in the extreme. The river ran winding between lofty pine-covered cliffs until it became, like the track of a hare, lost in doubling. The mid-day sun glared hotly above our heads, and a blue mysterious mist hung over the stream and filled the lower end of the deep chasm through which it ran, veiled thus in vapor; I know not what mysteries connected themselves in my mind with the course of that river.

But bless my soul! what a thing it is to be a dreamer. Here am I keeping the reader all this time on the top of the fall, staring down that mist-haunted valley and wondering what has come over his enthusiastic guide. To make up for lost time, let us seek that pretty rustic bridge which lies about 100 yards above the fall, and cross over to the other side. Here we come upon a fine bit of motion in the shape of that morsel of cataract which gushes close to our feet. It is a fine emblem of power. No stopping it for an instant. It was born to go on, and on it goes. Let us follow its example. At this side of the stream we can clamber down a few yards, and timidly approach that great gush of water which courses down the centre of the fall. But looking down through clefts of rocks and clinging to crevices become tiresome; so crossing the little bridge again, we seek the bed of the stream below, so as to see the cataract in all its grandeur. The side we are now on is entirely inaccessible to either ascent or descent. One can look down through great clefts that exist in the rock sheer to the bottom; and awful, weird-looking chasms they are, filled with that dim blue vapour through which one fancies strange shapes swim and float, like the rising visions in a magician's caldron. To reach the bottom of the fall we have to wind through a delicious wood path filled with wild flowers, where the trees are matted so thickly over head that nothing pervades save a green twilight, while the dense underwood is an impenetrable mass of shadow. This path winding downwards brings us out on the bank of the stream just under the fall. The view here is splendid; straight above our heads rises the tall shaggy precipice, over which the river tumbles foaming; from its steep sides the giddy pine hangs out grappling each crevice with its roots, like some daring invader scaling the walls of a beleaguered city; vines ramble here and there through every hole and corner; and wide, awful looking fissures gaped in the rocky sides, like wounds from which trickled a dewy blood. Over all this rushed the white waters, tumbling, foaming, roaring; flinging up bright globes of spray as conjurers fling up gilt balls, and anon filling with a deep, portentous sigh into the sullen pool below. On the right-hand bank of the stream, opposite to where we were standing, was a young elm tree, the most graceful I had ever seen: it stood alone upon a spur of land or rock, and its leaves were as yellow as the cucui's hair; but up among those golden leaves a crimson foliaged vine had clambered, trailing its blood red splendour over bough and trunk, and hanging in scarlet streamers from the outer branches. The tree looked, with its yellow plumage and slender form, like some fair-haired village maiden in holiday time decked out with a whole haberdasher's shopfull of scarlet ribbons. It was a splendid piece of colouring, and despite his want of material, Frank must needs sit down and sketch it. He had scarce begun, when flop—dop! a great stone fell within an inch of his head, and went rolling among the crags; we both looked up but could see nothing. Again, flop—dop—flap! another stone, hitting the sketch-book fairly in the centre and sending it flying into the

stream. Then a whole shower of stones, one after the other, fell about our ears, and kept us dodging like Indians behind a log. Frank is a philosopher, so instead of getting into a rage, he said simply—

"It is a fact worthy of remark, that most people have a great desire to throw things from a height. Watch a party of people on a bridge or the top of a tower, the first thing they do is to drop pebbles to the bottom, without knowing why or wherefore. There is, evidently, some fool practising this pastime above, so we had better leave this and go up too. We might as well see to whom we are indebted."

"Then who—" commenced Frank, rather angry at his mistake.

"I believe I have been the culprit," said a very sweet voice behind us. We turned and beheld a very pretty woman smiling half sarcastically at us.

"Madam," said Frank, gallantly doffing his cap, "pray do not mention it. If it is at all essential to your enjoyment that there should be a human being underneath the eliff, while you pelt great pebbles over, pray let me know and I shall be most happy to sit in a conveniently unsheltered spot."

The lady laughed at the sarcasm, and in a very short time



CHITTENNANGO FALLS.

On reaching the top, we beheld a gentleman standing on the edge of the fall, looking into the depth below in a contemplative manner. "Just the kind of fellow to throw stones," muttered Frank, as he went up and tapped the dreamer on the shoulder. The man started and turned round.

"Those who throw stones from the top of a cliff," said Frank, with an aphoristic air worthy of an oriental, "should recollect that some day they themselves may be at the bottom."

"I have not thrown even a pebble, sir," said the gentleman rather shortly.

we were all chatting together as if we had been intimate for years. Our new friends had been just married, and were spending their honeymoon at Chittennango Springs, a place higher up the river, and just becoming fashionable. Heaven preserve the Falls from such a destiny.

Frank and I walked home by moon-light, rather tired, but delighted with our excursion; and for the remainder of our stay at Casa Nova, whenever Frank grew tired of painting himself, or I of singing duets with one of the Miss Minks, we donned thick boots, put some luncheon in our haversack, and set out to spend a day at Chittennango.

JAMES WATT.

JAMES WATT was born at Greenock, Scotland, on the 19th of January, 1734. His great-grandfather owned a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but having joined in Montrose's insurrection, he was killed in battle, leaving an infant son to be brought up by relatives. When the orphan child grew up he, showed great capacity for mathematical pursuits, and followed the profession of a teacher of mathematics in Greenock, where

his concerns did not prosper—perhaps he had too many trades—and he retired from business with reduced means and impaired faculties, some years before the close of his life. His family consisted of two sons—James, the subject of our sketch, and John, who was drowned at sea in his twenty-third year. Of the mother, Agnes Muirhead, little is known, farther than that she belonged to a respectable family, so that



he died at the age of ninety-one. Two sons survived him: the elder, John, adopted his father's profession, to which he added that of a surveyor, and was much employed in Ayr and Glasgow, but died a few years after his father; the younger, James, was a block-maker and ship-chandler in Greenock, engaging occasionally also in ship and house building and general trading. He was an active and enterprising man, much esteemed by his fellow citizens, who chose him to fill some of the municipal posts of honour. Latterly, however,

we have not the means of discovering whether this case affords confirmation or the reverse of the assertion so often made, that the mothers of great men are almost always found to be persons of superior mental endowments.

When a child, James Watt's health was so delicate, that his school education was much interrupted. His mother taught him reading, his father writing and arithmetic. As is often the case with children compelled by ill health to a sedentary life, he became an incessant reader, and likewise

formed habits of reflection far beyond his years. Some anecdotes of his childhood, which have been preserved, show how early the peculiar bent of his genius developed itself. A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth, with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. "Mr. Watt," said he, "you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is employed before you condemn," replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers. He was then trying to solve a problem in geometry. Another story tells how his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, sitting with him one evening at the tea-table, said, "James, I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last half-hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and counting the drops of water. At the same time the boy showed other talents of a very dissimilar kind. Nobody could tell a story like James Watt. His mother once left him in Glasgow, at the house of a friend, and was astonished, on her return, by a request from the lady whose guest he was, to take her son home; for, said she, "I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in: I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening, before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour passes unheeded." This accomplishment he retained in an extraordinary degree through life; and those who went into his company with the expectation of finding a grave, reserved man, absorbed in his own peculiar pursuits, were astonished to meet instead, one of the most genial, humorous, and fascinating companions. The lad had a taste for all kinds of knowledge, and everything he took up he studied with characteristic enthusiasm. On the banks of Loch Lomond, whither he was often sent for health, botany and the traditional lore of the neighbourhood were his delight. At home, chemistry, and natural philosophy in various branches, with medicine, surgery, and mechanical contrivances, filled up his busy hours.

At the age of eighteen he went to London, to learn the business of a mathematical instrument maker; but in little more than a year was compelled, by ill health, to return home. The two following years he spent under the paternal roof or in visits to his mother's relatives in Glasgow. He was not idle, however, but diligently occupied in perfecting himself in his business. In 1767, he determined to settle in Glasgow, but some of the trade's corporations stood on their privileges, and would give no place to the new comer. In this dilemma, the professors of the university kindly came to his relief, and naming him mathematical instrument maker to the university, gave him apartments within their premises, in which to carry on his business. The University of Glasgow could then boast of Adam Smith, Robert Simson, Dr. Black, and Dr. Dick, and it may be inferred that the person who could at twenty-one secure their zealous aid, must have given no doubtful indications of ability. Here Watt formed a lasting friendship with Dr. Black, and about the same time commenced his friendship with Robison, who was then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The intelligent young instrument maker's shop became a favourite resort with the choice spirits of the place, in which to discuss all curious questions in science, art, or literature. "Whenever any puzzle came in the way of us students," says Robison, "we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or made something of it. He learnt the

German language in order to peruse Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum.' So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the naïve simplicity and candour of Mr. Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man." Here is an instructive picture. A young tradesman, most diligent in his workshop labours, yet finding time to learn foreign languages, and acquire so much general information as to be the superior companion of men, whose lives were spent in intellectual pursuits. And how charming, too, the modesty and candour which accompanied his great attainments. This is the crowning grace of all.

In 1763, he left the college, and opened a shop in the town, previously to his marriage with his cousin, Miss Miller. The steam engine had been a frequent subject of conversation with his friend Mr. Robison, who had suggested the possibility of applying steam power in moving wheel carriages. In the year 1761 or 1762, Watt had tried some experiments on the force of steam in a Papin's digester, but it was not until the winter of 1763-4 that the incident occurred which led to his great discovery. The history of this event had better be given in the words of his son, taken from the memoir of his father, furnished by him to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. A working model of a steam-engine, upon Newcomen's construction, had been sent him for repair by Anderson, professor of natural philosophy. "When he had repaired it and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though large in proportion to the cylinder, was barely sufficient to supply it with steam for a few strokes per minute, and that a great quantity of injection water was required, though it was but slightly loaded by the pump attached to it. It soon occurred to him that the cause lay in the little cylinder (two inches diameter, six inches stroke), exposing a greater surface to condense the steam than the cylinders of larger engines did, in proportion to their respective contents. By shortening the column of water in the pump, less steam and less injection water were required, and the model worked at a proper speed. Thus the purpose for which it was put into his hands was accomplished, and with this mode of accounting for the defect, and this result, most artists would have been satisfied; but the case was different with Mr. Watt. He had now become aware of a great consumption of steam, and his curiosity was excited to a more accurate investigation of the causes, in which he proceeded in a truly philosophical manner. The cylinder of his small model being of brass, he conceived that less steam would be condensed by substituting cylinders of some material which would transmit heat more slowly. He made a larger model, with a cylinder (six inches diameter and one foot stroke) of wood soaked in oil and baked to dryness. He ascertained from experiments made with boilers of various constructions, that the evaporation of boiling water is neither in proportion to the evaporating surface nor to the quantity of water, as had been supposed, but to the heat that enters it, and that the latter depends chiefly on the quantity of surface exposed to the action of the fire. He likewise determined the weight of coal required for the evaporation of any given quantity of water. Being convinced that there existed a great error in the statement which had been previously given of the bulk of water when converted into steam, he proceeded to examine that point by experiment, and discovered that water converted into steam of the heat of boiling water was expanded to 1,800 times its bulk, or, as a rule for ready calculation, that a cubic inch of water produced a cubic foot of steam. He constructed a boiler to be applied to his model, which showed, by inspection, the quantity of water evaporated, and consequently enabled him to calculate the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine. This he now proved to be several times the volume of the cylinder. He also observed

that all attempts to improve the vacuum, by throwing in more injection water, caused a disproportionate waste of steam; and it occurred to him that the cause of this was the boiling of water in vacuo at very low heat (recently determined, by Dr. Fuller, to be under 100°), consequently, at greater heats, the injection water was converted into steam in the cylinder, and resisted the descent of the piston. He now perceived clearly, that the great waste of steam proceeded from its being chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder before it was sufficiently heated to retain it in an elastic state, and that, to derive the greatest advantage, the cylinder should always be kept as hot as the steam which entered it; and that when the steam was condensed, it should be cooled down to 100° , or lower, in order to make the vacuum complete. Early in 1765 the fortunate thought occurred to him of accomplishing this by condensing the steam in a separate vessel, exhausted of air, and kept cool by injection, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened every time steam was to be condensed, while the cylinder itself was to be kept constantly hot. No sooner had this occurred to him than the means of effecting it presented themselves in rapid succession. A model was constructed, and the experiments made with it placed the correctness of the theory, and the advantages of the invention, beyond the reach of doubt.

In the course of these trials he was much struck by the great heat communicated to the injection water by a small quantity of steam, and he proceeded by a very simple experiment to satisfy himself upon that subject, when he discovered that water converted into steam will heat about six times its own weight of water at 47° or 48° to 212° . He mentioned this extraordinary fact to Dr. Black, who then explained to him his doctrine of latent heat, to the support of which Mr. Watt had afterwards the satisfaction of contributing his experiments. From some of these he was led to suppose the latent heat of steam to be above 1,000°, but he afterwards considered 960° a more accurate determination. From others he deduced the important conclusion that the sum of the latent and sensible heat of steam, at different temperatures, is a constant quantity, the latent heat increasing as the sensible heat diminishes, or, in other words, that a given weight of water in the state of steam contains nearly the same quantity of heat, whatever may be the bulk or density of the steam.

The invention now complete, the next consideration was how to obtain funds to execute it on a large scale. At length Mr. Watt applied to Dr. Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, and a partnership was formed, by the terms of which Dr. Roebuck was to receive two-thirds of the profits of the improvement. A large steam-engine was then constructed by Mr. Watt, at Kinneil, near Borrowstonness, Dr. Roebuck's residence; and the trials with which realised their most sanguine anticipations. Soon after, however, Dr. Roebuck's circumstances became embarrassed, and this, along with Mr. Watt's engineering engagements, delayed for some time the introduction of his discovery to the public.

A patent was obtained for it in 1769, but for some years nothing further was done in regard to it. In the meantime Watt had relinquished his business of mathematical instrument maker, and adopted that of civil engineer. In 1767, he made a survey for a canal of junction between the rivers Forth and Clyde, by what was called the Lomond passage, but the bill for it was lost in Parliament. He surveyed and superintended the making of the Monkland Canal. For the Crinan and Caledonian Canals, also, surveys were made by him at different times; the former was executed several years afterwards by Mr. Rennie, and the latter by Mr. Telford, on a much larger scale than was originally intended. He was employed likewise in improving the harbours of Ayr, Port Glasgow, and Greenock, in deepening and improving for navigable purposes the Clyde and other rivers, in building bridges at Hamilton and Rutherglen, and other works of public utility. While engaged in one of his surveys, in the end of 1773, he received the afflictive intelligence of the death of his wife, who left him a son and daughter.

Not long after, Mr. Boulton, of Soho Foundry, near Birmingham, a man of great intelligence and enterprise, and possessing large capital, bought Dr. Roebuck's interest in the steam-engine patent, and took the inventor into partnership—a connexion fortunate for the parties immediately concerned, and most important in the history of the world's material progress. Watt now removed to England, and obtaining an extension of the term of his patent to twenty-five years, the making of steam-engines was commenced at Soho by the firm of Boulton and Watt. About this time he entered into a second marriage, with Miss McGregor, the daughter of an old Glasgow friend, and in her we are told he found "a zealous and able coadjutor."

The engines made at Soho were at first only used for mining purposes. They were soon introduced into Cornwall, and found of the greatest value. The saving in fuel amounted "to three-fourths of the quantity consumed by those of the best construction previously in use." The patentees were entitled to a third of this saving. Many attempts, however, were made to defraud them of their dues, as well as to pirate Watt's inventions. From 1792 to 1799, they were engaged in vexatious law-suits in defence of their rights. Watt jocularly writes to his friend, Dr. Black:—"We have been so beset with plagiarists, that if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvements in the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we had most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth." All the proceedings terminated in the full confirmation of Watt's claims. During these years enterprising men were engaged in various quarters in attempting to adopt the steam-engine to water conveyances. Long before Watt's time, indeed, the practicability of employing steam power in navigation had been frequently suggested. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, both Savary and Papin indicated the possibility of some such use being made of their engines. In 1739, Dr. John Allen "proposed to give motion to vessels by forcibly ejecting a stream of water or current of air from their stern;" and seven years after, Jonathan Hulls published an account of a steam-boat invented by him. "In 1757, the celebrated Daniel Bernoulli, in an essay which obtained a prize from the Academy of Sciences, after demonstrating the effects of many mechanical contrivances which might be substituted for oars in moving vessels, suggests paddle-wheels moved by steam power or the force of gunpowder." About seventeen years later, experiments with steam-boats were made on the Seine by the Comte d'Anxiron, under the auspices of a company formed for the purpose. They failed, and a year or two after were repeated by M. J. L. Perlon, with improved machinery, but not much success. All similar attempts showed the same results, till Watt's engine, with its wonderful power of universal adaptation, was brought into use.

The first really successful steam-boat experiment was made in Dalswinton Lake, Dumfriesshire, in October, 1788, by Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton. This gentleman had been experimenting for some time on the best mode of impelling vessels by the power of men and of horses applied to the paddle-wheels. The idea of using steam power he owed to the tutor of his family, Mr. Taylor. The difficulty was, how to apply the engine to the boat, and Mr. Symington, an engineer, who was at that time endeavouring to adapt the steam-engine to wheel carriages, was consulted. By the joint exertions of the three, a plan was formed, and a twin or double pleasure boat built with the engine in a strong oak frame placed on one side, the boiler on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels in the middle. The success of the experiment was complete, and the boat went at the rate of five miles an hour. Mr. Miller had a larger boat built soon after, which was tried in the presence of many spectators; but unfortunately the paddle-wheels broke. A second trial was made with stronger wheels, on the 26th of December, 1789, when it was found that the vessel sailed at the speed of seven miles an hour.

In 1801, Mr. Symington was employed by Lord Dundas to

make a tug boat for dragging vessels on the canal. The Charlotte Dundas was accordingly constructed, which "took in drag," says Mr. Symington, "two loaded vessels, each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of nineteen miles and a half in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead." Its use was relinquished from an opinion, held by some of the canal proprietors, that the paddle wheels injured the banks of the canal.

A year or two after, Symington was visited by an American, Mr. Fulton, who had been engaged in steam-boat experiments on the Seine, under the patronage of Mr. Livingston, the American chancellor. Symington took him on board the Charlotte Dundas, had it put into motion, and furnished him with all the information he desired. Fulton then ordered an engine of Boulton and Watt, it is said under an assumed name, had it conveyed to America, and, in 1807, the Clermont with the Soho engine was launched in the Hudson river, to sail between New York and Albany—the first American steamer, and the first steam ship anywhere, regularly employed for commercial purposes. The Americans have also the credit of being the first to venture on deep-sea navigation in steamers; this bold feat—as it was then accounted—being accomplished by Mr. Stevens of Hoboken, who had his vessel taken from the Hudson to the Delaware by sea.

In 1813, the *Cornet*, a vessel of about twenty-five tons, was built at Port Glasgow, by order of Mr. Henry Bell, and was the first steam passage ship in Britain. It plied on the Frith of Forth. By and by, others were started, and such sea voyages as between Great Britain and Ireland, and from Leith to London, or Glasgow to Liverpool, were ventured upon.

The next great advance in steam navigation was made by Mr. Napier, by whose means a regular steam communication was established between Greenock and Belfast, and to him is due the praise also of getting post-office steam packets established. In 1822, the "James Watt" steam vessel was built, to ply between Leith and London. "With the exception of the low proportion of its power to its tonnage," says the historian of steam navigation in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the 'James Watt' possesses almost all the qualities of the most improved vessels of the present day." In 1826, the "United Kingdom" was built, the first of the Leviathan class of steamers; and, in 1838, notwithstanding the outcry as to its impracticability, regular steam communication across the Atlantic was established, thus bringing the old and new worlds into close neighbourhood.

It is time to return from this digression to Watt's personal history. He had been peculiarly happy in the choice of a partner, for Mr. Boulton, in the most judicious manner, took all the cares of business on himself, so as to leave Watt free to devote all the energies of his inventive mind to the advancement of science and the useful arts. The application of the powers of steam to give a rotary motion to mills, occupied much of his attention. After various unsuccessful attempts, he was induced "to turn his thoughts to the adaptation of the reciprocating motion to the production of a continued regular rotary one. This he accomplished by a series of improvements, the exclusive property of which he secured by successive patents in the years 1781, 1782, 1784, and 1785; including, among other inventions, the rotary motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle, the double engine, the parallel motion, and the smokeless furnace. The application of the centrifugal regulating force of the governor gave the finishing stroke to the machine."* Thus perfected, how truly it is found to justify Lord Jeffrey's remarks, that it "has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure found-

ation for all those future miracles of mechanic power, which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations."

In 1780, Watt invented a machine for copying letters and drawings; and in the winter of 1784 contrived an apparatus for heating the room in which he wrote by steam. In 1786, he and Mr. Boulton went to Paris, by invitation of the French government, to suggest improvements in the mode of raising water at Marly. While there, Berthollet communicated to him his discovery of the bleaching properties of chlorine. On his return, Watt informed his father-in-law of the process, and under his direction it was successfully tried at Mr. McGregor's bleach-field, near Glasgow. The introduction of this valuable improvement into Britain must, therefore, be numbered amongst the many benefits bestowed upon it by means of this great man.

From early youth he had been fond of chemical studies, and in this department, likewise, he was destined to be a successful inquirer. In a letter, written to Dr. Priestley, on the 28th of April, 1783, he announces his hypothesis as to the composition of water, to which he had been led by some of Priestley's experiments. Cavendish, as is well known, came to similar conclusions about the same time, and verified them by experiment. We do not enter on the vexed question as to whom the honour rightly belongs of being considered the discoverer of the composition of water, "the greatest and most prolific discovery," says M. Arago, "of modern chemistry;" but it is certain that Watt did not borrow his theory from any other person.

On the expiration of his patent, in 1800, he retired from business, with abundant wealth, full of years, and loaded with honours, an active, prosperous, cheerful old man. But even he had to feel, that in his best estate "man walks in a vain show." Death entered his family and snatched from the affectionate parent the dearly-cherished youngest son. Gregory Watt, who had, with his elder brother, succeeded to his father's business, was a young man of high mental endowments, distinguished attainments, and brightest promise, when disease and death came to withdraw him from all earthly occupations. It was a sore stroke to the aged father, and renders a salutary lesson to all.

Although no longer in business, Watt was still busily and usefully employed. Having been applied to by a Glasgow company for advice as to the conveyance of water across the river from a well which afforded a natural filter, he proposed to lay across the bed of the river a flexible main with ball and socket joints, the idea of which was suggested to him by a lobster's tail; and some time after it was effected with entire success.

He paid his last visit to Scotland in 1817, when his friends were delighted to find him active and cheerful as ever. The next year Mr. Watt invented a machine for copying pieces of sculpture. Though never finished, several specimens were executed by it, which he distributed amongst his friends as "the work of a young artist just entering his eighty-third year."

Early in 1819, symptoms of declining health alarmed his friends, and on the 25th of August his long and useful life closed, at Mr. Watt's own residence, Heathfield, in Staffordshire. His health had been delicate from childhood, and during a large portion of his life he suffered greatly from headache; yet, notwithstanding his incessant labours, he lived to see his eighty-fourth year. No doubt the simplicity and temperance of his habits tended to counteract the natural debility of his constitution. In life many honours had been bestowed upon him. He was a member of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and a corresponding member of the Batavian Society. The University of Glasgow bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1806, and he was one of the foreign members of the National Institute of France. After death, filial affection and public gratitude awarded him such homage as monuments and statues can give. A marble statue, by Chantrey, rests on his tomb; another, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the University of Glasgow; and, far better, £3,600 was expended by the younger Watt

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

in a handsome building for a library in his father's native town, in which the inhabitants have placed a statue of their distinguished townsman. Every one who has visited Westminster Abbey will remember the colossal statue of Watt, also the work of Chantrey, which stands there, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

Mr. Watt was no less beloved for his private virtues than respected for his public services. He is another instance,

added to the many already on record, of greatness and amiableness combined,—of a man with intellect sufficient to conceive and execute the greatest designs, and the plain, practical good sense and good temper which give security to friendship and happiness to all around. He claimed no right of genius to infringe the laws of social life, and indulge his own whims at the expense of the feelings and convenience of others.

GERARD DOUW.

Art is the child of nature. In art nature is reproduced; and in proportion as that reproduction is correct or incorrect, art is true to its vocation. Dr. Syntax tells us that nature must be improved, and the French painters used to talk about nature wanting harmony and being a great deal too green; but, with due reverence to Dr. Syntax and the French painters, we hold that nature is unimprovable, neither wanting harmony nor yet too green, but perfect in all its forms of beauty. From a daisy to a primeval forest, there is not a stone, a leaf, a flower, a whisp of gossamer sauntering about in the golden air, or a gay winged butterfly sailing in the ether, but possesses all that is beautiful and great and grand.

The painters of various countries have represented their national peculiarities—circumstances have induced them to reproduce certain objects in a certain way, and the result has been what we commonly call schools of art. The Florentines were remarkable for a grandeur of design, almost approaching the gigantic—an ideal majesty, though withal possessing a certain dark severity, as may be seen in the works of Massolino, Castagna, and Michael Angelo—himself majestic as his own ideal. In Rome, surrounded by the monuments of former greatness, classic genius revived, and Raphael became the painter for all people and all time. At Venice, the beautiful city in the sea, where nature presents some of her most charming aspects, the painters delighted themselves in presenting a mixture and variety of colours, and produced grand and vigorous effects by the contrasts of light and shadow. Corregio gave the distinguishing characteristics to the school of Lombardy—graceful design, mellowness of pencil, beautiful colouring. The French, the Flemings, the Germans, have each their own peculiarities, and the Dutch pictures have always found admirers. If the Dutch painters have chosen low subjects of imitation—and everybody who thinks of a Dutch picture idealises the interior of an untidy kitchen, or the inside of a low beer-house—they have represented them with great exactness. "If they have not succeeded in the most difficult parts of the *claro-obscuro*, they at least excel in the most striking, such as in light confined in a narrow space, night illuminated by the moon, or by torches, and the light of a smith's forge. The Dutch understand the gradations of colour. They have no rivals in landscape painting, considered as the faithful representation of a particular scene. The Dutch distinguish themselves by their perspective, by their clouds, sea scenes, animals, fruit, flowers, and insects, and they excel in miniature painting; in short everything which requires a faithful imitation, colour, and a nice pencil, is well executed by the Dutch painters."

Foremost among the artists of this school stands Gerard Douw. His name is sometimes written *Gerhard Douw*; and he was born at Leydon in 1613, and died in 1674, aged sixty-one. In early life he received instruction from Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver; and Peter Kouwboorn, a painter on glass, found in young Douw an apt pupil. The boy loved art, and at fifteen became the disciple of Rembrandt. To this great painter is to be ascribed that excellence in colouring, that breadth of light and shadows, which afterwards distinguished the works of Gerard Douw; but with all the genius for grandeur of designs and startling effects of *claro-obscuro*, he united that extreme delicacy of finish which is one of the chief characteristics of his works. Sandraart relates that having once, in company with Bamboccio, visited Gerard Douw, they could not forbear admiring the prodigious neatness of a picture

which he was then painting, in which they took particular notice of a broom; and expressing their surprise at the excessive neatness of the finishing of that minute object, Douw told them he should spend three days more in working on that broom before he should account it entirely complete. In a family picture of Mr. Spiering (Douw's principal patron) the same author asserts, that Mrs. Spiering sat five days for the finishing of one of her hands that lay on an arm-chair.

Everything that Douw produced had exactly the true and lovely tints of nature, and his pictures possess their peculiar advantages, they retain their original lustre, and have the same beautiful effect at a proper distance as they have when submitted to the closest inspection. The picture known as "The Dropsical Woman," an engraving of which we present to the reader, is a most perfect and complete specimen of this master's style, possessing at once the broad effect of shadow, and the most delicate and careful detail. The execution of the painting is astonishingly fine, and although the shadows appear a little too dark, the whole has an inexpressible, bold effect. This picture fell a prey to the French plunderers, and was carried to Paris, and is now preserved in the Louvre. It is one of the most pathetic pictures of this great master. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his daylight works. In representing the chamber of an opulent family, everything in the room presents the most magnificent appearance, it is richly decorated and furnished. A sick lady sits in an arm-chair, her daughter kneels before her, weeping and kissing her hand,—the bitterness of death approaching,—a servant gives her the medicine, and in the front of the picture stands a physician fantastically dressed, turning to the window and examining a bottle full of water. This picture was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and after his death remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. In 1815, they bought off its restitution at the price of 100,000 francs.

The compositions of Douw have always been in great request, and it would be difficult to find a collection of Dutch cabinet pictures, the principal ornament of which does not consist in one or two of his productions. The galleries of his native country, the German galleries of Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin, the Louvre, and the English collections, are all rich in these little treasures. In one is painted a window, out of which a maid servant empties a kitchen pot; in another she is employed in the preparation of dinner; in a third she holds a light, and looks out of the window into the dark with a smiling face. Here we look through a window into the atelier of a painter; there into the cheerful apartment of an old woman engaged in spinning. In a picture in the Louvre is the shop of a grocer, with various goods piled up and people standing before the counter, for whom the mistress is weighing what is required. In the Munich gallery there is a pastrycook's shop illuminated by the light of a candle; another in the Berlin museum represents a store room with all sorts of provisions, the cook is just opening the door with a lighted candle in her hand which lights up her countenance in an agreeable manner; she steps on tiptoe in order not to disturb a mouse, who has evidently done what he chose with all the good things around him, and is just on the point of stepping into a trap.* All the pictures are remarkable for the utmost delicacy and minuteness of finish.

* Sir E. Head.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF TABLE-MOVING.

THE "new power," which table-moving has been thought to disclose, has at length been investigated by an experimental philosopher. The conclusion to which he has arrived is, that tables are moved simply by unconscious muscular action, having nothing to do with electricity, magnetism, attraction, or any unknown force whatever, much less, as some have boldly asserted, the motion of the earth, or supernatural agency. The excited state of the public mind, both in America and Europe, on the subject of table-moving, called for some investigation; and Professor Faraday, with a view to banish false notions respecting it, has taken considerable pains to discover the real motive-power by which the various phenomena of table-moving are produced. The results of his ingenious and interesting experiments, and the methods by which he arrived at them, have been communicated to the public by that eminent scientific authority. That our readers may retain in a permanent form that which otherwise might exist only in the pages of a newspaper, we present them with a brief epitome of the professor's experiments.

After explaining his reasons for making the inquiry—not that his own doubts on the subject of table-moving might be satisfied, for he never had any, but that he might be enabled to give a decided opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to him—the professor proceeds to show by what steps he arrived at the conclusion that the table, or any other inert matter, had no power of moving except that which was communicated directly to it from the hands of the operators. He associated with him several honourable, but sincere, believers in the table-moving mania; and, after a few experiments, in which abundant motion was communicated to the pieces of furniture operated upon, he clearly saw that the table moved under the action of ordinary mechanical power, when the parties did not intend, and did not believe, that they moved it by any such means.

But he sought to prove to these honourable believers, and through them to the public, that they really did move the table in this way, and that the influence of expectation on their minds was the actual cause of their hands moving the table, and that the table did not move their hands. His first object, therefore, was to remove all suspicion of electrical agency. Hence plates of the most opposite electric affinities, namely, sand-paper, millboard, glass, moist clay, tinfoil, cardboard, gutta-percha, vulcanised india-rubber, wood, &c., were made into a bundle and placed on the table under the hands of the operators. The table turned, nevertheless, though no electric or magnetic effects could be produced. Bundles of other substances were used and placed under the hands of different persons, but still the table turned. Neither during the use of these substances, nor at any other time while the experiments were in progress, could any apparent motion be observed in the hands of the operators; and no form of operation or mode of observation gave the slightest indication of any peculiar natural force. No attractions or repulsions, or signs of tangential power, appeared—nor anything that could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted moderately by the operators. The tables went round, forwards, backwards, and sideways, at the will of the turners, and nothing of either "collusion, illusion, or delusion" was apparent.

But this cursory examination did not satisfy the professor. He therefore proceeded to analyse the kind of pressure exerted, at first unknown to the operators. Several pellets of a cement made of wax and turpentine were fixed on the under side of a piece of cardboard, and then placed on the table. The table turners laid their hands on the cardboard, and the professor waited the result. The table moved as before; but on examining the under side of the cardboard it was easy to see "by the displacement of the pellets that the hands had moved further than the table, and that the latter had lagged behind; that the hands, in fact, had pushed the card to the left, and that the table had followed and been dragged by it." It

was evident, therefore, that the table had not drawn the hands and persons, nor had it moved simultaneously with the hands. The hands had left all things under them behind, and the table evidently tended continually to keep the hands back.

"The next step was to arrange an index which should show whether the table moved first, or the hand moved before the table, or both moved or remained at rest together." Various ingenious contrivances were invented and applied, "the result of which was," says Professor Faraday, "that when the operators saw the index it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it moved about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of handforce by which it was wished the table should move; which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, whilst the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon. But the most valuable test of this index apparatus (which was afterwards made more perfect and independent of the table), is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive—as in my presence they have always done—that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards or only obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn-out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed—the power is gone; and this, only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves. I know that some may say that it is the cardboard next the fingers which moves first, and that if both drag the table and the table turner with it. All I have to reply is, that the cardboard may in practice be reduced to a thin sheet of paper weighing only a few grains, or to a piece of goldbeaters'-skin, or even—in principle—to the very cuticle of the fingers itself. Then the results that follow are too absurd to be admitted; the table becomes an incumbrance, and a person holding out his fingers in the air, either naked or tipped with goldbeaters'-skin, or cardboard, may be drawn about the room, &c.; but I refrain from considering imaginary yet consequent results which have nothing philosophical or real in them."

The professor's conclusion is, that the mind becomes absorbed, and the muscles follow the will of the operator without his being aware of it; just as, in the process of walking, the legs move without a direct appeal to the senses, the mind having once determined that they shall walk. It is not insinuated that the experimentalists in table-moving are not perfectly honest in their desire to arrive at the truth; all that the professor declares is, that they are self-deceived. "Persons do not know," says this authority, "how difficult it is to press directly downwards, or in any given direction against a fixed obstacle; or even to know only whether they are doing so or not, unless they have some indicator, which, by visible motion or otherwise, shall instruct them; and this is more especially the case when the muscles of the fingers have been cramped and rendered either tingling or insensible by cold or long-continued pressure. If a finger be pressed constantly in the corner of a window-frame for ten minutes or more, and then, continuing the pressure, the mind be directed to judge whether the force at a given moment is all upward, or all downward, or how much is in one direction, and how much in the other, it will find great difficulty in deciding; and will, at last, become altogether uncertain."

It is proper to observe that, notwithstanding the high position which Professor Faraday deservedly occupies in the scientific world, both the fairness of his experiments and the soundness of his conclusion have been called in question. Facts have been communicated to the public which certainly do not, at first sight, appear easy to be reconciled with his theory. The subject must be still further investigated before it can be considered as satisfactorily settled.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.

LETTER III.

Whitehaven, June 24th, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been long in writing, and I do not know how it is that one seems to be quite as busy in the country as in the town, and I could fancy it would be very agreeable to live here permanently, if the good folks only knew a little more about books. Yet I believe Robert is a very well-read young man, but he is so shy and reserved. I do not feel much better acquainted with him than on my first arrival. He is, however, very attentive in catering for my amusement, and on the morning of May-day he invited me to join a merry party of young men and maidens, who sallied forth at five o'clock in the morning to gather the soft yellow catkins of the willow, and I observed that William presented his basketful to Susannah; since which occurrence, she has conducted herself towards me so frankly and affectionately, that I feel sure she must be attached to William, and had previously feared my becoming her rival. I do not know what Robert did with his catkins, and I found him so silent a companion, that I was not sorry when we quitted the meadows and went to look at the old May-pole, which a crowd of ragged urchins, under the direction of the dominie, were covering with garlands of spring flowers. Almost every house in the village displayed bunches of broom and furze over their doors and lamp-posts, and all the horses engaged in traffic throughout Whitehaven and the neighbourhood were adorned with branches of lilac, or ribbons, or ivy. Later on in the day, I believe some animated games of wrestling went on, many competitors attending the sport from distant places; but this amusement was not at all in my line, and I enjoyed much more a novel sort of race they called a dog-trail. Early in the morning, I was told, two men had started on a circuit of eight miles, dragging after them over hill and dale a large piece of sailcloth saturated with some essential oil. The dogs that were to run were really splendid creatures, and my uncle says they are similar to fox-hounds, but of a peculiar breed, brought up for the purpose by the country people, and singularly swift in action. A row of these fine creatures was laid on the scent where the cloth had passed over, and then they scoured over the whole distance without a single pause—William's beautiful dog, which he had named "Gawthorpe," coming in first, and winning the prize, a very handsome riding-whip mounted in silver. Robert's noble "Arrow" came in the second, but his master looked so excessively mortified at this comparative failure, that I could not help pitying him, though I knew better than to express such a sentiment in words to one of his lordly sex. We were ragged that evening to "go forth," as Susannah expressed it, which seems understood to mean attending an evening meeting for spinning; and on this occasion the party were to meet at Mr. Gawthorpe's, a substantial farmer's abode, some three miles off. I was in some doubts what dress to put on, since the guests were to assemble at three o'clock in broad daylight; but my aunt said every one was expected to look smart, so I put on my sprigged muslin, which had duly arrived, though it was sadly crushed, my dear papa, by the heavy parcel of music-books you had laid upon it. Susannah appeared in a gay broom-coloured guize gown, with scarlet ribbons in her hair; and we put on all sorts of defensive wraps to protect our finery safely over the mountain bogs, being followed by Neddy, the cow-boy, who carried my aunt's spinning-wheel, destined for my use. I asked her whether she was not coming with us, a question which made every one laugh, and to which no answer was vouchsafed in words; but on reaching the Gawthorpe's homestead, we were ushered into an oak-panelled hall-kitchen, containing at least twenty young women, all busy with their spinning-wheels, but no elder female or any of the men were present. I did my best to spin like they did, and to give my finger and thumb the peculiar dale-twist used in pulling the flax from the distaff, but I saw many good-humoured smiles directed towards me, and was glad when the general attention was diverted by the buzz of conversation which soon began.

The girls sang, too, and I heard several quaint old songs which sounded very sweet, though often given in a sort of monotonous slow chanting, in order to keep time with the burring wheels. Curious tales, too, were told; and one young woman mentioned a strange superstition that exists about the aspen tree, of its being the wood of which the *vera crux* was made, and how, in sign of shame and fear, it has ever since trembled from generation to generation. We had been spinning a couple of hours when my cousins, Robert, William, and Edward, made their appearance, and they were quickly followed by other young dale-men, who each demurely took a seat by some fair expectant—at least, those assembled appeared in no way surprised at this sudden accession to our party. By and bye I found my thread kept breaking so frequently as to be quite unaccountable; in vain it seemed to fasten on again, for the very next minute snap went the thread, and on looking round I saw to my relief that other spinners were in the same predicament, while sounds of repressed laughter seemed to indicate the brewing of some hidden mischief. I perceived several sharp boxes on the ear administered to the attendant cavaliers, and presently saw that Edward had been cutting the thread of my flax; and I certainly gave his black curls a little pull on this discovery, while Robert sat just behind me, looking too shy and awkward to interfere between me and his younger brother, who had never before been considered old enough to be admitted to the honours of a "going forth." After a good deal of merriment, the burring of the twenty wheels, which sounded like fifty hives of bees confined in the apartment, ceased altogether, and after a plentiful supper, old Mrs. Gawthorpe told ghost stories and fairy legends, and about eight o'clock the signal was given for breaking up, by the farmer saying, "It is time for ye to be going home, bairns." We must have formed a droll moonlight procession over the mountains, each maiden escorted by a rough-coated gallant bearing her spinning-wheel on his shoulder; and frequent bursts of laughter were elicited by the various mischances that overtook us during the rough pilgrimage. I was well off, since Edward carried my wheel, and consequently Robert gave me the assistance of his arm unincumbered; but he seemed more silent than ever, and when we reached the Friars, I overheard Johnny Latterthwaite say to him, "Why don't ye speak to her, man; do ye think a woman will ever admire a glum lad that has nought to say for himself?" To which remonstrance, Robert replied, if I am not mistaken: "Ye may be right, man, in the main, but did ye ever see any one dressed like my London cousin afore? When I saw her looking so superior, and so unlike every one about her to-night, I tell ye I did not *dare* to speak a word to her." I had half-suspected this reason for my grave cousin's reserve; yet he is so sensible, I wonder he should let such a trifle as my sprigged muslin prevent our conversing comfortably together. Yesterday was Midsummer-eve (the 23d of June is so kept popularly), and we all went out to look at the immense bonfires which were lighted up in all directions in each parish, and called Baal-fires; perhaps the only relic of fire-worship, Robert said, in England still remaining. The lurid effect of the blazing fires illuminating the dark purple hills was extremely grand, and I should have wished so picturesque an old custom might continue for many years to come, where it is not that it is still regarded by the uneducated as something mysterious and sacredly supernatural. Quantities of poor diseased cattle and sheep we saw made to walk through the blinding smoke of these fires, and none of the dale-people appeared to entertain the slightest doubt that the animals would be thereby perfectly restored to health. The Baal-fires are never allowed to be lighted from any other burning substance, as this would destroy their virtues, but must be ignited from the sparks created by rubbing together two pieces of dry wood; and many persons carried torches, which added to the wild singular aspect of the scene, and are also a remnant of the same species of nature-worship. And now I have only left room to sign myself, dear papa,

Your ever affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

THE STUFFED PENGUIN.

THERE is something remarkably life-like in all the sketches of the late Tony Johannot, so picturesque and still so truthful, that they always have found ready admirers in all who have looked upon them. Whatever subject he undertook, he executed with a fidelity and beauty seldom equalled and rarely surpassed. The engraving which we now present is from one of his inimitable drawings, full of the force and vigour which distinguishes the whole of his works. The picture tells its own story. There, with wrinkled brow and long grey locks, is the old naturalist, surrounded by his treasures, regarding them with greater pleasure than ever miser looked upon his gold. He has invited a few young friends to examine his exhibition, and is pointing out the numerous stuffed birds

name, and general characteristics of every bird in the collection—his memory is a complete treatise on ornithology, and he talks like a book.

Meanwhile, the old man has resolved upon presenting to his fair visitors some token of regard, something that they may preserve as a memento of their visit. He has pointed out to one of his young friends a screech owl, with tawny wings and of frightful aspect, but she has shrunk back, half afraid to touch the horrible monster, and politely declined its acceptance; she would not—so she says—spoil so valuable a collection. Still the old man is unwilling to let them depart without some present: the lyre bird is there in all its beauty, the swan with its white and delicate plumage,



CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY. FROM A DRAWING BY TONY JOHANNOT.

which form his collection, arranged with an air of picturesque, but withal fantastic, beauty. The old man is proud of the show; it has been the object of his life; every leisure hour has been devoted to it; he has collected with discriminating care, prepared with critical accuracy, arranged with the eye of a connoisseur, and now he looks upon it as complete.

Great variety of expression is thrown into every countenance. The boy shrinks back with an instinctive terror as he passes before an eagle, who is leaning forward in a manner terrible to behold; the little girl is contemplating the fine plumage of the peacock, bright with red and gold and purple, and claps her hands together with a cry of admiration; the old man is looking as if he fully enjoyed the opportunity, as he explains all about the species, nature, habits, country,

the peacock in rainbow hues, parrots, and ravens, and humming birds; but the visitor still declines, until at length her attention is arrested by a fine specimen of the penguin.

"That," says the old man, "I cannot offer you; nature has bestowed upon it neither grace nor beauty, which could also entitle it to a place in your saloon."

But the visitor gazes upon it with a gesture of unaffected surprise. It has awakened memories deep and tender—brought to her recollection the stories which a brother used to tell of chasing the penguin, a brother who is far away in the northern seas,—she has heard from him of the bird, and to her it possesses more value than all the rest of the collection; it has a grotesque, strange figure, but the penguin is her choice.



BIANCA, GIULO, AND JACQUES, IN THE BOUDOIR.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Herm. "——— Pray you sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?
Herm. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of spirits and goblins.
Herm. Let's have that, sir;
Come on, sit down, come on and do your best
To fright me with your spirits."—*Winter's Tale.*

THE day was far spent when the two youths, Giulio Polani and the Sieur de la Mole, found themselves once again in the streets of Venice. The spot at which the former arrested the steps of his companion was one which might well command the attention of a stranger. It was close to the north-western angle of the grand-ducal palace, and the spectator could obtain a full view either due westward along the great piazza, terminated by the church of St. Geminiano, or, turning his head southward, survey the piazzetta through its whole line, till the eye rested on the waters of the Giudecca. The lower story of the palace was supported upon arches that sprang from massive pillars, and thus formed a magnificent arcade down the whole western front. This was the favourite promenade of the Venetian nobility, both in the morning between six and eleven o'clock, and in the evening between five and eight. The "Brogiolo," as it was called, was in fact the exchange of Venice for the nobility, quite as much as the Rialto was the exchange for the merchants; and in good truth as much business was done in the one locality as in the other; and though the actors were of a different class, the transactions themselves were often very similar in their character. If at the Rialto the merchant sold his merchandise to the best purchaser, so too at the Brogiolo, the noble often sold his influence, his vote, it might be his honour, to the highest bidder, the only difference in the two transactions being the openness with which the one, and the secrecy with which the other, made his bargain. If the usurious money-lender overreached or oppressed in the one place, the greedy aristocrat circumvented and ensnared in the other. In the one there were frauds, and chicane, and the tricks of trade; in the other, corruption, and intrigues, and the specious deceptions of polished life. Each had their class-vices, and venalities, whether practised beneath the gown of the patrician or the cloak of the merchant.

But no such sentiments as these were suggested to the mind of the foreigner as he viewed the scene before him. Notwithstanding that the vast majority of the nobility was now absent from the city, serving in the army and on board the fleet at Palestrina, there were still left a sufficient number, especially of those to whom the regulation of the state was committed, and whose presence in the city was indispensable, to give brilliancy and effect to the concourse. Beneath the arcade might now be seen groups of nobles, some in couples, others, but less frequently, in larger numbers, promenading to and fro. It was noticeable, too, that the mechanics and artisans, and indeed all classes of the citizens who were not noble, did not venture to intrude themselves beneath the sanctity of the arcade; while a closer observer would have discovered that, even among those who assumed the right to walk within the pillars, a certain etiquette was observed, which separated even the nobles into classes; and distinct portions of the promenade seemed to have been conventionally appropriated for each class, upon which the others carefully abstained from intruding.

Outside the line of the arcade, the piazzetta was crowded with persons of every grade of the citizens below the rank of noble, and in addition were to be seen the denizens of most of the nations of the world, whom the commerce of Venice

brought constantly to the city. Persians and Turks, Dalmatians and Greeks, Jews from every region, and Christians from all parts of Christendom. These, as they passed to and fro, or stood in groups, added infinitely to the picturesque effect of the scene, by the variety and contrasts of their costumes, and the brilliant colours of their attire, compared with the sobriety and sameness of the garb of the Venetian citizen.

It was not without some excusable pride that Giulio noticed the manifest admiration of his friend, as he looked around him and contemplated one of the most imposing spectacles of the kind that even a travelled man could then behold, for assuredly in no country could one see more architectural magnificence grouped together—a nobler square, a purer sky, or a richer assemblage than the piazza and piazzetta di San Marco exhibited on a fine evening in the end of spring, or during the early summer. At length the young stranger turned to his friend and said:—

"In good faith, my Giulio, thou hast done well to bring me hither at such an hour as this. He who should miss this sight would carry away with him but an imperfect idea of your fair Venice."

Giulio made no reply, but his smile showed that he appreciated and enjoyed *his* friend's remark: the latter resumed:—

"Come now, thou shalt explain to me the significance of the various robes which I perceive the nobles wear. In truth, I thought your citizens affected but little distinction in dress, deeming all denizens of the republic on an equality—is it not so?"

Giulio smiled once again, but with an import different from before—it was the smile of one who cared not to answer a question when he scarce knew whether it was prompted by naïveté or a pleasant malice.

"The mere citizens all wear the cloak of Paduan cloth, as you may perceive," he at length replied. "But the clarissimi who bear any office in the state wear their gowns of office."

"Ah! I comprehend. Well then, who may that distinguished person be who wears the long gown of red damask, with the full sleeves, and the flap falling over his left shoulder?"

"What, he with the red hose and shoes? oh, that is the chief of the Council of Ten. The other with whom he walks in such earnest conversation is one of the secretaries of the council,—he with the gown of blue cloth with blue flaps edged with taffeta."

"Truly a mysterious-looking pair they seem," said the foreigner, laughing gaily: then checking himself, as he observed the serious visage of his friend, he continued: "Pardie, I forgot, dear Giulio, that I am in Venice, and not in La Belle France. Well, there is a fine, martial-looking fellow in the gown of black damask, within which, as it opens, you can see his crimson doublet and hose. He is not one of your city *sari*, surely?"

"No," replied Giulio; "that is a knight of the Terra Firma."

"Ma foi! Say you so, indeed? In good sooth I should not care to get upon my war-horse in such a cumbrous garment,

if I were the good knight. It would be sorely in the way of a demipique saddle, and one would scarce be able to put lance in rest or flourish a brand with these long sleeves trailing about."

"But thou shouldst see our knights of the Terra Firma upon the terra firma, Jacques," retorted Giulio, with some show of irritation; "thou wouldst then know how they can lay aside the long gown for the hauberk, and the felt hat for the camail de fer."

"Ah, I cry you mercy," said the Frenchman, interrupting him, with an apologetic bow. "I forgot that you have no horses in the city of the lagune."

In observations such as these the young men continued to indulge for a space as they walked down the piazzetta towards the water's edge.

"And now, Giulio," said his friend, "thou hast shown me much to-day, but there is one sight which I would fain see beyond them all."

"Name it, dear Jacques."

"And thou wilt promise to gratify my wish?"

"Assuredly, if it be within my power."

"Well, that is reasonable. Dost remember, Giulio, one lovely moonlight night, when thou and I lingered in our pine-wood by a fair villa upon the banks of the Seine?"

"Ah, yes, Jacques; but what of it now, I prithee?"

"Why this," Giulio. Thou didst then speak of thy own home and thy own kin, and, in chief, of one whom thou didst call sister, though sister she was not at all; and I thought then, that if ever I should come to Venice, I would ask thee to show me a woman such as thou didst then describe. And I told thee, Giulio—did I not?—how that brothers were but partial judges. And thou didst maintain that our Gallic maidens were not fair as she of thine own Venice. Then, Giulio, we made a sportive wager of—I forget how many crowns, each maintaining the beauty of his own land; and thou saidst at that if I should come to Venice, I should be convinced by my own eyes, and should give judgment against myself with mine own lips. Was it not so, Giulio?"

"In truth, dear Jacques, it was even as thou sayest. But the matter passed altogether from my mind, even until thou hast now recalled it."

"Well, art thou prepared to yield the palm to our French demoiselles, or art thou still as confident in Venetian beauty?"

"Nay, it is thou, Jacques, that shalt yield. What sayest thou? Shall we leave the noise of the city and seek the placid lagunes, as the sun is sinking? Most gladly will Bianca receive as her friend one who is the friend of her brother."

"Be it so, then," said Jacques; "and now let us lose no more time."

There was then, as there is now, and we make no doubt will ever be, while one stone of Venice remains upon another, a traghetto, or boat-stand, at the foot of the steps of the piazzetta. Several gondolas were lying at the water's edge, the gondoliers stretched lazily along the benches waiting for some chance fare.

"Antonio!" cried Giulio, hailing one of the boatmen.

"Eccomi, eccomi, signor. Son pronto io," responded a young man, springing upright, and with a sweep of his oar-blade sending his little craft right up to the foot of the stairs.

The young men entered. Giulio pointed with his hand beyond the Giudecca in a north-easterly direction.

"Ah, si, sì, eccellenza: capisco ben," said the young gondolier, with a sly smile, and a stroke of his oar that drove them swiftly along the water.

"Well then, Antonio, if thou dost know whither thou art to go, I shall have the less to tell thee. And how is thy mother?"

"The Virgin be praised, eccellenza, the old woman bears up bravely, especially when she can get half an hour's gossip with a friend, as she did yesterday, when good mistress Giudetta called to see her."

By this time the gondola had clefth its way into the middle of the Canale di Giudecca, and was nearly opposite the Island

of San Giorgio Maggiore. The noble church which now stands upon the island had not yet been reared, but the convent and ancient chapel of the Benedictine monks were to be seen casting their shadows eastward upon the water.

"How calmly the water laves the shore of yonder isle," remarked Jacques, "what a picture of that dreamy repose which one can fancy is never broken by a ruffle."

"And yet," replied his friend, "at times the wind sweeps across its surface, and the waves roll in from the Adriatic, so that few gondolas would venture to cross the water."

"Ah! true, eccellenza," said Antonio, "unless the blessed San Giorgio himself should take it under his protection, as he did when the city was saved."

"And how was that, pray?" asked Jacques.

"What! has the signore never heard of the miracle of the three holy saints?"

"Never," said Jacques.

"Oh, che crederia!" exclaimed the boatman in surprise; but pardon,—the signore is perhaps a stranger?"

"It is even so; but thou shalt tell me the tale."

"Nay, signore, it is no tale, it is as true as the blessed Gospel. I heard my father tell it a thousand times—and he heard it from old Domenico himself, for they were great friends."

"Well, then, Antonio, thou canst tell it to the signore all the better, I suppose," said Giulio.

"Ay, eccellenza, I have it as pat off as if it were written out for me in a book and I could read it."

"Commence then, good youth, for I am anxious to hear it."

"Volontieri, signore;"—and so Antonio proceeded with

THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SAINTS.

"Well, then, good gentlemen, it is about forty years ago, as well as I can count, that what I am going to tell your excellencies took place. The season was a terribly wet one: the rain fell, fell day and night, just as if the clouds had no bottom to them; and then the Brenta, and all the other rivers that flow into the lagunes, were swollen to the top of their banks, and poured down in oceans. For thirty days the flood continued to increase, and the waters to rise all round the city and the islands, till people began to think that God was going to destroy the world once again with a deluge. Well, signori, on the thirtieth day, as it was coming on towards midnight, a tremendous tempest of wind sprang up all of a sudden, so awful, they say who heard it, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had broken their chains and come howling and sweeping through the air. Just at this very time, a poor old fisherman, that went by the name of Domenico, was drawing up his little boat as well as he could to the bank of the Terra Nuova—"

"Nay, there thou art going astray, assuredly, Antonio," said Giulio, interrupting the chronicler. "It was at the Riva of the Canale di San Marco that old Domenico chanced to be when the tempest caught him,—so they who knew best affirm."

"Under favour, signore," replied the gondolier, "he who knew best where old Domenico made fast his boat that night, was, I should suppose, old Domenico himself, and he told my father 'twas at the Terra Nuova—and my father told me 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and I tell your excellencies 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and—"

"Proceed, in the name of the Virgin, then, after your own fashion," cried the youth, cutting short the discussion.

"Sicuro, signore: one should not commit any mistake in so important a matter. Well, then, the poor fellow was in a sad plight, drenched to the skin, and hungry, and weary; for he had been toiling all the day, trying to catch a few fish, but the fish were all frightened and would not take any bait. So when he had moored the boat in the best shelter he could find, he was just stepping upon the bank when he perceived a man standing in front of him.

"'You are in luck,' said the stranger; 'just in the nick of time.'

"As to luck," replied Domenico, "I never was in luck in my life; but I am just in time, I believe, to save myself from spending the night in the bottom of the canal."

"Thou art in luck," repeated the other; "thou shalt earn a good fare, and ferry me across to San Giorgio."

"Diavolo!" cried Domenico, "come si può andare a San Giorgio? How the devil, signore, could one get across to San Giorgio such a wild night as this? Noi ei annegheremo. By the blessed San Marco, we should be drowned to a certainty."

"By the blessed San Marco," said the other solemnly, "not a hair of your head shall be wet. Come."

"The stranger spoke with an air of authority that Domenico found himself unable to resist, and stepping in he sat down at the stern, while the fisherman pulled away with all his might for the island. The will of God so appointing it, he reached the shore in perfect safety. Then the stranger, who during the time had neither spoken nor moved, arose, and ere Domenico could demand his fare, he was on the bank."

"Aspettate qui un poco," said he to the old man, with a wave of his hand, "wait for me here for a moment;" and so he vanished in the darkness.

"Domenico was very angry, for he thought that the stranger had played him a slippery trick, cheating him of his fare as well as putting his life in jeopardy. However, when he looked back across the dark and troubled waters, he thought the best thing he could do was to stay where he was for the night. He had scarcely made up his mind to this, when he saw the stranger returning with another person, seemingly a young man of a warlike appearance. The two stepped into the boat, and the former, turning to Domenico, said in the same authoritative voice—

"Va verso San Nicolo di Lido."

"To San Nicolo di Lido!" repeated the old man in astonishment. "Chi mai potrebbe andare a un remo? In the name of the Holy Virgin, who would be able to row to San Nicolo di Lido?"

"But the other said in a very quiet calm voice, 'Va Sicuramente che tu potrai andare. Be well assured that thou canst accomplish the task. And then, he added, seeing Domenico still hesitating, 'e sarai ben pagato.'

"Well, off he pulled lustily, commending himself to God and the Virgin, and though the water was rough, and the night as wild as ever, they reached San Nicolo in safety. The two men now left the boat and quickly returned with a third, a venerable-looking person, who seemed, as Domenico told my father, like an ecclesiastic. They were no sooner seated than the same who had heretofore spoken, directed Domenico to pull away out as far as the two castles. This seemed the strangest order of all, nevertheless he felt somehow as if he had no power to refuse: so he took to his oars once more, and made the direction of the castles. All the way the storm was at the highest, and as they were just getting out into the open sea, they beheld coming towards them from the two castles at a marvellous speed, as if flying along the waters, a galley full of devils; such, at all events, Domenico took them to be, from their terrible looks and their awful curses and denunciations; and as they came close up to the little boat, he could hear them vowing that they would inundate all Venice, and plunge her for ever in the abyss. Suddenly the sea, which up to this time was tossing in the most turbulent manner, as the old man used to declare, became as calm and tranquil as it is this moment. Then the three men stood up, and making each the sign of the cross, they addressed the demons, and they conjured them in the name of Christ to depart and go their ways. No sooner had they done this, than in an instant the galley disappeared and was never again seen or heard of. Then the three men caused Domenico to row them back again to the Lido, where the ecclesiastic got out, and thereupon his first acquaintance said to the boatman, 'Now for San Giorgio Maggiore.' Away pulled Domenico, for by this time he felt that he was in company with those whom it would not be very safe to gainsay: besides, he had

lost all sense of danger, so away he pulled till he ran the boat up beside the very self-same spot on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, where he had taken in the soldier. No sooner was the boat at rest than out stepped the second of his mysterious fares, and disappeared as strangely as he had come. There was now only the original person left in the boat. Domenico looked at him for further directions, whereupon he merely said, 'A Terra Nuova.' To the Terra Nuova accordingly the old man shaped his course, and at last arrived at the very post where he was about to moor his boat when he met with this singular adventure. The stranger was just stepping ashore as the others did, when old Domenico bethought him that it was now high time to remind him of his promise. With somewhat of a fearful heart, for, as he said, he knew well he was dealing with no ordinary person, he ventured to say,—

"Eccellentissimo. I have seen a great miracle, no doubt. Nevertheless, miracles will not fill a poor fisherman's belly now-a-days. Your worship will, I humbly hope, pay me as you have promised for my hard night's work."

"What thou sayest is just enough," replied the other. "Tu hai ragione. Go then in the morning to the Doge, and to the Procuratori di San Marco; tell them what thou hast seen and heard, and desire them to pay you."

"Ah, Dio, noble sir," said the old man, "were I to tell them all these marvellous things, they would not believe a word of them, and they would, I fear, pay me with the lash or the prison."

"They shall believe thee," said the other. "Tell them thou hadst San Marco in thy boat, and the cavaliero San Giorgio, as likewise the holy bishop, San Nicolo, and that Venice would have been drowned, but for us three and thyself, who served us so bravely!"

"The old man knew not what to say when he found himself in the presence of the great patron saint of our city. At length he shook his head and said,—'Evangelista Santissimo, egli non me crederanno. Alas! they will not credit such a one as I.'

"They shall," said the saint, "I tell thee, they shall. Here, take this ring and show it to them in the morning, and say I gave it to thee."

"Thereupon he departed, leaving the old man full of perplexity, not well knowing whether the whole was not a dream—except that he really had a rich gold ring in his hand, studded with precious stones. So when the morrow came, the old fisherman presented himself before the Doge, and told his tale, ending it by showing the ring. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of his highness at this, for he knew the ring in an instant. However, he sent off to the sanctuary of San Marco, to find if the ring was in its place, and lo, it was missing from its place. Just at this moment intelligence was brought that the water was falling rapidly in the lagunes, which gave such confirmation to the fisherman's narrative, that no one was impious enough any longer to doubt a word of it. His highness gave the ring, forthwith, to Ser Marco Loredano and Ser Andrea Dandolo, who were then the Procuratori of Saint Marks, and they lodged it in its place in the sanctuary, where it is, they say, up to this day!"

"Well, and what became of Domenico? was he paid his fare in the long run?" asked Jacques.

"Ah! Per Bacco, his fortune was made. The signory did not neglect the saint's directions, but they settled a state pension on the old man, which made him comfortable for the rest of his life. So that, eccellentissimo, is the true account of how the three saints saved the city of Venice."

Ere Antonio had concluded the legend of the three saints, the gondola had passed from the lagunes and entered the Adriatic. A short time sufficed to bring the party to the point of the shore, near which stood the villa with which the reader is already acquainted—that in which Bianca Morosini now resided. In that same sweet boudoir, with its balcony looking out upon the sea, was the maiden seated when the young men entered the house. What was the subject of her thoughts just then, one would scarce have needed to ask who

could have seen the *abandon* of that graceful form half reclining on the couch, and marked the long black lash of the closed lid as it reposed on the upper part of the cheek, whose paleness was not invaded by the faint blush that tinged the face a little lower. He would have at once pronounced the subject was one in which the fancy was busily at work, and which engrossed the heart much more than the intellect—and that smile upon the scarce parted lips betrayed that the pictures of the fancy and the speculations of the heart were both pleasurable. At the farther end of the apartment a young maid, apparently about her own age, was employed arranging some flowers in a vase. She was attired in a variety of bright colours, and in a costume somewhat fantastic, and as she moved about, the toss of her head and the coquettish expression of her eyes announced the lady's maid—such as she was in Venice—one who, by her own freedom of manners, amply made up for the reserve to those of her mistress, one who, in the church, or at the public gardens, or passing through the public streets behind her mistress, was ever on the alert to watch every favourable opportunity to facilitate the little love adventures of herself or her mistress, to tell young gallants by accident where they were to be found in the evening, what mask her lady appeared in at the ball, and learn in return the colour of the gentleman's *domino*, and to make assignments at the *ridotto*, or at the chapel, or in the saloon of some common friend, who might be favourably disposed towards the young people. In no part of the world, not excepting Spain, had the ladies' maid more arduous functions to discharge than in the fair city of Venice. Nor will this be wondered at when it is remembered that nowhere were the daughters of noble houses watched with more strictness than in Venice. The greatest possible horror of *mesalliances* was entertained by those proud aristocrats, and parents who could not obtain suitable matches for their daughters preferred to consign them to convents rather than to the protection of husbands beneath their own rank. To guard against any mischance of this nature was, therefore, a principal object with those who had the care of the young Venetian ladies, and so they contrived to keep them as much as possible from that free intercourse with the other sex which was more or less liberally accorded in other countries. To counterplot parents and guardians in this respect was, after all, a natural, though certainly not a very commendable, consequence of the over strictness which was exercised, and hence a thousand ingenious devices and contrivances were resorted to by clever *jaqueys* and smart ladies' maids, to forward the love affairs of those whom they served. One had only to look at the sparkling black eyes of Giovanna, and the quick and restless glances with which they roved about from object to object, to be convinced that she was fully endowed with those qualities of intrigue, sagacity, and readiness that were necessary for a lady's maid; and yet never were such inestimable qualities more totally useless, at least so far as the mistress was concerned, than in the present instance. Dear, simple-hearted Bianca! She had no lovers, no gallants—no heart affairs—save one, and that one was too sacred for the intermeddling of a waiting-maid; and so Giovanna was forced to content herself with rendering the ordinary and more legitimate services of her station, and of cultivating her talent for intrigue in the affairs of her own heart only.

The entrance of Giulio and his friend caused, of course, some little excitement in the boudoir. The faint flush deepened and mounted on the cheek of Bianca, as, after welcoming Giulio, she received the courtesies of the stranger. The serving-maiden did not fail to admire the fine figure and fashionable attire of the foreigner, and to fall into instant speculation as to who he was, what he was, and why he was here. She contrived to throw the flowers out of the vase, that she might have the excuse of waiting in the apartment to re-arrange them; but this was at length accomplished, and she retired, leaving the three to enjoy their own society without the surveillance of others.

And why should not we follow her example? Why should not we permit one episode in the social existence of three

young people to pass without recording every word, anatomising every sentiment, moralising upon every action? Already have we given our readers an insight into the heart of one of the three—that clear, pure heart that one might look through as he would look through the translucent water, or the clear crystal. The heart of man is less easily read, for there are many things to tincture its purity, to make opaque that which should be transparent—complex feelings, conflicting master-passions, contending interests. What, then, were the sentiments which the two others of the party entertained for the beautiful girl in whose presence they sat, it would be premature to say. One of them, Giulio, felt at least all the love of a brother, all the pride of a brother; but did he feel anything more? Was his love stronger, tenderer, more exacting than the love of a brother? Did he feel even a momentary pang of jealousy as he witnessed the admiration of his friend, which the latter did not even seek to conceal? Did the gallantries of anyone but himself to the girl seem misplaced; and did he long for the hour when he should enjoy her converse without the presence of a third; and, above all, of a third of his own sex, and of attractions such as he could not help admitting Jacques was possessed of? All these questions we shall not now answer; nor shall we speculate on the precise nature of the feelings which Jacques entertained towards the lady. Certain it is, however, that upon the return of the two youths that evening to Venice, their conversation was by no means as unconstrained and as animated as it was wont to be of old. Giulio was abstracted, moody, and for minutes together totally silent. Jacques appeared less gay and careless in his manner; and, at times, Giulio surprised him gazing upon his face with an expression of melancholy, yet kind interest, as if he had penetrated the young Venetian's secret love, even before the latter had fully acknowledged it to himself. It seemed as if the memory of the *ciarlatano's* prediction of the morning came upon the young men like a dark shadow, from whose gloom they could not altogether emerge.

It was not till many hours of the early night had passed over their heads, as they sat in the Palazzo Polani, recounting over the wine-flask some of their pleasant days, that their wonted cheeriness of tone and manner returned to either. At length they parted with a cordial embrace at midnight, each returning to his apartment, having planned the pleasures of the succeeding day.

In the morning, when Giulio had dressed, he sought his friend's apartment, but it was empty. As he was returning to the salone, wondering at the early movements of his guest, Tomaso handed him a letter: breaking the silken thread that tied it, Giulio read the following words,—

"It is necessary that I leave Venice without delay. Till we meet again, accept my thanks and confide in my love. I have lost the wager, dear Giulio, and thou hast won. Be it so. I shall pay thee, assuredly—perhaps when thou least expectest it.

"Adieu.

"JACQUES."

Giulio was both surprised and grieved at this sudden departure of his friend. To all his inquiries he could get no other answer than this, that early in the morning his guest had gone out, but returned shortly after, apparently in haste with a packet in his hand, which looked as if just received. He announced to Tomaso that he had suddenly received information which required his immediate departure, and ordered his cloak-bag to be put in the gondola which awaited him at the water-gate of the palazzo. He then wrote the few lines which he left for Giulio, with directions to give them to him when he left his chamber, but by no means to disturb him in the meantime. And so he departed.

After turning the matter again and again in his mind, the young Venetian came to the conclusion that his guest had gone to the osteria, and there found a letter for him, which required his presence speedily elsewhere. What the nature of this summons might be he had no means of forming any

idea, but the fact of Jacques having been seen with a letter in his hand upon his return to the palazzo seemed to justify the conclusion to which he had come. At length he dismissed the subject, with the belief that a little time would clear up the matter, as he had no doubt that Jacques would soon write

to explain it; and so, when he had taken his morning's repast, his thoughts turned, not unnaturally, to the scene of the previous evening, and then he thought of Bianca, and then—he stepped into the family gondola, and desired Beppo to row to the Villa Morosini.

LESLIE'S "SANCHO PANZA."

THERE never was an author worthier of an artist's attention than Cervantes, in his inimitable "Don Quixote." It is one

sonification of primitive instincts, of popular good sense, of matter-of-fact practicality,—that charming contrast with the



SANCHO PANZA AT DINNER WHILE GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA. FROM A PAINTING BY C. H. LESLIE, R.A.

of those books which belong to every age and clime, and which can be read everywhere, for ever, and by everybody, with equal delight. In "Don Quixote" we have the broadest farce, without a particle of coarseness, mingled with the keenest satire and deep love for humanity, indulgence for its errors and follies, and belief in his innate goodness. These are qualities that find favour everywhere, and call forth as hearty admiration from the American as the Spaniard. One of the most amusing characters in the work, Sancho—that happy per-

man of dreams, Don Quixote, his master—has been ably rendered by Mr. Leslie, in one of his most laughable situations—while "governor of the island of Barataria." The honours of royalty never sat so heavily on him as at table.

We cannot do better than let Cervantes himself describe the scene so well chosen and so worthily represented by the artist, an excellent engraving of whose picture we are enabled to lay before our readers.

The court doctor stands over the worthy governor, and prevents his tasting any of the delicacies which his attendants place before him." Hear the doctor's apology, when called to account:—

"My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to attend to the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and, therefore, think it incumbent on me to pay special regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It is for that reason, my lord, I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the doctor, "my lord governor shall not eat them, while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Omnis saturatio mala, periculis autem pessima.' All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, senior doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick; for, by my soul, and as God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let senior doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short." "Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician; "and, therefore, I am of opinion, you should not eat of those stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that roast, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed, but as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there smoking hot, which I take to be an olla podrida: for among the many things contained in it I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "Absit," quoth the doctor, "far be such a thought from us. Olla podrida! there is no worse dish in the world; leave them to the prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas in such as are compounded all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve the health, is about one hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon his stomach and help digestion." See the incredulous air which his countenance wears as he listens to the doctor's sophistries, the gradual dawning on him of their flimsiness, mingled with a dash of unusual longing for the good cheer before him. This is a decided success, as Alexander Dumas would say.

BRONZE CASTING.

Bronze statues and statuettes, busts, candelabras, tripods, vases, fountains, and numerous other articles, commemorative, useful, or ornamental, abound in the present day, and are likely to be produced yet more abundantly. At what period bronze began to be used for such purposes it is somewhat difficult to say. In India, specimens of works of art in bronze have been found, bearing decided marks of great antiquity. In Egypt, remains of bronze works have been discovered,

though chiefly of small dimensions. Some of these works, especially arms, both offensive and defensive, appear to have been produced by hammer-work; lumps of the material, having a large proportion of copper, appear to have been beaten into the proposed forms. The layer works have evidently been made in pieces, and afterwards united by means of pins or rivets. This was probably the mode in which shields and various pieces of armour were fabricated by the Greeks in the time of Homer.

The art of casting statues in bronze appears to have been first practised in Asia Minor; its adoption in Greece, properly so called, must have been of a later date. It seems to have reached its perfection in that country about the time of Alexander the Great. Many great works were executed at Rome, but chiefly by Grecian artists who settled in the capital, and filled it with specimens of their best schools. Zenodorus, we are told, executed some magnificent works during the reign of Nero; but Pliny, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, laments the decline of the art, and the want of skill in the artists of his day.

Bronze is a compound of copper and tin, with, in some rare instances, an intermixture of more costly metals. Neither copper nor tin possess in themselves the hardness required for either domestic or warlike instruments; but they are capable of hardening each other by combination. The bronze which is the result of this combination, differs in colour and in hardness according to the proportions of each metal employed. The green hue that distinguishes ancient bronzes is acquired by oxidization and the combination with carbonic acid; and hence the effect of antique works may easily be given to those of modern date, by washing the surface, or portions of it, with an acid. Vasari states that the artists of his time adopted various means for producing a green, brown, or black tint, according to their taste and the general character of their works.

The ancient statuary seems to have been very choice in the composition of their bronze. Some of them seem to have run or welded various metals together, so as to produce more or less the effect of natural colour; this curious and, in many instances, successful art appears to have perished with them. In some cases, in order that they might imitate nature more completely, their bronze appears to have been tinted or painted. Pliny, in writing on the subject of Corinthian bronze, states that there were three sorts: the first, called *candidum*, received its name from the effect of silver, which was mixed with the copper; the second had a greater proportion of gold; the third was composed of equal quantities of the different metals. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the taking of Constantinople, it is stated that some of the finest works of the ancient masters were melted down for the value of the metal; and we have heard of instances in our own time in which curious works in bronze have been melted down for the purpose of extracting from them portions of gold which they were supposed to contain.

History records little or nothing worthy of notice respecting bronze works till about the fourteenth or fifteenth century, the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others. In the succeeding century, Guglielmo della Porta practised the art with great success; and Vasari says of him, that he distinguished himself by adopting a mode of casting bronze, which was considered quite original, in executing his colossal statue of Paul III. "The metal, when run from the furnace, was carried downwards by a duct, and then admitted to the under side or bottom of the mould; and thus, acted upon by a superior pressure, as in a common fountain, was forced upwards, till the mould was entirely filled." Of course, the metal was kept in a state of great heat, that it might not cool before the whole had run.

Before any article can be cast in metal it is necessary that a model of it be prepared. The models must be made of various substances, clay or wax, or sand with clay, are those usually employed; but they may also be made of wood, stone, or any other material. Upon those models models must be made. These are commonly composed of plaster of paris,

mixed with brickdust, sometimes sand, or sand with a mixture of cowhair. For moulds for iron and brass work a yellowish sharp sand is preferred, which is prepared by mixing it with water and then rolling it on a flat board till it is well kneaded and fit for use. If the article is cylindrical, or of a form that admits of it, it is moulded and cast in two pieces; these two parts are then carefully joined together, and the edges or seams carefully cleaned. For the smaller class of works, instead of running the metal at once from a large furnace, earthen crucibles are used, into which the metal is thrown in small pieces: the crucible is placed in a strong heat in a close stove, and as the metal is melted and sinks, more is added till the vessel is full. It is then lifted out by means of iron instruments adapted to the purpose, and the metal is poured from it into the moulds, in which channels or ducts for receiving it have been previously made.

In noticing the different ways of casting, mention has been made of one in which a core is used. The *core*, as its name denotes, is a part or portion situated within the body of the cast; and its purpose is to form a centre to the work by which the thickness or substance of the metal may be regulated. In coring, the mould is first made complete; into this, clay or wax, or any other fit substance or material, is then squeezed or pressed in a layer of uniform thickness; in large works it is usually from half an inch to an inch thick. This layer represents the metal. The mould, if in parts, is then put together, the above mentioned layer being left within it, and into the open space in the centre a composition (usually of plaster of paris with other substances mixed with it) is introduced, and made to adhere to the clay or wax, or rather is filled up to it. This is the core, and it is often made to occupy the whole interior of the mould. When this is set, or dries, the mould is

taken to pieces, and the material, which has been made to represent the metal, removed. The mould is then again put carefully together round its core or nucleus, the two portions being secured from contact by stops and keys properly arranged for that purpose. The mould and core are dried to dissipate moisture; and large moulds are strengthened with iron hoops. Channels or ducts are made for the entrance of the melted metal; and others are also made for allowing the air to escape as the melted metal enters the mould; these are called vents. With respect to placing the mould, it is only important to secure a sufficient inclination of plane from the mouth of the furnace to the mould, that the metal may run easily and uninterruptedly, and not have time to grow cool and therefore sluggish. The usual method of bronze works of large size is to bury the mould in a pit a little below the level of the furnace, and by ramming sand firmly round it to ensure its not being affected by any sudden or violent shock, or by the weight of the metal running into it. When everything is ready, and the metal found to be in a state fit for running, the orifice or mouth of the furnace (which is usually plugged with clay and sand) is opened, when the metal descends, and in a few minutes the mould is filled. The metal is allowed to run till it overflows the mouths of the channels into the mould. The work is then left to cool, after which the mould is scraped or knocked off, and the cast undergoes the necessary processes (such as cleaning, chasing, &c.) to render it fit for the purpose designed.

Amongst the artists celebrated for their skill in bronze castings, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank. His own account of the process of his casting his *Perseus* is as full of entertainment as it is of instruction, and may be found in Mr. Roscoe's translation.

ANCIENT ABBEYS IN IRELAND.

FROM Coleraine to Glengarriff the soil of Ireland is strewn with the remains of former greatness: here the tottering walls of some storied castle; there the ivy-covered and grass-enveloped site of some ancient abbey, or other place of primitive worship; everywhere the signs of decay add evidences of returning prosperity. "Belonging to the Christian era in Ireland," says Mr. J. Windle, "there is a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the fifth to the twelfth centuries; stone crosses, inscriptions in the Romano-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, &c., and a whole mass of manuscript literature. The earlier churches are generally plain and unornamented, but of a special interest to the antiquary, from the Pelasgic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation, or rather continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in the island; several of these were roofed with stone."

"The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more of decoration and greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, &c., of the sculptor's art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their style from the coeval architecture of the neighbouring country. In them, a chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both compartments are connected by a semicircular, decorated, sculptured arch. The ruins at Inis Cailtre, Cloumacnois, Mounaicha, and Cashel, present interesting specimens of the architecture of this period."

The earlier missionaries made it a practice to appropriate the sacred sites and monuments of the converted pagans, and dedicate them to Christian uses. Near the round towers they built their churches; wells, and fountains, sacred to the inferior deities, they consecrated to the worship of angels and saints; and on the heathen pillar-stone they inscribed the symbol of their faith—the cross. Numerous instances of this practice still remain. In many of those crosses considerable inventive taste is displayed; they are found incised on the tall rude obelisk, and on the horizontal slab. In these the cross

is usually placed within a circle. Out of this practice grew the beautiful and elaborate class of crosses covered with sculptured devices, emblems, and the most intricate scroll and fret-work. They are generally perforated at the intersection of the arms, and their sites are almost invariably the most ancient cemeteries, although a more recent species, the 'Way-side Cross' is often found near our high roads, as its name implies. On some of the earlier crosses inscriptions in the Romanesque Irish character occur. The style and general execution of these monuments afford a high evidence of the skill and artistic attainments of their period."

On the estates of many of the Irish nobility and gentry are still to be found the ruins of the ancient religious edifices. Muckross Abbey, one of the sights of Killarney, for instance, is now surrounded by the lawns and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Herbert, one of the best-known landlords in the west of Ireland. "No one should visit Killarney," says Inglis, "without seeing Muckross Abbey. It is a very beautiful and very perfect remain, and contains within it the most gigantic yew-tree I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters. The trunk of this majestic yew-tree measures thirteen feet in circumference."

The great Council Abbey, near Naas, on the Dublin and Cork Railway, is a magnificent ruin of a monastic institution, founded in 1202. It was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth, who presented the estate to Sir Edmund Butler, as a reward for some special service he had performed for her majesty. This Sir Edward was the progenitor of the famous house of Ormond. At Templemore, Tipperary, the seat of Sir John Craven Carden, there are to be seen the ruins of what was once doubtless a fine religious structure, and now known as the Priory; and near at hand, on the green banks of the Suir, is the noble monastic ruin of Holy Cross Abbey, of which we present an engraving.

This Abbey was founded in the year 1182, by Donald

O'Brien, king of North Munster, and the charter of its foundation was witnessed by Gregory, abbot of Holy Cross, Maurice, archbishop of Cashel, and Britius, bishop of Limerick.

O'Neil, flocked to pay their devotions before it. Here it remained until the period of the Reformation, when it was saved from destruction by the Ormond family, and was even-



JERPOINT ABBEY, THOMASTOWN, COUNTY WATERFORD.

rick. It is said that Mustagh, a former monarch, received from Pope Pascal, in 1110, a piece of the true cross. This

relic was eventually restored to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to which it formerly belonged. From this relic the abbey takes its name.



DUNBRODY ABBEY, NEAR WATERFORD.

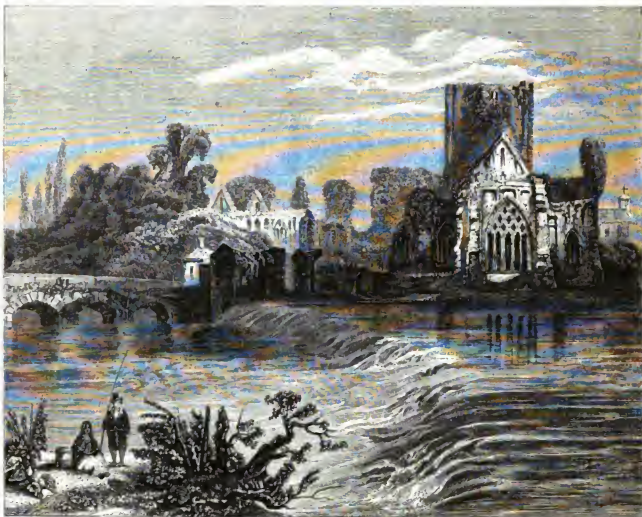
relic, set in gold and adorned with precious stones, was long an object of veneration throughout Ireland. Numerous pilgrims, among whom were the Desmonds and the great

The abbot, who sat as baron in parliament, was styled earl of Holy Cross, and was also vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland.

The architecture of the nave is inferior to that of the transepts, choir, and tower, which is supported on either side by a beautiful gothic arch; the roof is groined and pierced with five holes to admit of the passage of the bell-ropes. The two transepts are also groined, and each is divided into two chapels, one of which contains the baptismal font, and an altar-tomb, now in a state of decay, probably the tomb of the founder. This chapel was lighted by a window of very curious design.

In the choir are two rich monumental relics, of a very original and gloomy style of architecture. One, which separates two little sanctuaries, consists of a double row of pointed arches springing from pillars, whose shafts are enriched with spiral flutings, and whose bases are ornamented with trefoils. At one side is a font for the reception of holy water. Judging from the dimensions, one would suppose that this curious

day's labour, stops at eventide to contemplate the ruins of the old abbey, other personages occupy his thoughts. On these stones, which the sinking sun is gradually leaving in darkness, he reads a whole history of foreign oppression, of civil wars, of defeat and misery. An O'Brien founded this church; probably one of the descendants of that old king of Munster, Brian Boru, celebrated in song as Brian the Brave, who, abandoned by the other kings, accompanied by his five sons, his grandson, his fifteen nephews, and all his faithful followers, met the Danes on the plains of Clontarf, and drove them back to their vessels, after a bloody engagement, in which the valiant old king, then ninety years of age, together with his bravest sons and the flower of his clan, was slain. Perhaps it was an abbot of Holy Cross, who, hearing an English prelate find fault with the Irish calendar for not reckoning the martyrs, cried, "Alas! my countrymen were too pious to meddle



VIEW OF THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS, MUNSTER.

piece of architecture was intended to contain the remains of the deceased, during the performance of the funeral mass; or perhaps this was the shrine where the holy relic was exposed. The second monument is no less remarkable, and its use equally uncertain. Three trefoil arches, springing from slender columns of black marble, support a projecting stone canopy which is enriched with precious stones. Beneath the canopy there are five escutcheons, three of which bear arms; the first shield on the dexter side bears a cross; the second, the arms of England and France, quarterly; the third, the arms of the Butlers; and the fourth seems to bear the arms of the Fitzgeralds. This leads us to suppose that this elegant mausoleum was raised to the memory of the daughter of the earl of Kildare, the wife of James, fourth earl of Ormond, called the White Earl, who died about the year 1450.

When one of Ireland's oppressed sons, wearied with his

with the blood of saints; but now that the Normans are in the midst of us, martyrs are not wanting."

There are few more melancholy spectacles in Ireland than Derrynane Abbey, the seat of the famous O'Connell family, at Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. The situation of this house is extremely fine. "Seen from above," says Miss Martineau, "in its green cove, embosomed in woods, guarded by mountains, whose grey rocks are gaudy with gorse and heather, and facing a sea sprinkled with violets, it looks like a paradisaical retreat. The first glimpse of it from the Cahirciveen road—by which Daniel O'Connell passed from one mass of his large property to another—shows his yacht riding in a sound in front of the grounds, the sea view suggests the remembrance of the old day, when the O'Connells of both families—Dan's uncles and father—were understood to do as others did who lived in situations so favourable for those com-

mercial enterprises which are conducted by night." But the smuggling, which many a great family encouraged in the wild times of the last century, is all over now, as well as the agitation which rendered the "Liberator" so admirable a friend, and so bitter an enemy. The head of the house has gone down to his grave, having died poor, very poor, in a foreign land; his eldest son has followed him but lately, and the name and memory of O'Connell are already spoken lightly of in the land of his birth. The old abbey is now inhabited by strangers. "Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who go a quarter of a century back, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested from his toils at Derrynane." Melancholy, indeed, is the sight of the old house, damp-stained and weed-environed, out-of-joint, unrepaired, uncrowded, and with O'Connell's empty yacht in the forlorn, sand-filled sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth, "all else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love, seems to be drooping away to destruction."

Kell's Abbey, in Kilkenny, and Dunbrody Abbey, in the same county, are now but ruins—crumbling walls and moss-grown stones. The latter structure is considered one of the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the country. The architectural beauty of this abbey is still discoverable, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to again people the wastes around with the Cistercian monks, who in the old time distributed the charities of religion among the peasantry. Dunbrody Abbey was built by Henry de Montmorency,

marshal to Henry II., in 1182, and was dismantled in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Jerpoint station of the Waterford and Kilkenny railroad, stand also the ruins of another famous ecclesiastical structure, called Jerpoint Abbey. It was founded by Donagh, king of Ossory, but it has so long been in a state of dilapidation, that we fear the determination of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society to restore it will be of no avail, unless the work be at once proceeded with. Stones from its tottering walls are continually being taken to repair the peasants' huts, and even the tombs of the Butlers, and other famous personages of the old time are hardly secured from the sacrilegious hands of the ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Other ruins of religious edifices might be mentioned—Kilconell Abbey, once a monastery of Franciscan friars, built in 1450, but now a mere shell; Athenry Abbey, near Galway, a fine ruin of a building which once belonged to the order of Dominicans; Newton Abbey, near Trim; the ruins of Bective Abbey in the same neighbourhood; Roscommon Abbey; Boyle Abbey in county Roscommon; and St. Mary's Abbey, built in 1415, by Sir John Talbot, the "Scourge of France,"—but that our space forbids. The chiefs who once made merry in the old castles of Ireland, and the ecclesiastics who raised those beautiful religious edifices of which we see only the ruins now, are most of them unknown to fame. And it is as well that it is so, for no good comes of looking back. Irishmen have been too prone to do so hitherto, but their watchword in this nineteenth century should be—FORWARD!

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS the end of December, 1835, Leonard completed his composition picture for the gold medal of the Royal Academy. He had withdrawn himself entirely from his fellow-students, and living absorbed in his work, had been almost lost sight of by them, for the last several months.

The subject which he had chosen for his picture, was St. Michael and St. Margaret appearing to Joan of Arc, and announcing to her the astounding future, whilst still the simple shepherd girl was tending her flock. Leonard's imagination had keenly entered into the devoted enthusiasm of the young girl, who having once heard heavenly voices announcing her sublime mission, steeled her soul and sense against every allurement of earth, love, home, and kindred to obey the celestial behest; accomplishing through the might solely of obedience, faith, and enthusiastic love, a work almost miraculous. Leonard in imagination had completed a series of pictures illustrative of her career—treating her almost fabulous history from his own peculiar point of view; making her conquer alone through the power of spirit; making her vanquished when fallen from her immaculate throne of spiritual beauty, by faithlessness in the spiritual voices, and by the desecration of her inspired hand by the shedding of blood.

But the sole picture of the series completed was the "Announcement of her Mission"—another development of that thought which Leonard had sketched upon the wall of the little chamber in his uncle's house—the arousing of a dormant soul to action. He had lived, whilst painting, wrapt in a golden mist of poetry, filled with entire faith in his creations, and filled with a restless eagerness. Now, when his picture stood completed, the mist parting, his picture, as if struck by the wand of some evil magician, faded and shrunk before him into meanness and poverty. A bitter contempt of his picture induced him to turn its face to the wall—to forget it utterly, and its destination—to leave that London room behind him, with the sickening roar of wheels rising ever up through its dirty window—to stand within a solitary wood, with pure snow and ice around his feet, with solemn, leafless trees

above his head, with a sharp winter's breeze striking upon his burning brow—to stand upon the gypsium cliff in Clifton Grove, as he had done five winters before—to silence, but for one hour, the cry after his mother—to silence, but for one hour, the unappeasable longing which devoured his heart's core! Leonard buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Still sitting with bowed head before his picture, the door of his little room opened, the Professor of Painting, together with Signor Lambelli, stood before him. He had not heard their preparatory knock, so absorbed had he been in his reflections. The Professor's eyes were rested upon the picture.

"Good! Lambelli," said the professor; and an unmistakable smile of benevolent satisfaction played about his lips. Lambelli rubbed his hands, and commenced criticising in a remarkably lively and energetic manner. Leonard meanwhile stood coldly aside, a strange contempt swelling within his breast. Could then this faded shadow of his dream call forth such but censure from the lips of men possessed of knowledge? Could he not, even then, accept with gracious thanks the censure which Lambelli passed upon his picture, when it was *censure* rather than *praise* which he desired? No; for the censures passed upon it were censures for mere technicalities, and the censure cast by his own spirit was the failure of his ideal!

"You have overworked yourself, Hale," remarked the professor, cordially taking leave of poor Leonard. "He must wear a brighter look, must he not, Lambelli, when next we see him?" and the visitors were gone.

The professor's few words, and his manner still more, had conveyed to Leonard the conviction that the gold medal would be awarded to him. But no longer did this medal appear an object worthy of such eager quest as it had done but a few hours before—the crowning satisfaction, peace in his work was wanting. "How easy to do better—ten-fold—than this miserable picture!" muttered Leonard bitterly to himself. "My mother! and will this have been my first triumph for which I shall have wrung thy heart! I have

looked upon this as an earnest of future success—what, if it be but an earnest of future bitter disgust!”

Leonard paced up and down his dingy room with steps strangely akin with those of poor Ursula pacing her son's deserted chamber five years before. Suddenly he paused, a deep flush passed across his face, and the muscles of his mouth worked with a nervous spasm. He seized his hat, and rushing down the stifling staircase, was soon rapidly pursuing his way along the crowded streets. He walked like one in a dream. The roar of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages; the murmurs of the thousand dissonant voices of the great city grated upon his over-wrought nerves, till he was filled with a feverish anguish, the foreshadower of delirium. His eyes, when they unclosed to outward objects, fell only on the squalor of great London; mouldering, slatternly marine stores, gin-palaces, pawnbrokers' shops bursting with their rich produce of misery, doctors' shops and hospitals. Now he encountered a sick person borne along through the bright sunshine in a curtained litter, from which the passers-by shrunk with loathing dread. Leonard's imagination piercing through the dusky canvas curtains, descried the woe-struck, disfigured countenance of the sick; and strange, too, in his imagination, it was like the face of his mother! Leonard's eyes fell upon a placard pasted on a pump: “If this should meet the eyes of Sarah L——b,” read Leonard, “who left her home on Sunday, 15th of December, she is earnestly besought to return to her afflicted mother; or to communicate at least by letter. As she values the life of her heart-broken mother, she is implored to communicate. Through the blessing of God, may these words speedily meet the eyes of S. L. Soon it may be too late!”

As a dagger these words had pierced to Leonard's soul—his mother it was who implored him to communicate with her; the old pleading tones of her sad voice, with which, as in years gone by, she had implored her unhappy husband, echoed in his brain; and the voice ever ringing through his ears, Leonard raved on: and as he moved rapidly through the fresh wintry air, coming out into the Regent's Park, the straight formal alley of which he restlessly paced up and down, oblivious to the gaily-attired children there, eternally trundling their hoops, and to the nursemaids who criticised his gestures and his shabby clothes, his thoughts formed themselves into a burning letter to his mother, which he immediately would despatch. In fancy he saw her vehement joy as the boy in the canary-coloured jacket presented to her, whilst sitting at her little work-table, the long-expected letter in the beloved hand-writing of her son; he saw the quivering of her fingers as she tore open the seal, the tears of joy and love showering down upon the paper. The night of yearning was so strong within him, that all thought of triumph over his uncle was thrust aside—love, deep love alone, and keenest sympathy, held dominion in his being.

In Albany-street, Leonard, with a fevered cheek, paused at a small stationer's shop, and, entering, bought paper, and there indited a few lines of warmest love, dwelling but slightly upon his own career, though proudly announcing that so far it had been crowned with as much success as ever he could have anticipated; but the essence of his words was the yearning love which flamed up within him.

The expression of a deep emotion, whether by written or by spoken words, has an almost magical power of relief to certain impulsive and passionate natures; and Leonard was of such a nature. Having written his letter and posted it, a calmness settled over him; and the joy which he believed his words would cause his mother, shed a celestial peace within his soul. He began to anticipate the arrival of her reply, and to count the time which probably would elapse ere the receipt of it—perhaps even she herself might reply in person! The possibility of resentment for his long silence and desertion never, for one moment, presenting itself.

Posting the letter, Leonard reminded himself that his very meagre funds were all but exhausted—but one half-crown remained. This, however, was a usual state of affairs with our poor hero; and as now for several years, by means of rigid

economy and constant hack-work, in which he conscientiously employed a portion of his time, he had maintained himself, it was but a small matter of anxiety to him. In fact, so much had the writing of his letter restored Leonard to his natural state of mind, that he called, before returning home, at a publisher's, for whom he was in the habit of making ornamental designs, from the emblematic cover of an annual to the frontispiece of the last new cookery-book. To-day he obtained certain orders for designs of an equally elevated class; and, retracing his steps homewards, he mentally arranged his little designs, looking at the fruiterers' and florists' windows and stalls in Covent-garden market, to obtain hints, these designs being destined to adorn Macalpine's “Growth of Hot-house Fruits.” Purchasing a spray of vine with sixpence of the last half-crown, and having lingered with an artistic enjoyment of the rich combinations of form and colour displayed by the fruits and flowers, he hastened home immediately to commence his sketches; for until a certain number were received by his employer, no more money could Leonard obtain. The publisher for whom Leonard had now worked for several years—and whose system, wise and upright, had been a moral training especially headful for our hero's desultory nature—most sternly refused all payment in advance, as strictly, however, and as justly, paying his employed so soon as the work accomplished was received by him.

The necessity of labour gradually wrought its holy work within poor Leonard's breast; his morbid horror of his picture slowly decreased; he drew and drew, and a healthier pulsation was in his blood. The time arriving for him to send off his picture for the competition, this was done, but all as a matter of indifference almost; and then, with coldness, resuming his pencil, he drew and drew, leaves, fruits, flowers, flowers, leaves, fruits, with marvellous patient industry. But his ear became hourly, daily, keener; and restlessly he would resume his agitated paces of his room at times; and the postman's sharp knock at the door of the house where he lodged, and all down the street, made him start and breathe quickly, and a sick giddiness to gather over his eyes. But no letter arrived as yet. “Who knows?” said Leonard in his heart, “perhaps she is from home; if she had received it, one thing I know—silent she would not remain. But who knows?—who knows?” asked he a hundred times an hour of his heart. But that this silence could proceed from death or any grievous evil he denied to himself sternly, angrily. “No; he was only over-impetuous; or it might be his uncle——” A violent burst of unrestrained anger, uttered in loud words within his solitary room, startled himself, and broke the completion of his supposition.

The distribution of prizes had arrived, but no letter. At the important hour, Leonard attended in the amphitheatre of the Royal Academy, and with him the scarcely-acknowledged anxiety gnawing his heart's core unceasingly. He seated himself far up among a group of students, in as unobtrusive a place as possible. He was greeted with questions innumerable, and merry jokes about his hermit's life—words seemed to buzz about him like a swarm of flies. The amphitheatre was crowded; the hum of anxious suspense died away; the ordinary preliminaries were gone through—the president addressed the students. During the address, Leonard recognised the kind-hearted Lambelli peering anxiously about through his eye-glass. He knew that he was the object of the good man's anxiety. Leonard wondered how it was possible for him to feel so little excited—so wholly indifferent; but his strongest feelings were for the time swallowed up in a vast discomfort. His head sank on his breast, and the old brooding commenced. He was aroused by hearing his own name clearly enunciated by the president—then it was repeated around him with a confusing hum; he was pushed forward—there were acclamations on all hands—he was the successful candidate. But the triumph was a cold, joyless one, with this worm of anguish gnawing at his heart's core.

Slipping away from his congratulations, Leonard hurried home. The slatternly girl opening the door, holding in one hand a flaring candle, with the other gave him a letter, which she took up from a begrimed slab in the passage. The hand-

writing of the address was bold and masculine, and not the peculiar, delicate one of his mother. Leonard paused various

A weakness crept into poor Leonard's knees, and his lips grew parched. He unlocked his door with an unsteady hand—



THE ANGELS APPEARING TO JOAN OF ARC—LEONARD'S COMPETITION PICTURE.

times whilst ascending the staircase to his room—turning the letter round and round. The post mark was Nottingham.

closed it—dropped upon a chair beside the table strewn with the Macalpine sketches, the candle swelling down the stick in

long gutters of grease, and with the lamps from the street gleaming in balefully through the uncurtained window. Leonard gazed upon the letter. "God! God! be merciful!" he muttered in low, hoarse accents—and still his eyes rested upon the unopened letter held in his trembling hand. At length, slowly breaking the seal, he read—

Nottingham, December.

DEAR LEONARD,—Your letter to Mrs. Mordant of the 8th instant came duly to hand, and in consequence of your mother's state of health—or rather, state of mind—I was compelled to break the seal and become master of its contents, which, under existing circumstances, you must pardon. Being absent from home when your letter arrived, a slight delay in my reply has, unavoidably, been occasioned.

The perusal of your letter, shows me that you are not aware of the unhappy state of your mother. She has been an inmate of the lunatic asylum of this place for the last four or five years—in fact, almost immediately from the time of your leaving Nottingham.

Of your circumstances since that time, we have had no intelligence, but it is satisfactory to perceive by your letter that you are doing well. To the painful occurrences connected with your hasty departure, I do not refer further than that your mother's derangement dates from that time, and from the distress of mind occasioned by your unaccountable silence. You are not aware that your uncle has left Nottingham, and is now residing at Hamburg.

I shall take an opportunity of communicating to your poor mother that news has been received of you.

It may be satisfactory to you to know that all suitable and necessary attention is paid to your mother.

Dear Leonard,

Yours truly,

ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

P. S.—It is painful to me to find that you have changed your name, as no good can possibly accrue from such disguises.

Like one transfixed by the spear of his enemy, Leonard writhed with agony, whilst his eyes perused these fearful words, the very straight-forwardness of which tore every germ of hope up from his breast.

Dropping his head upon the table, Leonard remained sunk in the depths of uttermost bitterness. The candle flared and flamed,—then the wick lengthened into a glowing and spectral fungus, and the light grew dim. And hour after hour was tolled mournfully from the near church-tower; and the footsteps of passers-by had long since died out of the streets, and the candle sunk in its socket, sending forth fitful glances across the melancholy room and athwart the melancholy bowed youthful head; and the stench of the expiring wick made the air thick and noisome. But Leonard stirred not. Like one dead, except for a keen throb of agony which ceaselessly stirred within his soul, he sat throughout that long December night with his head bowed upon the sketches which became blistered with his tears.

Ellis Stamboyse had returned home from his wedding tour to the old house in — street, now all freshly painted, and refurnished with the most comfortable and most ponderous of costly furniture for the reception of its new mistress, when he had read poor Leonard's letter, and indited his reply. Within the newly furnished dining-room, the scene of Mrs. Mordant's altercation with her brother, and of Leonard's with his uncle, were seated the newly-married pair upon this the first evening of their return. L'Allegro, more beaming than ever, had, with an arch grace, which truly would have driven John Wetherley utterly distracted could he but have seen it, poured forth unnumbered cups of tea for her loving husband. Luckily, however, John, more than a hundred miles away, was sternly absorbed, forgetful of the lovely being, in drawing by gaslight with might and main from the model in Lambelli's rotunda. Then flinging herself back in a low and softly-cushioned chair near the brightly burning fire, she had first admired her dainty feet placed upon the fender, sunk deep in the white fur which lined the loveliest of scarlet embroidered slippers,

then she had drawn a little scarlet mantle, trimmed also with white fur over her round white shoulders, for the night was cold, even within that most comfortable and wealthy abode—and every now and then she glanced with a pretty pettishness at her husband, who would so pertinaciously read the heap of letters awaiting him upon the mantel-piece. "It was very provoking of Ellis, to forget his dear pet that very first evening, she would scold him for it, that she would, the first instant he laid down those dreadful letters;" but a sternness sat upon his face, as he read letter after letter—and L'Allegro had secretly a little fear of Ellis' sharp clear voice, and of that determined, strong look upon his brow and lips, his very hair had a strong determination in its crisp, dark-brown curls, and his short figure was stronger than that of many a giant. No! Ellis Stamboyse was no man to be interrupted by his lovely, beautiful little bride, thought L'Allegro. L'Allegro watched him, and then amused herself with thoughts of all the bridal gaiety awaiting her, and then again watched Ellis; but he seemed quite to have forgotten her—his face had become sterner than ever—he had risen, and after standing in deep thought, with an open letter in his hand, before the fire, and bringing an inkstand and paper to the table, had, after another pause of deep thought, begun slowly writing. L'Allegro's eyes closed, and she fell into a gentle sleep, with her pretty profile as it lay upon the cushions, gilded by the flickering fire-light. Ellis folding and sealing his letter, rose, and with his hands crossed behind him, like a youthful image of old Stamboyse, paced slowly up and down the room, as the elder Stamboyse had done a thousand times before him—suddenly pausing beside his sleeping wife, an unusual expression of tenderness suffused his whole countenance—a strange look of Leonard, a look, as of a transmigrated soul alone through his clearly chiselled features, and bending over the unconscious girl, his lips pressed her brow with profound tenderness, and a prayer ascended up from his soul, "God, enable me worthily, unwaveringly to fulfil towards this poor child the awful responsibilities which I have taken upon myself, and enable me to strengthen her. What unutterable miseries flow from an unworthy, an unconscientious marriage, Thou alone knowest, for Thou 'visitest the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation.'" When L'Allegro woke up, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, and her red lips kissed his broad forehead a dozen times; because he was "such a dear creature, and had put away his tiresome letters!" Ellis drew her towards him, and looked quietly at her, with such a grave smile, yet so full of love, and without speaking a single word, that L'Allegro exclaimed, between laughing and crying, "Oh, Ellis, you are so queer! I wish you talked more—you are not half as amusing as John Wetherley used to be—poor John. I wonder, now, what he is doing?"

In the sumptuously furnished dressing-room of L'Allegro, where tall mirrors reflected back the blazing fire which careered up the broad chimney, and where massive wardrobes stood with open doors and drawers to receive the rich dresses which a half-unpacked portmanteau displayed; and where the softest of curtains and carpets, and the easiest of chairs and couches, and innumerable toilet nick-nacks, prophesied a life of luxury for the young wife, sat another being, who wondered what John Wetherley was doing. But in her heart he was "dear, beloved John;" "the adored," "the tenderly-cherished John." Need we say, that this was poor Il Penseroso! She looked very pale and meek, and seemed as though she had been suddenly struck by some idea whilst arranging her sister's dresses in the new wardrobes, and had sat down by the fire to complete her meditations—

"God hath his own great plan:
And joy and suffering
Are his commissioned discipline of man!
Each is the scraph-wing
That lifteth from the clod;
That to the æthereal band,
Thru to a higher sphere, the sphere of God;"

“murmured *Il Penseroso* to herself, “those are lines by Mordant, the poet. I remember well copying them into my book—it was the day that dear John stole Emma’s ringlet in the studio behind the Indian-screen, and I saw him press it to his lips. I did not know at that time what comfort some day I might find in these lines. I suppose life may be a school, and that ‘God bath his own great plan.’”

“Tell them I can see no one, that I am ill—no one! Thank the gentlemen for their kindness—but see them I cannot!” spoke Leonard, the next moment, through his locked door to the servant-girl outside.

“But it is not the gentlemen, sir, as comes generally; but somebody, sir, as wants very particular to speak with you—very particular indeed, they says; and says, sir, I must give this here card. If you was well enough to read the card, they says you’d maybe see ‘em. I’ll shove the card under the crack of the door, sir, they is so very pressin’.” And the card duly appeared beneath the door.

With a mechanical listlessness belonging to a soul’s musing, Leonard unconsciously bent down and picked up the card, and mechanically he read the well-known name—

“Mr. Andrew Gaywood.”

As a drowning man clings, it is said, to a straw, so in a great misery does the sinking soul snatch madly at the faintest ray of comfort held forth towards it. Andrew Gaywood was the sole loving heart of that hard Stamboyse; the name foretold only love and sympathy. Leonard opened the door. There, close upon the threshold, stood—not the poor deformed, mild clerk of Michael Stamboyse’s office—but a tall, mild woman!

“Who is it dare cry upon my misery?” exclaimed Leonard, with a harsh, grating voice, and with the blood rushing into his haggard face. The servant-girl glided away down the stairs to lean over the banisters, duster in hand, and listen. But the tall, mild woman, whose gentle eyes filled with sudden tears, stood yet more erect, and calmly holding forth her hands, seized those of Leonard. “Leonard,” spoke a voice deep and mild as the eyes; “Mr. Leonard, I know your bitter misery, therefore am I come to you. I am Andrew Gaywood’s sister; no human heart must be left, in this great London, friendless, desolate; human sympathy and aid are God’s angels upon earth: long have we sought to obtain a clue to you—my brother in Nottingham, I here. Your letter to Mrs. Mordant gave that clue so long required. Mr. Ellis Stamboyse was little aware of the importance of his information when he commanded the intelligence which he had received from you to Andrew?” As Lucretia Gaywood continued to speak with an earnestness of love and sorrow indelible permeating her every word—the anger died out of poor Leonard’s heart. He had again entered his room, and had sunk his head upon the table. Lucretia drew near him, laid, for a moment, her cool hand upon his fevered brow; and as she stood, calm and yet filled with a deep compassion for him—strength, refreshment as from the presence of an angel, seemed to go forth from her, and raise up his fainting spirit. Sunshine fell in through the window, which Leonard, in his fevered pining for any external alleviation of his misery, had flung wide open. It brightened and brightened, filling with almost summer’s gleams and spring’s mildness the desolate room.

“We believed that you would wish at all events to see your poor mother,” said the compassionate tender voice; “and we knew that the life of an art-student was hard and bare of means, therefore if you will permit Andrew the favour of begging you to accept a few pounds of ready money from him—he has received so many and so great favours for these years from your home, and he has such earnest respect and affection for yourself, that you cannot pain him by a refusal. It is here,” she pursued, laying a small purse upon the table; “and if there is the slightest thing in which I could aid your immediate departure, believe me it would be a relief to my heart; for your affliction has long been a vast anxiety to us.

Were alone yours the sufferings of a stranger I should be earnest in my offers of sympathy; but with you I am still more earnest, for you are no stranger to me; and as the son of Augustus Mordant, you have a claim upon all reverers of beautiful poetry.

Leonard accepted this gracefully proffered aid with that warm acknowledgment of a generous sympathy, which is its truest reward.

The following evening Leonard started by coach for Nottingham, Lucretia having in numerous ways, which alone can be divined by an affectionate woman’s heart, rendered the preparations for his journey painless as possible to poor Leonard. She had also written, begging her brother to meet Leonard at the coach-office; which he did. And, though but little more than a tight pressure of their hands passed between the two, and but brief words were spoken, Lucretia’s thought had produced its good fruit.

THE DIAMANTOID, OR ROUGH DIAMOND.

The diamantoid is a kind of stone recently discovered in Bengal, and now used by most lapidaries in polishing precious stones, instead of diamond dust. It has all the physical properties of the diamond, except the crystalline appearance,—the same specific gravity, and the same hardness, and will scratch any other body, although no other substance can scratch it. It exhibits the same chemical reactions, whether in a moist or dry state, that is to say, it is insoluble in acids. Having been burnt in pure oxygen, by the same means as are employed to produce combustion of the diamond, it only gives carbonic acid, with a very small residue of ashes, supposed to be produced by the presence of foreign matter. Its chemical composition then, as well as its physical constitution, is identical with that of the diamond. But as it is not crystalline, it wants the glitter and limpid appearance which gives precious stones so much of their value.

The diamantoid is found in large shapeless masses, the corners of which appear battered by constant friction, but not rounded off like pebbles. These lumps are rather rough on the outside, and are of a black or brownish colour, generally very dull; sometimes, however, they shine like graphite. They break in unequal parts, and when examined with a microscope, display a great number of minute cavities, separated by irregular plates slightly translucent, reflecting the solar rays in a great variety of colours. Their size is variable.

We do not yet know the precise manner, or the exact locality in which the diamantoid is found; some say in the same alluvial deposits as the diamond; and as its age is not known, neither is its origin. This would doubtless furnish an interesting subject of study to the geologist. It is more than probable, however, that it has been formed under the same circumstances as the diamond. In this case, it would, as geologists say, have been created by the transformation by caloric, or by electro-chemical currents of organic carbonaceous matter, buried in the rocks where it is found. But the diamantoid must have been subjected to this agency in a less degree, as it wants crystallisation. Its molecular formation is intermediate between the perfectly crystallised carbon, and amorphous carbon, such as coke and charcoal, forming a connecting link on the one side between the black diamond and the graphite, and on the other approaching the anthracite, the most stony, if we may use the expression, of carbonaceous minerals, and the origin of which is well known.

Whatever may be the value, however, of these scientific investigations, the discovery of the diamantoid is a fortunate one for the lapidary. Like the diamond it is the hardest of all bodies, and answers the same purposes in the arts and industry.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER IV.

* *Whitehaven, September 1st, 1820.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—You say it is more than two months since I have told you of any country goings on, but there has been less to describe in that way during the midsummer months, and except the pleasures of sheep-shearing and hay-making, I did not hear or see anything worthy of being minutely recorded. Harvest-home was new to me, and as it took place in glorious weather, we were all assembled in the home field, where the reapers finished their work, and a tremendous cheer greeted the falling of the last cut of the falling grain. The fortunate man, who had the honour to wield the final blow, became the hero of the day, and was elevated, in great triumph, on a throne of wheat sheaves, piled up in one of my uncle's largest carts, which bore him away to an immense barn, where a feast of butter-sops and ale was served up, and a riotous dance concluded the festival. The prettiest part of it, to my fancy, was a late serenade, very charmingly sung on the lawn about midnight, and under the light of a splendid golden moon. There were several wind instruments, and the sweet serious character of the thanksgiving-music, which constituted the principal part of the performance, combined with the correct harmony of three or four mellow voices, seemed a fitting and delightful acknowledgment of the bounty which had just been so lavishly bestowed on His creatures by the Almighty Parent of all. I forgot to mention that, before harvest, we attended Lammas fair, which collected a large number of holiday people, and is peculiarly honoured by the sailors belonging to Whitehaven and the neighbourhood. Very smart they were, new rigged, as they called it, from top to toe in the cleanest of new summer clothing, worn in the most jaunty possible way. In the afternoon we partook of Farmer Dodd's hospitality, and I observed that almost every lass in the room wore a coquettish bunch of blue ribbons in her hair, the gift of one of the light-hearted young sailors, some of whom, I believe, danced seven hours that night without let or hindrance. The wearing of these knots of blue ribbon is considered a sign that a young couple are engaged to be married, and gave rise, I suppose, to the old song, beginning

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny stays long at the fair;
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair."

When I saw Susannah with one hid in her luxuriant flaxen ringlets, I ventured to offer her my congratulations on her engagement to my cousin William, which I had long suspected, but had not before dared to speak of to either of them. She looked blushing happy, and you will, I am sure, be pleased with your future niece, whose rusticity is set off by so much true womanly delicacy of feeling, and so much gentle archness of manners, that I expect she would be admired even in our fastidious West End circles. It was strange, at the fair, to see such rows of persons waiting to be hired as domestic servants, the men holding straws in their mouths, which the more dandified stuck into the band of their hats; while the girls carried a green sprig in their hands, to intimate their readiness to enter into service. Well! now I must tell you about last night, when a merry party, that had collected at my uncle's, ended in a way I did not look for; and which makes me fear I shall have to leave the Friars, which I have no inclination to do for some time to come. Among the guests was an old Shropshire gentleman and his lady, who were on a visit to the Rector of Handley-Cross, in this neighbourhood; and as they were very lively and told us of many customs peculiar to their own county, they added much to the pleasure of the evening. When the old lady heard some one say the new moon had just risen, instead of making a curtsy, as many other ladies then present did, she asked for a silk handkerchief, and informed the party that any one, by holding it up between the moon and him or herself, would know how many years would elapse before he or

she were married; the number of moons visible through the silk denoting so many twelve-months. I watched several persons try their fate, and was astonished at the different number of moons these good folks declared they perceived. The old lady would not be satisfied until I took my turn at the window; and as I could not make out more than one moon, I had to undergo a prodigious amount of banter, and sly prophecies that I should be married before this time next year. Mrs. Estlin, our good-natured informant, said, that when a child, she never met a snail in the early part of the day without throwing it over her left shoulder, to ensure good luck; and for the same purpose, she remarked, more gravely, it was always well to have some money in one's pocket when new year's day arose, on which anniversary it seems that the Salopians also consider it prophetic of lucky fortune, if the first person they meet is one of the opposite sex to themselves. Mrs. Estlin asked my aunt if she might be allowed to see the kitchen; and a considerable party following her, she mentioned a Shropshire sport, much liked, she said, in their county, but which could only be played in an apartment floored with bricks or tiles. Every one was anxious to try the new game, which, however, she duly warned us, was not particularly refined; and a bowl of water, a plate of ashes, and the left wing of a goose having been placed along the floor, according to her directions, down on all-fours squatted some of the most mad-cap young girls in the company. They were all blindfolded, and the amusement consisted in trying to make their way to the bowl of water, in which case the oracle predicted the successful girl would marry a handsome young man; but if the candidate stumbled upon the plate of ashes, it declared she would never be united in wedlock; or if she alighted upon the goose wing, she was destined to become an old man's bride. I must confess I thought the sport rather vulgar, though it was impossible not to laugh heartily at the decrees of fate in particular cases. When it was ended, a true Cumberland frolicking was entered into, called "Peas scalding." A very large wooden bowl was put down in the centre of the kitchen table, round which some twenty couples sat down, and then Sally filled the dish with smoking hot peas fresh boiled in their pods, to which butter and salt were added. Robert had prevented my sitting down with this assemblage, which I was glad of, when, from the high chair on which he had made me stand, I saw that every one was devouring the peas by the aid of fingers and thumbs promiscuously thrust into the bowl. The empty pods were thrown into a basket on the same table, and the peas had just vanished, when I perceived a merry little girl suddenly steal behind William's chair, whence she aimed an empty hull at the nose of the person opposite; and this signal appeared to be the appointed token for the most exuberant manifestations of high spirits. Presently whole handfuls of pods were thrown one to the other, some rubbing the faces of those present with these emerald missives, until I thought it time for me to beat a retreat. The parlour was filled with old folks, who were quietly conversing or playing round games of cards, and I took breath, unperceived I hoped, behind a window-curtain; but I found Robert had not lost sight of me, and having professed a great desire to join me in looking at the stars, which were then very beautiful, he took the opportunity of asking me whether I could be happy to live always in the country. I felt so much surprised, by the unexpected proposal that followed this opening, that I hardly knew how to reply; but, as you know, I returned a civil negative, since Robert, cousin though he be, is still almost a stranger to me; but it gave me real pain to see how utterly wretched he looked as he briefly said, "I might have guessed how invincible would be your repugnance to quit the gay world, which you seem born to shine in, and have only to implore your forgiveness for my folly and presumption." He turned away abruptly as he finished speaking, so that I had no time to assure him that he mistook my reasons for declining his offer; and it so happens that he has not addressed me since. The post-boy is waiting for this; so, in much haste, dear Papa, believe me to remain, as ever, your affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

THE MOSQUE EL MOYED.

MAHOMET is one of the men whom history is forced to commemorate. Everywhere in the east you are reminded of his life and doings. Centuries have rolled away since he inscribed his Koran on the shoulder blades of mutton, but all day long the priests still read his strange old book, and the traffickers in the busy market bow down when the voice of the priest is heard—"To prayers, to prayers, God is the true God—to prayers, to prayers—Mahomet is his prophet." What a wonderful change that wild son of the desert effected in the habits and feelings of those eastern people—how changed are

edifice are very costly and beautiful.* The ceiling is divided into different compartments by rich mouldings, painted and gilt. Within the most sacred portion of the mosque there is a gorgeous display of valuable jewels set in gold and silver, while curiously wrought tapestries of the finest material, arrayed in graceful folds, add to the magnificence of the scene.

Three minarets are erected on the mosque, one at the north-west angle of the building, and the other two at the south-east angle. These two last abut upon the gate of the Bazaar



VIEW OF THE MOSQUE EL MOYED, AT CAIRO.

they since they went on pilgrimage to the black stone and worshipped at Kaaba!

Strange places are the eastern mosques; speaking of those of Cairo, Bartlett, in his "Nile Boat," says, "Among the four hundred mosques in the city, many of which are in a state of decay, very beautiful specimens may be met with." One of them our engraving represents. The Mosque-el-Moyed, or Medreest-el-Moyed, was erected at the beginning of the fifteenth century (in the year 807 of the hegira), by the sultan Abou-el-Nars, Sheik-el-Mamoudy, surnamed Melik-el-Moyed, of the illustrious family of the Daherites, upon the spot formerly occupied by a prison, where the Emir Mentech was detained captive. The interior decorations of this religious

el Soukarieh. From the galleries of the minarets the priests call the faithful to prayers. A number of shops are attached to the exterior walls of the mosque, and the tenants have to keep the place in good repair. It is a fine old specimen of eastern architecture, perhaps one of the finest in all Cairo. In the Mosque-el-Moyed there is great care displayed for the accommodation of the priests in ascending the minaret at the time of worship, as one of the most important parts of their religious economy is this public declaration of the hour of prayer, and of their faith in Mahomet, who fell like a spark on black unnoticeable sand, "but lo, the sand proved explosive powder, and blazed heaven high from Delhi to Grenada!"

REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

This eminent man is the head of a large family, most of the members of which have distinguished themselves by their energy of character, and the prominent part they have taken in philanthropic and religious movements. Dr. Beecher was born, if we mistake not, in the year 1774. He was the son of a blacksmith in New England, and performed the duties of his father's calling till he became of mature age. He was then sent to Yale College, New Haven, where he pursued his

paring for the public ministry a class of young men, who were required, by their own industrious exertions, to defray the chief portion of the expenses of their education. The philanthropic spirit which Dr. Beecher had throughout his public career displayed, pointed him out to the projectors of this new institution as the man most competent to undertake its direction. He was accordingly appointed, and a number of suitable professors were selected to aid him. He took up his



collegiate studies for several years. He then assumed the pastorate of a church at Litchfield, and soon established his fame as a preacher of more than ordinary talent. The great popularity which he acquired induced the members of the large and influential Presbyterian church at Boston to invite him to take the pastoral charge. He accepted the invitation and remained there until 1832. In that year the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary was founded, with the object of pre-

abode in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, and remained there until 1850, devoting his whole energies to the promotion of the prosperity of the institution.

Dr. Beecher's principal coadjutor was the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. He was professor of biblical literature in the seminary, and married Harriet Beecher, the doctor's second daughter, the distinguished authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other popular works. In consequence, however, of serious

disturbances, occasioned by the discussion of the slavery question, the institution was at length broken up, and Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe returned to the eastern States, where they now reside.

In addition to Dr. Beecher's popularity as a preacher, he has distinguished himself as a writer. His six sermons on the causes, consequences, and cure of intemperance, greatly extended his reputation in the United States, and made him favourably known in England and, through the medium of translations, in other parts of Europe. His lectures on "Atheism, considered Theologically and Politically," have also been extensively circulated in America and in England. These lectures, for sound and eloquent reasoning, are not surpassed. A uniform edition of his entire works has recently been published, carefully revised by himself.

In 1846 Dr. Beecher paid a visit to England, and took part in the deliberations of the temperance reformers in the "World's Temperance Convention," held in London. During his short stay, he endeared himself to many by the patriarchal simplicity of his manners; by the vigour which he on public occasions, and by the gentlemanly and Christian tenour of his whole deportment. He has not at present, as we understand, the charge of any congregation, but he preaches occasionally, and assists in the deliberations of his brethren at their stated and public gatherings. He is still hale and hearty, and, to use the language of one who knows him well, "he does not fail to justify his claim to the title of 'the old man eloquent.'"

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT IN MESSINA.

It was a sparkling summer day when I first saw the Straits of Messina, coming in a crazy little steamer from Naples. The shores of Italy and Sicily, even when they neared on either hand, were obscure with excessive light, and threw up their tall, transparent forms into a sky inexpressibly tranquil. A number of Italians on board, excited by the misunderstood promises of the hero of the moment, Pio Nono, ventured almost to express their enthusiasm; and some bold spirits actually whispered that the lovely land before us was not destined for ever to languish under the stupifying shadow of despotism. A glance from a dignified personage—valet-de-chambre to the late king—repressed, it is true, any further patriotic demonstrations; but this afternoon was a pleasant one, and all on board were in a cheerful mood, when we passed between Scylla and Charybdis—no longer terrible—and shooting across an expanse of little boiling waves, entered the harbour of Messina, just as the bold eastern slopes of the island were left in gloom by the dipping sun, that still shone, however, brightly on the opposite shore of Reggio.

A number of sleek-looking police *ferrets* were soon on board, and after incomprehensible delays we were permitted to land—not, of course, on the esplanade, but in a sombre police-office, where our passports were a second time examined. They had already been overhauled on board, and I must not forget to state that your humble servant was closely questioned as to whether he had with him any books, any newspapers, or any letters of introduction, and was only allowed to pass unmolested on a negative answer. Once escaped into the streets, we were at liberty to consider ourselves out of the way of interference; but I am sure every one of us was carefully tracked to his hotel.

First, of course, we dined; and then sallied forth to view the town, at that period unvisited by the amiable General Filangieri. It was a pretty place, not unlike a modern repetition of Pompeii—neat streets, neat houses,—but everything on a small scale. Everybody seemed to be taking an evening stroll, or breathing the balmy air in balconies or at windows. Provincial dandies were smoking their cigarettes, or taking their ices at the doors of coffee-houses; ladies in long rows, attended by their cavaliers, filled the streets sometimes from side to side; Neapolitan officers strutted up and down with the ludicrous importance of servants of petty powers. It was a gay and animated scene.

During our walk my companion remembered that many years ago he had known an English merchant of Messina, and had indeed, as he informed us in a general way, been under great obligations to him. "It will be polite," he said, "to call. Come with me, and you will perhaps be interested." We inquired for the house of Signor Williams, and after a little beating about the bush succeeded in finding it in a retired quarter, near the Syracusan gate. A large garden surrounded it; there was a bell at the little doorway under the shadow of some trees; we rang several times without receiving any answer, and were about to give up, when a wicket opened, and a voice, somewhat agitated, asked in Italian what we wanted. We announced ourselves in English. "I do not know you, gentlemen," was the reply in the same language, slightly accented; "but I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting—Come in, come in."

The door opened, and a person ushered us into a covered walk that led down the centre of the garden to the house. He had no light; and after having carefully shut the door, begged us to follow him quickly. We did so, somewhat surprised at this reception, and soon found ourselves in a very handsomely furnished apartment, in presence of a good-looking young man, who, with considerable embarrassment, now asked us what our business might be.

My friend had no sooner explained than a great load seemed taken off the young man's mind. "Your visit was for my father," he said; but it is now five years since I have lost him. My grief is naturally re-awakened by this sudden appeal to his name; but time of course heals all wounds, and without troubling you with my private feelings, I welcome you and your friend very gladly, and hope you will pass the evening with me."

We were soon comfortably installed on large, soft divans, very like eastern ones, smoking our cigars; but such is the nature of man, that we were not at all satisfied with our reception. True, the young merchant made us feel that he was glad to see us—indeed our presence seemed gradually to inspirit and enliven him; but there were certain mysterious circumstances that excited our curiosity, and made us believe that a drama was going on around us of which we were not even to be spectators. These circumstances, in addition to those already mentioned, were the absence of all servants, and the death-like stillness of the whole mansion.

In the course of conversation my friend happened to insist with more earnestness than he had done at first on the services which had been rendered him by the late Mr. Williams, and on the affectionate regard which he had for his memory. Camillo—such was the young man's name—listened with eager attention, and after some hesitation said—"May I venture to ask if the gratitude you bear the father is in any degree extended to the family, and whether—I am almost ashamed to appeal to you in this way—you would be disposed to assist me in a very delicate affair." My friend, who is a fine, warm-hearted fellow, promised everything that could be desired, and thus induced Camillo to tell his story nearly in the following words:—

"That you may perfectly understand me, I must premise that, inheriting the position of my father, I have always mixed in the very best circles of Messina, which seem to me, as I know no other, very brilliant and agreeable. Especially, I have had access to the house of the governor, Il Visconte —, where I have spent delightful evenings at conversazioni and balls. Up till within a year from this time, my life was perfectly delightful and exempt from care of any kind. I had even become fat and lazy. All this was destined to change upon the arrival of—of—(there was some awkward hesitation here) the daughter of the governor, just released from school at Naples. Without consideration of consequences, I was so foolish as to fall in love with her at once. (As he said this in an off-hand way, Camillo watched our countenances, to see if we thought him ridiculous; but noticing a sympathising expression, proceeded with greater freedom.) Yes, gentlemen, I loved her at once, and have loved her ever since with unalterable affection; and perhaps I should retract what a false

shame induced me to say—that I was foolish to admit this feeling. Love elevates man; and I may say that it has elevated me from a frivolous hanger-about at parties to something more respectable in my own eyes at least. Passion has taken the place of every mere petty sentiment; and I am a better man, because I feel more strongly. It might have been more prudent to look in a different direction, but having once looked it was impossible to turn away.

"I loved, and my love was returned; and with the ingenuity of affection I soon divined, although it was long before I could obtain an avowal. You will excuse me if I pass over in silence scenes the memory of which will gild my declining years, even if they be passed in solitude and misfortune—the stolen interviews in the myrtle grove, the hurried meetings in the portico—suffice it to say, that for several months I dreamed on in a state of ineffable delight, until at length—exactly as in a romance—the dreadful news came to me that *Mia Speranza* had been promised in marriage to Alberto —, the son of a distinguished general. A few nights afterwards, I was requested by the unsuspecting Visconte to read Shakespeare to himself and his daughters, and designedly chose the first act of "*Romeo and Juliet*." The worthy man, after divers ecstatic exclamations of delight, fell gently asleep; and whilst he slumbered, it was then and there agreed that the first part of the play—God grant the end not likewise!—should be played over again. I shall spare you a great deal of unnecessary detail by saying that it was so, and that a month ago, by the assistance of good father Buonaventura, I became the husband of *Speranza*."

Camillo, who was a capital straightforward fellow, with a good deal of peculiar simplicity about him, could not conceal the admiration he felt for himself in the character of Romeo. Had he been a better narrator, we should have preferred hearing him tell his story otherwise than by hint and innuendo; but he had a sad tendency to weave lengthy phrases, and it would have required a very piquant manner to render a new history of a clandestine marriage interesting. We were therefore obliged to him for putting us at once in possession of the fact; and wished, with some impatience and no little anxiety, to learn the part we were to be called on to play. The truth came out at length; and—let me confess it at once—I was, in homely phrase, quite "down in the mouth" when I first heard it.

The ingenious Camillo—who, under other circumstances, would no doubt have been more considerate—proceeded to say that a definitive elopement was about to take place that night. He had ordered a ship which he had chartered to linger near a little cove, on the coast towards Catania, and was to start at midnight with his lovely bride—for he assured us she was lovely. In spite of every precaution, however, he feared that their flight would be too soon discovered, that some accident might delay them on the road, that the vessel might not be able to reach the rendezvous in time. These reflections, he said, had so disturbed him, that he had almost resolved to postpone the attempt, rendered necessary, however, by the approaching arrival of Signor Alberto, and advisable for many other reasons which he allowed us to guess. Our arrival, the warm protestations of my friend, and, I suppose, my benevolent looks, had suggested to him an idea which for coolness may be pronounced unparalleled. Passion, however, is proverbially selfish, and many things may be forgiven a young man who has married a beautiful girl under such very awkward circumstances.

Camillo proposed, then, in the first place, that my friend, being very tall and stout, should return quickly to his hotel and go to bed—an easy task,—and sleep—it would be difficult after hearing so interesting and so unfinished an adventure; but, in the second place, as I was about his height, and strongly resembled him—this was a compliment, and acknowledged by a bow—he requested me—with a million of excuses which I was to be so good as to suppose expressed—to dress in his garments, and sham an elopement with Paulina, the waiting-maid of *Speranza*, in another direction! Let me protest that I am not aware of my being sufficiently a simpleton in appear-

ance to authorize a perfect stranger, however romantically situated, to make me such a proposition; and yet, it may be—for, whether excited by the heavy Sicilian wine I had drunk at dinner, or by the bottle of delicious *Lachryma Christi*, which, I had forgotten to say, Camillo had uncorked for us; or won by the winning and imploring smile of our host; or induced by a natural tendency to mix myself up in sentimental adventures, I know not—but having recovered from my first surprise, I actually agreed to do what was required of me. Positively, however, I never thought once of Paulina, and, for ought I cared, she might have been a very vag.

It is necessary to add that Camillo represented the whole thing as very easy, and without responsibility. I was to go out by the Palermo gate, follow the road some distance, be taken by Paulina to a place of surety, and put in the way of returning to Messina, as if I had been merely out for a morning's walk. The cunning fellow even hinted that this would be a capital opportunity for me to see the beautiful scenery, and very nearly persuaded me that he was entitled to my gratitude for a delightful trip. My friend, it is true, timidly suggested that I might get into a scrape, and offered to shrink very small and take my place; but I was too enthusiastic to listen to this, and silenced him by saying he had designs on Paulina—at which he blushed and gave up the point.

Camillo told us that he had purposely chosen a night when all his servants had asked permission to go to a wedding, except one, who was in waiting with a couple of horses, and being an Englishman might be trusted. He was delighted with the increased prospect of success now presented to him, and after a few awkward excuses, quite dismissed from his mind all consideration of inconvenience to me. Time advanced, and near midnight he went out several times, and at last remained watching at the door. My friend took occasion of his absence to chide me for my rashness, and accuse himself of having brought me into trouble; but I had gone too far to retreat, and silenced him with the philosophical observation, that it would be all one a thousand years hence.

At length Camillo returned with two closely-veiled ladies in peasant costumes, one of whom he introduced as his wife. She was a charming, delicate-looking, frightened creature. Her face told nothing of the resolution required to undertake such a step as an elopement, and I guessed at once that she had been led on from step to step in spite of herself. In her whole demeanour was evident the fondest love, nay, veneration, for Camillo, who, for his part, seemed almost to lose his senses and to forget that the time for action had come.

Paulina was obliged to interfere, and remind him that every minute, as she expressed it, forcibly, if incorrectly, was worth its weight in gold. Paulina!—a magnificent Sicilian beauty—with eyes that would scorch up half a dozen northern lovers, lips somewhat massive, but splendid in expression, a form not large but full, and elastic like steel—"My part," thought I, as she urged the necessity of instant flight, "is not so very disagreeable."

"Paulina," said Camillo; "you are right; but listen to me. You have resolved not to accompany us, and to go and join your Vanneth in the mountains, where you know you will be safe. If you remember, you proposed that he should come and fetch you, and that he should pass with you through the gates disguised in my dress. We had not been able to carry out this plan; but this young gentleman has agreed to take Vannetto's place. Go, then; I trust you to manage everything well. Your lover will not be jealous."

Paulina looked at me and muttered "*poveretto*;" but whether it was at some danger I was likely to run, or at the idea of my exciting her Vannetto's jealousy, I cannot say. However, everything was soon arranged; Camillo, who had been fidgety for some time, carried away his *Speranza*, after we had each pressed her delicately small hand; and my friend, who looked very admiringly at Paulina, reluctantly took the road to the hotel. Here I was, then, in the very midst of the adventure; and I can assure you my heart beat rather precipitately as I donned the broad hat and spacious cloak provided for me.

HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was one of the great humorists of the eighteenth century. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Though often considered a mere caricaturist, he was, in reality, a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and an enforcer and commender of virtue and morality. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim—

"Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res,"

and he made ridicule his vocation. There was nothing cold,

follow in his footsteps. He, therefore, abandoned the idea of becoming a classical scholar, and served his apprenticeship with a silver plate engraver. He had, however, acquired knowledge enough to save him from the charge of being an uneducated man, and to enable him to pursue his studies, whenever occasion served, with pleasure and effect. His principal employment in his new sphere of labour was that of engraving the devices of heraldry upon plate and other articles of luxury, and he appears to have displayed diligence and application enough not only to satisfy, but materially to assist



SCENE FROM THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

harsh, or misanthropic in it. It was not the ridicule of Voltaire—sneering hatred or contempt—but the ridicule of Addison—smiling, kindly rebuking faults which it half excused.

Hogarth first saw the light in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, on the 10th of December, 1697. The epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses, and theatres, had just set in, after the stormy political struggles by which English society had been convulsed, during the beginning and the middle of the seventeenth century. Vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Round-heads. He was the son of a man who wrote school-books, and acted as a general hack to the London booksellers; and the privations and suffering which his father underwent were quite sufficient to warn William not to

his master. He soon grew tired of heraldry, and abandoned it as soon as his indentures had expired. But practice had made him a skilful draughtsman as well as a careful and accurate engraver—no trifling advantages in any walk of art which he might choose to follow. From his earliest attempts in drawing, except in devices, he had studiously refrained from copying anything but nature. Copying other men's works he thought resembled pouring water out of one vessel into another. He therefore exercised his memory and imagination as much as lay in his power. After preparation such as this, it was natural to expect something striking and original, and Hogarth made his *début* as a satirist. The incident which revealed the bent of his talents was amusing enough. He went one Sunday to Highgate with two of his companions, during his apprenticeship. The weather was warm, and they

went into a roadside alehouse, and called for beer. Some persons, who had previously entered, were already waxing quarrelsome in their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow of a quart pot upon the head, that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb-nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which, when handed round the room, restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth and Hanmore, the printer, the former of whom sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account sufficiently indicated the line of art in which he was likely to be successful; but some time elapsed either before he became aware of it, or the world seemed inclined to patronize efforts of this kind.

Hogarth was never much of a reader, and knew little of book learning. His great aim was to acquire all his know-

who are not familiar with Butler's great masterpiece to understand it more clearly, we subjoin an extract from the portion of the text to which it refers:—

Hudibras has an esquire with him—Ralpho.

The "argument" will give an idea of what precedes the extract in this canto.

PART II. CANTO III.

Argument.

The knight (i. e. *Hudibras*), with various doubts possest,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,
To know the 'dest'nies' resolution;
With whom, b'ing met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The con'rer's worsted by the knight.

[Sidrophel, in the course of the dispute, has called Hudibras "a bragndocio huffer."]



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE ALCHEMIST. FROM HUDIBRAS, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ledge from the study of nature and of mankind, and he had no hesitation in diving for that knowledge to the lowest depths of vice and profligacy. The images he brought back with him were not always very graceful or pleasing, to be sure, but they were none the less instructive and faithful for that.

It was in illustrating Butler's "*Hudibras*," that Hogarth first gave a real foretaste of his genius, though even in this he did not by any means do all that might have been done. Of all the poets of the seventeenth century, probably Butler is the one hardest to illustrate. His wit is often so keen, and his touches are so delicate, that it is not always easy for the reader to catch their full force, much less for the artist to give them shape and hue on paper; and it was probably in this that Hogarth found his memory and imagination, for the first time, fail him. There are, nevertheless, countless charms in his drawings, but, as Allan Cunningham well remarks, they appear rather where he has departed from the text, than where he has literally adhered to it. We feel pleasure in presenting our readers with one of these illustrations, and to enable those

"Huffer; (quoth Hudibras) this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister—
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a day,
Lest he and Whacum run away.

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant star,
Believed it now the fittest moment,
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whacum, two to one;
This being resolved, he spy'd by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders hor'd;
He snatched it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.

Whachum had got a fire-fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his work.
 But Hudibras was well prepared,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard;
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rush'd;
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the thigh along.
 Whachum, his sea-coal prong threw by
 And basely turn'd his back to fly;
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
 As quick as light'ning in the breach;
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before."

The first of the series of works on which Hogarth's fame rests was the "Harlot's Progress," which was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. Their success was rapid and decisive. "The boldness of the attempt," says Allan Cunningham, "the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough and ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with wonder a series of productions combined into one grand moral and satiric story—exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end. Painters had been employed hitherto in investing ladies of loose reputation with the hucs of heaven, and turning their paramours into Adonises; here was one who dipt both into the lake of darkness, and held them up together to the scorn and derision of mankind."

The subject of the "Harlot's Progress" was the history of one of the unfortunates who atone for the folly of an hour by an eternity of remorse; her arrival in London, fresh from the country, pure and innocent as her mother's tears and prayers and anxious care have made her—her first turning aside from the beaten path of duty, in which women find their only safety,—her deception and ruin, her deceiving of others in her turn, her rise to guilty splendour, her fall to guilty woe, and her final exit from the world amongst wretches as vile and degraded as herself. The work, independently of its artistic excellence, was of signal importance, because it tore away the veil from vice, which a corrupt and sensual society had thrown over it, and revealed it in its naked, filthy, and hideous deformity. As the court poets then wrote of it, as the "wits" about town talked of it, as it was retailed in scandal over "dishes of tea" by Lady Betty This to Lady Amelia That, vice, provided it were surrounded by speaking mirrors, gorgeous coaches, Turkey carpets, and all other appliances of wealth and luxury, might seem to the poor and lowly born, whose pleasure even partook of the hardness and coarseness of their existence, a proud, stately, dignified, and admirable thing; but as Hogarth represented it, no coalheaver could look on it without blessing God that he knew nothing of it, and without feeling proud that he was neither a polished *row* nor a fallen beauty. What rendered the satire more effective was, that many of the principal personages were portraits from living originals, of men about town, famous, or rather infamous, for their licentiousness, and of women who were tossed like a shuttlecock from one "protector" to another, as fast as their appetites became palled, of persons who in their cups forgot the gravity becoming their cloth, and judges the sanity of their ermine, so that the town laughed, and the culprits winced like galled jades.

The "Harlot's Progress" was followed up by the "Rake's Progress," as a sort of counterpart or pendant. This was scarcely so successful as its prototype, however, inasmuch as it had not novelty and curiosity on its side. It consisted of eight scenes, illustrative of the folly of a young man, who has just succeeded to a large fortune by the death of a sordid miser. He spends it in London, in cock-fighting, gambling,

horse-racing, and every possible species of debauchery, and at last beggared, penniless, forsaken by his fairweather friends, who fawned on him and robbed him in his prosperity, and broken down in constitution through his excesses, he finds refuge in a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days. "The curtain," says Walpole, "was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it."

Most of his other pieces are representations of scenes in low life in London. Their names, such as "Southwark Fair," "Modern Midnight Conversation," a scene in a cyder cellar or tavern, sufficiently indicate their nature, with several others not so coarse, but equally ludicrous and clever. His next piece, which contained a serious moral, was "Marriage à la Mode." It consisted of a series of six scenes. The daughter of a rich citizen is married to the son of a proud but poor peer. One desires a title, the other wealth, and they get them. The husband is an affected fop, and even on their wedding-day the bride seems more than half-disgusted with him, and is observed listening with an attention ill suiting the occasion to the words of a wily lawyer, Mr. Silvertongue. The result is such as might have been expected. My lord wastes his substance in riotous living, spends his money amongst gamblers, boxers, harlots, winebibbers, and blacklegs of every description. The lady listens to the lawyer still, and frequents houses where large sums are lost by means of "quiet rubbers." Scandal, at last, begins to make free with her name,—and her reputation is finally gone. She consents to a meeting at a masked ball, and after this we see her no more till the last scene but one, in which the artist displays dramatic power of the highest order. In a bagnio, in her night dress, in an agony of remorse, over the body of her dying and injured husband, who has just received a mortal wound from the sword of her seducer, kneels the unfortunate woman, now, at last, fully awake to her shame and ruin and disgrace. In the closing scene, she again appears in the house of her father, the dying speech of her paramour, who has been hanged for the murder of her husband, lying at her feet. She puts an end to her misery by draining a phial of laudanum. Her infant, who twines its arms round her neck, is the only one left to love her, for her sordid father disturbs her last moments by tearing a costly ring from her finger.

These sketches met with a decided success, so much humour, mingled with so much pathos, so much deep and heart-rending tragedy from a hand trained, as it were, to comedy, the world had never seen on canvas before, and it evinced its appreciation of the work by the purchase of a large number of the engravings. He followed it up by another and corresponding series, representing a "Happy Marriage," but this, for what reason is not known, he never carried to completion. In his next production, the moral purpose was more plainly manifested than in any of the others, though the artistic execution was not such as to attract any great amount of attention. It consists of twelve alternate scenes, of Industry and Idleness, published in 1747. The following is his own account of their nature and object:—"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two country apprentices, where one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was apprenticed, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally as expressed in the last print."

Passing over a painting, "The Presentation of young Moses to the Daughter of Pharaoh," we come to his next moral and satirical performance, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," representing the history of a savage boy, who commences his career by gross cruelty to the lower animals, and ends it by an atrocious murder, for which he is hanged, and in due course dissected. They displayed great skill in grouping and the delineation of character, and their moral was on the surface; but the unpleasant nature of the subject, and the revolting minuteness with which all the details are given in the last

scene, render the work by no means so pleasing as many others of his which display, perhaps, less talent. We insert an engraving of one of these scenes. "The March of the Guards to Finchley," in which he ridiculed the royal guards when advancing against the Scotch rebels in 1745, was a performance displaying the highest wit and humour. The whole body are represented in a state of lamentable confusion and disorder, drunken, and surrounded by a horde of wives, sutlers, and lovers, all shouting, drinking, and swearing, their baggage waggons upset, and all discipline at an end. Its appearance set the town in a roar; but poor George II., a heavy, fat, lumbering German, alike devoid of humour and incapable of comprehending or appreciating it, was sadly enraged by it.

To enumerate, even, all the other works of Hogarth would require a much larger space than we have at our disposal. We have already said enough to give the reader a general idea of their nature; we must, therefore, conclude this very imperfect sketch by a brief reference to the only book he ever wrote. He had, when he painted his own portrait, etched on the palette a waving line, underneath which was written—"Line of Beauty and Grace." Nobody knew what this meant, though every one wondered. The mystery was solved in 1753, by the appearance of a work from the artist's pen, entitled "Analysis of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," says he, "ever amused more than my line of beauty did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till I explained it by publishing my Analysis. Then, indeed, and not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer, who constantly uses a lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power."

The explanation contained in the Analysis, however, did not by any means make matters pleasant. No book ever drew down such a storm of obloquy upon the author. Every available instrument of satire, ridicule, and abuse was put in force

against him—verse as well as prose. His opinions, his language, and even his person and his family fell equally under the lash. The literati were indignant that a man who was self-educated, who could not spell, nor even always write grammatically, should take upon himself to write a book; and at last they declared that he could not write it, and that it was not his at all. None joined in this clamour with a louder voice than the immortal patriot John Wilkes, who now showed as little regard to truth as he had always shown to decency. There can be no doubt that the work was entirely Hogarth's own, but he confessed, with becoming modesty, that he had submitted his language and arrangement to the revision of a friend, as was natural, when he himself was not practised in composition. With regard to the opinions advanced in the work, they are at least ingenious, but they had many opponents among men who owed Hogarth a grudge, and they would probably now have more than ever. He points to the leaves which clothe the trees, and the flowers which cover the ground, and all that buds and blooms as formed of waving lines. The line of grace is found in the varied outline of the hills, in the grandeur of mountains, in everything, however minute or magnificent. The beasts, the birds, the insects, and the fishes, and the shells which strew the shore, are all cited as examples of the truth of the theory; and the topstone of the argument is found in the grounded lines of womanly beauty. He thus proclaims himself the discoverer of a great and universal principle, in the full spirit of which the great artists of Italy and Greece wrought, probably more from instinct than from knowledge. In all their works is found the line of beauty such as he described it, and nowhere stiff, rigid, or angular forms. "Michael Angelo," he thought, "had some notion of the existence of this principle when he advised his scholar, Marcus de Seiena, to make a figure pyramidal, serpentine, and multiplied by one, two and three, in which precept the whole mystery of art consisteth; for the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is that it expresseth motion, which painters call the spirit of a picture."

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

THE English have an immeasurable advantage over the inhabitants of newly-peopled lands. They have many local associations—not a rock or stream, not a sunny plain or shady glen have they, but has its tale of pathos or fun, of tears or laughter, as the case may be. The grandest landscape soon wearies if there be no past connected with it. Our brethren on the other side of the water are not to be envied in this respect; but America is not badly off after all. It has its past, and a past bright with glory, a past that may rival all that has come down to us of Greek or Roman fame; and if Australia has little to look back on, it is rich in gold, which is good, and in hope, which is better still.

In England one knows not where to turn without being followed by the past. Every spot is hallowed by history or legend. For instance, near the once important, but now declining town of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, there is a chapel cut out of the solid rock, which forms an illustration of what we have advanced. Not far from the Dropping Well, which is a wonderful curiosity in its way—not far from where that celebrated personage, Mother Shipton, was born, stands the chapel which bears the name of St. Robert, and drawings of which accompany these remarks. The story is, that the hermit, who had previously spent some years in the monasteries of Fountains and Whithby, and was afterwards abbot of New Minister, and a contemporary of King John, who gave him forty acres of land in Swinescot, was so delighted with the spot, that he set to work like a mole, and grubbed out a cell for himself. The chapel has a neatly-arched roof, a gothic window and door; the ribs rest on neat pilasters. On the right hand side are four terrific faces; in front an altar. On the floor is a hole, in which was probably placed a cross, and on the sides are two niches, long since dispossessed of their images. The length of the cell is ten feet and a half, the breadth nine, and

the height seven and a half. Near the door is cut a gigantic figure, in the act of drawing his sword. This, it has been suggested, may have been designed for the genius of the saint, which, it should seem, greatly defended the pious hermit. St. Robert was a native of York, and in the hermitage is a figure of the hermit surrounded by his books. About a mile down the river, near Grimbald-bridge, is St. Robert's Cave, the usual residence of the saint, and the scene of one of the strangest murders that ever occurred—the murder of Daniel Clark by Eugene Aram. This murder took place in 1745. It seems that in this cave Clark and Aram had secreted goods and plate, of which they had conspired to defraud their neighbours. In this cave their associates met to divide their stolen property, and here Clark was murdered and buried by Aram. Some short time afterwards Aram left that part of the country, and went to live at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he was usher in a school for upwards of thirteen years. The discovery was made quite by accident. A labourer found a skeleton in a neighbouring quarry. The people of Knaresborough having long wondered what had become of Clark, supposed the skeleton might be his. A coroner being sent for, the wife of Aram, who resided in the town, and had long been deserted by her husband, was examined. Her evidence threw some suspicion on an accomplice named Houseman, and he, on his examination, having betrayed great confusion and marks of guilt, a closer investigation was made, which terminated in a confession of his crime. Aram, having been implicated by Houseman, was apprehended and brought to York Castle, where he was tried and convicted. It is true that the legal evidence against him was extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by an accomplice, and so scanty and suspicious that a man tried upon it at the present day would unquestionably escape conviction. But Aram con-

fessed his guilt, though not till after his trial. He delivered a defence so admirable for its ingenuity, and so replete with erudition and antiquarian knowledge, that it astonished the whole court. He attempted to prevent his execution by suicide, in which he succeeded so far as to be brought to the scaffold almost in a state of insensibility. Sir Lytton Bulwer throws a doubt upon the guilt of Aram; we, however, cannot question it. His confession sets that matter at rest; and if Aram's tale be true, it was his wife that urged him to the commission of so foul a deed. He is described as very charitable and humane in general.

Aram was a self-taught man; his devotion to learning was the one absorbing passion of his life. According to his own account, drawn up at the request of the clergyman who attended him after his condemnation, he was born at Ramskill, a little village in Netherdale, 1704. At the age of sixteen he went to Newby. "It was here," he says, "my propensity to literature first appeared, for being always of a solitary disposition and fond of books, I enjoyed here all the repose and opportunity I could wish. My study at that time was engaged

to the study of botany. One of his schemes was the formation of a comparative lexicon. He had made preparations for that purpose. He had investigated the Celtic as far as possible in all its dialects, and had made comparisons between that and the English, the Latin, the Greek, and even the Hebrew. He had made notes and compared above 3,000 of these together. But this was not to be—the dream was to remain a dream. Punishment was tracking, though tardily, the steps of the criminal, and at last brought him to the prison and gallows, instead of a niche in the temple of fame.

It is strange that such a man should have committed a murder. If he did it for gold, it could have only been because he looked upon gold as the means to an end, which justified the means, though they were robbery and murder. In the same way a priest in Spain, wholly absorbed in learning, confessed that, being debarred by extreme poverty from prosecuting his favourite study, he had led himself to believe that it would be admissible to rob a very dissolute, worthless man if he applied the money to the acquisition of knowledge. Aram must have reasoned in a somewhat similar



EXTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

in the mathematics; I know not what my acquisitions were, but I am certain my application was at once unwearied and intense. I found in my father's library there, which contained a great number of books in most branches—"Kersey's Algebra," "Leyburn's Cursus Mathematicus," "Ward's Young Mathematician's Guide," and a great many more; but these being the books in which I was ever most conversant, I remember them the better. I was never then equal to the management of quadratic equations and their geometrical constructions." At one time it was intended that Aram should be sent to London; however, he remained in the county where he began to teach, and got married. This last step Aram ever regretted. He says, "the misconduct of the wife which that place afforded me has procured me this place, this prosecution, this infamy, and this sentence." Though married, Aram's assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge seems to have been as great as ever. He turned his attention to the classics: he read all the Latin classics; he then went to the Greek Testament, and afterwards mastered Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucydides, and all the Greek tragedians. Aram was also equally attached

manner; that is the only plausible solution—and even with that solution the affair seems a mystery. It is no wonder, then, that the author of "Caleb Williams" should have stated that he always had thought the tale of Eugene Aram peculiarly adapted for fiction, and that he more than once entertained the notion of making it the foundation of a tale; or that, in our own time, it should have formed as drama and as novel the subject of Sir Bulwer Lytton's artistic pen.

In the preface Sir Bulwer Lytton gives us additional particulars respecting Eugene Aram. He says: "It so happened that during Aram's residence at Lynn, his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather—a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than at that day usually characterised his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon (my grandfather's house), and gave lessons, probably in no very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family. This I chanced to hear when I was on a visit in Norfolk, some two years before this novel was published, and it tended to increase the interest with which I had previously speculated

on the phenomena of a trial which, taken altogether, is perhaps the most remarkable in the register of British crime. I endeavoured to collect such anecdotes of Aram's life and manners as tradition and hearsay still kept afloat; these anecdotes were so far uniform that they all concurred in representing him as a person who, till the detection of the crime for which he was sentenced, appeared of the mildest character and most unexceptionable morals. An invariable gentleness and patience in his mode of tuition—qualities then very uncommon at schools—had made him so beloved by his pupils at Lynn, that in after-life there was scarcely one of them who did not persist in the belief of his innocence. His personal and moral qualities, as described in these pages, are

only be solved when, hereafter, to the searching eye of Omniscience the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

St. Robert may be forgotten, but Eugene Aram must live, for genius has immortalised his name. The reader of Hood will remember the picture of the usher,

"Who sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.
His hat was off—his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his look,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned upon his hand and read
The Book between his knees;



INTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

such as were related to me by persons who had heard him described by his contemporaries—the calm, benign countenance—the delicate health—the thoughtful stoop—the noiseless step—the custom, not uncommon with scholars and absent men, of muttering to himself—a singular eloquence in conversation, when once roused from silence—an active tenderness and charity to the poor, with whom he was ready to share his own scanty means—an apparent disregard for money, except when employed in the purchase of books—an utter indifference to the ambition usually accompanying self-taught talent, whether to better the condition or to increase the repute; these, and other features portrayed in the novel, are, as far as I can rely on my information, faithful to the features of the original." We repeat it, that such a man should commit murder is a mystery we cannot solve by any ordinary principles of human nature—a mystery which can

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book,
In the golden eventide.
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden eyed;
At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp,
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp.
'O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a hasp!'

All this at times Aram must have felt—at times more than this must have fired his brain; for our crimes walk with us as shadows, blotting out the aim of life, rendering all dark and drear.

THE TROUBADOURS.

AFTER the overthrow of the Roman empire in the West, the northern languages of the invaders became engrafted upon the *rustic Roman*, or provincial Latin, which everywhere prevailed throughout the western territories of the empire. It was not, however, until the tenth century that these rude dialects attained to sufficient consistency to form distinct and separate languages for each of the nations of southern Europe. This consolidation divided the written language of France into two great branches—the *langue d’OI* and the *langue d’Oc*, or the Provençal; the Romance spoken north of the Loire, and the Romance which prevailed south of that river. Of all the new languages which were formed about this period, the latter of the two French idioms now mentioned was the first formed, and the most rapidly cultivated. Flexible, lively, and artificial, it became the vernacular of all southern Gaul, and of Catalonia and Arragon in Spain. Dryden, in the preface to his *Fables*, says that it was the most polished of all the modern languages, and that Chaucer availed himself of it to ornament and enrich our own. Contemporaneously with the development of the Provençal tongue, chivalry had its rise. The feudal system had already been in existence for three or four centuries, and for its harsh realities, this new “spirit of the age,” whose essential character was devotion to women and to honour, largely substituted its own romantic and attractive social fictions. Feudal relations became modified, and a taste for elegance and the arts at length made its way over the Pyrenees, and took root in the south of France. In such a state of improved civilisation and softened manners shone out the spirit of poetry “over Provence and all the south of Europe, like an electric flash in the midst of the most palpable darkness, illuminating all things by the brightness of its flame.” The organs, through which it spoke, were the TROUBADOURS.

“Appearing on the horizon as morning stars of a new civilisation, just as the thick mists of the dark ages of our era had rolled away from France, these poets stand forth as utterly unconnected with the past, and are, therefore, the first literary representatives of modern European society, as distinguished from the ancient societies of Greece and Rome.” These sentences correctly point out the position which the “inventors” occupied in the literary history of Europe. Rising in an era which still retained many of the barbarous customs of the dark ages that had scarcely passed away, their reputation spread rapidly from the extremity of Spain to that of Italy, and they served as models to nearly all the poets who succeeded them. The comparatively few remains of their brilliant but superficial productions, which are now accessible, reveal to us the sentiments, the imagination, and the spirit of modern Europe in its infancy. Such being the influence which they exerted upon modern literature, and the relation in which they stood to it, a few brief notes about the most distinguished of these “poets of chivalry,” of whom so little has been written in our own language, may not be without interest.

The troubadours were nearly all men of rank, who lived in their own domains, and cultivated poetry rather for their own sake than for the rewards which followed it. Some, however, were raised above their fellows by their rank in society, rather than by superiority of poetic talent. The earliest of these was William, Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine. A circumstance in the life of this troubadour, who was born in the year 1071, will serve to show the prevalence of vice, no less than of wit, in his character. In open violation of all law, he had married the wife of the Viscount of Châtelleraud. This adulterous connexion excited the displeasure of the Bishop of Poitiers, who threatened him with excommunication unless it was broken up. William drew his sword and threatened to kill the prelate if he did not immediately absolve him; the bishop feigned himself alarmed, and desired a moment for reflection, but employed the short delay in finishing the threatened ceremony of expulsion from the church. “Strike now,” said the prelate, “I am ready.” “No,” said the count,

“I do not love you well enough to dismiss your soul to paradise; but I will send your body into exile.” He afterwards took part in the crusades, and on his return gave himself up to indulgence in sensual pleasures, and to poetic celebrations of love and war. Nine of these compositions have been preserved, and are remarkable for the elegance and harmony of their versification. He died in 1122. William of Poitiers was not the only prince who cultivated *à la Sabier* (the gay science), as this class of poetry was then designated. Richard I., of England, was hardly more distinguished for his abilities as a warrior than for his poetic talents in treating of the details of the heart. Only two efforts of his muse, however, remain. One of these interesting relics formed his reply to the song of his minstrel Blondel, who thus discovered the place of his master’s confinement. It runs thus:—

“No nymph my heart can wound,
If favour she divide,
And smile on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I’d rather hatred bear,
Than love with others share.”

The other poetic effusion of Cœur de Lion was a song written during his confinement in the same prison, in which he laments the neglect and ingratitude of his former friends and followers. The first and last stanzas will be a sufficient sample of these royal lucubrations:—

“No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
Unless with pain and bitterness of soul,
Yet consolation from the muse he seeks,
Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whose face I ne’er beheld without a smile?
Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend
The smallest portion of his treasures vile?”

Know all ye men of Aquitaine and Touraine,
And every bach’lor knight, robust and brave,
That duty, now, and love, alike are vain,
From bonds your sovereign and your friend to save.
Remote from consolation, here I lie,
The wretched captive of a powerful foe,
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you ought but pity to bestow.”

With Richard of England may be compared Frederick of Sicily, as in both the poetic talent was the organ of politics, as well as of gallantry. A few scraps, however, are all that remains of his effusions, but these are sufficiently striking to show that he attained no mean eminence as a troubadour. Amongst the other distinguished professors of the gay science may be mentioned Bertrand de Born, Lord of Hautefort, a restless, intriguing man, whom Dante has placed in his *Inferno* for having encouraged the rebellion of the sons of Henry II. of England against their father. In his terrible fiction the Italian poet is represented as meeting Bertrand in hell; the troubadour advances towards him *carrying his head in his hand*; the lips open, and thus addresses the author of the “Divine Comedy”:—

“Now behold
This grievous torment, thou, who breathing, goest
To spy the dead: behold, if any else
Be terrible as this. And that on earth
Thou may’st hear tidings of me, know that I
Am Bertrand, lord of Born, who gave King John
The counsel mischievous. Father and son
I set at mutual war. For Abelom
And David, more did not Ahitophel,
Spurring them on maliciously to strife,
For parting those so closely knit, my brain
Fared, alas! I carry, from its source,
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me.”

Much as he was devoted to war, however, this ardent knight was not insensible to the charms of love. He became passionately attached to the daughter of the Viscount de Turenne; his love was reciprocated, but jealousy often ruffled the “smoothness” of its course. One of his extant pieces is a

defence of himself against her suspicions of his fidelity. In one of these stanzas he thus pleads for a continuance of her favour:—

"I cannot hide from thee, how much I fear
The whispers breathed by flatterers in thine ear
Against my faith. But turn not, oh! I pray,
That heart so true, so faithful, so sincere,
So humble, and so frank, to me so dear,
Oh, lady! turn it not from me away."

But more distinguished for poetic talent than any yet mentioned was Armand de Marveil. This troubadour was born at Marveil, in Perigord, in a humble rank of life, from which his talents fortunately raised him, and he became attached to the court of Roger, Viscount of Beziers. The divinity on whom his affections were bestowed, and whose charms were celebrated by his muse, was the Countess Adelaide, the wife of his master. The following lines well express the tenderness which pervades most of his compositions:—

"All I behold recalls the memory
Of her I love. The freshness of the hour,
Th' enamell'd fields, the many coloured flowers,
Speaking of her, move me to melody.
Had not the poets, with their courtly phrase,
Saluted many a fair of wiser worth,
I could not now have rendered thee the praise,
So justly due, of 'fairest of the earth.'
To name thee thus had been to speak thy name,
And waken, e'er thy cheek, the blush of modest shame."

This "great master of love," as he has been named, died somewhere about the end of the twelfth century. "He has left many poems," says Sismondi, "some of which are very long. One of his pieces contains four hundred verses, and many of them two hundred. His language is clear and easy, and his text appears to have suffered but little alteration. He is, therefore, a troubadour whose works might be separately printed, to try the taste of the public for Provençal poetry, and at the same time to gratify the wishes of the learned throughout all Europe, who regret the loss of these monuments of our earliest literature and civilisation."

Next to De Marveil may be ranked Arnaud Daniel. This distinguished troubadour, whom Petrarch considered the greatest of all the Provençal poets, was born in the twelfth century, in the castle of Ribeyrac, in Perigord, of poor but noble parents. His success and reputation were largely owing to a new kind of composition, called the *sestino*, or six-lined stanza, of which he was the inventor. Its merit consisted in the difficulty of certain combinations of verses, repeated in a certain order. Most of his pieces are sonnets, which were addressed to the wife of William de Bourville, his "lady-love." An anecdote remains on record, in connexion with a visit which he made to England, which illustrates rather the aptness of his memory than the readiness of his poetic talent. Being at court, he was challenged by a minstrel, in the presence of the king, to cope with him in the composition of a song. Daniel consented, and a wager was taken. The king gave them ten days to compose the piece, and five to learn it. At the end of the third day the minstrel announced that he was ready. But the troubadour, who occupied an adjoining chamber, had laboured in vain to compose a syllable. On the following evening, however, he overheard his rival practising his song; the same thing occurred the next day; Daniel listened attentively, and at length made himself master both of the air and the words. On the day appointed they appeared before the king, when Daniel, who sang first, repeated the minstrel's song. The latter claimed the composition as his own, but the king declared it to be impossible. The troubadour at length owned the fraud, and the sovereign, pleased with the adventure, restored to each the money they had deposited, and loaded them both with presents.

There was one large class of these amatory productions—called *Tenons*—in which two troubadours carried on a sort of poetic debate, in which love and logic were about equally prominent. One of the disputants opened the discussion by starting some point of amorous jurisprudence, which he defended in quaint verses, and with a truly

laudable display of legal acumen: his opponent answered in the same style, and the poetic pleadings were continued as long as the respective advocates could find arguments and rhymes. The matter was then referred to a tribunal, called a *Cour d'Amour* (Court of Love). This, which was one of the most curious institutions connected with the profession of the troubadours, consisted for the most part of ladies eminent for rank and character, whose decisions in all matters of love and gallantry were absolute and final. One or two of the questions submitted to these tribunals, and of their judgments upon them, will sufficiently illustrate their character and functions:—

"Question. Is it between lovers, or between husband and wife, that the greatest affection, the liveliest attachment, exists?"

"Judgment. The attachment existing between husband and wife, and the tender affection existing between lovers, are sentiments of a very different nature: a just comparison cannot be established between matters which bear no mutual relation to each other.

"Question. A troubadour having loved a young lady still in her childhood, as soon as she attained a more advanced age declared his love, and received from her the promise of a kiss when he should come to see her. Nevertheless, she subsequently refused to fulfil her promise, on pretence that when she made it she was not of an age to understand its consequences.

"Judgment. The troubadour shall be at liberty to take the kiss, but upon condition that he immediately restore it."

Many of these lady-judges were themselves able to reply to the poetic effusions composed in honour of their charms. Only a few of their compositions remain, but these are sufficient to show that their poetic talent was not inferior to that of the troubadours. "Poetry, at that time," says an acute critic, "aspired neither to creative energy, nor to sublimity of thought, nor to variety. Those powerful conceptions of genius which, at a later period, have given birth to the drama and the epic, were yet unknown; and, in the expression of sentiment, a tenderer and more delicate inspiration naturally endowed the productions of these poetesses with a more lyrical character." The following stanzas, from one of the most beautiful of these songs, by Clara d'Andusa, are a favourable sample of these tender productions, whose chief merit was the exquisite harmony of their verse, which cannot, of course, be preserved in a translation:—

"Into what cruel grief and deep distress—

The jealous and false have plunged my heart,
Depriving it by every treacherous art
Of all its hopes of joy and happiness:

For they have forced thee from my arms to fly,
Whom far above this evil life I prize;
And they have hid thee from my loving eyes.
Alas! with grief, and ire, and rage I die.

"Yet they, who blame my passionate love to thee,

Can never teach my heart a nobler flame,
A sweeter hope, than that which thrills my frame,
A love so full of joy and harmony.

Nor is there one—no, not my dearest foe,
Whom speaking praise of thee, I do not love,
Nor one, so dear to me, who would not move
My wrath, if from his lips disparage should flow.

"Love! so overmastering is my soul's distress,

At not beholding thee, that when I sing
My notes are lost in tears and sorrowing,
Nor can my verse my heart's desire express."

But the reputation of these Provençal poets was destined to be ephemeral. It is true that the literature which they created enjoyed a brilliant existence of three centuries; but it contained within itself its own principle of decay, in the great ignorance of its authors, and in the impossibility of their giving to their poetry a higher character than was possessed by themselves. Their only models were the songs of the Spanish Arabs; with the elegant inventions of ancient classical literature they had no acquaintance; and of the inspiring

influence of strong religious emotions they were equally ignorant. It is not to be wondered at, then, that such a paucity of resources produced not a single masterpiece, or a single work of genius destined to a literary immortality. After the thirteenth century the voice of the troubadours was silent; and their poetry, which had been the delight of every court, which had animated every festival, and infused chivalrous life into all classes of the people, became ranked amongst the

productions of the dead languages. It was like a beautiful flower springing up in a barren soil. But the crusade waged by pope Innocent III. against the Albigenses, who had taken refuge in Provence, hastened the extinction of the poetic race, whose decline had already begun. In a land thus devastated by horrors unparalleled in the history of religious persecution, the Muses refused their inspiration, and the voice of the troubadours was heard no more.

THE SACRED IBIS.

THE ancient Egyptians rendered divine honours to the Ibis. They religiously preserved it in their temples, and esteemed it

revered; and different ancient authors after Herodotus,—Cicero in his "Nature of the Gods," Pomponius in his "History of the



THE SACRED IBIS.

as the incarnation of deity. They attributed to it the most exalted virtue, associated it with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, recognised in it the guardian of the land, and made it the object of idolatrous service at all their solemn banquets. The priests of Hermopolis preserved in their temple an ibis, which was said to be immortal. The reason for worshipping this peculiar bird was that it had rendered great services, true or supposed, to the land of Egypt; so it was reared with the tenderest solicitude, wandered unmolested through their towns, and he who killed an ibis, though inadvertently, was punished with death.

Herodotus tells us, that the ibis saved Egypt from the invasion of a host of winged serpents, and that in consequence, the Egyptians entertained a great veneration for their deli-

Universe," and others,—relate the same story. It was commonly believed that the ibis not only killed but devoured the serpents, and as these fiery flying creatures were deadly foes to man, the bird who became their enemy was the friend of man, more than a friend—a guardian—a god.

Other reasons which may have given rise to the honours anciently bestowed upon the ibis, have been suggested in modern times. The bird inhabiting the borders of the Nile would become associated with that sacred river. The inundations of that stream, which fertilised the surrounding districts and secured plentiful harvests, was, and still is, one of the greatest blessings of the land; and in those distant times, when to man's untutored intellect all was godlike or God, the bird which found its home near the fructifying river, may

have been regarded as the guardian of the stream, and so, the benefactor of the country. As to the story of the winged serpents there is nothing, it was formerly argued, in the habits, the conformation, or the propensities of the ibis, to warrant its acceptance and belief, and by many, the narrative of Herodotus is regarded as a fable; but fable or not, the thing

cloth arranged like trellis-work; in the interior the birds are always disposed in one form, being closely packed together, strongly impregnated with bitumen; and the bird, with its linen covering, is then enclosed in an earthen pot, of a peculiar shape, tapering towards the lower extremity. The opening of



MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

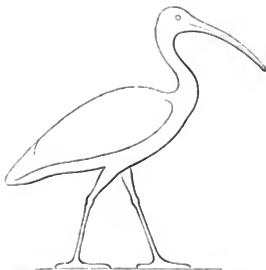
was once devoutly believed, and so great was Egyptian veneration for the bird, that when an alien army besieged an Egyptian city, the inhabitants durst not resist them, because in their company an ibis was seen.

In our own time, antiquarian research has discovered many curious remains of this holy bird of the Egyptians. Perfect specimens of the ibis have been found in the catacombs of



EARTHEN FITCHER CONTAINING THE MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

the pot is covered with an earthen lid, hermetically sealed. In the catacombs of Memphis there is a large collection of these mummies, systematically arranged, one above the other; the place is called the Bird-pit, and some very interesting specimens have been brought to Europe.



EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE OF THE SACRED IBIS.

Egypt. Very many mummies in a state of preservation have been found at Saccara, Memphis, and Thebes, for the old Egyptians were careful to preserve from corruption even the dead bodies of these birds. The mummies are remarkable for the attention which has evidently been bestowed upon them. Their exterior is composed of fillets of linen-

The general characteristics of the ibis are: a long beak, bent, almost square at the base, but round and obtuse at the point; the nostrils are small, and situated very near the commencement of the beak; the head and upper part of the neck black, and devoid of plumage; the legs are long and slender, and the claws very remarkable in appearance. There is a

great variety of species, common to different countries, which possess the same characteristics as the ibis, but it has been doubted whether the bird which the Egyptians worshiped as divine is really known at the present day.

The inquiries of the learned have, however, satisfactorily answered the question. The researches of Savigny and Cuvier were not without result. The catacombs of Thebes and Memphis have disclosed the secret. The mummies, which long ago were so carefully prepared by the wise men of Egypt, have afforded the means of ascertaining the nature of the deified bird. It appears that there are two species, perfectly distinguished from one another. They are those which ornithologists designate under the names of the white ibis (*ibis falcinella*) and the black or green ibis (*ibis falcinella*).

The white ibis, or sacred ibis, has a full robust body, the head and neck denuded of feathers, the tail short. The general plumage is clear, spotless white, with the exception of the tips of the quill-feathers, which are generally black, reflecting a bright violet or green. Travellers have observed this species on the banks of the Nile, and it is identical with the white ibis represented in old Egyptian sculptures and found in Egyptian tombs.

The black or green ibis is of a black plumage, which reflects in certain lights a green or violet colour. This bird is found in Europe, India, and the United States. It received, as well as the sacred ibis, divine honours, but is less frequently found among the mummies.

The ibis dwells in society. They are found in flocks of six or eight; the flocks of the black ibis sometimes exceed thirty or forty. The parent birds carefully build the nest for the young, and rear the little ones with the utmost solicitude, so that poets have celebrated them as models of tenderness and fidelity, whose love is only destroyed by death. Their habits are peaceable and affectionate. In youth the neck is partially covered with down or small feathers of a blackish tint, which fall off when the plumage is mature, leaving the head and neck bare, which with the beak and feet, are black.

Bruce was the first who broke through the popular errors respecting the ibis, and made it quite clear to all, that the true sacred ibis, such as was of old worshiped in Egypt,—such as is still found in the mummy-pitchers, represented in the pictures discovered at Hieraculum, and sculptured on ancient medals and vases,—was no other than the bird known by the name of Abou-Hannes, or Father John, of modern Egypt. Speaking of two mummies taken from the pits of Saccara, Cuvier says:—"On carefully exposing them, we perceived that the bones of the embalmed bird were much smaller than those of the *tantalus ibis* of Linnaeus; that they did not much exceed those of the curlew in size; that its beak resembled that of the latter, being only a little shorter in proportion to its thickness, and not at all like that of the *tantalus*; and lastly, that its plumage was white, with the quills marked with black, as the ancients have described it. We found, after some inquiries, that the mummies of the ibis which had been opened before, by different naturalists were similar to ours."

It seems that the errors once prevalent regarding the ibis arose from that strange story of Herodotus about the bird's devouring flying serpents. It was thought that a bird which could do this must be strong and powerful, and armed with a large beak; and naturalists therefore sought for the bird among such as possessed those characteristics. Cuvier, without arguing the truth of the story, says:—"Positive proofs, such as descriptions, figures, and mummies, ought to preponderate always over accounts of habit too often imagined without any other motive than to justify the different worships rendered to animals." "It might," he says, "be added, that the serpents from which the ibis delivered Egypt are represented to us as very venomous, but not as very large. I have even obtained direct proofs that the birds preserved as mummies, and which have had a beak precisely similar to that of our bird, were true serpent-eaters; for I found in one of their mummies the still undigested remains of the skin and scales of serpents."

MATTHIOLI:—THE IRON MASK.

THE mystery which, for more than a century and a half, has enveloped the identity of the "Man of the Iron Mask," has been one of the most active sources of public curiosity throughout the whole period which has passed since his time. Numerous theories have been put forward, all with some semblance of probability, yet all unsatisfactory. Only one solution of the mystery, however, is supported by sufficient evidence to entitle it to acceptance. It is the result of M. Delort's examination of the archives of the French government, in which he found the correspondence of the French ministers of that time, which proved, beyond a doubt, that the mysterious prisoner was an Italian of the name of Matthioli.

This individual, about whose fate so much romantic interest has been excited, was secretary of state to Charles, third duke of Mantua, by whom he was much favoured. Towards the end of the year 1677, the Abbé d'Estrades, ambassador from Louis XIV. to the republic of Venice, was anxious to induce the Duke of Mantua to allow the entrance of a French garrison into Casale, which was, in a great measure, the key of Italy. D'Estrades thought to effect his purpose by gaining over Matthioli to his schemes. The secretary readily lent himself to the accomplishment of the wily ambassador's object, and wrote a letter to the abbé in which he offered to devote himself entirely to the interests of the French king. In the course of the treaty between Louis and the duke, it was proposed to send Matthioli to the French court. This arrangement did not meet with the approbation of D'Estrades, who used his best efforts to delay the secretary's journey to Paris. He succeeded in postponing it from spring to autumn, when Matthioli arrived at the French capital about the end of November, 1678. His stay was short; after an interview with Louis, who received him with much favour and gave him a ring of great value, as an earnest of his future gifts, the Italian returned to Mantua. The advance of the French troops to garrison Casale caused great alarm to the neighbouring states. Remonstrances were made to Charles, which his secretary secretly supported, though he continued to be the apparent ally of the French agents at the ducal court. His duplicity, however, could not long be concealed; and suspicions of his fidelity to the interests of Louis strengthened into actual evidence of his treachery. The French ambassador reproached and threatened, but to no purpose; the unprincipled secretary, in the very face of his proved unfaithfulness, still assured the agents of Louis of his firm adherence to their master's interests, but informed them that the Duke of Mantua had been obliged to conclude a treaty with the Venetians, the object of which was directly opposed to that entered into with the French. M. Pinchesne, the French agent at Venice, though convinced of the perfidy of Matthioli, did not break with him, but advised him to go and confer with D'Estrades at Turin; the secretary followed this advice, and thus fell into the plot which had been concocted for his ruin.

Disappointed in his political intrigues, the vindictive Louis had resolved to take signal vengeance on the treacherous frustrator of his plans. He accordingly sent orders to the abbé to arrest Matthioli, and guard him in such a manner, "that not only may he not have communication with any one else, but that he may have cause to repent of his own bad conduct." During his negotiations with D'Estrades at Turin, Matthioli complained to the abbé of want of money; the ambassador readily caught at a circumstance so favourable to the execution of the plan which he had to accomplish, and recommended him to meet Catinat at the French frontiers, near Pignerol, where D'Estrades would also be present. The doomed secretary again aided in the accomplishment of his own ruin by doing as the abbé suggested. Three miles from the place of rendezvous they were stopped by a river, the bridge of which had been a short time before broken down by a flood. Matthioli himself assisted to repair the bridge over which he was to pass into the most hopeless and wretched of all captivity. Being questioned at the conference with Catinat, he informed those present where all the original papers relative to the delivery of

Casale would be found, though it seems that the statement then made in reference to these documents was false, as they were afterwards discovered concealed in a well at Padua. At the end of the conference he was arrested without ceremony, and after his arrest no one was permitted to approach him. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent his discovery, particularly that of obliging him to wear a mask during his journey when he saw any one, to conceal this violent breach of the law of nations, Matthioli being at this time plenipotentiary of the Duke of Mantua for concluding a treaty with France; and the same reasons for concealment existed till his death, since that event happened while both Louis and the Duke of Mantua were still alive. This accounts for his confinement being always solitary and secret; one act of diplomatic treachery, however, could never warrant the infliction of the most horrible of all punishments, solitary confinement, attended by such rigours as his were, for twenty-four years in a dungeon; but Louis, whether as a man or a sovereign, was one of the most cruel and tyrannical characters to be met with in the whole range of history.

For the first few days of his imprisonment Matthioli was well treated, but his gaoler afterwards received instructions to the effect, that "It is not the intention of the king that Sieur de Lestang,"—the name given to him,—"should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessities of life, should he have anything given to him that may make him pass his time agreeably." Repeated injunctions, to this effect, are a proof how much importance the rancorous Louis attached to his victim's being compelled to drink his bitter draught of captivity to the very dregs. The harshness of his treatment and the utter hopelessness of relief or liberty seem to have affected the intellect of Matthioli, as his gaoler reports that in his frenzy and despair the wretched prisoner used to give way to the most violent paroxysms of mental derangement, during which he found vent for his rage by writing with charcoal abusive sentences upon Louis on the walls of his prison. A mad Jacobin monk, who was confined in the same prison, was put into the cell with Matthioli, but died after their removal to another and more wretched prison at Exilles. After the death of the monk, Matthioli was again removed to the island of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence. During the journey he was conveyed in a chair covered with oilcloth, that the possibility of his being seen or spoken to might be prevented.

It was during this journey, there is reason to believe, that the permanent use of the mask, which he was afterwards compelled to wear till his death, began. This mask was not made, as has been erroneously supposed, of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and fastened behind by a padlock.

Amongst the anecdotes given of this prisoner, who has so long been the object of so much general curiosity, it has been mentioned that he wrote his name and rank with the point of a knife on a silver plate and threw it out of his window, and that it was picked up by a fisherman, who brought it to the gaoler. The fisherman, having satisfied the man that he could not read, was released. Again, it is said that he covered one of his shirts with writing, and threw it also out of his window, and that a monk having found it, took it to the governor of the prison, with a declaration that he had not read it, but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed.

After eleven years' confinement at St. Margaret's, Matthioli was removed to the Bastille. The same secrecy as before prevailed during his journey to Paris. At dinner he sat with his back to the light, and his gaoler opposite to him, with a brace of pistols on the table. While at the Bastille, he was on a few occasions allowed to go to mass, but the guards had strict orders to shoot him if he spoke to any one. At length he died, at the age of sixty-three, after five years most rigorous confinement in a dungeon of the Bastille. After his death, everything was done that could destroy all traces of his former existence: his clothes were burnt, as well as the furniture of his cell: all plate of every kind was melted down, the walls of the dungeon were scraped and then whitewashed, the floor was newly paved, the old ceiling taken down, the doors and windows burnt, and every corner most rigidly searched.

It has been stated, on more than one authority, that Louis XV. well knew who the celebrated state prisoner really was, and affirmed more than once that he was the minister of one of the Italian princes; but this confession was considered at the time only as an evasion to put a stop to a more rigid inquiry. But let the unhappy victim be whom he might, the atrocious and persevering revenge of which he was the object deserves the heartiest execration of all future posterity. His perfidy may have been great, but outraged humanity will not accept it as palliation or excuse for the barbarous and continued cruelties which he suffered at the hands of the execrable Louis.

THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST.—BY MILLAIS.

To paint history, whether with the pen or pencil, it is not merely necessary to describe circumstances with minute accuracy of detail, telling us how the event referred to began, who was present, who took part in it, what they wore, how they looked, and how it ended. This, after all, is but a kind of imitation—a faithful rendering of costume, and of features as far as anything is known of them—though valuable when joined with talents of a still higher order, which come into play in the grouping, expression, &c. But this alone does not give one a vivid picture of the state of society, of the prevailing notions and tendency of the popular mind, of the position of parties, and their prejudices and passions. The first man in Great Britain who looked at history with the eye of an artist, grasped all its leading features without dwelling painfully upon minutiae, and yet, with marvellous truth, blended them into a picture of surpassing beauty, was Sir Walter Scott.

Now we want some one to do for history with the pencil what Scott has done for it with the pen, to give the ideas of truth, and not merely ideas of imitation. In the "Proscribed Royalist," an engraving of which appears on the following page, Mr. Millais has taken a step in the right direction, and a very long step. In this scene there is as much meaning as Smollett would have taken ten pages to express—the triumphs of the Roundheads, the utter discomfiture of the

Royalists, the ranging of godly soldiers up and down the land, smiting the men of Belial, hip and thigh, wherever they met with them; troopers in the churches, troopers in the old mansion-houses of the squires, Cromwell in the royal palaces, the fierce denunciation and longwinded expoundings of the sergeant in places that had for centuries echoed to the mildly spiritual, but withal rapid discourses of the parson; the cavaliers, beggars in foreign lands, of foreign bounty—their pride humbled, their boasting brought to nought—their prowess held in no more esteem than the blows of a child's flail on sturdy sheaves; heirs of proud families lurking in woods and fastnesses, with no hope and no refuge, save in the instinctive kindness of human nature—the love, the pity, the fidelity of those who knew them in better days. Do you mark the look of broken pride, of disappointed hope, of crushed ambition, the utter despair and prostration which dwells in the poor fugitive's face, as shipwrecked, worn-out, shorn of his fiery recklessness and ardour, he lurks in fear and trembling in this hollow trunk, in a park, it may be, where he once was the gayest of the gay, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with his slashed doublet, his neat hose, his clanking spurs, his long hair, and waving feather, and jaunty swaggering air? This girl was a belle, no doubt, in peaceful times, a gay coquette, who broke hearts by the score, and ran men

through with a single glance; fickle, coy, and hard to please. The storm of war has rolled across the land, rousing a thou-

his affliction, and cheering his heart with her gentle sympathy. This is what a picture ought to be, telling many things and

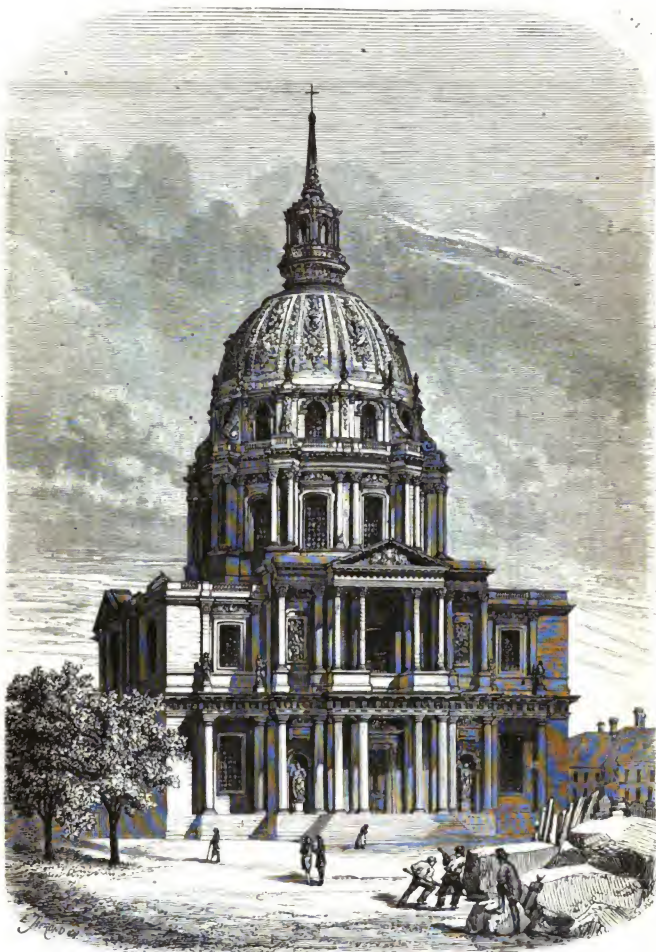


THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST.—BY MILLAIS.

and bad passions, but it has swept with it all her frivolity and vanity, and left her in the native dignity and simplicity of pure womanhood, a ministering angel, visiting the captive in

suggesting a thousand more; plucking from history its flowers of romance, setting them in a vase before us to perfume our rooms and delight our senses.

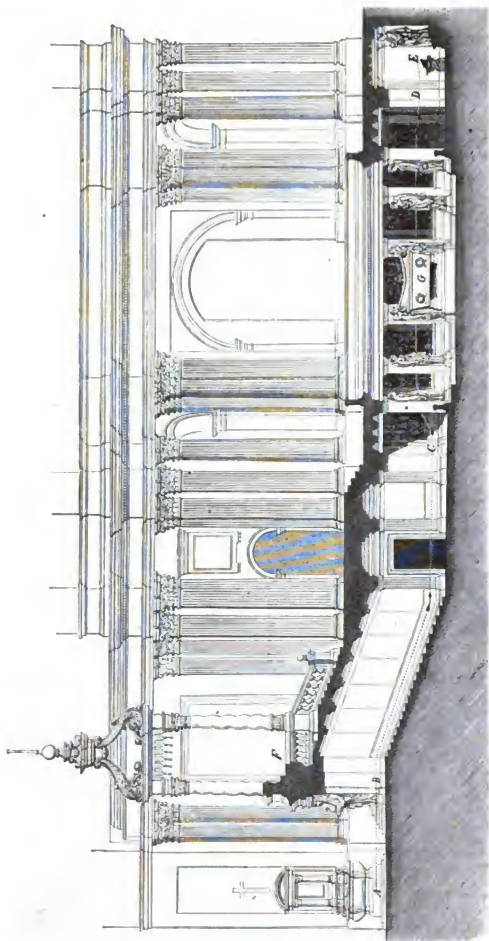
NAPOLEON'S TOMB.



EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE DOME-CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

After the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon had been transported from St. Helena to Paris, in the year 1840, they

monumental crypt which has been constructed and decorated to receive them at an immense expense, and which is situated



SECTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, THE DOME, THE CRYPT, AND THE TOWER.

were provisionally placed in a chapel of the dome-church of St. Louis des Invalides. At present, they repose in the

under the centre of the celebrated gilt cupola, that, for the future, borrowing fresh importance from the grand object to

which it is now devoted, will be remembered and renowned chiefly in conjunction with the fact of its being the vault that stretches over the imperial mausoleum.

All communication between the space beneath the dome and the other parts of the church, as well as the *Hôtel des Invalides* itself, has been cut off, and, at present, it is not possible to enter the funeral sanctuary by any other way than the grand southern portico, which looks upon the *Place Vauban*. Access is gained to this portico by traversing a large open space in front of the dome, enclosed by a ditch and iron gate. On each side of the latter is a pavilion, serving the purpose of a guardhouse.

Immediately the visitor reaches the *Place Vauban*, he obtains a full view of the church of the dome, constructed according to the plans of *Jules Hardouin Mansart*, superintendent of royal buildings, and nephew of *François Mansart*, architect of the *Val-de-Grâce*, and inventor of the windows which are still called after him. The *Hôtel des Invalides*, properly so called, was constructed by *Libéral Bruant*.

At the time of his death, in 1708, Mansart entertained the idea of adding to the beautiful façade a grand colonnade, with four pavilions rising above it, in the style of the admirable colonnade of *St. Peter's*, at *Rome*. It is easy to imagine the magnificence that the execution of this project would have imparted to an architectural composition, whose various details are already so admirably calculated to produce a striking effect.

The façade of the dome is composed of two orders of architecture, superposed and ornamented with columns and pilasters, the *Doric* being below and the *Corinthian* above. The two sides of the first story are formed of a simple attic, ornamented with pilasters, and surmounted by stone groups, placed two and two, representing eight of the fathers of the *Greek* and *Latin* churches.

Access to the portico, which juts out from the body of the church, is gained by a grand flight of fifteen steps, ornamented by six fine *Doric* columns, behind which are an equal number of pilasters. Four of these columns are placed on the top of the steps, while the two others are situated near the door. There are also four more pillars, which are less advanced than those we have just mentioned, and are placed on each side of two niches, more than thirteen feet high, containing marble statues, representing *St. Louis* and the Emperor *Charlemagne*, sculptured by two celebrated masters, *Coustou*, sen. and *Coysevox*.

These two figures, as well as those of which we have still to speak, and which complete the sculptural decoration of the dome, in accordance with the religious signification which *Hardouin Mansart* desired to impart to his work, do not at all clash with the present destination of the edifice.

Above the *Doric* entablature, is, as we have before said, a number of columns and pilasters of the *Corinthian* order, corresponding with those of the order beneath. Before the pilasters of the attic, which terminate on each side this portion of the façade, are four sculptured figures, representing respectively, and counting from left to right: *Force*, *Temperance*, *Justice*, and *Prudence*.

This projecting portion of the building is surmounted by a pediment, terminated by a cross, and bearing the arms of *France*. On each side of the cross is a seated statue: one is *Faith* and the other *Charity*. These statues are each attended respectively by two of four others, in a standing posture, and representing, in the following order, *Constancy*, *Humility*, *Confidence*, and *Magnanimity*.

Above the two orders which we have now described, rises the dome properly so called. It is decorated with a system of forty columns of composite order, artistically combined so as to strengthen the construction, and at the same time to conceal all the means employed for the solidity of the building.

Thirty-two of these columns are employed in cantoning eight masses of masonry, which serve as so many buttresses, while the eight others are placed two by two in front of the piers at the extremities of the four axes of the building.

Above the composite order is an attic with twelve semi-circular windows and eight large consoles, each of which is ornamented at the base with two figures of saints or apostles.

Above the attic commences the arch of the dome, terminated by a circular platform with four arches and twelve columns, the four more prominent columns supporting four *Virtues*. The whole is crowned with an obelisk surmounted by a cross.

The height of the building is something more than three hundred and thirty feet.

INTERIOR OF THE DOME.

The visitor enters the dome by a richly sculptured and gilt door, the work of *Bondi* and *Louis Arnaud*, surmounted by two angels, serving as supporters to the escutcheon of *France*.

The church of the dome is shaped like a *Greek cross*, in the centre of which is the dome itself, supported by four systems of pillars with openings leading to four circular chapels, constructed in the four corners. The pilasters and columns of these supports are of the *Corinthian* order, fluted and carved with a degree of perfection not to be surpassed by any other edifice of the same period.

On entering the space beneath the dome, the visitor immediately perceives in face of him the *baldaquin*, which we shall describe further on, while to his left and right, respectively, are the chapels of the *Holy Virgin* and of *Sainte Thérèse*. These chapels are about sixty-five feet in height and forty-two in depth, and contain the mausoleum of *Turenne*, sculptured by *Girardon*, and that of *Vauban* only lately finished by *Mons. Antoine Etex*.

The four circular chapels are consecrated respectively to *St. Jérôme*, *St. Grégoire*, *St. Ambroise*, and *St. Augustin*. They are about eighty-two feet in height and fifteen in diameter. They are perfectly symmetrical, and all four decorated in precisely the same manner. In the intervals between eight engaged *Corinthian* columns raised upon pedestals at equal distances, are three arches, three niches, and two windows; the columns support an entablature, below which is a kind of pedestal or attic from which rises the springer of the vault.

Some fine statues as well as some bas-reliefs, due to the chisels of some of the great masters of the reign of *Louis XIV.*, such as *Coysevox*, *Pigal*, *William* and *Nicolas Coustou*, *Sigisbert Adam*, *Espinola*, and others, ornament the chapels and command our admiration in every portion of the edifice, where sculpture can advantageously be employed in assisting her sister, architecture. The original plans, from which all these various details were executed, are due to *Girardon*.

The cupola of each of the chapels, as well as that of the dome, is covered with paintings relating to various traits in the lives of the four fathers of the church, under whose patronage the chapels were raised, and are reckoned among the finest productions of *Michel Corneille*, *Bon Boullogne*, and *Louis Boullogne*.

If we now return to the space beneath the dome, we shall be struck with admiration at the splendid sight presented by the general view of the edifice.

The whole vault of the sanctuary is either painted or gilt; *Noël Coypel* has represented on it the *Trinity* and the *Assumption*.

The roof of the four different portions of the nave is painted by *Charles de la Fosse*, and represents the *Evangelists*.

Jouvenet has painted twelve pictures of the twelve apostles, placed between the principal arches, above the windows of the cupola.

But it is the ceiling of the upper dome which offers to our view the finest portion of this splendid specimen of the painter's skill; it represents *Saint Louis* received into Heaven; and is the greatest work of *Charles de la Fosse*.

On the pavement beneath the dome is yet to be seen the rich marble mosaic laid down in the time of *Louis XIV.*, and in the ornaments of which are still to be traced, at each division of the design, the intertwined *L's* with the royal crown and the *fleur-de-lys*.

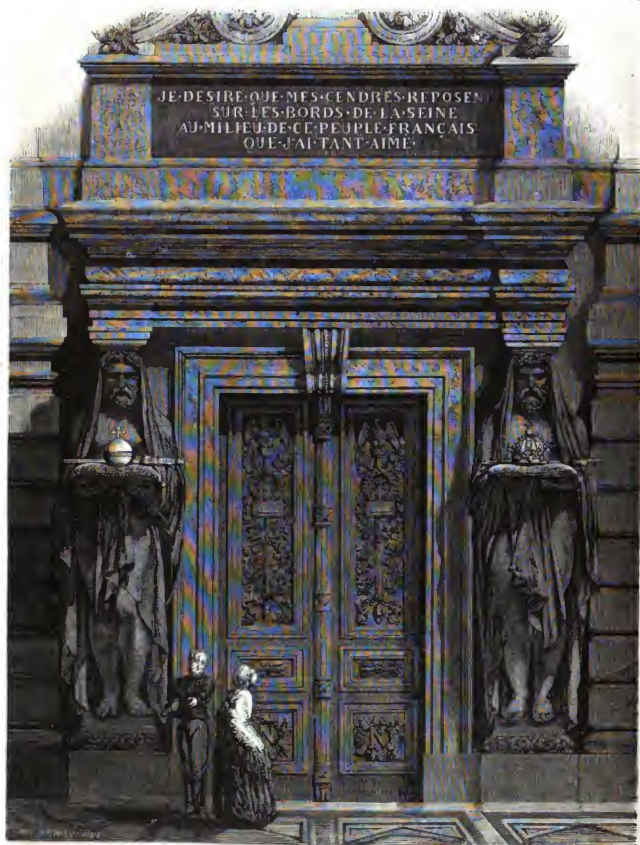
The dominant idea which presided over the conception of the plans for the emperor's tomb completely interdicted, as we

have before said, every modification of a nature to change the primitive and historical character of the dome.

It was in obedience to this idea, formally expressed in a programme from which the architect could not depart

down into the interior of the crypt, and perceive all its various details at one glance.

We must not omit this opportunity of mentioning the beautiful finish of the sculptures ornamenting the balustrade.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, WITH THE TWO FUNERAL GENII.

under any pretext whatever, that Mons. Visconti excavated the crypt, the opening to which, under the very centre of the dome, attracts the attention of the spectator immediately he enters the temple. It is surrounded by a balustrade of white marble breast-high, over which the spectator can look

They consist of a system of coffers alternately filled up with laurel branches and separated by roses in the same style as the masks of the dome.

The windows of the cupola as well as those of the chapels are at present filled with violet-coloured glass, and allow only

a dim mild light to penetrate into the interior of the dome. The appearance of mystery in which this envelops the edifice,

to the impression which the visitor involuntarily feels in this last resting-place of a man who once filled the whole world



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT, AND OF THE TOMBS, WITH THE TOMBS OF DUROC AND BERTRAND ON EITHER SIDE.

and the aspect of solemn grandeur that seems to be a natural consequence of it, add another and deeper tinge of poetry

with his power and his glory, as he now serves to show by his tomb the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things.

From the opening of the crypt, which is so situated that the cupola of the church itself serves as the roof of the tomb, the spectator's glance falls on the altar before which the clergy will officiate at all the religious ceremonies that may be instituted in memory of the emperor. It is reached by seven steps twenty-three feet broad, hewn out of three blocks of Carrara marble, and is surmounted by a rich baldachin of gilt wood, sculptured in the general style of the edifice, and supported by four beautiful spiral columns, twenty-three feet high, formed of black marble from the Pyrenees.

The baldachin, which is in very pure taste and of a very

The candelabra, placed on each side the altar-steps on the pillars that sustain the hand-rail, are supported by groups of angels in gilt-bronze, very well executed and most elegantly designed.

A grand flight of seventeen marble steps sweeps down from each side of the baldachin to the lower pavement of the nave, which is arranged in such a manner as to serve as a vestibule to the tomb. It was formerly the sanctuary of the *Chapelle des Invalides*, at the time when the altar with the double table was common to the two churches. It is separated from the present church by a magnificent cast iron railing.



RAILING SEPARATING THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES FROM THE CHURCH.

elegant design, was planned by Mons. Visconti to replace that which formerly covered the altar, and which was considered too poor both in its material and style of ornament to harmonize with the magnificence of the tomb.

A bronze figure of Christ, cast after a model executed by Mons. Triqueti, is placed over the tabernacle, the richness and delicate workmanship of which are also worthy of remark.

The altar, the balustrade surrounding it, the hand-rail, and the pedestals which support the candelabra, are formed of black marble from the Pyrenees and green marble from the Alps.

The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.

TOMBS OF DUROC AND BERTRAND.

The vestibule of the crypt, between the railing of separation and the gates of the tomb, has been selected as the resting-place of Marshal Duroc, Duc de Frioul, and General Bertrand, who were, in turn, the emperor's dearest and most intimate friends.

Duroc was born in 1772, at Pont-à-Mousson, and killed by

a stray ball at the combat of Wurschen, the 22nd May, 1813. From the 18th Brumaire until his death he was constantly attached to the person of Napoleon. He was named Grand Marshal of the Palace in 1804. He lingered twelve hours after having received his death-wound, and during this long agony received a visit from the Emperor. "My whole life has been devoted to you," said the dying man; "and I only regret that I am about to lose it, because it might still be of service to you." "Duroc," replied Napoleon, "there is another world after this, and there it is that we shall one day meet again." A striking proof of the profound feeling of friendship which united these two men, in spite of the distance which a throne placed between them, is to be found in the fact of the idea entertained by Napoleon, in 1815, of asking permission to reside in England under the name of Colonel Duroc.

Bertrand was born at Châteauroux, and first served in the engineers, in which corps he obtained all his grades up to that of general of brigade. In 1805, he was named aide-de-camp to the emperor, and became Grand Marshal of the palace after Duroc's death. He followed Napoleon to the island of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena, where he performed the sad duties of closing his eyes for ever.

It is in the masonry supporting the altar and the baldaquin, already described, and at the foot of the two flights of stairs leading from the dome to the vestibule, that the doorway opens into the crypt. It is closed by bronze gates, as simple in their style as they are severe. The ornaments consist of three superposed coffers of unequal size. The one nearest the bottom contains the imperial N. The smallest, in the middle, displays the thunderbolt, while the largest, occupying the upper portion of the gate, represents the victorious standard, twined with laurels, and surmounted by the eagle and the crown.

Two funeral genii of damasked bronze, the one bearing the globe, and the other the imperial crown, support the architrave of the door, on the pediment of which are sculptured the following words, contained in Napoleon's will :—

JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT
SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE

AU MILIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS QUE J'AI TANT AIMÉ.*

The two genii, modelled by Mons. Duret, are not deficient in style, but the gilding with which they are covered detracts greatly from their characteristic appearance.

THE CRYPT.

After passing the doorway, guarded by the two genii enveloped in their funeral crape, we arrive at a large flight of twenty-six granite steps. Before the first step, in the pavement, is a mosaic rosette, whose centre is occupied by the imperial N. Two other mosaics, representing the eagle and the star of the legion of honour, are let into the flag-stones of the passage which extends from the last step to the opening of the crypt.

The obscurity which reigns in this vast corridor, the sepulchral silence, and even the feeling of cold which seizes on every one beneath these massive vaults, announce most plainly to the visitor, already greatly moved, that an imposing sight awaits him beyond the last doorway.

A dim, uncertain light, admirably adapted for pious reflection, envelopes the sarcophagus in a veil of faint violet colour, the rays of which being caught in their passage by the slightest projection in the sculptures, tinge the marble of the caryatides with warm and mellow tints. This artificial light is obtained by means of the violet muslin curtains worked with silver, with which the windows of the cupola have been hung until such time as coloured glass can be substituted for that at present in use.

The crypt consists of a circular gallery, about six or seven feet broad, and of a round central space formed by twelve arches with a marble balustrade, breast-high, connecting them with each other, and separated by twelve caryatides about

* I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well.

fifteen feet high. Lastly, there is a small funeral apartment intended for a reliquary, and opening into the gallery by a bronze door. The sarcophagus occupies the middle of the crypt, its extremities being turned towards the two doors.

THE GALLERY.

The gallery is paved with marble mosaics of various colours.

The outer wall is divided into twelve compartments, each of which corresponds to one of the arches. The door of the crypt and that of the reliquary occupy two of these compartments; the ten others contain ten marble bas-reliefs. Twelve bronze lamps, suspended from the ceiling of the gallery in such a manner, that a straight line drawn through the centre of one of the arches would likewise traverse the centre of the lamp hung opposite to it, are intended for the illumination of the tomb during the celebration of all religious ceremonies.

THE BAS-RELIEFS.

The ten bas-reliefs, due to the chisel of Mons. Simard, are destined to perpetuate, under the form of allegories, the remembrance of the grand institutions and of the most important acts of the Emperor Napoleon's reign. Counting them from the entrance, and commencing at the right hand, they represent, in the following order: The Institution of the Legion of Honour, Public Works, Encouragement of Commerce and Industry; Establishment of the Cour des Comptes; Foundation of the University; the Concordat; Promulgation of the Civil Code; Foundation of the Council of State; Organisation of Public Administration; and Pacification of Civil Troubles.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The general arrangement and dignity of composition displayed in this bas-relief, are in perfect keeping with the character of the subject. According to the idea which presided at its establishment, the Legion of Honour was an essentially democratic institution, although it seemed to confer a kind of aristocratic privilege, and form, as it were, the base of a new order of nobility. It consecrated the principle of the equality of all in the eyes of national gratitude, and the fitness of every citizen to earn for himself a splendid reputation by the brilliancy of his merit and the services he might have rendered his country.

It is this idea which the artist has endeavoured to embody. Napoleon, standing up, crowned with laurels, and having merely an antique peplum thrown over his shoulders, is distributing recompenses to the magistrates, scholars, artists, and warriors, who are crowding round him in attitudes at once noble and modest. A legend let into the stone at the bottom of the bas-relief has these words, taken from the *Mémoires de Sainte-Hélène*:

"J'ai excité toutes les émulations, récompensé tous les mérites et reculés les limites de la gloire."†

PUBLIC WORKS.

"Partout où mon règne a passé, il a laissé des traces durables de son bienfait."‡

Such are the words which serve as an inscription, and which have furnished the subject for this bas-relief.

Napoleon, who is seated and whose head is surrounded by a crown of rays, is stretching forth his two arms towards tablets bearing the names and purposes of the various monuments and works of public utility, executed during his reign and by his order. Architecture and Civil Engineering, with their attributes, the compass and square, are holding the tablets. Two Glories are seated on the steps of the throne to the right and to the left.

In endeavouring to give his composition a monumental character in accordance with the idea suggested by the subject, the artist may, perhaps, with some justice, be accused of being rather heavy and obscure.

* Audit Office.

† I have excited every kind of emulation, recompensed every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory.

‡ Wherever my reign has passed, it has left permanent marks of its beneficial influence.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRYPT AND OF THE TOMB.

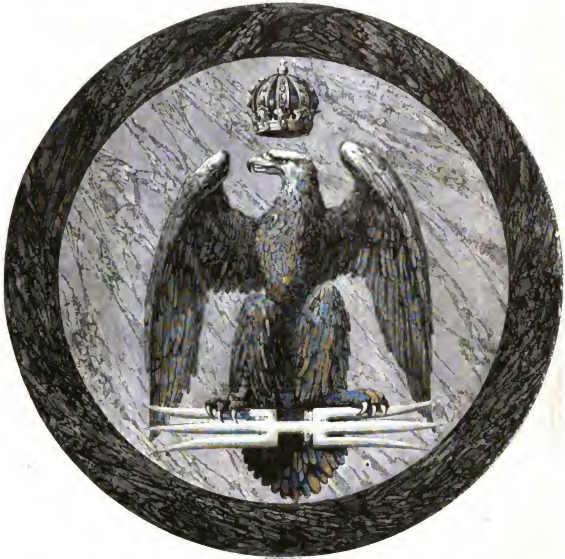
ENCOURAGEMENT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Napoleon, seated upon a throne in an attitude full of calm majesty, is resting his hands upon two tablets, which bear the

names of two grand institutions—the Code of Commerce, and the Quinquennial Exposition of the Products of French Industry—founded expressly to protect commercial transactions, and give a greater impetus to industry.

Vulcan personifying Industry, and Mercury as the god of Commerce, each bearing his respective attribute, the hammer and the caduceus, are raising up and supporting two towns, Paris and Lyons, kneeling at the foot of the throne.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.
Napoleon is seated on his throne, his body is naked, his legs only being covered with long drapery. His physiognomy is severe and his look implacable. He is stretching a protect-



MOSAIC IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.



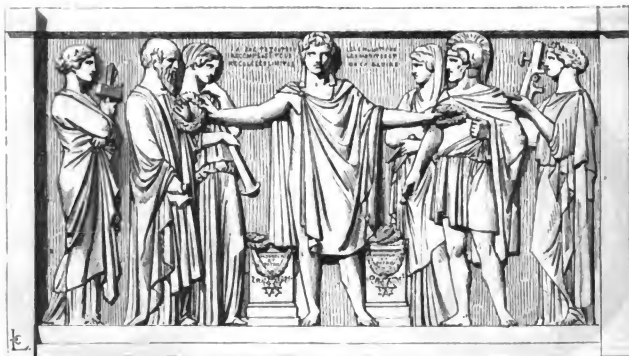
MOSAICS IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.

There is a great deal of grandeur about this composition, which is, at the same time, both simple and elegant.

ing hand over Truth, Justice, and Order, who are placed on his right. The figure of Truth is simple, and the expression



CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—CREATION OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

of her features one of candour; she is presenting her mirror with mild assurance. Justice is impassible, whilst Order,

represented as a beautiful young female, at the foot of the throne, is inscribing in a book, with arithmetical impartiality,



CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—GREAT PUBLIC WORKS.

the sum of the expenses and of the receipts. The emperor is repelling with his left hand, and with a gesture of indignation,

the affrighted figures of Illegality and Peculation, while Falsehood, whose mask has fallen off, is kneeling down terror-

stricken, with her head bent and her face concealed by her two hands.

This bas-relief is the best conceived and the finest of all the ten. The dramatic movement of the composition and the happy opposition of the two groups impart to it a character of grandeur which is not met with to so great an extent in the other subjects, although several of them are very remarkable, and display the most extraordinary talent. At the bottom of the bas-relief are the following words, which sum up, in a clear and concise manner, the end and the utility of the institution it commemorates: "Cour des Comptes, décret du 16 Septembre, 1807.—Je veux que par une surveillance active l'infidélité soit réprimée et l'emploi légal des fonds publics garanti." *

to her, surround the throne, over which tower the busts of Aristotle and Plutarch.

This bas-relief is one of the most mediocre, both as regards its ordonnance and execution. The figure of Science, however, is very fine and of truly antique elegance.

THE CONCORDAT.

"L'Eglise gallicane renaît par les lumières et la concorde." * Such is the motto of this bas-relief, in which the artist has been tolerably felicitous. Napoleon, standing up, dressed like a Roman emperor, is drawing Catholicism and France towards one another, and obliging them to grasp each other's hand. Around the principal group the people are represented as praying and raising the cross from the ground where it has been suffered to lie.



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The following words are inscribed upon the legend of this bas-relief:—

"Décret du 10 Mai, 1806.—Il sera formé, sous le nom d'Université Impériale, un corps chargé exclusivement de l'enseignement et de l'éducation publiques dans tout l'empire." †

The artist has treated this subject in the following manner: he has represented Napoleon seated in an attitude expressing the natural solicitude of the father of a family as well as the wise forethought of the sovereign. In his right hand he holds the sceptre, while with his left he is drawing towards him a youth who is nestling against his body as if to seek a refuge there. The five Faculties, each bearing the attributes peculiar

* Audit Office, decree of the 16 September, 1807.—It is my will that unfaithfulness shall be suppressed and the legal employment of the public monies guaranteed by a system of active supervision

† Decree of the 10th May. A body will be formed, under the name of the Imperial University, charged exclusively with public education and instruction throughout the empire.

The name "Concordat" was given to a convention concluded the 15th July, 1801, between the pope, Pius VII., and the French government. By this convention the First Consul restored to the Roman Catholic church a portion of the authority which it had lost in France since the year 1789.

The constituent assembly had adopted as a principle that the administration of the church ought to be assimilated to that of the state. It had, in consequence, established ecclesiastical districts on the same plan as the administrative districts, and erected each department into a diocese. It caused the bishops to be elected by the Faithful in the same way as the civil and judicial magistrates were named by their fellow-citizens. Lastly, it had suppressed the canonical institution, that is to say, the confirmation of the bishops appointment by the pope.

In abolishing this system of the Constituent Assembly, the First Consul had to overcome numerous obstacles both at Paris

* The Church of France springs into life again by intelligence and concord.

and Rome. Most of the men by whom he was surrounded, whether ministers, generals, legislators, or councillors of state, manifested a spirit of opposition towards his endeavours to bring about what he called the reconciliation of the church of Rome with the Republic. Some entreated him not to mix himself up in matters of religion; others wished him to found a French church independent of Rome, and of which he, as first magistrate, would have been the head; while others strongly advised him to draw France over to Protestantism by himself abjuring the Roman Catholic faith. He rejected the advice of all these persons, braved the disapprobation of his companions in arms, and likewise resisted the efforts made by those at Rome to obtain more concessions from him than he had resolved to accord.

THE CODE NAPOLEON.

In none of his bas-reliefs has Mons. Simard succeeded in investing the figure of the Emperor with a nobler and better conceived air of grandeur than in this one. The figure is indeed that of a legislator, animated solely by the sentiment of right and justice. Napoleon is stretching his hands over tablets borne by figures personifying the common law and the Roman law, as if he would seize, and then unite in one vast whole, the laws destined to form the code which bears his name, and which a nobly imagined figure is bearing proudly beside him. Underneath his feet is the following inscription:—"Mon seul code, par sa simplicité, a fait plus de bien en France que la masse de toutes les lois qui l'ont précédé."*

THE FOUNDATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

Napoleon, seated in all the calm and serenity of his immense power, is drawing towards him scholars, philosophers, and magistrates, to whom he says:—"Coopérez aux desseins que je forme pour la prospérité des peuples."†

Behind the throne, a winged figure, his familiar genius doubtless, is whispering something into his ear and appears to be advising him. This personage, that has no equivalent in the symmetry of the composition, produces a strange effect, and injures the equilibrium of the general outline, which is in other respects remarkable for its character of grandeur and elevated style.

ORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

On this bas-relief is the following inscription: "Sans l'ordre l'administration n'est qu'un chaos."‡

It is a difficult task to explain the manner in which the artist has endeavoured to express this idea. If his other compositions speak plainly to the eyes, this one appears lost in an allegory as incomplete in its execution as it is obscure in its conception.

Napoleon, seated in his unvarying and rather monotonous attitude, holds in one hand the helm of state, and in the other the fasces of empire. He is summoning to him Justice, armed with a torch and a pair of scales, Truth bearing her mirror, and Plenty her distinctive attribute. But these figures, grouped somewhat at hazard, do not strike us as in any way connected with the subject intended to be represented.

PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

This subject terminates the series, and closes the train of ideas by which art has undertaken the mission of expressing the dominant characteristics of the emperor's reign. Napoleon is crushing with his foot a man on the ground, who probably is intended to personify Anarchy; while, in obedience to the emperor's voice, France returns her sword to its scabbard, Religion resumes her rights, and Youth returns to the arms of Wisdom. The execution of this composition is heavy, and the figures are altogether deficient in character and grandeur.

THE CARYATIDES.

Twelve marble pillars, enormous blocks of stone, brought at a great expense from Carrara, support the crypt. Out of

* My code has, from its simplicity, effected more good in France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it.

† Lend me your co-operation to carry out the designs I form for the prosperity of nations.

‡ Without order every system of administration is but a chaos.

these blocks twelve caryatides, each about fifteen feet high, were sculptured by Mons. Pradier.

Caryatides are generally draped female statues, placed as supports or ornaments beneath the architraves of buildings. The following is their origin, according to Vitruvius: Caria, in the Peloponeus, having been taken and ruined by the other



TORCH OF THE BALDAQUIN.

Greeks, conquerors of the Persians, with whom the Carians had formed a league, the men were put to the edge of the sword, and the women carried away into slavery, in which state the most noble among them were compelled still to wear their long robes and ornaments. At a later period, in order to perpetuate the recollection of their treason and their punishment, the Grecian architects substituted, in several public



CARYATIDES.



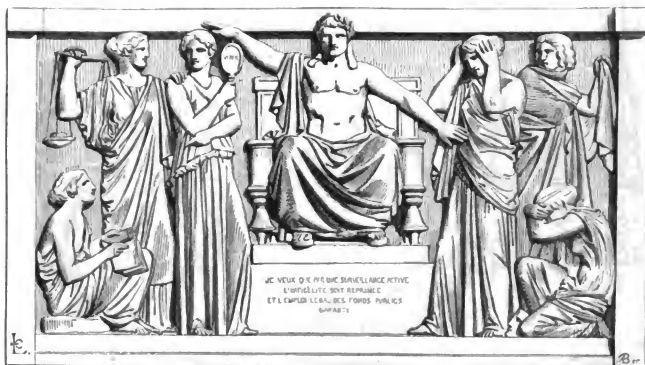
BAS-RELIEF—PROTECTION OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

edifices, figures of Carian women for the usual pilasters and columns.

In our modern architecture, caryatides do not always represent slaves; they are often, like those now before us,



CARVATIÈRE.



BAS-RELIEF—THE COUR DES COMPTES.

statues symbolical of the several sciences and arts, or of some divinity or other taken from the domain of Fable, but they have invariably preserved their original destination.

The caryatides of the Emperor's tomb represent figures of Victory bearing palm branches and wreaths. Two only, one on each side of the opening of the door, hold in their hands a bunch of keys; they are there as the guardians of the tomb, and their proud attitude forms a striking contrast with the calm and devotional repose of the ten others.

These caryatides are not all equally impressed with the marks of a large and grandiose style of execution. Two or

gives it that peculiar character of grandeur which is found in the gigantic constructions of Egypt and ancient Nineveh.

THE MOSAIC.

The whole space between the base of the caryatides and the foot of the sarcophagus is occupied by an admirable piece of mosaic, representing a system of rays of the colour of bright gold, which seem to spring from a colossal wreath of laurels.



CARYATIDES WITH THEIR ENTABLATURES.

three are very fine, and correspond with the grandeur of the subject and the majesty of the place, but some, on the other hand, are unworthy of their object and the fame of the artist who furnished the models. We must here mention that each caryatid, together with the pillar against which it is placed, consists of a single block. This circumstance, which cannot escape the observation of connoisseurs, imparts an air of great magnificence to the mausoleum, and

The inner circle of this mosaic forms a band, on which are incrustated the immortal names of Marengo, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, and several other places.

In order to give the mosaic a brilliancy corresponding with the extraordinary splendour of the materials employed in the construction of the mausoleum, the richest enamels have been employed in its formation, so that we may justly affirm that it would be impossible to find, even among the precious relics of

antiquity, anything displaying more brilliant and more intense colours. The wreath of laurels possesses all the vigour of a fine painting.

tion, comes from the workshops of Messrs. Ciuli and Scagnoli.

We know that the origin of mosaics is very ancient; their



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

This beautiful specimen of an art which produced such marvels in the ingenious and able hands of the old Roman artists, and which offers such resources to modern decora-

great merit consists in their uniting brilliancy to solidity. The architects of Greece were constantly in the habit of employing them. Thanks to a marvellous kind of glaze called pouzzo-

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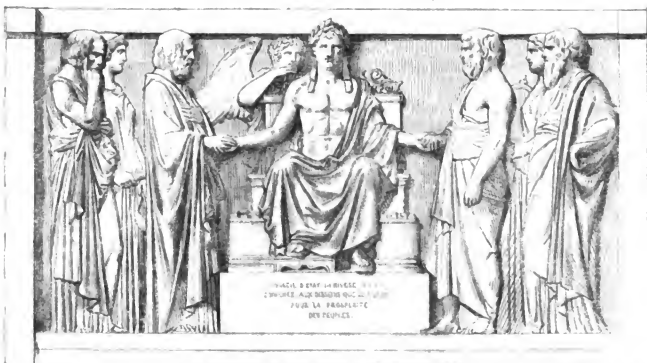
BAS-RELIEF—THE UNIVERSITY.



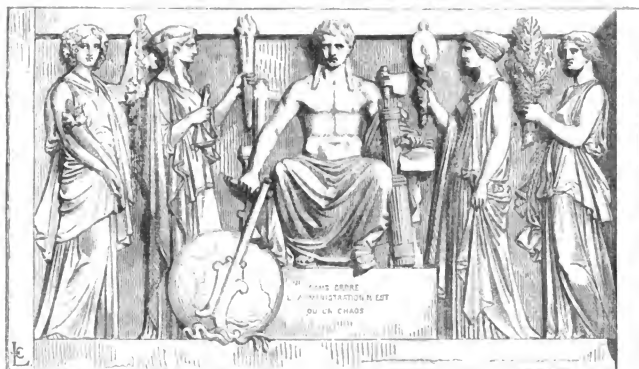
BAS-RELIEF—THE CONCORDAT.



BAS-RELIEF—THE CODE NAPOLEON.



BAS-RELIEF—INSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.



BAS-RELIEF—ORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.



BAS-RELIEF—PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.



TOMB OF BERTRAND.

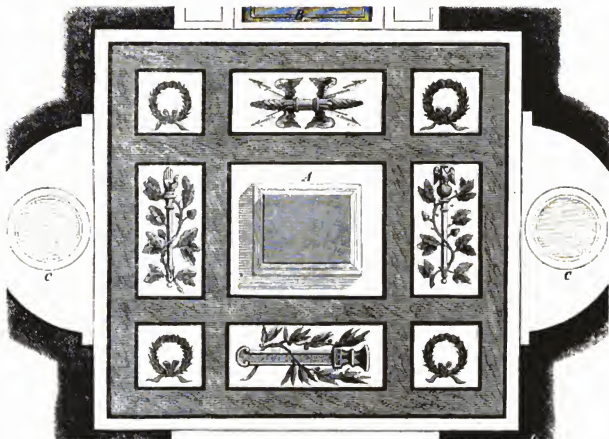


TRIPOD SUPPORTING THE FLAOS.

lane, made partly of lime and partly of a reddish volcanic earth found principally at Pourzoles, the Italian artists have

THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Exactly in the centre of the mosaic stands the sarcophagus,



MOSAIC OF THE RELIQUARY.



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

succeeded in imparting to their mosaics a degree of solidity which bids fair to defy the destructive effects of time.

composed of so-called Finland porphyry, placed upon a pedestal of Corsican granite. It is of the most imposing

simplicity, and consists of the receptacle for the body and the cover, without any ornaments save rounded arrises and scroll-work of severe regularity. By the effect of contrast, the red tone of the porphyry stands out with majestic vigour on the bright green of the wreath of laurels.

The coffin containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon does not repose immediately within the sarcophagus itself; the first casing of tin is enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which is protected by two coverings of hard lead; these, in their turn, are placed within the ebony coffin that figured in the ceremony of the 15th December, 1840.

The sarcophagus is likewise lined with grey Corsican granite. Moved by a feeling of national susceptibility, the architect adopted this means to prevent the body of a French sovereign from reposing directly upon foreign marble.

The stone of which the sarcophagus is formed is not what is correctly termed porphyry; it is composed of quartz grit-stone, which, although harder than real porphyry, will prove less durable. This stone, which was brought, by the greatest exertions, from the Schokischas quarries in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, did not cost less than 139,000 francs before it reached Paris. Its grain is so hard that a workman employed to saw it had not been enabled, at the end of ten months, to make an incision as deep as the blade of his saw. It was necessary to have recourse to greater power than that of the human arm; and Mons. Séguin, a skilful marble-worker, hit upon the idea of employing a steam-engine for sawing and polishing the colossal block.

The cover of the sarcophagus, formed of one slab of this rich stone, does not weigh less than 23,000 kilogrammes.

Above the tomb is the large opening in the pavement of the church, through which the cupola appears with its admirable paintings, and its dim mysterious half-light which only reaches the spot where the spectator stands through the violet-coloured window-panes and their funeral crapes.

THE RELIQUARY OR SWORD ROOM.

Before leaving the gallery, we have yet to visit the sword room, which, on account of the pious mementoes collected there, has also been termed the reliquary.

It is a small chamber lined with white marble. At the farther end is raised a marble statue of Napoleon in his imperial costume, grasping his sceptre in one hand, and the globe, in the other; these two distinctive signs of sovereign power, as likewise the embroidery of his mantle, are gilt. Before the statue, a small porphyry pedestal has been raised, and on it is a small bronze case made in the shape of a cushion. This contains a few objects which belonged to the Emperor, namely, his little cocked hat of Austerlitz, his epaulettes, and his orders. The sword of Austerlitz and the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg are placed upon the cushion.

To the right and left is a gilt bronze tripod surmounted by an eagle, also of bronze. These two tripods support the fifty-two flags saved at the Luxembourg by the patriotism of Mons. de Sémonville.

On the walls are inscribed the names of the battles which Napoleon commanded in person.

The pavement, which is inlaid with mosaic, contains four medallions representing the four principal attributes of imperial power, namely, the sceptre, the hand of justice, the sword, and the thunderbolt.

A bronze lamp burns night and day in the reliquary, into which no one will ever be allowed to enter, and whose details can only be viewed through the ornaments of the gilt bronze grating.

Every year, on the 5th of May, the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's death, a funeral mass will be celebrated at the altar of the dome church. On this occasion, all the lamps, on the stairs as well as in the crypt, will send forth violet flames.

This monument, raised to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, astonishes the spectator by the prodigious magnificence of the materials employed in its construction. We have already said, when describing each object successively, that

the columns of the baldachin are seven metres high, and made out of one block of the black marble of the Pyrenees; that the steps up to the altar, ten in number and seven metres broad, were hewn from no more than three blocks of white Carrara marble; that each of the twelve caryatides, together with the pillar against which it is placed, is composed of a single block of Carrara marble five metres high, two broad, and more than one thick. This great splendour imparts a most imposing appearance to the general aspect of the tomb, and prevents the eye from seeing, without an attentive examination, the defects of details and composition which we have pointed out in the bas-reliefs and the caryatides.

Not less than twelve years have been required for this great work.

In 1840, the Chamber of Deputies voted a grant of one million francs for the purpose of transporting the mortal remains of the emperor to France. This sum having proved insufficient, a supplementary grant was voted by the law of the 25th June, 1841. In reply to the following words pronounced from the tribune, on the 12th of May, 1840, by Mons. Rémusat, minister of the interior—"Any monument France may raise in memory of the emperor should be simple in its beauty, grand in its form, and, in its appearance, of a solidity that nothing could ever disturb. Napoleon should have a monument as durable as the fame of his deeds"—the Chambers, by the same law of the 25th June, granted 500,000 francs for the construction of the tomb.

Artists were publicly solicited to send in plans; eighty-two did so. Mons. Visconti's idea of placing the sarcophagus below the level of the ground, in a crypt lighted from the dome, was the only one not conceived in opposition to the decided resolution of the government to reject every kind of external mausoleum which would have the effect of destroying the monumental character of the Church of the Dome.

The plan was accepted; it overcame the greatest difficulty of the government programme, which imperiously insisted that the tomb should be placed beneath the dome; for we must not forget that this position had been irrevocably decided on by the Chambers, and the plan, while answering all the exigencies of the case, allowed the greatest scope to the architect, without in any way interfering with the aspect of the interior of the edifice such as it was conceived by Louis XIV.

To those who may feel inclined to criticise the unusual and very novel form of the monument, we reply at once by reminding them of the condition imposed as a *sine qua non* on Mons. Visconti. There is no doubt that antique art offers several examples justifying this design, and there is also no doubt that the architect's imagination found pleasure in the poetical inspirations which such examples afforded; but, whether this was so or no, we again repeat, that Mons. Visconti was not at liberty to raise one inch of masonry above the pavement of the dome. We should not have possessed the elegant baldachin which hangs over the altar, and reflects the greatest credit on the taste of the architect, but for the fact of there previously having been one there which would have agreed neither with the richness of the materials nor the magnificence of the workmanship employed in the construction of the tomb.

As late as 1843, however, nothing had been decided; Mons. Visconti's plans were approved of, but the limited sum of the grant, 500,000 francs paralyzed, all the means of execution. A new bill on the subject was presented to the Chambers. A committee appointed on the occasion voted for a fresh grant of 1,500,000 francs, observing in its report, "that it was absolutely necessary to produce something that should be grand, magnificent, and worthy of the end proposed." It also voted for adding to the plan of the crypt a small subterranean chamber, destined to preserve the great captain's sword. This was the origin of the Reliquary which we have already described.

The grant was voted by the bill which passed the 1st July, 1843.

The works were scarcely commenced before it was evident that the sum allowed would be insufficient, unless, indeed, mere thin slabs of marble were substituted for the solid blocks,

whose imposing mass was intended to give an air of grandeur to the monument and insure its durability. The government, however, was not restrained by the idea of the expense, and the architect was authorised to continue his work on the grandest scale.

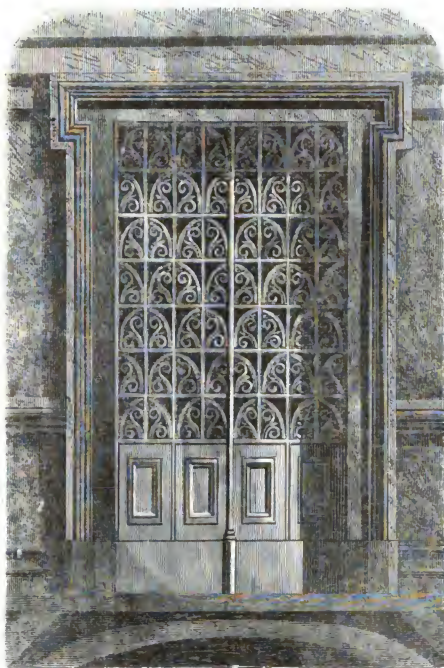
In 1849, the works, which were far from being terminated, had exceeded by 608,783 francs the two grants of the 25th June, 1841, and the 1st July, 1843, making a sum total of 2,000,000 francs.

A new bill, passed the 12th June, 1850, accorded two supplementary grants of 542,694 francs, 29 centimes, and 66,088

even supposing the best marble quarries in France could produce such beautiful blocks as the quarries of Carrara, the marble would cost a much higher sum.

We have already spoken of the difficulties attendant on the sculpturing of the porphyry sarcophagus. The cutting and polishing, also, of the large quantity of peculiar kinds of stone employed in the decoration of the tomb necessitated a degree of power for which the strength of the workmen and the means at their disposal were altogether insufficient.

Mons. Seguin, who directed the marble works, erected a steam-engine, and constructed a number of workshops, into



ENTRANCE TO THE RELIQUARY.

francs, 74 centimes, respectively, to be carried to the receipts and expenditure of 1847 and 1848; and also a third grant of 1,811,216 francs, 97 centimes, for the continuation and completion of the tomb.

The commission had recommended that Napoleon's tomb should be constructed of French marble, and a report of Mons. Sapey gave every reason to believe that the French quarries could furnish marble suitable for the purpose.

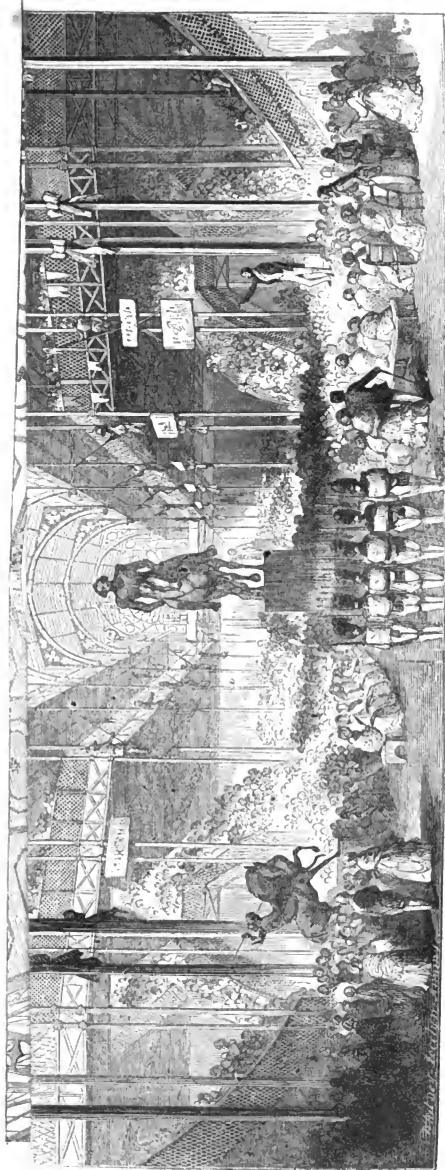
The most careful research, together with a number of the most conscientious experiments, none of which were attended with any satisfactory result, afforded convincing proof that,

which the marble was conveyed in large blocks, and whence, after passing through the sawing, rough-hewing, and polishing machines, it came out transformed into elegant columns, pedestals, mosaic work, and vast flights of majestic steps.

It was a most curious and interesting thing to see this machine, which worked day and night, rough-hewing the cubes, rounding the columns, cutting the mouldings, and doing, with marvellous exactitude, all the hard work which required mere strength, and thus leaving the artists, delivered from such laborious occupations, the time necessary to allow of their following their higher inspirations.



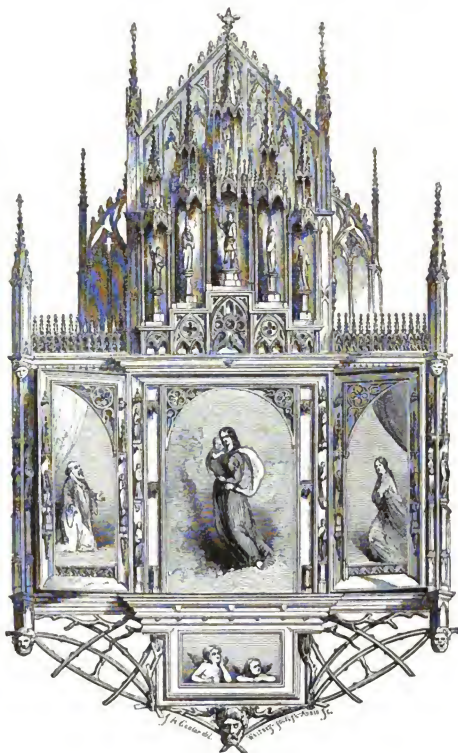
STATUE OF NAPOLEON.



DEWES BY DARBY.]

INAUGURATION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 16TH JULY, 1853.

[ENGRAVED BY WHITNEY, JOCELYN, AND ANNAS.]



CATHEDRAL ALTAR-PIECE.

Above, we present an engraving of a Cathedral Altar-Piece, an elaborate piece of work, rich in all the combinations and tracery of Gothic architecture. The figures that adorn it compose the Madonna of St. Sixtus, painted by Raphael. The Virgin Mary, as Queen of Heaven, surrounded by the glory of angels, descends to earth, bearing the infant Saviour of the

world in her arms. Pope Sixtus kneels in homage, and the beautiful form of St. Barbara appears on the opposite side of the picture. Two angels, leaning on a kind of parapet, and gazing into heaven, complete the composition. It is presented here, not on account of its bad theology and untruthfulness, but on account of its artistic beauty.

THE AMERICAN CRYSTAL PALACE.

The American Crystal Palace! This subject has already entered into the speech of the nation. The daily press, and the numerous pictorial publications, have been emulously engaged in informing the people from time to time of its progress. The existence of something bearing this name, it, we presume, known to every one, and has entered largely into the thoughts and imaginings of the public.

Questions, no doubt, have been asked about it, and answered—questions as varied as the habits of the people. What is it? Aye, what is it! This question has been asked on the Brazos, and where the Oregon lists to his own dashings. And then, the ingenuity of the people, fresh and vigorous in free curiosity, has likened it to all that is wonderful under the sun,—to airy castles, magnificent green-houses, Oriental pagodas, Parisian bazars, and scenes in dream-land. Distance and pictures are illusive.

We propose in this article to arrest these imaginings, and do something towards giving the people a just conception of the subject. We propose, as far as possible, to define it, so that it may become a well-known epoch in the history of the family, as well as in the history of the nation. In doing so, we must make a call upon the faith and imagination of the reader. By a free exercise of these, he will be able to follow us, and form a clear and satisfactory view of the American Crystal Palace.

We are in New-York. It matters not from whence we have come, or how we have reached the mercantile metropolis of our country. It matters not whether we have come from the granite State, the flat savannas white with downy cotton, the grassy prairie that skirts the far-off tributaries of the Mississippi, or El Dorado—the Ophir of the New World. We are in New-York, and wish to see and know the American Crystal Palace for ourselves. The first step is taken in reality, or in imagination.

We pause here to lay down a principle, or rather indicate its importance. The artist, when about to exhibit his work, is desirous to place it in a good light. The tourist, about to visit some noted landscape, wishes above all to see it through a clear atmosphere. The visitor, who hopes to see the Crystal Palace as favorably as possible, should be as desirous of a good light as the artist, and as eager for a clear atmosphere as the tourist. There is a darkness of ignorance, and a haze of prejudice, that are unfavorable to just impressions. And these, in all probability, exist in some degree in the majority of cases.

It need not be concealed that there are two distinct parties in the nation, even in matters of art. The Native American is too generally extreme in self-confidence, and by a somewhat indiscriminate praise of his country, awakens the educational biases and first loves of the Naturalized Citizen. Foreign opinion and foreign journals do much to increase and perpetuate this state of things. I do not allude here to the *London Times*. Who respects that over-fed issue! Its influence upon our opinion is about as great as our respect for it. A paper so vacillating, and so imbued with the worst features of European astuteness and diplomacy, is as incapable of understanding our institutions, or appreciating their results, as a capricious despot is incapable of understanding truth and justice. Even our ladies spawn it as an unclean thing, intuitively apprehending its vice, and despising its immaturity.

We add another concession. It need not be concealed that there is a tendency in almost every mind, and especially in every nation, to magnify their own works. We share in this infirmity. Perhaps, we share largely in it. Conscious of mighty resources, unchained energies, and the promise of no second future, we may be pardoned if we speak of ourselves. In the present case, we wish to check this propensity, and, if possible, moderate its ardor. We wish to look at ourselves in our just relations. We wish to visit and examine the Ameri-

can Crystal Palace as such, and weigh its claims as an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.

The thought, no doubt, has arisen from time to time in the minds of many, that there can be but one Crystal Palace pre-eminently, and that one is now the subject of history. Its appearance at Hydenham, enlarged and beautified, and its free imitations at Dublin and New-York, do not bring it back again. The London Crystal Palace, in the nature of things, gathered about it an array of interest altogether new, commanded an unprecedented share of public attention, and received such a generous admiration, as no other one can possibly command.

The English Crystal Palace, it must be admitted, is the original, and all others are only imitations. It matters not how well and how faithfully they are executed. It matters not how much inventive genius has been taxed to vary or perfect that original. The comparison is not, and cannot be, between points of excellence, but between *originality* and *imitation*. Invention, and genius, and taste, and opulence, can produce nothing, in this line that is fitted to awaken such a fresh interest, and carry the popular mind to such a state of enthusiasm, as that witnessed and recorded of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-Park. The charm of novelty and imagination was dissolved at its close. Its projection was a wonder, its execution was a triumph, its inauguration was a fulfilled dream of the union of the arts of peace; and when it closed, and the place it graced became again vacant, there was at least the sense

"Of what has been, and never more shall be."

These thoughts are thrown out, not to depreciate our own enterprise, or cast discredit upon imitative art, as if individuals and nations must forbear efforts to be great or good, when they cannot be original. They are simply our own initiatory thoughts, awakened by the origin and history of our own Crystal Palace.

Originals, in the very nature of things, must be few. Originals that mark epochs in human progress, can occur only occasionally. The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, we regard as one of these originals. Centuries prepared the way for its production. It marks the epoch of the union of the arts of peace; and from it, the industry of all nations will date its reign. Henceforward, the men of service are to date their knighthood as the true nobility. Minor epochs may be marked by minor events. The Dublin, and Manchester, and New-York, and Paris Crystal Palaces can only do for localities and nations what the London one did for the world.

If these considerations are justly weighed, they will go far to place the subject of Crystal Palaces in its true light, and allay national jealousies. England, in the course of things, has, on this subject, the start of all other nations. We can only repeat and vary what she did. It becomes us to do so intelligently, and with a consciousness of self-respect. There is no need of feverish comparisons—comparisons of receipts and interest. All such comparisons are injudicious, and betray a want of observation and acquaintance with the laws of the mind and popular enthusiasm. There remains to us only one point of ambition, and that is *excellence*. It is denied to us to be original on the subject of Crystal Palaces. It is not denied to us, however, to perfect on the past, till the laws of human perfection are exhausted, and the limits of the human mind are reached.

These considerations, which in some form or other, must have passed through every reflecting mind, will, unless we are much mistaken, aid us in our visit to the American Crystal Palace; and, perhaps become that light in which it should be seen.

We are ready for the visit; and for this purpose, select the morning hour. The Sixth-Avenue railroad is taken at

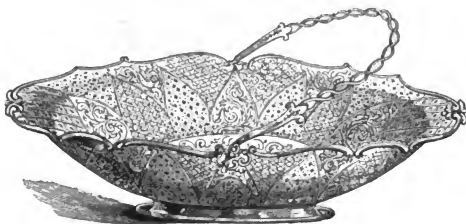


AN AMAZON ON HORSEBACK ATTACKED BY A TIGER.

The group exhibited at the American Crystal Palace is a copy of the far-famed colossal bronze original by Kiss, which adorns the entrance to the Royal Museum at Berlin. It was cast in zinc at the foundry of Geiss, and bronzed by a deposit of copper, cast upon the surface by galvanic action.

The Amazon on Horseback attacked by a Tiger is a work of the highest merit. It is supposed by some that the unity of

the action in this group is broken. Three agents are exhibited in action; but the actions of the horse and tiger are so subordinated to the action of the Amazon as to become a part of it—a harmony of complex action, in which unity is forced upon the mind in the most impressive manner by the terrified but controlled and effective purpose of the Amazon.



SILVER BASKET.

This is a contribution of Mr Joseph Angell, Strand, London, well known as a manufacturer and designer of silver ware. It

is a fine piece of workmanship, chastely wrought, and pierced in imitation of antique silver ware.



RETURNING FROM THE VINTAGE.

The illustration with which we adorn this page is that of a group in Parian, from the manufactory of Alderman Copeland, of London—The Return from the Vintage.

The group consists of seven figures, with the appropriate emblems of a well-known festivity, and was modelled from the original, lately in the possession of the Earl of Lichfield.

Having thus taken a general survey of the building, and looked somewhat minutely at the details of its structure, we may now walk through the aisles and courts, and examine the objects in the Exhibition.—THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. Here the visitor, for the first time, is bewildered, and in the seemingly endless display of human skill, wanders up and down with an unmeaning and purposeless look. He treads the mazes of art, and has no clue to guide his thoughts "in wanderings lost."

It may be well enough for the first time to do so, and leave the building with an aching head, weary step, and confused impression of the scene. The great number and variety of the objects will continue to bewilder the visitor, unless, guided by some plan he begins to divide and classify them. Then they will appear in order, and may be studied with pleasure and profit. This plan is happily furnished by the classification of the London Commissioners, which has been adopted in the arrangement of the American Exhibition, with a few changes.

THE CLASSIFICATION.

All the articles in the Exhibition are divided into *four* departments, or sections, and these again into *thirty* classes.

SECTION I.—Raw Materials and Produce; embracing Classes:

1. Minerals, Mining, and Metallurgy, and Geological and Mining Plans and Sections.
2. Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products and Processes.
3. Substances used as Food.
4. Vegetable and Animal Substances employed in Manufactures.

SECTION II.—Machinery for Agricultural, Manufacturing, Engineering, and other purposes, and mechanical inventions illustrative of the agents brought to bear by human ingenuity on natural products; embracing Classes:

5. Machines for direct use, including Steam, Hydraulic, and Pneumatic Engines, and Railway and other Carriages.
6. Machinery and Tools for manufacturing purposes.
7. Civil Engineering, Architectural and Building Contrivances.
8. Naval Architecture, Military Engineering, Ordnance, Armor, and Accoutrements.
9. Agricultural, Horticultural, and Dairy Implements and Machines.

10. Philosophical Instruments, and Products resulting from their use, (for example, Daguerreotypes, &c.), Maps, and Charts.
- 10a. Horology.
- 10b. Surgical Instruments and appliances.

SECTION III.—Manufactures—the result of human industry on natural products; embracing Classes:

11. Manufactures of Cotton.
12. Manufactures of Wool.
13. Manufactures of Silk.
14. Manufactures of Flax and Hemp.
15. Mixed Fabrics, Shawls, Vestings, &c.
16. Leather, Furs, and Hair, and their Manufactures.
17. Paper and Stationery, Types, Printing, and Bookbinding.
18. Dyed and Printed Fabrics, shown as such.
19. Tapestry, including Carpets and Floor Cloths, Lace, Embroidery, Trimmings, and Fancy Needlework.
20. Wearing Apparel.
21. Cutlery and Edge Tools.
22. Iron, Brass, Pewter, and General Hardware, including Lamps, Chandeliers, and Kitchen Furniture.
23. Work in Precious Metals and their Imitations, Jewelry and other personal ornaments; Bronzes, and articles of Vertu generally.
24. Glass Manufactures.
25. Porcelain and other Ceramic Manufactures.
26. Decorative Furniture and Upholstery, including Papier Maché, Paper Hangings, and Japanned Goods.
27. Manufactures in Marble, Slate, and other Ornamental Stones, Cement, &c, for Construction and Decoration.
28. Manufactures from Animal and Vegetable Substances, not woven or felted, or otherwise specified.

29. Miscellaneous Manufactures and Small Wares, Perfumery, Confectionery, Toys, Taxidermy, &c.
30. Musical Instruments.

SECTION IV.—Class 31.—Fine Arts, Sculpture, Painting, Engravings, &c.—An additional class was added to the London list, in consequence of the important branch of industry carried on, especially in this country, in the manufacture of Musical Instruments,—a class which will present one of the finest features of the Exhibition.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SPACE.

The total amount of space on the floor occupied by different countries for exhibition, exclusive of the nave, is about 152,900 square feet, of which 94,102 is on the ground floor, and 59,000 is in the gallery. This space is divided as follows:

	Ground Floor.	Gallery.
England.....	10,570	7,081
Switzerland.....	1,458	2,970
Zollverein.....	6,196	6,053
Holland and Belgium.....	2,916	729
Austria.....	1,458	729
Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.....	2,916	1,815
Russia, &c.....	729	
British Guiana, and West India.....	1,093	
British Colonies.....	2,369	2,429

The total amount of space occupied by foreign countries is 98,749 square feet.

The United States contributions occupy 34,585 square feet on the ground floor, and 19,945 square feet in the gallery.

The total number of exhibitors from abroad are 2,605, of which

England sends.....	677	Italy.....	185
France.....	621	Sweden and Norway.....	18
Switzerland.....	116	West India.....	3
Zollverein.....	813	Prince Edward's Island 15	
Holland and Belgium.....	155	Nova Scotia.....	2
Austria.....	100		

This list will be somewhat larger; the local Committees of Canada have not yet sent in their list of contributors, and it does not include quite a number from British Guiana. A small number of Turkish and other contributors are also to be added, making the sum total of foreign exhibitors not far from 2,700.

In the United States, the number of exhibitors is 1,778, the largest portion of whom come under Classes 1, 5, 6, 9, 22, and 31, and applications have been received since the 1st of March, amounting to over 400, which have not been acted on for want of space.

The total number of exhibitors, both foreign and American, is 4,383; about one-fourth the number contributing to the London Exhibition.

After the general survey of the building and exhibition which we have taken, it may be well to pause, and even dismiss the subject for awhile. The mind tires in the attempt to contemplate great variety, and unless aided by a simple classification and method, soon becomes weary, and regards the whole as unprofitable. It is necessary to be initiated. It is necessary to be prepared for the examination of the exhibition, or we will wander among its multifarious objects as the illiterate wander in a vast library, and stand in their glare as the rustic stands beneath the twinkling orbs of heaven. We will shift for this purpose the scene, and glance at

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CRYSTAL PALACE.

The point of departure which is naturally suggested, is the inauguration, the 14th of July, 1858. From that point of time, and from the site of the Crystal Palace, those who were then present, or who have been or will be present, or those who never may see the building or its contents, may look back upon the progress of the INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. Supposing ourselves to be among the crowd, and to form part of the scene so well depicted in the frontispiece, let us look back and contemplate the events that made that great event.

The INAUGURATION, we are free to confess, scarcely met the

expectations of any. This is a concession which we owe to self-respect, as much as to truth. We do not speak of the want of "pomp and circumstance." Such a want is no blemish in republican institutions, the spirit of which requires that individual man be the central object. We speak of incomplete arrangements, and the absence of that propriety which befits the time, and place, and occasion. Never, we are bold to say, have we seen an inauguration so wanting in this respect. The grand idea, THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, did not control and regulate, as it should have done, the movements and services of the day.

But we pass on to notice and chronicle the events and agents in the production of THE AMERICAN CRYSTAL PALACE.

1. The plan of the building is embodied before us, and is that of Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister. It was selected on the 26th of August, 1852, in preference to those submitted by Sir Joseph Paxton, of Chatsworth; the late Mr. Downing; and Messrs. Bogardus and Hoppin.

2. The corps of engineers and architects which carried out this plan was organized about midsummer of last year, by the appointment of Mr. C. E. Detmold as Superintending Architect and Engineer; Mr. Horatio Allen, Consulting Engineer; and Mr. Edward Hurry, Consulting Architect.

3. The municipal authorities of New-York, on the 3d of January, 1852, granted a lease of Reservoir Square for five years, and thus furnished the site of the building.

4. The legislature of the State of New-York, upon application, granted on the 11th of March, 1852, the charter under which the Association for the Industry of all Nations has been organized and carried forward.

5. The Board of Directors met on the 17th of March, 1852, and was organized by the appointment of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., as President, and William Whetten, Esq., as Secretary.

6. The General Government gave countenance and aid to the institution, in permitting the introduction of foreign goods into the exhibition free of duty.

7. The late Daniel Webster lent his influence, and as Secretary of State, secured the aid of the representatives of the United States at the chief courts of Europe.

8. The ministers of foreign powers, residing in the United States, sympathized warmly with the Association, and expressed themselves favorably for their respective governments.

9. The chief foreign newspapers, and the daily journals published in German and French in the United States, cordially lent their services to the cause.

10. The American press, with few exceptions, has put forth, from time to time, no second influence in carrying forward and completing the Exhibition.

11. Mr. Charles Bushek, of London, the Agent of the Association in carrying out its foreign relations, has fully discharged the delicate and important trust reposed in him.

12. The London Crystal Palace cannot very well be overlooked in this connection. It must be regarded as the great suggestive agent, without which, all the others would have been without an occasion and guide for their activity.

Beyond this, however, we are forced to look for other influences and agents in the production of the American Crystal Palace,—the Observatory at Chatsworth, the Parisian fairs for the exhibition of national products, and the Eastern bazars. The whole progress of the Arts of Peace has been preparing the way for it, in order to throw bonds of true amity around the nations, and introduce a worthy order of nobility, the men of service.

We return from this historic survey, and again witness the INAGURATION. The ceremony closes, and a few hours are passed in sauntering among unpacked boxes, and gazing here and there upon a statue, or a partially completed court. Who is to educe order? Who is to preside in the Exhibition, and complete it by the addition of system and a natural classification?

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

The charge of the interior of the building, in the division of its space, the classification of its articles, their distribution, its police and administration, was intrusted to Captains S. F. Dupont and Charles H. Davis, of the United States Navy.

They organized their department by the following appointments:

J. M. Batchelder, Secretary of the Superintendents.

Samuel Webber, Arrangement of Space and Classification.

Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., Mineralogy and Chemistry.

R. P. Johnson, Agricultural Implements.

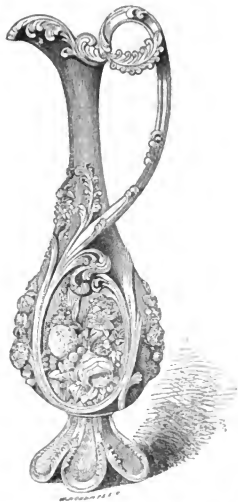
Edward Vincent, Textile Fabrics.

Felix Matti, Sculpture.

TABULAR VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.

	United States.	Great Britain & Germany.	Belgium.	France.	Switzerland.	Holland.	Austria.	Italy.	Prussia.
Class I. Minerals, Mining and Metallurgy; Geological and Mining Sciences and Plans.									
Class II. Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products and Processes.	31	11	20	16	1	5	7	10	18
Class III. Substances employed as Food.	13	13	15	1	22		1	12	28
Class IV. Vegetable and Animal substances employed in Manufactures.	54	12	12	2	50	1	10	5	13
Class V. Machines for direct use.	36	11	2	2	12	1		1	
Class VI. Machinery and Tools for Manufacturing.	166	7	8	2	12	1		1	
Class VII. Civil Engineering, Architectural and Building Contrivances.	8		2	3				1	
Class VIII. Naval Architecture, Military Engineering, Armor and Accoutrements.	21	17	17	3	7	2	4		
Class IX. Agricultural, Horticultural, and Dairy Implements.	24	9	7	1	4		8	9	2
Class X. Philosophical Instruments, and Products resulting from their use.	172	41	23	20	27	5	7	5	
Class XI. Manufactures of Cotton.	229	11	5	1			8		
Class XII. Manufactures of Wool.	21	15	27	2	13				
Class XIII. Manufactures of Silk and Velvet.	9	13	20	13	5	1	8	11	
Class XIV. Manufactures of Flax and Hemp.	10	20	14	11	1	2	2		
Class XV. Mixed Fabrics, as Shawls, Vestings, &c.	7	11	22	6			11		
Class XVI. Leather, Fur, Hair, and their Manufactures.	25	13	20	4	25	4	3	7	6
Class XVII. Paper, Stationery, Types, Printing, and Book-binding.	61	27	35	1	15		5	4	1
Class XVIII. Dyed and Printed Fabrics.	12	2	1	15	2	2	2	1	
Class XIX. Tapestry, including Carpets, Floor-cloths, Lace, Embroideries, Trimmings, and Fancy Needlework.	70	43	34	2	35	10	8	8	7
Class XX. Wearing Apparel.	22	48	21	5	1	1	11	5	2
Class XXI. Cutlery and Edge Tools.	44	19	4	20	2		30		
Class XXII. Iron, Brass, Pewter, and General Hardware.	140	40	60	20	1	2	2	2	
Class XXIII. Works in Precious Metals, and their Imitation.	61	15	12	12	7	2	3	7	
Class XXIV. Glass Manufactures.	24	16	6	1	10	4	10		
Class XXV. Porcelain, and other Ceramic Manufactures.	7	25	9	16	1		7		
Class XXVI. Decorative Furniture and Upholstery.	99	18	27	4	5	5	2	12	9
Class XXVII. Manufactures in Marble, Slate, and other Ornamental Stones.	85	10	1	7		3	7	6	2
Class XXVIII. Manufactures from Animal and Vegetable Substances not Woven or Felted.	47	30	22	1	22	11	1	2	16
Class XXIX. Miscellaneous Manufactures, and small Wares, such as Perfumery, Toys, &c.	185	83	74	23	11	9	18	4	8
Class XXX. Musical Instruments.	24	5	28	1	6	4	1	5	3
Class XXXI. Fine Arts.									

The contributions of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Mexico, Turkey, and Hayti are few in number, and not of sufficient



Messrs. T. & R. Boote, Burslem, Staffordshire, exhibit a graceful pitcher, decorated with wreaths of flowers, &c., in white parian, of great excellence and beauty.



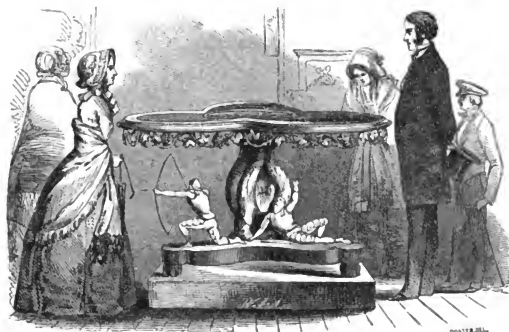
THE FIRST WHINKER OF LOVE.



THE ELABORATE CLOCK

The elaborate clock in bronze is a contribution of Lerolle, Freres, of Paris, and represents the conversion of a Saracen. The French department presents a great many objects in

bronze—a branch of manufacture in which the French have excelled all others, both in beauty of design and excellence of workmanship.



THE SHAMROCK TABLE.

The Shamrock Table is composed of some *thirty* kinds of Irish oak. The whole is an ingenious piece of carving and inlaid work. The flat surface of the table is in form like a three-leaved shamrock, whence the name. The pedestal is ornamented by three figures, cut out of solid oak. Two of

them are heroes: the other is an aged harper. The table is designed to illustrate the feudal times of Ireland, and is an object of interest as a fine work of art, as well as on account of its associations. It is contributed by John Fletcher, of Cork.



FRENCH ORNAMENTAL CHAIR.



LOUIS FOURTEENTH CHAIR.

France has long maintained a superiority in decorative furniture. The two engravings above represent two elegant parlor chairs from Baluy, jr., of Paris. One of them is enameled

in white, with gold decorations, and upholstered with white and red damask, in the style of Louis XIV. The other is of French black walnut, and is rich in nice art.

importance to warrant separate columns in this tabular view. Denmark has contributed the group of figures, "Christ and his Apostles," the original by Thorswalden.

THE EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition was thrown open to the public on the 15th of July, but in a very imperfect condition. Since then, it has steadily advanced towards its completion. The courts have been gradually filled up, the machine arcade finished, and the petro gallery adorned with numerous works of art. The Exhibition, at length, was completed; and on Friday evening, August the 20th, the building was opened to the public to inspect the paintings, illuminated with more gas-burners than light the streets of New-York. Such a blaze of brilliancy, broken and varied by an endless interlacing of reflected luminous streams and arches, is seldom permitted to the gaze of mortals.

The contributions to the Exhibition, and their arrangement, may now be regarded as complete. But how shall we contemplate them! How shall we recall them in after life, and preserve to our latest days a comprehensive view of the contributions, and the nations that made them! The thirty classes into which they have been divided, are to be our guide. In classes, let them be examined and recalled. To facilitate such an examination, and such a recollection, we have prepared a tabular view of the whole Exhibition, in which the nations represented in it, and the number of their contributions, may be seen at once. Such a table is a key to the Exhibition, and enables us readily to form an idea of the nature and extent of THE AMERICAN INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. (See opposite page.)

VISITING THE EXHIBITION.

A visit to the Exhibition is no common event in the life of the multitude. The dwellers at the far West and distant South look forward to it as a point from which they shall date a wider existence. Distance, as is commonly the case, lends enchantment to the view, and this enchantment is kept up, and even magnified, by the daily press, and intercourse with visitors.

And all this, in the majority of cases, is nothing more than the fever of sight-seeing on a large scale. There is neither art nor system in it, and for want of these, many will wander from court to court, lost in an unprofitable stare, or an affectation of importance. The multiplicity and variety of objects confuse the mind.

A lady, for instance, sitting in her quiet rural cottage, comes to the conclusion to pay a visit to the INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. She has curiosity enough to see "the Palace." With this impulse alone, and regardless of any preparation, she resolves to go early, and spend a *whole day* amidst the fruits of the world's industry. Artless one! And when she returns at the close of the long day, it will be to say, It was wonderful, but no tongue can tell the wonders.

A city lady, somewhat corpulent, after an unusually fine dinner goes forth with her grandson to see the Exhibition. She too must see what is to be seen. And she does see it. After waddling for two or three hours from aisle to aisle, she leaves the Crystal Palace, and somewhat heavily takes her seat in the Sixth avenue rail-road-car. "Dear me, Edmund," speaking to her precocious grandson, "it is a great thing, but I don't think I will go again."

Another sight-seer stands before the gigantic statue of Washington, and scrutinizes every part. He thinks only of the finish, and the likeness to a horse and the "FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY." The size, the design, and the effect of distance and perspective do not enter at all into his notions. "How roughly," he exclaims, "they have finished his boots! The poorest blacksmith in the land would not forge a set of horse-shoes like them. He would use the hammer and the rasp."

These instances are adduced here to show the purposeless character of visits to the Exhibition, and the want of preparation in many who make these visits. It is the joy or novelty

of sight-seeing that controls the visitor. But sight-seeing alone and in itself is a kind of brain-fever, and unless guided and moderated by some well-defined purpose, becomes oppressive to both body and mind.

And what should this purpose be? Not one of pleasure or fashion. It should be an *educational* one. All should be learners in the Crystal Palace; all should be students amidst such an assemblage of the products of Art. We care nothing for cynical critics; men who can judge of a boot, or piece of lace, or a machine, but who see no power and beauty in a Terra-cotta Vase, or Powers' Eve. All should be students, and keep their sectional wisdom to themselves. The wisest mechanic and the truest artist have so much to learn in the Exhibition that they become antrus to themselves and their calling, if they waste time and opportunity in inflicting upon themselves or the public crude criticisms, when they should be improved in enlarging their acquaintance with art.

As students, we should visit the Crystal Palace from day to day. The Exhibition affords us opportunities to learn the present condition of the arts and progress of the race, such as we have never enjoyed before. It is the Normal School of Art for the nation. As a people, we need its lessons, and should by no means allow the opportunity to pass without a full measure of improvement. We need its lessons. We need the influence of the Exhibition throughout our country. The awakening and instructive comparisons so happily afforded there, are admirably adapted to chasten national exclusiveness, moderate boasting, and supply the conditions for the free and generous culture of taste. But if these benefits are to be enjoyed by our people, their visits to the Exhibition must be systematic. Let them be, in the main, *topical visits*. The thirty-one classes into which the Industry of all Nations is divided, will form the outline which the visitor should fill up from day to day.

RAW MATERIALS.

The systematic visiting of the Exhibition naturally begins with the contributions of Nature, or those articles in the production of which, she has had the chief agency. They are the materials of art, and form a pleasing introduction to the agency of man. There they are, the aided or unaided products of nature.

The department of RAW MATERIALS is one of no ordinary interest to the reflecting mind. It opens up to view the natural inheritance of the nation, and shows us the circumstances in which they have prosecuted the Arts of Peace.

This department, for convenience and profitable contemplation, is divided into four classes.

1. Minerals, Mining, Metallurgy, and Geological and Mining Plans and Sections. This class is well represented by the United States and Canada. There is little beauty in the objects found here, but vast utility. Here we find the materials for our manufactures, implements, machines, and fuel. The ores and stones which make up the hidden treasures of the earth, and which a kind Providence has laid up in secret places, may be contemplated even by the religionist with profit.

2. Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products and Processes. This class is well represented, and furnishes numerous objects of interest to almost every one. The artist and manufacturer will find in the Zollverein fine specimens of ultramarine. Saxony exhibits fine specimens of almost every known substance used in medicine, or known by the chemists. We need not be particular here. The visitor may spend some hours at least in the English, American, French and German divisions, examining the objects of this class, and receive new impressions of the importance of Chemistry.

3. Substances used as food. The objects in this class belong either to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and although familiar, and for the most part well known, present much that is truly attractive. Here are specimens of cereal grains, flour, chocolate, sugar, spices, rice, coffee, banana fruit, cassava meal,

gelatine, meat-biscuits, and tobacco also, as it destroys the sense of hunger; these and other objects in this class show the skill of man in ministering to the appetite of hunger.

4. Vegetable and Animal substances, used in the arts of manufactures. This class is extensive, and embraces all those objects on which the manufacturer exerts his skill, in changing them into new and useful purposes. We have five specimens of American woods, hemp, flax, and cotton. England, through the East India Company, furnishes samples of the productions of the East, and through Cooper & Bolton, specimens of all the seeds cultivated in Great Britain. France contributes raw silk; Switzerland sends *mouton* fur; and British Guiana, woods, seeds, and cotton.

Such is an outline of the department of RAW MATERIALS. It deserves a careful examination. Let it be studied with the aid of geography and history, and the visitor will close the study with his mind greatly enlarged by a knowledge of the climate, soil, natural productions, and civilization of the nations represented in the Exhibition.

MACHINES.

Nature produces few things that are adapted to the wants of man in their crude state. If we withdraw the air, the fountain spring, some fruits, and the shelter of caves and forests, what remains that directly meets the conditions of life? Nor is this want of direct fitness in the products of nature to meet the wants of man, the only difficulty to be encountered. Her raw materials are surrounded with barriers that must be broken down before they can be said to be in our possession, or under our control. Illustrations of this statement are found in every department of life. They may be gathered up in mining, the pigments of artists, and the apparel that we wear. The genius of Eli Whitney, the inventor and improver of the cotton gin, was needed to place upland cotton under the control of the Southern planter. Nature produced it, but it was given to him to construct a machine that would separate its short, entangled staple from the seed, and with a facility that would warrant its culture.

Machines, when thus viewed, become objects of vital interest. They are the peaceful armor of man, and lie at the basis of prosperity in every department of enterprise. Furnishing itself with them, knowledge, in the true sense of the truism, is power. They multiply a myriad fold the power of man, and enable him to contend successfully with the obstacles of nature, and subdue all her forces. By them, he breaks up the stubborn globe, opens a pathway to riches in the ribbed rock, extends his plans over oceans, and introduces the weapon of fabled Jupiter to toil in his workshop, or moderates its power, so that it does the work of an engraver, or of healing medicine.

With these considerations, we turn to the MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT. Machines await our examination. A vast variety of contrivances for the saving of human labor and the increase of human power, is laid out before us, and presents materials for the most profitable study. This department is of more than ordinary importance to the American people. Necessity imposed upon us a rapid advance in the scale of nations, and also the payment of a higher price for labor. What was to be done? How did we meet the claims of necessity? By obedience to necessity. We beheld ourselves of the resources of man, and the force of circumstances turned our young energies into the path of mechanical invention. Machines were multiplied. Machines fitted to the exigencies of our condition were produced, and the people went forward to meet all the claims of necessity. The result is, that machines for direct and indirect use, are more numerous in the United States than in any other nation on the earth. The Exhibition confirms this statement.

The Mechanical Department, which is now before us, and

whose useful objects await our examination, is vast. We can do little more than indicate its importance. It is divided into six classes.

1. Machines for direct use. This class includes Steam, Hydraulic and Pneumatic engines; railway and other carriages.

2. Machinery and tools for manufacturing purposes. These are no less than ten machines for sewing cloth or leather, exhibited by American inventors.

3. Civil Engineering, Architectural and Building contrivances. This class has, within the last few years, greatly extended its sphere of influence.

4. Naval Architecture, Military Engineering, Ordnance, Armor and Accoutrements. We find much in this class that indicates the daring and progressive spirit of our people.

5. Agricultural, Horticultural, and Dairy Implements and Machines. The contrivances for the saving of human labor which are found in this class, claim more than a passing notice. The national territory is eminently fitted for agricultural pursuits, and every invention that facilitates the ebbing of the farmer, and multiplies his resources, claims our thoughtful attention. Our agricultural interests are second to no other in importance.

6. Philosophical Instruments, and products resulting from their use, such as Maps, Charts and Daguerreotypes; Holography, and Surgical instruments and appliances, belong to this class. It is almost unnecessary to say that it will have more than ordinary attractions for the student and man of science. There is power in philosophy. The contributions of science to the arts have been no less than the wisdom and devices of the artist and artisan.

These views, we are aware, form nothing more than an introduction to the Mechanical Department. Such they were designed to be, and such only. Space allows us to add a thought or two on the importance of machines and their intimate connection with other branches of industry. We will do it by an instance or two. But where shall we make the selection? Whitney's cotton gin is at hand, and is admirably adapted to our purpose.

The cotton gin is a machine invented by Eli Whitney, to separate the short staple of upland cotton from the seed. The staple of this variety of cotton is so entangled with the seed as to make its separation by hand or simple machines so expensive as not to warrant its cultivation. The invention of the cotton gin, in 1793, placed a power in the hand of the planter that readily accomplished this separation. This gave an impulse at once to the cotton trade, and through it to commerce and manufactures. Facts confirm these statements. Five bags only were imported in 1785, eight years before its invention. In 1793, three hundred and seven bags were imported; and in 1794, the year in which it came into extensive use, the crop was 17,777 bales, 8,000 of which were exported.

We select another instance,—the POWER PRESS. By the use of these machines the slow and clumsy processes of Faust and Gutenberg have been greatly exceeded, and books of high quality are manufactured with every facility of mechanical detail. THE RECORD OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS is printed on two power presses in the building of the Exhibition, moved by steam power. As a result worthy of observation, a double number of the Record, in the highest style of typography, is furnished for twenty-five cents, a price that puts it within the reach of every family in the land. And shall any American family be without it! We cannot forego the opportunity presented in this connection of acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. PUTNAM and his Record for much that is valuable in this article, and of expressing our disapprobation of the principles on which the Exhibition is managed, as wanting in a generous nature.



THE WINGED BOY.

The Winged Boy, called the Genius of Spring, is the work of Pelliccia, Director of the Fine Arts Academy at Carrara. It has many points of interest connected with its execution; but

we think the conception does not realize the fancies that float through our minds when we think of the time of buds and blossoms—the season of vegetable resurrection.



STATUETTES, CHIEFLY OF ITALIAN FIGURES.

Andrea Doria & Co., of Milan, have contributed some fine articles in terra cotta; among these, we have been particularly

pleased with the above statuettes—so national in design and so truthful in execution.



SHAKSPEAREAN CUP.

The Shakspeare Cup is exhibited by Mr. Thomas Sharp, of London. It is executed in gold. It is a noble specimen of art. The cover is surmounted by a figure of the immortal poet. The sides are embellished with scenes from his plays.



CABINET OF EBONY, WITH INLAID PANELS. CONTRIBUTED BY RIQUET LE PRINCE & CO., OF NEW-YORK

THE MACHINE ARCADE, in our estimation, is one of the most interesting divisions of the Crystal Palace, and to it we direct our steps. Here, we are to find the secondary causes of American progress and civilization,—the power that has wrought our greatness. Withdraw the mechanic and his contrivances from our domestic history and that of our mother-country, England, and what remains of our present dimensions!

The visitor, as he enters the Arcade or recalls it in imagination in after-life, should look upon the forms and combination of forms which the metals, and especially iron, have assumed, as expressed ideas. Mind, intimately acquainted with the laws of nature, is embodied in every machine. Viewed in this way, the Arcade is a study, in which, we are called upon to contemplate and understand the mind of man as it arms itself with the conquered forces of nature and goes forth to new conquests.

As we stated in the outset of this article, we are only to be looked upon as indicators of what is to be observed by the visitor, and how he is to observe it. Notices and criticisms are necessarily excluded, only so far as their introduction may be deemed proper to give significance to our indications.

We are still in the Machine Arcade. Look upon its various objects. Planing Machines, Lathes, and Steam Engines—these are the giant implements of labor. These and others, multiply to an extraordinary extent, the resources of human power, and constitute one of the most instructive stand-points, from which to look back on human progress and form a just estimate of modern civilization. I do not allude, in this observation, so much to the augmentation of power as such, as the devices by which its points of contact with all its legitimate objects are so greatly multiplied. The mind and hand are now armed to grapple successfully with all the known forces of nature.

Before we leave the Arcade, we are forced to ask a question of some interest. Where are the machines that we have seen in private establishments; machines that honor American ingenuity? We speak advisedly when we say that our mechanical genius is not fully represented in the Crystal Palace. As an instance that confirms this statement, we refer to the Geometrical Lathe, invented independently by the late Mr. Spencer, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Cyrus Durand, of New-York, and now used so extensively in bank-note engraving. In the hands of the latter gentleman, it has been greatly improved, and by the introduction of the Cycloidal Motion, a new element of beauty has been added to its former products.

MANUFACTURES, in the order of nature, next claim the attention of the visitor. Here are the fruits of human struggles; the fruits of Science and Art. Man, armed with Machinery, has gone forth and acted upon the raw materials of the world. What has he accomplished? How has he changed the raw material on which he has acted, and what new objects has he furnished that meet human wants and minister to the comforts and taste of man? A life of study alone could furnish a complete answer to this question.

Cotton Manufactures are well represented by the United States and England. This department of industry is growing rapidly into importance among ourselves. The enterprise enlisted in it and represented in the Exhibition, is of the most respectable character. And yet, as a nation, we fail in the qualities of excellence and durability. A comparison of the products of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in this department will justify this remark, and that comparison we solicit. Nations and individuals find out their measure and true station by free contact with each other.

Wool and Woollen Manufactures are now to be observed. This department has a higher interest than the one that has just occupied our attention. The products are numerous, and of a character that commands admiration. The United States is well represented here, and exhibits great enterprise and promise. Skill is manifest, but it is not sufficiently sustained by past experience and scientific investigation. We are too dependent and imitative. We lean even deceptively upon Eng-

land and France, and thus paralyze our skill and perpetrate a false taste for foreign manufactures.

But we pass to an outline of the subject before us. The exhibition in this department does not come up to the ordinary expectation. France and England are not well represented. These nations, relying on their conscious superiority in the manufacture of woollen fabrics, have been somewhat careless in their exhibition. Russia is well represented by one house. Belgium takes the lead of all others in the American Exhibition, presenting us with woollen goods that combine in an eminent degree those qualities that should be found in such fabrics.

Having touched upon the qualities of woollen fabrics, we pause in our survey to point them out to the visitor.

The first point of importance which claims our notice is the *quality* of the wool itself, and its proper assortment. Here we are confessedly behind other nations, and perhaps, from the nature of our climate, must be content to be inferior in the production of the raw material.

The proper *cleaning* of the wool, removing from it all its native oils, and every thing else that is offensive to the smell, is a process of great importance, and one to which England has given a commendable degree of attention.

The *softness* and *flexibility* of woollen goods are prime qualities. A harsh and stiff article, whatever may be its other qualities, never can be admitted into the first class.

The *durability* of the color is another desirable quality, and especially so in our climate. The fastness of the dye is severely tested, and unless it abides the test, the fabric must be rejected.

The *durableness* of the *finish* is another quality to which we direct attention. France and Belgium succeed in furnishing woollen fabrics remarkable for the beauty of their finish, but the west of England stands alone in its durability—a quality that depends mainly upon a firm and elastic texture.

Elasticity is a first-rate quality in woollen fabrics, and forms an important element in the comfort and wear of apparel made from them. Upon it, in a great degree, depends the neatness of garments, especially of coats and pantaloons. The art of the tailor will not long present taste in the article of dress where it is wanting.

We might proceed in this way to speak of other qualities, such as *body*, *glossiness of texture*, and *lightness*, the latter being a very desirable one in our climate, and one in which French manufacturers have long excelled. Our own nation is not far behind, some of its manufactures producing woollen fabrics that compare in this and other qualities very favorably with France, England, and Belgium.

Messrs. Derby & Co., of England, exhibit a case that has much interest for the visitor in connection with this department—a case of wool in the various processes of manufacture: 1, scoured white; 2, indigged; 3, dyed black; 4, carded in plaits; 5, spun into yarn; 6, harnessed for the treddle; 7, woven, but showing the thread; 8, felted, or filled; 9, dressed, or teased; and, 10, finished black cloth.

Leaving the manufacture of woollen goods, we might proceed to examine those of flax and hemp; mixed fabrics and tapestry. Under the latter head, we find the far-famed Gobelins carpets, products of skill and patience that exist only under the patronage of French royalty—a kind of crochet-work that reproduces the works of some of the great masters in painting, with a correctness and truthfulness of effect that almost rivals that of paint. For us, they are only objects of wonder, and when examined in the light of true art and humanity, appear only as the products of extravagant power.

The transition to cutlery and edge tools and general hardware is somewhat abrupt. But it must be made. The show in these departments of industry is imposing, and here the United States may be said to rival and, in some cases, excel the old nations of the earth.

The works in precious metals attract us. Gold and silver have yielded themselves to the skill of man, and appear in

various forms. The silver ware exhibited by English manufacturers is very fine, and justly commands admiration. Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. of New-York, exhibit a tea-set made of Californian gold, manufactured with much taste.

The manufacture of glass, and especially of ornamental glass, has for us something more than a passing interest. It is closely connected with taste, and may, in some of the forms which it is now assuming, be as closely connected with domestic comfort. Stained glass is within the reach of families of moderate circumstances, and if used in the glazing of our windows, would moderate the glare of our unclouded suns, and throw over the domestic circle a pleasing and mellowed light. Messrs. Cooper & Belcher, of Camptown, N. J., exhibit stained and ornamental glass that commands much attention. Its manufacture is a happy union of the slow but delicate processes of the hand with the rapid and equally delicate movements of the machine. A kind of Geometrical Lathe, invented by Cyrus Durand, produces a great variety of combinations of curve and wave lines, circles and ovals, that yield a very agreeable effect. The general introduction of ornamental glass windows is a desideratum in our climate, and would add very much to the architectural effect of our buildings.

The manufacture of porcelain and ceramic wares has grown, within a few years, into a form of ornamental art. It is well represented in the Exhibition. England and France have furnished us with studies that must go far to introduce elegance into our table-service and the furniture of our green-houses. This department of the Exhibition has unusual attractions for heads of families. It holds out to them the means of the earliest tasteful education, introducing beauty in the poppy-leaved candlestick that lights our children to bed, and placing before them in the pitchers that grace the dinner-table, the wreathed form of the lily.

By an easy and pleasing transition, we pass through decorative art, upholstery, and musical instruments, to the fine arts—the products of the chisel and the brush. In doing so, we cannot avoid turning the attention of the visitor to the easy gradations by which the mechanical and useful arts lose themselves in forms of beauty. Utility and taste are now united in almost every branch of human industry.

Scripture is well represented by Italy, Austria, France, England, and the United States. In wandering among the numerous and diversified objects of this department, we find conceptions that make us wiser and better. Silent monumental books are open, inviting us to read lessons that instruct us in the existence, mystery, and destiny of the soul.

One thing is very prominent: the connection of the Bible, religion, and art. No skepticism can divorce them. The soul of the artist, true to its native instincts and destiny, turns to the mysterious and divine as revealed in the Bible, and in religion, finds the finest scope for its creative power.

Eve is a striking illustration of this remark. Austria, France, and the United States have formed their conceptions of the mother of mankind. There they are, and their study reveals some remarkable features in the genius of those nations. The Eve of Austria is a conception of guilty fear, bordering on terror and agony. The artist seems to have chosen the moment when the voice of God was heard walking in the garden; and as His voice echoed in the shady arbors of Eden, presents Eve on a rock, alone, startled as if from insensate slumber, inclining forward from her seat, with her hand raised behind her ear to catch the sound, and her brow contracted in mental pain. It is a fine work of art, but untrue to the Scriptures and experience.

The Eve of France is a conception of moral regret, softened by some slight kindlings of relenting sorrow. She stands by the almost crushed and despairing Adam, subdued, but not convicted, drenched in a veil of cool sentimentalism. The conception, we cannot say, is one that commands our admiration. It is not true to woman's nature; nor does it embody even the shadow of her dread agony in the fall.

The Eve of the United States, the work of Hiram Powers,

Esq., is, in our estimation, far superior in conception and execution to the others, and realizes, as they do not, the transaction of the fall and the true mission of art.

The artist seems to have selected that moment after her act of disobedience, when the first glow of conscious guilt educed reflection. She pauses and upholds her step. One hand, raised either in shame or apprehension, partly hides her swelling breast; the fingers of the other, unconsciously relaxed, almost relinquish their hold on the forbidden fruit. The head is slightly inclined in chastened, guilty sorrow, and on the countenance, a far-reaching intellectual conception of her state, calls up and mingles the feelings that wait on conscious disobedience, such as shame, regret, sorrow, despondency, and apprehension. The whole conception is remarkable for its truthful and intellectual character: the execution is delicate and beautiful in a high degree. The Eve of Powers, if we except his own Greek Slave, comes nearer the requirements of art than any other work in the Exhibition.

The Picture Gallery now awaits our passing notice. It forms an important department in the American Exhibition, and may be visited again and again as a school of taste, such as the Americans are seldom permitted to attend. As a nation, we have comparatively few artists, and almost no galleries. In this state of things, the oil paintings form a desirable feature in the American Exhibition.

The artists of Dusseldorf have furnished some seventy easel pictures. France has presented the same number. Ten artists of Switzerland are represented. The different modern schools of Europe exhibit works that are creditable witnesses of their rival claims and merits. Our own country is also represented. We noticed, on our entrance, the fine painting of Lentze,—Washington crossing the Delaware. As we examined it in its new relations, we felt that it had lost nothing by becoming neighbor to the works of European artists. The conception of Washington is grand, and is another proof of a singular feature in art that has often been alluded to, that America alone understands Washington and is capable of representing him. As conceived and embodied by Lentze, he is the hero of the gallery. There is no form or expression there that will compare with his republican dignity.

We leave the picture gallery, the crowded aisles, and, nursing on all we have seen and felt, mingle again with the busy outdoor world.

Our thoughts soon revert to the Exhibition. There, in peaceful contention, appear the great nations of the earth. "The power-press" is greater than the park of artillery; the plough takes precedence of the sword, and the fine woollen cloths of Holland have a higher claim upon us than the garments rolled in blood. Such exhibitions tend to exalt service, and throw discredit on the pursuit of war.

But what, we ask, is the effect of the Exhibition upon our own people? What has it conferred upon the nation? The effects of the American Crystal Palace, we believe, are numerous and beneficial. The existence of such a building and such an exhibition in our midst, and heralded so well and so far by the daily and weekly press, has been felt in the extreme arteries of our country. Pulsations of wonder, and purposes of new enterprise, have made the heart of the people beat quickly. And yet, we doubt if any national effect has been wrought, beyond that which will grow out of individual and local impressions. From the beginning of the Exhibition to the present moment, there have been no indications of national pride or enthusiasm. The people come and go with the feelings that carry them to the Museum.

It ought to be otherwise. The American Crystal Palace, even as an associated enterprise, deserves more attention, and is adapted to produce better impressions. But so it is. We bow to necessity, consoling ourselves with the thought that good has been produced some where. The wise and pure are still with us, and to them it has been a school of science and art, in which nations are the instructors.



SABRINA.

The Sabrina is in Parian, and is exhibited by Mr. Copeland, and may be regarded as the finest of all his productions.

Sabrina is the poetical creation of Milton, in his *Mask of Comus*—an immortal production. She is represented by the poet as listening to the invocation of the brothers.

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair."

The Sabrina in the Exhibition is modelled after Marshall, and happily expresses the original conception of the poet.



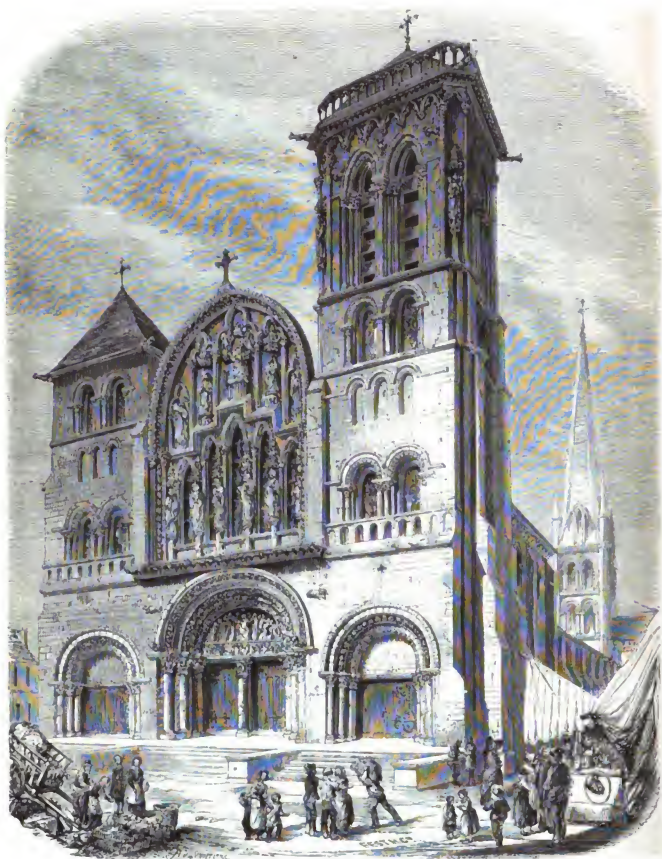
W. C. MARSHALL.

THE DANCING-GIRL REPOSING.

The engraving above is an outline of the Dancing-Girl Reposing, by W. C. Marshall, A. R. A. The figure is well modelled, and the attitude and drapery are expressive of repose. The eye seems to rest thoughtfully on some pleasing object, and gives an harmonious balance to the body.



WILD BOAR ATTACKED BY DOGS, IN BRONZE. EXHIBITED BY AUGUSTE WEYGANT, OF PARIS.



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, VEZELAY, FRANCE.

THE CHURCH OF VEZELAY.

VEZELAY, a French town in the department of L'Yonne, is on rather a lofty mountain. The access to it is difficult on every side but the west. Neighbouring and distant heights, which are crowned with tufted woods, and intersected with winding streams and fertile valleys, afford a pleasant prospect from it. The mountain on which it stands was chosen in the middle of the ninth century as an abode for a colony of children connected with the order of St. Benedict. Count Gerard de Rousillon, the fierce antagonist of Charles the Bald, and his pious wife, Bertha, were the founders of the monastery at Vezelay. They occupied a strong castle on this mountain, and there provided an asylum for monks, when the convent which they had built in honour of St. Peter was destroyed by the Normans. Vezelay, placed by its founder under the immediate protection of the Holy See, soon ranked among the great religious establishments of France, and all attempts to make it subordinate to bishops or abbés proved unavailing. In the tenth century, relics of Mary Magdalene were supposed to have been conveyed to it, which naturally gave rise to many pilgrimages thither. The population increased, and the place soon became renowned. Its inhabitants grew rich by commerce, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we find them mixed up with all sorts of transactions, either as witnesses or judges. They could not be unaffected by the general movement which was at that time going on in the north and centre of France. No less turbulent than the *bourgeois* of other towns, they killed their feudal lord, the Abbé Artaud, who wished to impose a new tax upon them, burnt the monastery, and involved many in the general destruction. This was only the prelude to other disturbances in the city, which led to an appeal to the pope. The second crusade, which was proclaimed at Vezelay in 1146, summoned the *élite* of the French barons to arms, and St. Bernard blessed Louis the Young, with a vast crowd of his vassals, on the hill to the north of Vezelay, where a church was afterwards built under the name of the Holy Cross. In the year 1155, the disputes between the inhabitants of Vezelay and their ecclesiastical superiors were brought to an end, by the payment of a large fine to the abbé, and the demolition of the towers and fortifications of the town. But during the latter half of the twelfth century the repose of the monastery was again disturbed, till at length the monks were constrained to retire. In these commotions the inhabitants once more took part, hoping to recover their independence, but were again condemned to pay a heavy fine. The monastery was for a long time afterwards frequented by pious pilgrims, some of whom were royal personages, as St. Louis, who came in 1267, to celebrate the translation of the relics of Mary Magdalene. In the sixteenth century Vezelay gave birth to the celebrated Theodore Beza, who was one of the lights of the Reformation. One of the abbés, Cardinal Odet de Coligny, embraced protestantism, and saw the Huguenots seize upon the monastery in 1569, after a brave resistance on the part of the inhabitants. The destruction of the abbey followed, and the church, which had been already neglected, was seriously damaged. The monks, who were secularised by pope Paul III. in the middle of the sixteenth century, no longer possessed the means of keeping the ancient edifice in repair. Their abbés, the lords superior, spent all the revenues at Paris, without troubling themselves at all about the state of the building.

The church of Vezelay is no less celebrated in the estimation of archaeologists than the town in that of the historians of the middle ages. The building, which is as large as a cathedral, being nearly four hundred feet long, occupies a great part of the summit of the mountain on which it is erected. From whichever side the town is approached, it commands attention by its imposing magnitude. Its towers, from their unequal size, look as if they had been more than once struck by lightning. Various opinions have at different times been entertained with regard to the origin and age of the church of Vezelay. The learned of the place gave it at least a thousand

years' existence, and attributed it to the Saracens. Without going so far back, and without believing that the good Countess Bertha rose by night to go with her attendants to the sand and stones set apart for the construction of the fabric, we may feel assured that the nave, which is in the pure Romanic style, belongs to the end of the eleventh century; that the church of the catechumens, that is to say, the porch, which is in the transition Romanic style, and not less than sixty-eight feet in breadth, dates from the twelfth century; and that the choir, which is in a pointed, bold, and slender style, must be referred to the beginning of the thirteenth century, or somewhat later. The large front, represented in the accompanying engraving, itself exhibits a mixture of several styles. In the lower part may easily be recognised that of the twelfth century, characterised by the Romanic arcades; the two towers belong to the same age, except the upper story of that on the right, which is pointed, and of the thirteenth century; the too slender balustrade which surmounts it is modern. At a later period the sculpture which adorned the tympan of the principal door were destroyed.

If we could open the doors and show the admirable sculptures which adorned the tympan of the inner entrance, and that of the capitals of the columns in the porch; then the beautiful and simple arrangement of the long triforium of the three naves, perfectly restored to their original condition, which are most sumptuously decorated from the base of the four-columned pillars to the arches of the vaulting and triforium, and even to the cordons which separate the three stories of the building, we should be surprised at what the monks of the middle ages could accomplish in the way of adorning their churches. Together with the rose-work, so rich, and so vigorously executed, must be reckoned, though inferior in point of art, the thousand subjects of statuary which cover the capitals of all the Romanic part of the church and the vast tympan of the porch. This last is occupied by Christ sitting in his glory, surrounded by the apostles, and blessing the world. The statue of John the Baptist stands on the central pier of the entrance. The zodiac, a usual accompaniment of Romanic portals, surrounds this tympan. On the side-doors are represented the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour. By the sculptures of the Romanic capitals in the naves, in which Satan, under various very ugly forms, plays an important part, the struggle of man against evil, and his triumph through the assistance of angels, are symbolically represented. There are also many biblical subjects found there.

The choir of the church, which is decorated in the pointed style, has no sculptures of persons. The columns of the chancel, consisting of one stone, are ornamented with frescoes and even incrustations in mosaic. The tympan of the exterior portal is an addition made by some abbé of the fourteenth century, who wished to throw more light into the nave of the porch than was afforded by the Romanic bays that were originally there, by making open arcades in the centre of the fore-front. This part has lately been carefully repaired. The subjects are arranged in the following manner:—The Eternal Father is seated on the summit of the tympan; two angels support his crown on each side, but a little below are statues, the one of the Virgin, who is crowned, and the other of Mary Magdalene. In the lower story may still be discerned the statues of St. Peter and St. John; three others represent a bishop and two martyrs. The style of these works is a little hard, and bears marks of the age of their execution. It is surprising that we do not here see the founder of the monastery.

For twelve years the French government has made great sacrifices to save the church of Vezelay from ruin. Thanks to the attention of M. Viollet-Leduc, who superintended its total restoration, it has resumed an air of youth and life quite reassuring, and which does not at all interfere with its original character. When this architectural monument is completely restored, it will be one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the largest, Romanic edifices in France.

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT IN MESSINA.

PAULINA, who paid very little attention to me, except that she ordered me to pull the brim of my hat a little over my eyes, as I was "so very unlike Camillo," seemed now in no hurry to depart, and answered my suggestions with a very uncivil shrug of the shoulders. This cavalier treatment rather vexed me; now I was on the point of throwing up my part and marching off to the hotel, when I reflected that this would be considered a base trick. Besides, after all, Paulina was a lovely woman; and kept me quiet, in spite of her indifference, by the mere force of her beauty. Perhaps she perceived this, the gipsy! and was resolved to put her charms to the test.

In about half an hour a stout jolly-faced man came in. He was Camillo's servant, and informed us that the gates had been passed in safety, and that by this time, as he expressed it to me with a true London accent, "The 'appy couple were galloping on the wings of 'ymen to the long-wished-for 'aven; and may they reach it—wind and weather permitting—errors excepted—which here's to. Amen!" So saying, he winked, and poured out a glass of wine and drank to the health of the "appy couple!" and, having wiped his mouth, added, "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder. Isn't that it, youngster, chapter and verse, eh? So you are to have a lark with Miss Paulina. My eyes! isn't she a stunner? But so deucedly virtuous! By the way, young'un, what was virtue made for? Do you give it up?"

I was so astounded by the fellow's impudence, that I remained looking at him without uttering a single word, or even attempting to do so. Paulina, who did not understand what was said, here broke in, and told Tommaso, as she called him, that talking time was over. In another minute, Signor Tommaso (who, I may as well say here, was an honest fellow, made a little too forward by copious libations and a consciousness of the valuable service he had rendered his master) conducted us to the gate, wished me rather ironically a pleasant ride, and turned us both out with the exclamation, "Corpo Tobacchio" (he meant *Corpo di Bacco*), "here's a precious go!"

There was a sturdy mule at the door, held by a ragged wild-looking boy. I was soon mounted upon it, with Paulina behind me, and off we went by a bye street, the boy guiding, towards the Palermo gate. A patrol meeting us, asked where we were going. I mentioned my assumed name, and was allowed to proceed immediately. The same talisman, with the addition of the pass-word, procured us free exit by the gate; and in a quarter of an hour we were climbing the fine military road that ascends the mountains in that direction. At length we entered a ravine with wooded sides; and, some clouds stealing across the path of the moon, we were often in complete darkness. The boy, who never spoke a word except to his mule, seemed, however, to be perfectly acquainted with the road, and went on steadily, as if determined to reach some distant point.

Paulina had scarcely uttered a word all this while; and as in such an adventure the voice is naturally oppressed by excitement, I had not made many attempts to break the silence. Now, however, I thought it high time to have a little quiet talk on my own account, and turning round as far as I could to Paulina, who held me carelessly round the waist, paid her two or three elegant compliments. "My dear young'un," said she, in her abominable patronizing way, "I am quite pleased if you have a good opinion of me; because you have shown a great deal of resolution in this business which no way concerned you. A madcap is not at all a fool; and I declare that on consideration I have a great respect for you. I will prove it, by giving you a piece of good advice. Do not mistake me for a waiting-maid ready to amuse you in any way you please; and, above all, do not take any liberties with me. That boy, who understands only his patois, has eyes and a tongue; and if he reports ill of you to Vannetto, you will learn how a Sicilian defends the honour of his affianced."

"You are too haughty, my tragedy queen," said I, with a slight shudder, but endeavouring to appear unconcerned; "but if you wish it I will not open my lips again." "Bah!"

replied she, in an overbearing contemptuous tone; "agreeable companion would you be in that case! Are you Englishmen all as stupid as Tommaso? Have you nothing to say to a woman, but what means contempt? "Here is a waiting-maid with a vengeance," thought I; "she insists on being talked to, and declines listening to nonsense." "Well, Paulina," said I, very frankly, as I turned my back quite on her, lest the firmness of my seat should be compromised, "you are the first woman of your class who has spoken to me in this way." There was a pause; and then she began to say, as if speaking to herself, in a low, musical, but perfectly audible voice, "My class—why my class? Yet you are right. There are classes in this world degraded and dishonoured by their very condition, and in whom rigid virtue is almost an impotence. People are born into these classes as they are born men or women, Italians or English; and inherit their morals as you inherit your protestantism, we our poetical belief." "Positively, Paulina," said I, turning round again, "you are either a philosopher—" "Or a fool," quoth she, looking archly in my face, as the moon fell brightly upon us through a cleft in the forest that heaved its huge dim waves of foliage around.

We had ridden, perhaps, for about two hours, when we reached a hut built against an overhanging precipice. Here the boy, without asking any instructions, stopped, and Paulina slid lightly to the ground. I followed her example, and soon found myself in the only chamber of the hut. A small lamp was lighted; and Paulina announced that here we were to pass the night. Being perfectly familiar with her now, and no longer in a sentimental mood, I frankly confessed that I was hungry; and the boy, being made acquainted with the fact, produced from a little secret cupboard some bread, cheese, and wine. All then ate heartily; and Paulina, who did the honours of the house admirably, finished off by proposing a bumper to Sicilian independence. I, by this time, understood that she belonged to the secret association which has so long existed for the purpose, at a fitting opportunity, of throwing off the Neapolitan yoke; and many of her enthusiastic ideas were explained. I failed, however, in turning the conversation to her own history; and a great deal of her character remained a mystery. After supper, she talked a little while about what she called the pale loves of Camillo and Sporanza, two turtle doves who deserved to be kept in a golden cage and fed on sugar and milk. I learned many details which proved them to be admirably adapted one to another, and perfectly deserving of happiness; but it was evident that Paulina thought less of Camillo than she would otherwise have done; because, instead of inspiring his young wife with liberal ideas, he talked to her only of Shakespeare and Dante; and, sentiment in abeyance, was nothing but an active speculator in sulphur and corn. However, she seemed tenderly attached to her mistress—preferring only Vannetto to her—and wished her a prosperous journey with tears in her eyes. At length, resuming her old peremptory manner, my strange companion bade me lie down on a large mat, wrap myself in my cloak, and go to sleep with my face to the wall. As this was said with a marked yawn, I complied; and, though wakeful at first, was at last dreaming that the said Paulina, spectacle on nose, was changed into a very fierce schoolmaster, who told me that *Italia* rhymed to *Gloria*, and threw his slippers at me because I seemed to doubt.

When I awoke, the sun in horizontal streams of gold was breaking through the crazy doorway of the hut, and gently warming my eyelids. I got up, and found myself alone. Suddenly Paulina appeared, coming towards me with a fine, handsome young man, dressed like a Sicilian peasant, and armed with a gun. "This is Vannetto," said she. The young man held out his hand frankly, and gave me an iron squeeze. We were soon friends, and talked over many things. They said that I must soon prepare to depart, unless I chose to accept their hospitality for a fortnight or so, and see how the free citizens of Sicily (called in government proclamation *banditti*) passed their time. I should have accepted, had I not feared to leave my friend to make all sorts of improper suppositions. As it was, I resolved to start.

Paulina accompanied me a little way by the side of the mule, guided by the taciturn boy. "*Mio amico*," said she at parting, without any patronising air; "Go in peace, and God guard and bless you. I shall pray for you as for a brother; and, *mio amico*—we may never meet again, in this world at least; but, if you do not utterly despise the companion of this night's adventure, remember her at a future time, and, for her sake (here her voice trembled) speak a word or write a word in favour of poor, dear, oppressed Sicilia. Addio! addio!"

So far the adventure was romantic enough; but I was aroused as I walked, after parting from my mule and its boy, with affected indifference through the gate; or rather, I should say, was civilly requested to wait on the governor. I found

my friend with him, stoutly denying any knowledge of the transaction. My arrival changed the face of matters; for as (which I had forgotten to mention, but it comes in as well here) Vannetto had described the ship containing the two fugitives making away under full press of canvass early in the morning, I felt at liberty to speak out. The governor more than insinuated that I was an impertinent meddler; and let out that Tommaso, in a state of immense intoxication, had been to the palace, and allowed himself, perhaps designedly, to be pumped. Both myself and friend were admonished to keep what we knew to ourselves, and advised to go on board as soon as possible; which we did, without having discovered the governor's true sentiments.

THE TURKS AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

We first hear of the Turks in the sixth century, as the most despised portion of the slaves of the great khan, a chief of the Geougen, one of the Tartar hordes, which for ages have inhabited, or rather possessed, the great plains of central Asia.* Their haunts lay mostly in the neighbourhood of the chain of mountains known as the Altai range, which were very fertile in minerals, particularly iron, and the Turks were mostly employed in extracting the ore and forging it. How long the latter remained in this degraded state, we know not, but at last a bold and energetic leader arose amongst them, named Bertzezend, and persuaded them to assert their freedom and independence. The revolt proved successful; his daring was rewarded by a crown, and under his command the Turks distinguished themselves by several victories over the neighbouring tribes. The new khan now had the hardihood to seek the hand of his old master's daughter in marriage, but his alliance was contemptuously rejected. He met with better success amongst the Chinese, who bestowed on him one of their princesses, and the insult he had received from the Geougen was avenged in a great battle, in which nearly the whole of that nation was extirpated and their dominion put an end to, and that of the Turks took its place. Their heads, however, were not turned by prosperity, and they preserved the memory of their origin by an annual ceremony, at which a piece of iron was heated in the fire and hammered upon an anvil by the prince and his chief officers in succession; and even when their dominions covered a great tract of territory, they never encamped far from Mount Altai, their former abode. Their emperor's throne was always turned towards the east, and his tent was distinguished by a spear surmounted by a golden wolf, thrust in the ground at the door. They seem to have sacrificed to a supreme being, and to have sung hymns in honour of fire and air, earth and water, as deities of an inferior order. They had unwritten laws, in which offences against morality, or breaches of military discipline, were punished with terrible severity. One of their armies consisted of four hundred thousand men, and in less than fifty years they were connected in loans or alliances with the Romans, the Chinese, and the Persians, and all this while they were still a nomadic horde of shepherds. They were terrible enemies to the Chinese, whose empire they invaded as often as internal dissensions gave them a prospect of success, and such was their superiority in arms to their civilized opponents, that their retreat was invariably purchased by subsidies. Their empire at last, however, became large and unwieldy; viceroys who were appointed became turbulent and revolted; continued successes introduced luxury and carelessness; the conquerors became enervated, and the tribes which they had subjugated rose in revolt, so that their dominion was overthrown after it had lasted for two hundred years.

The next time their name comes prominently before us in history, it is as guards of the Mussulman Caliph of the

Saracens, Motassem, who reigned in splendour at Bagdad between the years 841 and 870. He had recruited his mercenary forces by robust Turkish youths, either taken in war or purchased in trade, who were trained to bear arms, and instructed in the doctrines of the Mahometan faith. Fifty thousand of them at one time occupied the capital, while their chiefs filled the principal offices in the royal household, and acted as viceroys of the provinces. They behaved as hired soldiers may always be expected to act amongst a luxurious and enervated people, for the Arabs had by this time lost much of the warlike fervour which had distinguished them when they issued from their deserts to propagate the new faith. They rose in insurrection almost at regular intervals, upon receiving the least cause of discontent, murdered and maltreated the reigning prince, and disposed of the crown as they pleased, just as the pretorian guards had done at Rome centuries before.

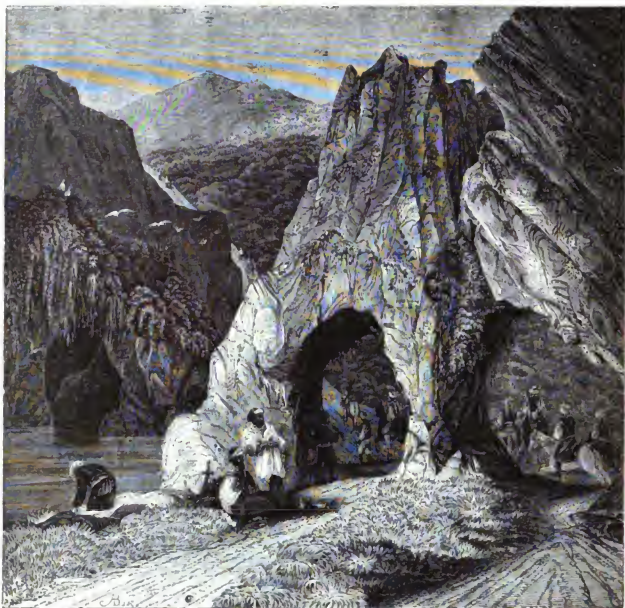
It was in the ninth century, however, that the Turks made themselves known to Europe, in all their might and ferocity, under the name of *Ungars* or *Hungarians*. They crossed the frontiers of the Roman empire in the year 889, in huge squadrons of cavalry, took possession of the province of Pannonia, and swept over Bavaria, Swabia, and Franconia, with such speed, that in one day they laid waste a tract of country fifty miles in circuit. In the year 900 they had penetrated as far as the Pyrenees, and in 924 they crossed the Alps, and desolated Italy; and it was not till the year 935 that they were defeated and repelled by the skill and valour of Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great, two Saxon princes, and settled down peaceably in modern Hungary.

The tribe were now scattered loosely over the desert from China to the Oxus and the Danube; one branch of it had founded a republic in Europe, and men of Turkish extraction were the guards and ministers of most of the Asiatic thrones. It was in the year 997 in which Mahmud the Gaznevide, the son of a Turkish emir, seized the throne of the Persian caliphs and assumed the title of *sultan*. He was famed as a warrior, and made twelve expeditions into Hindostan; but he was still unable to contend against the barbarous hordes of his own countrymen who hovered on the confines of his empire. During his lifetime, however, he managed to keep them in subjection and in peace; but during the reign of his son and successor, Massoud, in the year 1038, they burst upon Persia like an avalanche, and at the great battle of Zendeccan the sultan was defeated, and lost both his kingdom and his life.

The Turks now proceeded to the election of a king; and the choice fell upon Toghrul Bey, the grandson of Seljuk, from whom the dynasty received the appellation of Seljukian. Under him, Persia reached the highest pitch of power and importance; he delivered the caliph of Bagdad from the assaults of a rival, and finally succeeded to his throne; and, for the first time, made the arms of the Turks feared at Constantinople.

Under his successor, the famous and terrible Alp Arslan, the prestige of Turkish valour and ferocity was fully upheld, He conquered Georgia and Armenia, and passing across the

* There was a tradition amongst them that the founder of their tribe was, like Romulus, suckled by a she-wolf, and they preserved the figure of that animal on their banners.



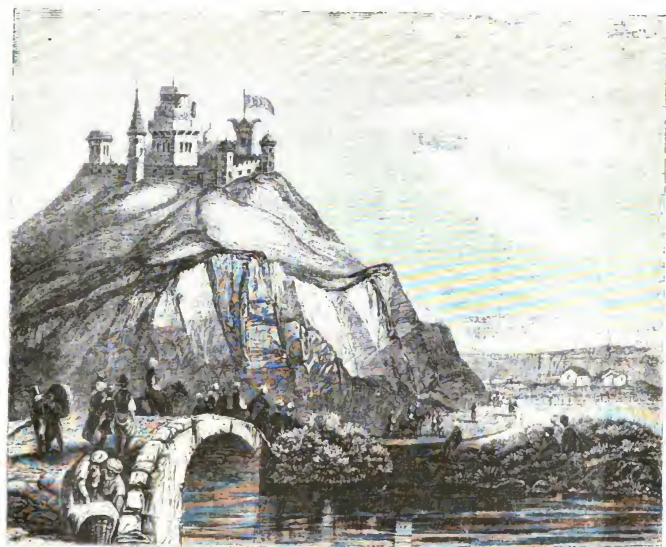
PASS IN THE BALKAN FRONTIER, BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.



THE SEA OF MARMORA.



CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE CASTLE OF SYLVRIA, ON THE SEA OF MARMORA.

frontier of the Greek empire, laid waste Phrygia. Diogenes Romanus, the emperor, marched against him with a strong force, and at first met with some slight successes; but at last, owing to the treachery of a subordinate prince, his army was thrown into confusion in the presence of the enemy, and the Turkish cavalry overwhelmed him in a vast cloud. The slaughter was immense, the booty rich, and Romanus himself was taken prisoner, and only liberated upon payment of a large ransom.

Under the successors of Alp Arslan, the Turkish dominions were still further extended, and those of the Greeks still further circumscribed. Palestine was conquered, and a new Mussulman kingdom, that of Roum, was founded, of which Jerusalem was the capital; and nothing interposed between the arms of the conqueror and the capital of the Cæsars but the narrow straits of the Bosphorus. The persecutions suffered by the Christian pilgrims who thronged from all parts of Europe, to pay their devotions at the sepulchre of Christ, became every day greater; and it was a terrible humiliation for the Roman emperor to know, that the barbarian Latins alone had the power as well as the will to aid them. We shall not enter into the details of the various conflicts which took place in the first and subsequent crusades between the Saracens and the Latins, but shall hurry on to the year 1240, when the Ottomans or Othmans, the ancestors of the present possessors of Constantinople, first appear upon the scene.

Gellaleddin, one of the bravest of the sultans of Persia, after a long and brave defence of his dominions against the Moguls, another Tartar horde, was at last defeated, and perished ignobly in the mountains of Kurdistan. His army was broken up by his death; and, while the bolder and more powerful of the Turkman hordes of which it was composed invaded Syria and violated the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the more humble entered the service of Aladin, the sultan of Iconium. Amongst the latter were the ancestors of the Ottomans. When they joined Aladin, their shah Orthogruul reigned over four hundred families, who dwelt in a camp on the banks of the Sangar, and whom he governed, in peace and war, for fifty-two years. He had a son named Thaman, or Athman, or Othman, a softened form, which it afterwards assumed, who, finding himself gradually emancipated from all control by the downfall of the Seljukian dynasty, and the distance of the Mogul khans, began to assume the bearing and authority of a sovereign prince. In sober reality, he was nothing better than what we, at the present day, should call the chief of a band of marauders; but at that time, and in that region, there was no idea of ignominy or baseness attached to the occupation he followed. He found himself close to the frontier of the Greek empire, and he was thus enabled to gratify his passion for plunder, under the pretext of religious duty; for the Koran not only sanctioned, but encouraged the carrying on of war against the infidels. The passes of Mount Olympus were no longer ably defended as of yore; he easily descended into the plain of Bithynia, and instead of retreating, according to the custom of his tribe, after a successful foray, he retained and fortified all the towns and castles that he captured, and began insensibly to adopt the customs, and indulge in the luxuries of civilization. In the reign of his son Orchan, a body of trained infantry was, for the first time, introduced into the Turkish army, as well as a train of battering engines, and by their aid Nice and Nicomedia were captured. In the year 1300, the whole of the Asiatic provinces of the Greek empire were lost, and the seven churches of the apostle John soon made way for the mosques of Mahomet.

In 1311, the Greek emperor Cantacuzene was foolish or unfortunate enough to call in the aid of the Ottomans against his rivals and adversaries. They crossed the strait, rendered him the assistance he sought; and their friendship was cemented by the marriage of the Greek princess Theodora with the son of Orchan. This time the Ottomans evacuated Europe, but in 1353, they were again invited by Cantacuzene to aid him against his enemies in Romania; and Solyman, his son-in-law, crossed the Hellespont with ten thousand horses, who never went back. The Chersonesus was insensibly filled

by a Turkish colony; an earthquake dismantled the walls of many of the towns and fortresses in the provinces—the Turks entered in and took possession, and never gave them up. When Amurath, the brother of Solyman, ascended the throne in 1360, he reigned over the whole province of Romania, from the Hellespont to Mount Haemus, and the verge of the Greek capital; and he chose Adrianople as the seat of his government. He marched against the Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Albanians, and repeatedly defeated them, while the Greek emperor, John Palæologus, and his four sons, humbly followed the march of the conqueror, and awaited his pleasure. The fate of Constantinople, the last relic of so much greatness, of so much strength, of so much glory and civilization, was at length to be decided. Her hour was come, and now, for the first time in a thousand years, she found herself in the midst of her enemies with none to help or deliver her.

Amurath turned his victories over the Selavonian nations to excellent account. A fifth of the hardest and most robust of the youth of the Danubian provinces were selected for the sultan's use. They were educated in the religion and arms of the Turkish empire; they were then blessed by Hagi Boktesh, a celebrated dervish, who, placing the sleeve of his gown on the head of one of them, exclaimed, "Let them be called janizaries (*yengi cheri*—new or young soldiers); let their countenance ever be bright, their hands victorious, their swords keen; let their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies, and wherever they go, may they return with a white face!"

The plan was found to succeed so admirably, that afterwards every fifth child, or the children of every fifth year, were selected from amongst the Christian population of the empire in the same manner, and instructed from the age of fourteen in seminaries appointed for the purpose, where they were taught to shoot with the bow, to wrestle, and speak Turkish. Some of them were employed as the household attendants of the sultan, or in the dockyards and arsenals; but the greater number were draughted into the army, and formed the first body of infantry which had appeared in Europe after the fall of the Roman empire. Here was the great secret of their success. All the western powers at that day believed that their main strength lay in their cavalry; no gentlemen would deign to fight on foot; and when foot soldiers were employed they were recruited from amongst the peasantry, and acted not as a united body, but as a sort of attendants upon the knights. As long as the Christians were ignorant of the vast power of a disciplined force of infantry, the Ottomans conquered; but as soon as their attention was turned to the improvement of this arm, and skill in its use became an essential qualification for a general, the balance was once more restored, and the Turks began to decline. Every possible effort was made to promote the *esprit de corps* amongst the janizaries, so as to keep up a feeling of unity amongst them when scattered in the various towns and provinces of the empire. They thus became the strongest bulwark of the Ottoman power in the earlier days of its establishment in Europe, though we shall see hereafter how greatly they contributed to its present decline.

The other exploits of Amurath and his successor Bajazet are numerous and weighty. The latter defeated hosts of Christian crusaders, spread terror through Europe, and threatened to feed his horse with a bushel of oats upon the altar of St. Peter's at Rome; and at last was himself conquered, and captured at the great battle of Angora, the greatest and most sanguinary that has ever occurred in the history of the world, by Timour, the Tartar khan. Amurath the Second besieged Constantinople in 1422, with an army of 200,000 men; but the strength of the walls, and the valour of the mercenaries whom the Greeks employed to defend them—for they were now too feeble or too effeminate to defend themselves—proved sufficient to repel his attacks, and the Greek empire—if that term may be applied to the city itself, for that

• *White and black face* are terms of praise and reproach among the Turks.

was all that now remained—received a respite of thirty years longer.

It is melancholy to read, even at this distance of time, of the dismay which reigned at that period at Constantinople. Many are the romances that have been written and the homilies that have been uttered upon fallen greatness, but no better instance of the vanity of earthly power could ever be cited "to point a moral and adorn a tale," than the fate of this unhappy city. The two emperors, John and Emanuel Palæologus, who occupied the throne during this period, were in the last extremity of despair. To save their capital they were prepared to sacrifice everything, even their religion, which a thousand years of strife and contention with the Latins had made it a point of honour with every true Greek to uphold. If the Pope procured him fifteen galleys, 600 men-at-arms, and 1,000 archers, he was ready to heal the schism and become his obedient son, abandon all points in dispute between the two churches, and prevail upon his clergy and people to submit themselves to the spiritual sway of the successor of St. Peter. He went as a miserable suppliant to Rome—the first Greek emperor who had ever done so—and there, such was his terror of the ferocious Turk, that in the presence of four cardinals he acknowledged as a true Catholic the supremacy of the Pope and the double procession of the Holy Ghost. He then kissed the Pope's feet, and hands, and mouth, publicly at St. Peter's, and was in return allowed to lead his Holiness's mule. Alas, poor Greece! Eight centuries previously, bishops were ready to cut their rivals' throats, and shed blood upon the altar itself, sooner than make either of these concessions; but to do the Greek clergy and people justice, whatever the emperor might say, they were as obstinate schismatics as ever, and hated the Latin Christians as cordially as the followers of the false prophet. John's conversion, however, did not avail him. The western powers could not be induced to do anything for him, and after a wearisome delay he returned empty-handed to Constantinople, after being arrested for debt at Venice on his way.

His son and successor, Manuel, made a similar excursion for the same purpose, and with no better success. He was received with all due respect in Rome. He passed on to France, and was there welcomed by Charles VI. and his nobles with magnificent politeness. He was lodged in the Louvre, and a succession of balls and fêtes were got up in the vain attempt to drive away his cares; but his demands for assistance were met with expressions of cold regret that it was impossible to comply with them, or vague promises more painful and more injurious than flat refusals. He crossed over to England, was met by Henry IV. at Blackheath, and during a stay of some days in London, was treated with all the respect and attention due to the representative of the declining dignity of imperial Rome. But the quarrels of the Roses gave the English no time for another crusade. Manuel returned to his capital, after an absence of two years, poorer and more downcast than when he left it.

On the 1st of November, 1443, the last of the Cæsars ascended the imperial throne in the person of Constantine Palæologus. The sultan of the Ottomans, reigning at this time at Adrianople, was Mahomet the Second, a man of great valour, unscrupulous ambition, great learning, but of ferocious temper. He declared his intention of building a fortress upon the European side of the Bosphorus, close to the walls of Constantinople. The emperor feebly remonstrated. Mahomet set him at defiance, and declared that he would order the next envoy who came with such a message to be flayed alive. The castle was accordingly built, and the marble of Christian churches was employed in its construction; the horses of the janizaries, who guarded the workmen, strayed into the neighbouring cornfields—the owners drove them out—frays ensued in which many of the Greeks were massacred; the city gates were closed in alarm; Mahomet overjoyed went home to prepare for war. Constantine in despair declared that since the Turks were bent on his destruction, he would put his trust in the Lord of Hosts and die sword in hand at the head of his people.

The winter of 1452-3 was spent in preparations on both

sides: Mahomet levying vast armaments and casting guns—for gunpowder had just been invented—of monstrous size; Constantine in strengthening the fortifications, saying his prayers, and soliciting aid from abroad. But the west looked coldly on, and on the 6th of April, 1453, the crescent standard was planted before the gate of St. Romanus, and the famous siege of Constantinople commenced.

Some of the populace had previously withdrawn, and many of the degenerate nobility had accompanied them in their flight. Others kept masses of treasure in concealment which, if patriotically devoted to the state, might have employed whole armies of mercenaries in its defence. The Turks numbered 300,000 men; but although Constantinople contained 100,000 inhabitants, most of them were priests, or women, or men so devoid of spirit that they had lost even the first and noblest instinct of our nature, that which prompts a man to fight in self-defence, and in defence of his family and his liberty. A diligent inquiry was made at each house how many of the inmates were able and willing to bear arms in the coming struggle, but the minister to whom the duty was entrusted bore to his master the terrible news that of all this vast multitude there were but 4,570 Romans to man the walls. The old Romans, after losing 60,000 men in eighteen months, out of a population of fighting men of 270,000, and suffering three defeats from the armies of Hannibal, in which their best and bravest lost their lives, met not in fear or lamentation in the forum, but in fury, and the remnant marched forth to fight again, unconquered and unconquerable. At Marathon 10,000 Greeks charged a countless host of Persians on an open sandy plain, in a running step, and drove them on board their ships in confusion. How true it is that freedom is its own best defender, and that slavery is the grave of valour, of honour, and of manly sentiment!

Constantine had sought, by conforming to the Roman faith, and suffering service to be celebrated in the church of Sophia, with the Latin ritual, to secure the aid of the Christians of the west; but the unfortunate man by this step only drew on himself the rage of his own subjects, and the degenerate slaves who trembled at the sound of the Turkish cannon were ready to massacre the Roman Catholic priests because they consecrated a wafer of unleavened bread, and poured cold water into the sacramental cup. They yelled in the streets, what need had they of Latin aid, and in drunken zeal declared that with the Virgin's aid they could themselves deliver their city from her assailants.

To his five thousand volunteers Constantine was enabled to add two thousand foreigners under the command of John Justiniani, a noble Genoese, and these were all he had to defend a city sixteen miles in circumference; but they were animated by the greatest enthusiasm, and he himself was in every way worthy of the name he bore.

The Greeks at first sallied from the gates and engaged in desultory conflicts outside the walls, but they soon found that losses which were nothing to the Turks were disastrous to them in the highest degree, and they henceforth confined themselves to the defence of the ramparts. Their artillery was scanty, but it was well served, though small in calibre. They had a few great guns, but feared to fire them, lest the explosion should overthrow the old walls. Mahomet's great guns, in the meantime, thundered against the fortifications, and at last made some impression. The Turks advanced to fill up the ditch with fascines and rubbish; but all that they threw down in the day the Greeks removed at night. Mahomet mined; they countermined. He erected huge towers on a level with the walls, and by the aid of battering-rams, overturned the turret of St. Romanus; they overturned his towers and built up that of St. Romanus in one night. When he saw it in the morning he swore that had thirty-seven thousand prophets told him, he would not have believed that infidels could perform such a feat in so short a time. He poured liquid fire upon the Greeks; they poured liquid fire on him. He planted scaling-ladders, and the janizaries mounted them in a furious throng; the Greeks hurled them down as fast as they mounted, in one mangled and gory mass.

Towards the end of April fire-ships arrive from Genoa laden with supplies for the weary garrison. They enter the Bosphorus, and are already in sight of the city, when the sultan sends a fleet of three hundred vessels against them. They engage; the unwieldy and badly managed barks of the Turks are overwhelmed by the skill of the Christian sailors. The slaughter is frightful. Mahomet sits on horseback on the beach

came on shore he was stretched on his face and received one hundred strokes with a golden rod under the kindling eye of his master, but the city is supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Greeks are jubilant.

It was now evident that the Turks must abandon the siege if the city could not be attacked from the sea as well as from the land. Their fleet lay far down in the straits, and the



BULGARIANS, INHABITANTS OF TURKEY IN EUROPE.

surrounded by his officers, and swears and yells with fury as he sees his followers giving way. They take heart again, they scramble up the sides of the Genoese vessels, Mahomet spurs his horse into the water in impotent rage and threatens them with vengeance in case of another failure. They are swept down by the artillery and burnt with liquid fire, and twelve thousand Turkish bodies floating in the Bosphorus attest the fury of the combat. When the Moslem commander

Genoese vessels, moored in a firm line, lay between them and Constantinople. Mahomet constructed a wooden way ten miles in length, dragged his ships along it in one night, and launched them on the side next the Black Sea. They were chained together, a battery constructed upon them, and several breaches were speedily made in the walls. The garrison was thinned; four towers were levelled with the ground; the Greeks began to despair.



PAUL BRIL.

It has been for a long time believed, that those immortal artists, whose names preside over an epoch in history, were brought forth, all at once, from the womb of humanity, without ancestors, without filiation, if we may so speak—like Venus issuing from the agitated waves. Never was belief more widely diffused of old, and yet never was belief more

able painters, who needed but to have been born two centuries later to have earned also the surname of divine.

In landscape, as in historical painting, we find the same sequence, the same phenomena; to prepare for the coming of a Claude, or a Poussin, many generations of artists had to toil, if we may so speak, at the foot of the pedestal on which they were to mount; a crowd of painters from Germany and Holland had to learn how to combine the simple love of nature, innate in the people of the north, with the ideal sentiment of the beautiful bestowed on the Italians. From the mystic marriage of northern and southern Europe, the great Poussin was born.

Amongst those artists who thus paved the way for the great landscape painters of the seventeenth century, there is one whose name and works have been handed down to posterity—Paul Bril. The Venetian and Flemish schools dispute, it is true, the honour of having originated landscape painting. Although history seems to certify that Giorgione and Titian were the first who thought of treating the landscape as the principal part of a picture, and thus to justify the pretensions of the Venetians, it is, nevertheless, allowable to believe that Flanders was the cradle of the most ancient landscape painters. Such, in fact, is the opinion of the Italian Baldinucci himself. We must also add, that the grave and sentimental character of the northers leads them to the contemplation of the external world. At the time when Europe emerged from the long barbarism of the middle ages, they were the first to awaken to a sense of the beautiful in nature. Besides all this, light, which plays so prominent a part in all landscapes, nowhere exhibits effects so striking as in the stormy countries of the north. There the sun tears open the clouds in the twinkling of an eye, and inundates one half of the landscape with his rays, while the other half remains plunged in silent shade; there the clouds assume tints so varied that the painter may study in them the most curious gradations of tone.

One thing is certain—the first painter, to cultivate land.



false. Humanity, productive and powerful as she is, cannot improvise a great man. A long gestation, a series of progressive transformations, are necessary to produce one of those brilliant geniuses whose glory effaces the remembrance of the slow and successive efforts which had been made before their time. Between Giotto and Raphael there appeared a long line of

scape painting exclusively, who afterwards attained to any celebrity, was Paul Bril the Fleming. It ought to be remarked, that this painter lived constantly in Italy; and we shall see, by the history of his life, that his genius was developed under the two-fold influence of the instincts which he brought with him from his native country, and of the great models which he found in the country of his adoption. He was born at Antwerp, in 1538.* He studied when very young under Daniel Wortelmans, painter, unknown to fame. If we are to believe Karl Van Mander, he shewed at first but little docility in learning his art, and at the age of fourteen had given no sign of the possession of genius. As he was obliged to support himself by his labour, he painted in water colours harpsichords and those three-stringed lyres that were called *psalteries*. Painting was then chiefly employed for purposes of ornamentation. All the furniture in Italy, towards the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, were adorned with paintings. Desco, a Florentine, and Starnina in Spain, excelled in this branch of art.† Gaddi Oreguna and Giotto himself painted *casconi*—little boxes for containing wedding presents. Although Paul Bril performed this sort of work with great facility, he had great difficulty in making out a livelihood. Necessity, and the desire of seeing new countries, and natural restlessness of disposition, made him leave Antwerp early; he set out for Breda. His parents, who were already suffering from the absence of their eldest son, Mathew, soon recalled him to his native town. The reports which reached him, however, of the success which had attended his brother Mathew in Italy, revived his desire to follow him, and he took flight one fine morning, when scarcely twenty years of age, to realise his dream of Italy. He stopped, however, some months at Lyons before crossing the Alps. D'Argenville informs us that Paul Bril studied there under an unknown master, but that the instructions he received were not by any means useless. His colouring was improved, and he acquired a firmer and more vigorous style.

On his arrival at Rome, he found his brother, who had been resident there for many years, engaged in executing the great works at the Vatican, which had been committed to him by Gregory XIII. During the life of the latter, Paul laboured with his brother, and assisted him in finishing the paintings and decoration upon which he was engaged in the great gallery and apartments of the pontifical palace. He then showed so much ability, that, on the death of Mathew, which took place in 1584, Pope Sixtus V., the successor of Gregory XIII., confided to him the task of completing what his brother had begun.‡ From this moment, Paul Bril's reputation was established, and ever after continued to increase during the whole course of a long and laborious life. Popes Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Paul V., &c., employed him in a great number of important works. There is still at Rome a large composition which he painted in 1602, in the splendid dining-hall constructed by Clement VIII., in which St. Clement, the patron of this pope, may be seen bound to an anchor and cast into the sea. The picture contains an area of not less than sixty-eight Roman palms, or about fifty-nine feet. The ceilings of the two staircases, beside the Scala Santa, near St. John of Lateran, were also adorned by two large frescoes, the work of his pencil. The one represents Jonas being swallowed by the whale, and in the other the prophet appears lying on

the shore after issuing from the fish's belly. The mere enumeration of all the landscapes which he painted for the pontifical palace, and the various convents and churches at Rome, would of itself form a catalogue of some length. Baldinucci informs us, that immediately after Mathew's death, Paul Bril was employed by the greatest artists of the day to paint the scenery in the background of their pictures, because none knew how so well as he to set off a historical fact by the addition of a beautiful landscape.

Paul Bril far surpassed his brother Mathew. The latter retained to the last the hard and stiff Flemish manner of the sixteenth century; Paul, on the other hand, was distinguished by the harmony of his colouring, the lightness of his touch, and the great simplicity and grandeur of all his compositions. These qualities, however, did not show themselves until the second period of his artistic career. In fact, there appears so wide a difference between his earlier works and those executed in his manhood and old age, that it has been generally supposed that he altered his style after having seen the works of Titian and Annibal Carracci. That he was improved by the study of these great masters is quite possible; but if a profound sentiment of reality, and the genius with which heaven had gifted him, had not taught him faithfully to represent nature, the example of other painters would never have given him originality. Before he saw Titian and Carracci, he had seen the country, he had seen the Alps—these were his masters. "The Alps," says Hagedorn, "taught Paul Bril and his brother Mathew how to treat landscape. They awakened in the mind of the ultramontane artists the taste for choosing beautiful countries, and of looking at the rich points of view, as the chief objects of the painting." In the series of sixty engravings of the works of his master, Paul Bril, which Nieuwand has left us, it is easy to perceive the justice of this observation. The grandeur of the lines, the depth of the horizon, the vivid appearance of the atmosphere, and the various accidents of the ground, all remind us of a mountainous region.

There are few subjects in landscape which Paul Bril has not touched. In his works we meet at one time with rural scenes, clear rivers whose water turns the wheel of a mill overshadowed by huge trees, shepherds driving their flocks down hollow and picturesque declivities; at another, cascades and torrents flowing between high mountains covered with fir, and sweeping away trees and rocks in their impetuous course (in this way he traces the route to Everdingen and Huyadael); at another, a sandy beach, on which the sea is breaking gently, as in a picture of Van de Velde; and sometimes rays of the sun gleaming across clouds—a phenomenon which the great Ruysdael knew how to render with so much feeling. Bril's animals are in general coarse and rude looking, and display few traces of painstaking or elaboration. It is evident that he had not studied their anatomy, and had not acquired the art of rendering correctly either the wool and hair which forms their covering, or the grace and simplicity of their attitudes. The living beings of his landscape, his figures, were those trees—of which he knew so well how to contrast the profiles, to round off the tufted heads, to vary the forms, the masses, and the outline, indicating by this variety the diversity of the species. His favourite tree was the oak with knotted trunk, the foliage strongly emphasized, and the colour dark green. He never fails to surround it with ivy: this graceful parasite creeps from the base of the trunk, which it covers with verdure, till it entwines itself amongst the highest branches, and then falls back amongst the leaves in loose and flexible lines. By this alone a picture of Paul, Bril's may always be recognised. He never paints an oak which does not bear the sacred mistletoe in its knotty arms. His water is beautiful and transparent; his rocks firm, well broken, wild, and abrupt.

This painter, who had, in a great degree, to create the art of landscape painting, and who was the first, according to Hagedorn, to think of lowering the horizon, to which his predecessors had given too great elevation, and who thus gave truth to the landscape by presenting us with the spectacle of nature such as she appears to us from the ground on which

* Baldinucci gives 1584 as the date of his birth; but this is an error, as he himself shows, by informing us that Paul Bril followed up the labours of his brother, who died in this very year. Van Mander and Sandrart both fix the birth of Paul Bril in the year 1538.

† "Lanzi's Lives of the Painters," Vol. I, p. 60.

‡ If it be true that Paul Bril owed his selection to succeed his brother to Sixtus V., a year must be added to the date of Mathew's death, for Sixtus V. did not ascend the pontifical throne till 1585. If, on the contrary, Mathew died in 1581, it is Gregory III, who must have accorded to Paul the favour which had been bestowed upon his brother.

we stand, and not as we see her from the top of a high mountain or the car of a balloon,—this painter of genius was able, when his talents had reached their height, to execute works which will bear comparison with those of the greatest masters of the seventeenth century. "Pan and Syrinx," "Duck Shooting," "Diana followed by her Nymphs," "Diana discovering the weakness of Calisto," are some of his *chef-d'œuvre*. If you want to have the idea of profound solitude—of virgin nature, where the vegetation is as luxuriant as in the forests of America—where the penetrating odour of the verdure intoxicates you—stand for a moment before the picture which represents "Duck Shooting." No one has better understood or better translated the exact force and beauty of the Latin word *frondosus*. To the right, two enormous oaks, covered with ivy, as Paul Bril loved to depict them, serve as a set-off to the background of the picture, in which we perceive a river overshadowed by trees which the light caresses, the farthest off being put in their place by the interposition of a light vapour. How skillfully they are grouped! Their position betrays all the undulations of the soil on which they flourish; their summits are reflected in the water. Grass, reeds, plants of every kind, grow on these charming banks; the lazy cattle plunge into the midst of them, and there, up to their shoulders, remain immovable. What pure air, what freshness, what silence, under that arch formed by the young trees to the right! And, nevertheless, two hunters have made their way into this quiet retreat; already one of them is taking aim at the ducks that are disporting themselves upon the banks of the river. An unexpected report will soon awaken the sleeping echoes, and destruction mark the presence of man. These figures are said to be the work of Annibali Carracci.

The most admirable feature in this painting, as in most of Paul Bril's landscapes, is his distance. The lightness of his touch in the backgrounds is marvellous; that transparent and bluish gauze, that the atmosphere seems to spread over distant objects, particularly in mountainous regions, is found in all his paintings. It floats on the top of the trees, on the summit of the hills, on the azure of the sky, and covers every object with a poetic indistinctness, and all the while the objects in the foreground are rendered with a readiness, liveliness, and freedom often verging on crudity. Paul Bril devotes his whole genius to the representation of this wonderful effect of nature. In the foreground of his compositions, he usually places to the right or left large trees plunged in shade, which make his horizons retreat out of sight bathed in vaporous light. Paul Bril had dimly foreseen those admirable perspectives which Claude Lorrain has flooded with golden sunlight. The former had less brilliancy and less life. It is Alpine nature; it is landscape seen between high mountains, whose shadows maintain perpetual freshness. On the contrary, it was under the burning sun of Italy that Claude received the splendid revelation of his genius. Nevertheless, we are far from asserting that Paul Bril was equal to Lorrain; but still the elder master has sometimes attained to such perfection, that mistakes have been made, and the works of the Fleming attributed to the Frenchman. M. Waagen found at Blenheim House a small landscape attributed to Claude, which he took for a Paul Bril. He was not far mistaken after all, for Claude was the pupil of Augustin Tassi, who was the disciple of Bril.

In those works in which Bril has risen to the full height of his genius, there is a remarkable mixture of Italian style and Flemish simplicity. In "Diana and Calisto," "Pan and Syrinx," appear already the splendid arrangement, the broad and harmonious lines, and the choice of trees and sites, peculiar to the historic landscape. In other compositions Paul Bril has given us triumphal arches, temples, edifices, marked by reminiscences of Roman and Athenian architecture. The ideal of beauty, which antiquity had handed down to the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which inspired the painting and sculpture of that period, then commenced to exercise some influence upon landscapes also. As soon as the Greek temple or the Roman aqueduct makes its appearance in the scene, it seems as if nature should assimilate herself to

the calm regularity of these rows of elegant columns, to the stern boldness displayed by these arches. Paul Bril was the first to seek in nature this antique ideal, and it was his finger which pointed out to Poussin the road to immortality. But if Paul Bril had some presentiment of the heroic landscape, he did not altogether lose the simple and true sentiment of nature, by which the Flemish painters have been generally distinguished—the more modern idea of reality, by which man does not seek to arrange nature according to his views or philosophy, but is content with the humble contemplation of her beauties, surrenders himself wholly to her influence, and asks in exchange the secret of her mysterious poetry. Although Bril's remembrance of his native land grew fainter the longer his stay in Italy and the older he became, there is, nevertheless, not one of his works in which some traces of it are not to be found. He always manages, even in those paintings which bear most marks of attention to style, to introduce some quiet nook, some arch of verdure, some spring bubbling up through broken rocks, in which nature is revealed in her chaste and graceful nudity. It may safely be affirmed, not only that Claude and Poussin descend from Paul Bril, but that the naturalist school—if we may use the phrase—of the Low Countries ought to recognise him, if not as a master, at least as a precursor.

Such was the reputation which Paul Bril enjoyed at Rome, that the cardinals and Roman nobles disputed with the popes for the time which he spent in *adibus raticianis*. It would be impossible to enumerate all the frescoes, all the paintings on canvas and copper, which he executed for the different churches, chapels, and monuments of Rome, or sold to private individuals. No one thought of decorating his palace or gallery with a landscape from the pencil of this master, who was not prepared to spend more than one hundred ducats in acquiring it. This was the price of his smallest works, and it was not every one who could obtain them even at this price. His contemporaries with justice placed the greatest value upon those of his landscapes which represented scenes in the country round Rome, in which the nobility extolled the exact fidelity with which the artist rendered the monuments, the trees, and the fading outline of the hills; but they admired above all his truth in detail, and the breadth in the masses of his foliage. In the latter, in particular, he surpassed all his predecessors, and we might almost add that he has never been equalled since. His predecessors have been able to give more grace and naturalness—if we may use the word—to their trees; but none knew so well as he how to indicate, by the drawing of the leaves and the touch of the trunks, the difference of species; by the undulations of the top, or the inclination of the stem, the nature of the ground concealed beneath. Woods, when seen from on high, from the summit of a mountain which overlooks them, have the appearance of a sea of verdure, which the breeze skims over or raises like the waves of the ocean. Paul Bril noticed and painted this phenomenon with surprising ability.

He died at Rome, on the 7th of October, 1626, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Church of the Anima. His last works show great finish, and perhaps the example of Adam Eiseheimer, who was at Rome about this period, had some influence upon the last efforts of his genius. Among the *chef-d'œuvre* of this period of his career is a small landscape on marble, possessing the utmost mellowness of touch. It seems that his hand, instead of growing heavy as he grew older, became lighter and firmer; so that he was able to etch (a process just then coming into use), a few years before his death, several landscapes, in which he gave full scope to his imagination.

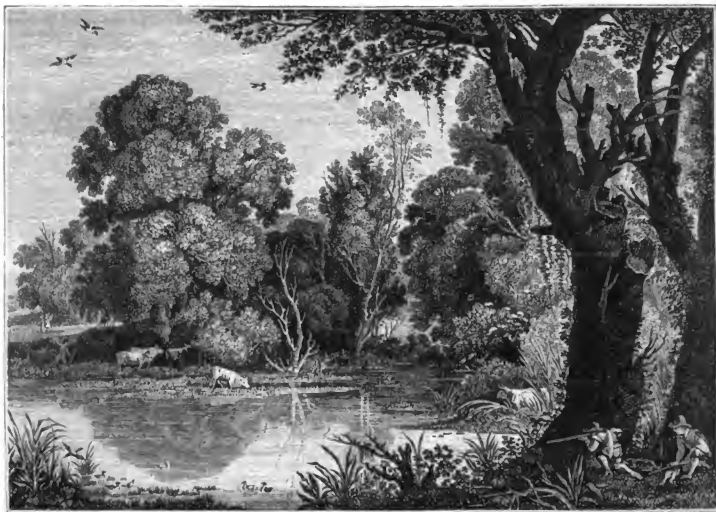
Bril's reputation caused disciples to resort to him from all parts of Europe. He had many pupils, among whom were William Nieuwland and Augustin Tassi, of whom we have already spoken, Spicrings, Balthasar Louvers, and Cornelius Vroom. Augustin Tassi and Nieuwland bore, one to Italy and France, and the other to Holland, the tradition of Bril's genius. We have already mentioned that Claude Lorrain was the pupil of Tassi.

In France there are a great number of Bril's paintings at Fontainebleau. The artists who have painted the figures in most of his works are, A. Carrachi, Josepin, Rottenhamer, &c. He has left behind him some drawings very ably executed with the pen and a wash of bistre or Indian ink, upon which he passed hatchings in every direction.

Bril's works have rarely made their appearance at public

sales, but whenever they have done so, they have fetched tolerably good prices. We have found neither marks nor signature upon any of them. His etchings are marked thus—

*Paulus Bril Invenit.
& Fecit: 1590.*



DUCK SHOOTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

ALBERT DURER.

"Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the evangelist of art;
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Finstadt is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air!"

Thus sings our great poet Longfellow, with his accustomed truthfulness and beauty. In what he here says he does but echo the honest sentiments of all enlightened Europe. There is none who does not reverence Germany for having produced such a man—none who does not love art more because he was one of her disciples. The mere mention of his name awakens in our minds the strangest ideas, and opens to our view the perspective of a new world. It is, as it were, a calling up of all the dreams of Germany. Mysterious shapes appear to us at first indistinctly, looming through a mist. Here, an unknown cavalier makes his way among rocks and leafless trees, followed by a demon with outstretched claws, and accompanied by the figure of Death mounted on his white horse. He advances with a firm step, regardless of the

monsters which surround him, and the reptiles which crawl at his feet. There, a knight, who, like Perseus, has wings attached to his heels, and a helmet in the shape of a gigantic butterfly, has checked his horse near a ruined arch, and knocks at the portal of a deserted mansion, as though he expects the spirits of the dead to rise and come forth. Yonder, an immense bat, spreading its hideous wings in the clouds, hovers over a woman seated on the sea-shore, in an attitude of dejection, her name is Melancholy. In these obscure regions fabulous heroes and nameless beings are strangely intermingled with the characters of sacred history and the executioners of Jesus Christ. It might be said, that whole legions pass before us. But we are surprised to find those symbolical figures, which inspire us with a secret terror—we know not

wherefore—ranged side by side with known and familiar objects; peasants dancing on the green, and carrying baskets of fruit; the smiling faces of young girls, shaded by the simple lace cap, such as are seen at the village church or by the quiet fireside. Domestic scenes and common-place things are singularly intermingled with the spectres of the Black Forest, or the strange phantoms of German superstition—the most familiar of which is the shaggy and horned demon. This elegant gallant, who is walking in the country with his richly-dressed and smiling lady, is evidently in happy ignorance, that close to him, concealed by the trunk of a tree, is grim Death, in the shape of a living skeleton. Oh! strange and mysterious world, in which the most ideal poetry is confounded with the simplest realities! Such a world is presented to us in the works of Albert Durer. But if studied more minutely and patiently, another melody, not less surprising than the former, engages our attention. Those visions, at first so indistinct, have assumed bodily shapes, whose outlines are clearly defined; those phantoms have taken precise forms, and their draperies fall in stiff metallic-looking folds. We might even count the hairs of their heads, those of the manes of their coursers, the rivets in their cuirasses, the blades of grass which they tread under foot, the smallest stones in the house which they inhabit, and the most minute of the leaves of the trees which shelter it. And when we turn to the man whose labours have produced these images, so lifelike and yet so imaginary, we acknowledge this strange visionary to be the most skilful goldsmith, the most indefatigable engraver, the most imitable painter; that he loved to carve on the brass the chimeras of the Apocalypse, and to chisel his own dreams on steel. We find that this lover of the marvellous and fantastic pursued the study of the positive sciences; that this imaginative poet was a consummate mathematician; that this visionary was also a skilful geometrician.

Albert Durer is rightly acknowledged as the father of the German school. He was the living personification of the genius and talent of Germany. Historical events, consequent upon the grand struggle for the reformation of the Church, the peasant war, and the thirty years' war, retarded the progress of art in Germany from the time of its foundation by the great Nuremberg painter. It remained in *statu quo* for nearly two centuries, so that the works of Albert Durer continued to be the highest expression of German art, and, so to speak, her best struck medal.

One of Durer's earliest works, which bears the same date as his first celebrated picture, 1498, is a series of wood-engravings representing "The Apocalypse." It was certainly a strange beginning. To measure his strength in the outset against a subject at once so whimsical, terrible and sublime, of which it even seems impossible to form a conception; to mount, for his *coup d'essai* "Death's Pale Horse," and to plunge into the boundless regions of the imaginary world,—none but a German would have dared such an enterprise. The spectres which had terrified the recluse of Patmos were represented by Durer in a set of fifteen engravings. A wild and mystic poetry pervades them, the artist at once transports us into the realms of another world. He there shows us ominous horsemen, one bearing a bow, another a naked sword, the third a pair of scales, and the fourth the scythe of Death, the destroyer of whole nations. With what fury do they rush onwards! See how their panting and ungovernable chargers bound through the regions of space! These are no earthly steeds: steeds, such as these, require the gigantic riders, who have seized their manes and press their flanks. In what dream did this chain of phantoms appear to Durer? Into what sleep did he fall to see pass before him visions revealed by the pen of an inspired apostle, those terrible symbols of which the significance is to us unknown!

One of the most remarkable amongst these engravings is the eighth. There are seen the angels of the Euphrates let loose by the anger of heaven, and massacring the third of the human race. Their gleaming swords fall with indelible fury on all sides indiscriminately. In the heavens are seen the aerial riders mounted on beasts possessing the bodies of

horses, and the heads of lions; this is the flying host destined for the annihilation of the rest of the human race. Already the emperor, the bishop, the nun, and the monk, have fallen victims to their fury; here the Protestant artist has betrayed his thoughts in attempting to explain the inexplicable vision of the Evangelist, for, in the ruin of these hooded and mitred personages, we recognise that the graver has been guided by a friend of Melancthon and a disciple of Luther.

There is something most singular and original in Albert Durer's paintings and engravings, they are impregnated by the most misty spiritualism, and at the same time characterised by a patient and minute execution brought to the very highest finish. One would say that the artist observed this accuracy in order to prevent his poetic ideas from becoming indistinct. The more fanciful and obscure the subject, the greater pains did he take to render the figures plain and decisive; if we cannot fathom the profundity of his meaning, we can at least catch the reality of the figures which express it. Take, for example, his celebrated engraving known under the name of the "Great Horse," you will be astonished at first by the extreme delicacy of the work, you will admire the distinctness of the outline, the exactness with which the accessories are rendered, and the incredible patience of the engraver; but if you seek to penetrate the sense of the composition, you will be at a loss to know what motive actuates this fierce-looking warrior, who, holding his horse by the bridle, stops at the portal of a ruinous castle. It will only inspire you with an undefinable feeling of terror, and in endeavouring to catch the meaning of the artist, you are lost in a bewildering maze of conjecture.

The love of the extravagant and fantastic, observable from the first in the works of the great German painter, never abandoned him. In that dreamer "Melancholy," who, seated on the sea-shore, seems seeking to penetrate with her gaze into infinite space, he has apparently expressed the inspiration of his own soul. For our own part, we have this picture always before us. How is it possible ever to forget an engraving of Albert Durer's, even though seen but once! We ever see her, her proud and noble head thoughtfully resting upon one hand, her long hair falling in dishevelled tresses over her shoulders. Her folded wings, emblematic of that impotent aspiration, which directs her gaze towards heaven, whilst a book, closed and useless as her wings, rests upon her knee. No, nothing can be more gloomy, more penetrating, than the expression of this figure. From the peculiarity of the folds of her dress, one would say, that she was enveloped in iron draperies. Near her is a symbolical sun-dial, with the bell which marks the hours as they glide away. The sun is sinking into the ocean, and darkness will soon envelop the earth. Above hovers a strange-looking bat, which, spreading its ominous wings, bears a pennon, on which is written the word—"Melancholia."

All is symbolical in this composition, of which the sentiment is sublime. Melancholy holds in her right hand a pair of compasses and a circle, the emblem of that eternity in which her thoughts are lost. Various instruments appertaining to the arts and sciences lie scattered around her; after having made use of them, she has laid them aside, and has fallen into a profound reverie. As a type of the mistrust which has crept into her heart, with avarice and doubt, a bunch of keys is suspended at her girdle; above her is an hour-glass, the acknowledged emblem of her transitory existence. But nothing is more admirable than the face of Melancholy, both in the severe beauty of her features and the depth of her gaze, in which may be recognised a likeness to Agnes,—a remarkable fact, which I do not think has before been noticed! In 1514 Albert Durer conceived the type of Dr. Faust, which illustrates that state of mind in which the result of science is but doubt, the result of experience but bitter and disheartening disappointment. Three centuries before the age of Goethe, an artist depicted the grief which in our days torments the minds of choice spirits; but the painter was not so well understood as the poet, although the poet was evidently inspired by the painter. Neither the sentiment of melancholy nor the word which expresses it had appeared in art before the time of Albert Durer.

We will now speak of the celebrated engraving called "Death's Horse." It is said that Albert Dürer intended to represent Franz Von Sickingen, whose name was dreaded throughout Germany, thus giving him a terrible warning. An S traced on the picture goes far to corroborate this supposition. But, setting aside the possibility of this allusion, and also the idea that the artist intended to represent his own journey through life, this great work obtains a more lasting importance and a more general application. An old ballad has moreover suggested another signification. It there presents to us the model of the Christian, *sans peur et sans reproche*. "Let Death and the Devil attack me, says the knight, I will conquer both the Devil and Death." Such was Dürer's love of the marvellous and the fantastic, that many subjects for pictures and engravings were furnished him by his dreams. Among them is one of the most singular water-colour paintings which has ever been exhibited; this picture is in the Ambrasian collection at Vienna. There is seen a large sheet of water which washes the shores of a plain, upon which are several houses. Over this water hangs a huge black cloud, which is discharging itself in torrents of rain. On every side the air is filled with vapour. Albert Dürer wrote these words beneath this painting:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke: I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a height, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding, that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning when I rose I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!"

"ALBERT DÜRER."

This is certainly a most artless description. However, Joseph Heller, an eminent German writer, the author of the best life of Albert Dürer which has yet appeared, would not allow his ingenuity to be vanquished. He spends much time in explaining this water-colour painting otherwise so incomprehensible. He gives with the utmost care the most minute details, is even so scrupulous in his examination as to take note of the manufacturer's mark on the piece of paper used by Albert Dürer. Moreover, the learned commentator had this mark engraved and joined to his text.

Notwithstanding the generally abstract character of German genius, the serious and thoughtful habits of Albert Dürer did not always keep him aloof from the world of realities. He sometimes abandoned the region of chimeras and phantoms, to work at the grandest and noblest religious subjects. "The Martyrs of the Christian Legion," which is to be seen in the Austrian Belvedere gallery; "The Adoration of the Magi," which is preserved in the gallery of the Uffizzi at Florence; "The Trinity," surrounded by the angelic host; these and many other pictures prove that this great master respected the limits which separate the imaginary from the visible. Some out of this class are his *chef-d'œuvre*, but the most perfect of all adorns the Pinakothek at Munich. It is divided into two compartments, one of which contains the apostles St. John and St. Peter, the other St. Mark and St. Paul. It was the last important production of the great artist. He had the satisfaction of ending his career by a happy and eminently successful effort towards the sublime. He painted these figures of the Apostles with the intention of leaving them in his will to be placed in the Town Hall at Nuremberg, in order to preserve there, by the memory of his genius, the religious fervour of the Lutherans; for Dürer had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and the questions to which they gave rise constantly occupied his thoughts. He painted beneath "The Apostles," long inscriptions gathered from their epistles and gospels, recommending us not to neglect the study of the scriptures, or to believe in the doctrines of false

prophets. He has given to each one of these figures a distinct and well-defined character. The exile of Patmos is represented as possessing a passionate, enthusiastic, and melancholy temperament; St. Peter, with his gray hairs and calm deportment, expresses contemplative repose; St. Mark bears the aspect of a hopeful man and a zealous propagator of the faith; the figure of St. Paul, armed with a naked sword, and carrying the bible, is the symbol of action, energy, and imperious will; he casts a severe and searching glance around him, as if to discover all blasphemers, in order to destroy them with the sword of the living God.

We must not suppose that Dürer never relaxed from his severe gravity. His familiar letters sometimes discover an inclination to gaiety, at times even an approach to harmless raillery. It is true that they were written at Venice, away from his wife. He writes thus to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"I should judge from what you have written me, that you are anxious to do the amiable, but that becomes you as perfume does a languet. You think that when you have decked yourself out in silks, and made yourself agreeable to the women, that you have done all that you as modest a should not be any you have too many think, if you wish in a month, you Give my greeting Lorents, and your also to our lady— was the name to his wife); thank for recollecting me, and tell her that she is a ' salope.'* Item. You will be glad to hear that my picture has succeeded beyond my expectations; I have obtained by it much honour, but little profit. During my absence I have not made more than 200 ducats; I have refused to undertake some important works, that I may be at liberty to return. I have now effectually silenced all those painters who said, 'He is a good engraver, but as to painting, he has no idea of colouring.' Item. My French cloak and my 'Walsh' coat greet you"



is needful. Were man as myself, I grieve with you; but 'amours,' and I to pay them all off will ruin yourself. To Borscht and M. pretty servant girl, accountant (this which Dürer gave your housemaid

Many of Albert Dürer's paintings and engravings belong to the class called *genre*. He dealt with fanciful subjects as well as familiar and rural scenes. Sometimes two lovers are represented walking affectionately together in the country; sometimes the villagers enjoying their evening dance; sometimes a peasant attempting to win a young girl by his deceitful promises. Dürer understood the Flemish style, the peaceful charm of every-day life, the poetry to be found in realities. Albert Dürer was not only a painter of the first order, and a wonderful engraver, but he had also learnt to handle the tool of the goldsmith and the chisel of the sculptor. In nearly all the German towns, works in alto-relievo, as well as medallions, are shown to the traveller as his productions.

Sculptor, painter, engraver, this great man has also written learned works. Had he been known merely as an author, he would still have borne an illustrious name. His most celebrated work is a "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books.

Having mentioned so celebrated a work, perhaps we may be permitted to express our full opinion. This book has been little read, which is partly the fault of the author. Unintelligible and without animation, it disconcerts and discourages the reader in the outset. For instance, there is no order in his arrangement, he does not set to work as a methodical mind would have done, "commencing with the large divisions and ending with the small." Before learning the position of the fourteenth part of the human body, we ought to know something about the half. This disagreeable impression, which is produced by the diffuse character of an ill-arranged book, sufficiently explains why those authors who are fond of clearness have only glanced at Albert Dürer's, and imme-

* We give here the original word used, and the grotesque figure of which it is the translation.

diately pronounced it incomprehensible; sometimes, however, we may gather from it beautiful ideas. Albert Durer seems to have believed that nature has arranged even her deformities with a certain regularity, that even ugliness is harmo-

which is common to all countries and ages, and which exerts a universal influence. It is true, that occasionally, especially in his picture or "The Apostles," he approaches sublimity. As no painter has expressed grief with so much



GAUBIONT. DEL.

A. LAVIGIERE SC.

A FOREST SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

nious,—an idea which has been very cleverly developed by Diderot.

Albert Durer's exclusively German taste prevented him from attaining that true beauty, that harmonious perfection,

depth and force as he in his painting of "The Passion," which he began three times, so none has displayed more grace and tenderness than is shown in his "Life of the Virgin." A zealous Lutheran, from nothing did Durer gather greater

inspiration than from Holy Writ, and being filled with that Christian sentiment which obtained such influence in the middle ages, he naturally displayed his religious feelings in his works. Judging from his later productions, it seems

limited sense of the word—that is to say, his works are not only remarkable for their national character, but the greater part of them only suit the taste of the population of the Upper Rhine. One is struck with astonishment at his



ALBERT-DÜRER P.

AL-CABASSON. D.

CH-JARDIN SC.

MELANCHOLY.

probable that he contemplated at one time the union of Gothic and Italian art. Whilst Luther broke with Rome, Dürer held out the hand of brotherhood to Raphael. Nevertheless, the painter of the "Death's Head" is too *German*, in the

strange symbols, his thoughtful and singular attitudes, and his draperies are not less surprising than his figures. He disposes them in large masses, and breaks them into a multitude of little angular folds, which often gives them the

appearance of metal. His colouring is clear and delicate, and too brilliant to be natural; it is very like that used for the illumination of ancient manuscripts, and of an intensity which quite offends the eye. His *chiaroscuro* has also a fanciful appearance; in it the light and shadow play, as in one of

those powerful visions by which his sleep was troubled. In short, all Albert Durer's works, bearing so strongly the impress of German genius, betray the man of the North, who, combining in his life the simplest prose with the most ideal poetry, loves to rise above the world of realities into the realm of dreams.

GERICAULT.

GERICAULT was the son of an advocate of Rouen, and was born in that town in 1791. Unfortunately for him, his birth was as premature as his death; had he come into the world five years later, he would have enjoyed while living the glory which his works merited. But he died at the early age of thirty-three, as yet badly appreciated, understood only by a small number, and despised by those who, in his day, were the oracles of taste. Now the differences to which his works gave rise have disappeared and are forgotten, and there is no personal feeling to influence the judgment which the public may form of them.

He was originally destined to receive a careful and literary education. When fifteen, his father entered him in the Lycée Imperial. What then took place was what might have been expected to take place in the case of a youth of more than ordinary energy. His predominating tastes and tendencies revealed themselves with extraordinary rapidity; and so impatient did he grow to become an artist, and above all a painter of horses, that to pursue his classical studies was out of the question; for horses were his passion even from infancy. Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in the riding-school, and at Franconi's, whom he thought the greatest of men. He often hung about the doors of the nobility, for the purpose of watching their horses being driven off in their carriages, and often ran after them like the street *gamins*. When seventeen years of age, he was placed in the studio of Carlo Vernet. After leaving him, he placed himself under Guérin, to whom his peculiar mode of colouring appeared ridiculous in the extreme. Géricault had studied in the Museum, and had there commenced to copy Rubens at the very outset—a piece of audacity till then unheard of—so that he brought with him racy tones, the mannerized forms, and a good deal of boldness. He now found his position most uncomfortable. He thought that he would one day become a great painter; his master thought not, and in fact advised him to give up thoughts of painting altogether. This hurt him greatly, but did not by any means dishearten him. On leaving Guérin he completed his education by reading the English poets, and by the study of Italian, music, and by diligent attention to the antique. He also spent much of his time in copying the old masters.

Géricault was then a fine young man, above the middle height, well proportioned, and elegant in his manners, a great admirer of the women, and greatly admired by them, and quite a lion on the Champs de Mars. Now-a-days, he would have been merely a member of the jockey club, and an exquisite; but the gaieties, and frivolities, and rascalities of the turf had no bad effect on Géricault. On the contrary, they furnished him with a rich store of materials for study and observation. It was not the fop or "fast man," who went a hunting and rode steeple-chases; it was the artist. His father, however, and his family were so opposed to his following the vocation he had chosen, that they did not even allow him funds to provide himself with a studio, and he was compelled to make use of those of his friends. He continued his course with success, barring a foolish, but temporary abandonment of his profession for the purpose of entering the royalist garde du corps, after the restoration in 1814. He was soon disgusted, as was every man of mind in France, by the feeble and ridiculous attempts of the Bourbons to restore the old régime, and returned to his first love. He now resolved to conform to the old and time-honoured custom of artists spending some time in Italy, and set out thither in 1817. He was not long in Rome before his style became greatly modified. He studied the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and of

many others; the subdued tones of the paintings in the churches, from which age and the smoke of the candles had taken all their brilliancy, quite captivated him. Impressionable and excitable, he began to doubt his own force, and ask himself what was he in the presence of these giants, whom lapse of time had only made greater, and, he set about painting gray and brown purposely. On his return from Italy, he already began to throw slight upon colour, and speak of all colourists with disdain. So it is true, after all, that Italy is not useful to everybody. Some run the risk of losing their originality, by coming in contact with the works of these illustrious dead. With them it is impossible to enter into discussion.

At last an opportunity presented itself for Géricault to undertake a great work, which should place him amongst the masters. He chose for his subject the "Shipwreck of the Medusa," the frightful details of which then occupied all minds. It was a terrible one, which perfectly suited the peculiar character of his genius. He prepared for it by severe study and assiduous labour. He familiarised himself with the aspect of death in every possible form, frequented the hospitals for the purpose of watching all the alternations of hope, despair, terror, and anguish in the human countenance. Whoever has visited the Louvre must have observed the "Shipwreck of the Medusa." Those who have not may form some idea of it from Reynolds's engraving. It is a scene of horror, lighted by one ray of hope. Fifteen unfortunates, with livid faces, half naked, with hollow eyes and ferocious aspect, are represented clustered in groups on a raft, badly tied together, and swept by every passing wave. Of the forty-eight who had entrusted themselves to this frail structure, these fifteen only had survived, and for the preceding eight days had been living on the flesh of the dead, who had perished of hunger, or been killed by the sabre, in a mutiny which had broken out, as if to add fresh horrors to the scene. Suddenly one of them perceives a sail in the horizon, has uttered a loud cry, and the others starting up, like galvanised corpses, raise themselves, and stretch out their arms in the direction in which the succour appears. Those who have any strength remaining, seek to climb upon the casks, in order to wave their handkerchiefs in sign of distress; in such a way that all the figures of the painting follow the general movement of ascent, towards the highest point, the point of hope. Some of them, however, in whom only a breath of life still lingers, remain stretched upon the planks of the raft, half floating on the waves. Here a young man rolls wildly about, and tears his hair in despair; there an old man, holding his dead son across his knees, remains mute and immovable, as if thunderstruck. Deaf to the voice of his comrades, who announce their approaching deliverance, his heart seared by suffering, and indifferent whether he lives or dies, he gazes vacantly upon the waves, which so soon shall prove the burying-place of his child.

The painter should rather be congratulated than otherwise upon having made those about to die of the same tone as the dead, and for having given uniformity of colour to the draperies, sails, mast, and cordage; for there was no other means of producing that sombre harmony so necessary to the power of emotion. Unity is, in reality, the secret of strong impressions; and this was so well understood by Géricault, that none of his episodes distract the attention nor divide the interest. If you recur often to that petrified head of the old man, it is because the whole catastrophe seems concentrated in him.

There is but one thing wanting in the work—the immensity of the sea. The little that we see is, to be sure, of rare beauty. The dark, deep, heavy water, in which bodies sink so slowly, and which in times of storm loses its transparency, and almost assumes the appearance; but even this splendid execution does not make up for the want of expression produced by the sky meeting the heaven in every quarter—*pointes, et unique pointus*. In a scene like this, nature should be everything, and man comparatively insignificant.

Géricault was modest as became a gentleman; but he still was fully conscious of his own genius—in other words, his modesty was but one form of his legitimate pride. He repudiated the praises that his friends heaped upon him, but it was because his works did not come up to the standard which he had fixed for himself. The "Wreck of the Medusa" was, in his eyes, but the preface to the great things which he might yet achieve.

In 1820 he brought the painting to England, with the view of exhibiting it, as the event it depicted had here excited as much horror and pity as in France. The enterprise proved successful, and he realised not less than 20,000 francs by it. It was then that the celebrated engraver, Reynolds, reproduced it in an engraving in the dark manner which everyone knows.

When Géricault returned to Paris, his constitution had begun to give way. His letters betrayed a deep feeling of melancholy and *ennui*. His love for his friends seemed to have increased in intensity, and he was continually complaining of the rarity of their visits and their letters. He became almost childishly sensitive, and the least appearance of neglect wounded him deeply. If they were a long while without coming to see him, he wrote them a ceremonious letter, in which his native tenderness was ill concealed by a constrained politeness.

He was destined to fall a victim to his own boldness. He was one day out riding with M. Horace Vernet upon the heights of Montmartre: his horse was fiery and restive (he never rode one that was not so), reared up, plunged violently, and threw him on his face across a heap of stones. A buckle in his trousers was forced into his groin, wounding him severely. He was recovering slowly but satisfactorily, when he lost patience, and rising before he was well, brought on a relapse by his own imprudence. He again mounted on horseback, and attended the races in the Champ de Mars, and while there received a violent shock from a gentleman riding up against him at full speed. He was once more an invalid, and for a year scarcely ever issued from his room; he occupied himself by having the lithographs which he had published in London copied under his own direction. Their printing had been badly executed in England, and he wished to have them reproduced. He still remained dull and melancholy, and was

disquieted in mind by his inability to discharge some debts which he had contracted before his illness. His friends persuaded him to sell some of his paintings, which realised in one day the large sum of 13,000 francs. He was so astonished at this that he could hardly believe it, and accused his friends of having added to it out of their own pockets.

At last his health seemed completely restored, and he returned joyfully to his horse. He executed about this time a series of sketches of oriental costumes. He was about entering upon a still more ambitious work, when his malady suddenly returned, and this time was fatal. He died in his father's house, after a long and painful illness, on the 18th of January, 1824.

At Géricault's death, M. Dedreux Dorey, fearing lest the "Shipwreck of the Medusa" should pass into strange hands, bought it for 6,000 francs. Some Americans soon afterwards offered triple that sum for it; but M. Dorey refused to part with it, and soon after sold it to the government for what it had cost him, on condition that it should be placed in the Louvre, where it now hangs.

Géricault was an able sculptor as well as painter. On the walls of his studio he cut figures with his knife worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon. At Evreux there are many of his sculptures, amongst others, a lion in repose, and a bas-relief in wax representing an ancient cavalier. M. Etex has raised a marble mausoleum to his memory. Upon the pedestal, copies of his three principal works are sculptured.—"The Shipwreck of the Medusa" appears in bronze upon the front, and on the sides "The Chasseur" and "The Cuirassier." A man of action, fiery, impetuous, and full of manly hardihood, as Géricault was, should have been sculptured upright on his tomb, as David has sculptured Armand Carrel. M. Etex, on the contrary, has represented him tranquilly and pensively reclining. The name of Géricault would always remain as that of an innovator, and yet he has not exaggerated nor gone to extremes. His style was firm, emphasized, and easily distinguishable. Without seeking after common types, he knew how to make use of them, and imprint upon them that character of force which is in reality another kind of nobility. If he saw a drayman's horse passing, he sketched it eagerly in its powerful gait. He followed steadily in the path which David and Vernet had opened up. But, without doubt, if, after contemplating "The Sabinas" of David in the Louvre, we turn towards "The Shipwreck of the Medusa," the latter will produce a profound impression on us. When the two masters are placed in contrast, we can perceive an immense difference between them. Between the demigods of the former, and the agitated bodies of the latter, there is a vast gulf; but the intention displayed by both is the same—to enable humanity to infuse poetry into its history, and interest us in its misfortunes.

MURILLO.

It rarely happens that an artist of limited capacity takes much time in assuming his position. Nature having framed him for the comprehension of her beauties, some few aspects alone impart to his mind so vivid an impression of them, that frequently, on emerging from his first studies, the painter masters with a single effort the branch of art by which he hopes to gain eminence, and even the degree of perfection which he may be permitted to attain. On the other hand, an artist endowed with a universal comprehension, capable of making every chord of art vibrate simultaneously, and of thus blending the harmonies of many in himself alone, is never formed so rapidly. His progress is neither so deliberate, so direct, nor so determined. What a length of time does it not take to ripen that individuality which is as yet unconscious of its power, precisely because that power is so multifarious! What crude essays, what groping in the dark, what mixture of styles, what inroads on the domains of others, and how many relapses to originality, before the incipient master feels

his strength, and can exclaim, in the proud language of Correggio, *Anch' Io son pittore!* Such was the life of Murillo.

Will it be believed? It is no longer in the convent of the Franciscans at Seville that we must look for the pictures which first led to the celebrity of the Andalusian painter. It is in Paris alone that are now to be found the greater number of those pictures wherein the power of light and shade was so forcibly rendered from a close study of the works of Ribera. Carried off in the artillery waggons of the French generals, some of these paintings, such as the "Franciscan Cook in an Ecstasy," have contributed to enrich the magnificent museum of Marshal Soult; others, such as the "Death of Santa Clara," have constituted the pride of the Aguado gallery. To the second phase of Murillo's talent belongs a "Banditti Scene," in which, from a landscape background, vigorously painted, are relieved the figures of a monk and a half-naked robber into whose clutches he has fallen. The whole is executed in the manner of Spagnoletto; as well as a "Flight

of the Holy Family into Egypt," which represents the infant Jesus affectionately folded in the arms of his mother on the back of the humble quadruped he afterwards chose for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, while Joseph the carpenter, leading the animal by the bridle, hastens forward through the shades of night.

In a country like Spain, Murillo must have easily won the love of the masses. He was essentially endowed with all that could please the Spaniards. Differing in that respect from Velasquez, who portrayed by preference the nobler attributes of the national character, he devoted himself to the illustration of its more vulgar qualities, and that of the ordinary and general habits and manners of the people, with all the contrasts which they offer in a nation so profoundly catholic. He could paint the sacred fervour of the devotee, or the ecstacy of the monkish enthusiast, as well as the ragged-

trary, stops; he is struck with the effect produced by the sunbeam which has penetrated through the opening and heightened the tone of the urchin's rags. He finds the attitude artless, and the subject picturesque; the accident of light is vivid, piquant, and warm, and the head in good relief. In one moment the painter has sketched his chance model, if not on paper, at least in his mind's eye, and on returning to his studio he paints that little gem of observation, so broad in its simplicity of light and shade, which is now so much admired at the Louvre under the title of the "Youthful Mendicant." Nor has he forgotten any of the accessories: neither the simple pitcher of water, nor the old basket in which some fruit appears, nor the shrimps scattered on the table-cloth—the bare earth; the preparations for, or leavings of, a frugal repast, the beginning and end of which are pretty much alike. The head is full of character; the fragments of the vest are



WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERICAULT.

ness of the proud mendicant, or the abject suffering of Job. Being himself a man of deep devotion, he frequently went to pray for whole hours in his own parochial church, and was sure to remark after service such beauties as might peep through their window-blinds to attract notice. As a catholic, Murillo was at once worldly and devout; as a Christian, he bore an equal love to all human creatures, whether they were ill made or elegantly formed, disfigured by poverty or set off by luxury, filthy to excess, or adorned like queens and radiant as Seraphim. Behold him issuing from the cloister of the Franciscans, where he has been painting an apparition of angels, who might be said to be arrayed in robes of light! at the corner of the first street he perceives through a window an urchin with a shaven head squatting against a Gothic ruin, busily engaged in ridding himself of some of those insinuating friends, whose society is anything but a luxury. Any other person would have averted his gaze, but Murillo, on the con-

touched with boldness, for no one can properly paint rage: the flesh is modelled with care; the rough and sunburnt skin, and the callous soles of the feet, sufficiently indicate the transient habits of the vagabond, and the horror of work and clean water. Thus has Murillo involuntarily characterised the Spanish people by the single figure of this urchin, equally free from care and trouble, who, after unconsciously sitting for his portrait, proudly holds up his head, and is at least as abstemious as he is idle. The picture itself is really a curious and agreeable object to look at.

That talent which served to make Murillo the most popular painter of Spain, had already brought him so much into notice, that in a short time he acquired fortune enough to be deemed worthy of espousing a lady of distinction (*una persona de conveniencias*) of the city of Pílas, Donna Beatrix de Cabrera y Sotomayor. This marriage took place in 1648, from which time he found his fame rapidly increase, at the same time that

he felt his genius more fully develop itself. The originality of the painter at length threw off the shackles of imitation. Vandyck, Ribera, Titian, and even Velasquez, all the models at first so ingeniously imitated, faded by degrees from the memory of their admirer, and on their vanished traces arose a new artist, a master in his turn, who now displayed a character, a stamp, and a signature of his own; this was Esteban Murillo.

This was his third and last transformation. The violent light and shade, which he had borrowed from Ribera, sensibly softened and gained in transparency what it lost in force; his touch grew more mellow, his style became fixed, and nothing remained to him of the great Velasquez but the art of graduating his tints to *paint the air*, as finely expressed by Moratin.

not anxious to have the image of its patron saint from the hand of Murillo; nor was there a high altar of a cathedral, or a chapel of renown, which was not reserved for one or other of the innumerable "Conceptions," as rapidly composed by Murillo as they were varied in character. It might be almost said that this striking miracle continually enlightened his imagination. The rapt Virgin always appeared to him clothed in blue and white, the invariable apparel which, doubtless, in the thoughts of the painter combined the two colours of purity and heaven. As to the Cherubim with which he surrounded her, those tender zephyrs of the Christian mythology charm in a thousand different ways, always graceful and artless, now playing with the skirts and folds of the flowing drapery, now merely showing their winged



THE BEGGAR BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

He further preserved that excellent gray tone of his which generally serves as a background to the portraits of Velasquez, in which the gravity of the personages habited in black combines so harmoniously with those cool and tranquil tints, in which still lingers that glow which makes the coldest tones of Spain approach even the warm hues of northern countries.

In spite of the fierce rivalry of Valdés Leal, and the jealousy of Herrera the younger, Murillo ascended without difficulty to the first position in Seville. People flocked to him from all parts to give him commissions for Virgins, for monks praying, for Saviours, and other devotional subjects—so truly did he paint them in accordance with the impassioned feelings of the Spaniards. There was not a community of Capuchins, of Augustines, of Franciscans, that was

heads swimming in floods of light. It seems almost as if, when he had to represent the Virgin apprised by the angel of the mysteries of her future maternity, the Spanish painter fell back into naturalism, and even produced a powerful effect by the contrast between terrestrial individualities and the ideal signs and personages sent from on high. We see frequently in Murillo's "Annunciations" the accessories of domestic life, the workbag, the thimble, and the scissors upon the linen heaped up in the humble basket. It was not undesignedly that the Andalusian painter, avoiding the lofty style of Raphael and the Italian catholics, exhibits to us in an humble workwoman the Virgin chosen as the accepted medium for the incarnation of Deity.

When a stranger arrives at Seville, he is immediately con-

ducted to the cathedral, that he may be shown the numerous paintings of Murillo, which the chapter is so justly proud of possessing. At the back of the high altar he is called upon to admire a "Nativity of Our Lady," admirable for the sweetness of the tints, its quiet shadows, and its charming tone of colour, *hermoso colorido*. The traveller, after this, is conducted into the grand sacristy, where glitter the famous pictures of St. Leander and St. Isidore, in pontifical habits. He is then stopped at one of the lateral chapels before a "Repose in Egypt," painted with the freest and most masterly handling, and resembling a Velasquez from its brilliant effect. Finally, to raise the admiration of the visitor to the pitch of enthusiasm, they unfold to his gaze the "Saint Anthony of Padua," and on contemplating this matchless and unapproachable masterpiece, the stranger, as yet but little familiarised with the beauties of Spanish painting, remains in rapt ecstacy like the Cenobite in the picture. In a gloomy cell the infant Jesus suddenly appears to Saint Anthony, in the midst of a dazzling glory; and the pious hermit, on his knees, enlightened by the apparition, throws up his arms in an indescribable transport of love for the Deity resplendent with light and beauty, towards whom he stretches out his arms as for a loving embrace. Never was the force of passionate expression carried beyond this point by any painter, nor ever was there produced, with brush and colours, skies more transparent or features of more scrupulous sweetness. The management of the *chiaro-oscuro* is no less astonishing here than the faith of the visionary monk. It is inconceivable how the painter has been able, by the mere power of light and shade, to obtain so luminous an effect, and by what infinite gradation of treatment he has been able to pass from the intensity of the sun's rays to the peaceful obscurity of the hermit's cell.

But before quitting the cathedral of Seville, there remains to be seen the chapter house, the works of which were directed by Murillo in 1667 and 1668. Provided the cicero be a well-informed canon—and some may yet be found among the chapter—he will not fail to assert, with a feeling of becoming pride, that for the "Saint Anthony of Padua" the artist received 10,000 reals, equal to 60,000 at the present day; and as the life of the great painter of Seville is well known in that city rather by tradition than by reading the works of Palomino, the traveller will learn, on the subject of the beautiful "Conception" painted for the dome of the Franciscans, the history of the curious contest which took place between Murillo and the reverend fathers. A picture destined always to be seen at a distance, must be conceived and treated with the broad style suited to decoration. It must be drawn squarely, and touched with great vigour. In putting in his contrasts roughly, the painter confides to distance the care of restoring them to their just proportions; and if he handles his colours with rude ability, he calculates on the gradations of aerial perspective to produce an appropriate harmony. Murillo had been careful not to forget the principles which he had occasionally seen so well applied in the learned practice of Velasquez. When the holy fathers had a close view of what they should only see at a distance, they exclaimed against the

coarseness of a painting that seemed all a mass of confusion, and which they doubtless thought was painted with the handle of the brush. They refused to receive it, in short; but the artist, before he carried away his picture, demanded and obtained leave to raise it for a moment to its proper position. In proportion as the canvas ascended, the figures became disentangled, the outlines softened by little and little, and the colours mingled; that which before was careless appeared finished, what was harsh became soft, and when the canvas reached its proper height, the most perfect harmony enchanted every eye. The good Franciscans then blushed at their ignorance; and to appease the irritated artist, who now expressed his intention of carrying away his work, they were compelled to offer him double the price originally agreed upon.

A happy life was that of Murillo! It was not characterised, it is true, by any of those romantic incidents which are the charm and the torment of our hearts; the sight of some pictures of Vandyck, a visit to Velasquez,—such were the two great events of that artistic life in which neither idleness nor weariness found a place. In a city peopled with monks, with picturesque mendicants, and enthusiastic devotees, in a city filled with mysterious churches, lit up, as Lafontaine would say, by the eyes of Andalusian beauties, Murillo passed his time in copying the inhabitants of the earth and inventing those of heaven. His whole world was summed up in the city of Seville. On the road on which he had to traverse, from the parish of Santa Cruz, in which he resided, to the cathedral of Seville, or else to the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls, he lost nothing that occurred to attract his notice. If he met the licentiates Alonso Herrera and Juan Lopez y Talavan, he was struck with their fine heads, and he introduced them under the names of Saint Leander and of Saint Isidore into some devotional picture. Without the necessity of travelling, or of crossing the seas, he could handle a thousand different subjects, and paint in every branch of the art,—landscapes, flowers, sea-pieces, portraits, history, and miracles; miserable humanity cowering on the pavement, and beatified mortals wafted through the regions of Paradise. The soul and the body, visionary reverie and gross materialism, self-denial and voluptuous enjoyment, he observed all; he saw in creation all its phases, in social life its contrasts of nobleness and baseness, and in the heart of man he could read all its hidden stores of weakness, of grandeur and of love.

What Raphael Mengs said of the figures of Velasquez may be applied to the majority of Murillo's compositions,—they seem to be created by a simple act of volition. We can scarcely imagine that the painter has conceived them otherwise; and this perfect nature, with all its merit, has also some disadvantages. With Velasquez, for instance, it is seldom that the arrangement of a portrait or the composition of an historical picture has not the zest of freshness united with startling truth. With Murillo the conception is so prompt, that art has not had time to intervene. We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident.

EUSTACE LE SUEUR.

THERE are few painters who have achieved so much and been known to fame, in this country at least, as Eustache Le Sueur, which must be a matter of wonder to any one who remembers how readily any man, but particularly an artist, can become popular when the story of his life has any tinge of romance in it. About Le Sueur's there was so much that one incident in it has furnished a rich mine of materials to French novelists.

He was the son of a sculptor, and was placed at an early age in the studio of the famous old French painter, Simon Vouet, *premier peintre du roi*, who is considered the father of French art. While here he gave evidence of a very precocious talent, by executing a number of illustrations for a work entitled "The Dreams of Poliphilus," written by a Franciscan monk of the fifteenth century, and then greatly admired, because no

one understood it. Very likely neither did Le Sueur, but he fancied he did, and this answered his purpose quite as well—even better, as it left him free scope for his imagination. His paintings were accordingly distinguished by great grace and liveliness, but still displayed something of that solemn grandeur and severe simplicity which have rendered his subsequent works so famous. And now comes the episode in his career which threw over his genius a melancholy cast, and in all likelihood inclined him to employ it almost exclusively upon religious subjects.

Louis XIII. about this time paid a visit to the celebrated Mademoiselle La Fayette at the Convent of the Visitation, and presented the sisterhood with a large sum to be spent in the decoration of their chapel—the chapel of Holy Mary. Vouet,

of course, was appointed to do it, but what with his labours at St. Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Vincennes, he had so much on hand that he was compelled to call upon Le Sueur, his pupil, to aid him in this new task, and to the latter was accordingly committed "The Assumption," to be painted on the centre of the chapel. To avoid having the sanctuary profaned by the presence of a Fornarina, the lady superior was obliged to assign him one of the nuns as a model; and, as might have been suspected, where the maiden was fair to look upon, and the heart of the artist susceptible, he fell in love with her; but as to harbour the feeling even was sinful, and as to reveal it would have been absurd, he cherished it in secret. Time, of course, at last put an end to it, but never put an end to the sorrowing regrets which it left behind, and all his life long Le Sueur was a melancholy man.

It was at Lyons, to which he undertook a journey soon after that, that the peculiar bent of his genius first displayed itself on seeing some works of Raphael. After studying them he was filled with enthusiasm for this great master, and immediately executed his painting "St. Paul laying hands on the Sirk," a work which at once placed him far above mediocrity, and attracted the favourable notice of Nicholas Poussin. By his advice he sought to moderate the rapidity of his manner, caused by the natural fire of his disposition, and to perfect himself by the study of the great masters of Italy. But there were not many of their works in Paris, and by this time Le Sueur was married, and, as might be expected, was poor,—so going to Rome was out of the question. There is a story told to the effect that Poussin offered to make copies of the best of them and send them to him, and this, if true, reflects credit on him; but we do not find that Le Sueur accepted his offer, but supported himself for some time by making frontispieces for books of devotion, theological theses, and other trifles. At last he was commissioned to decorate the cloister of the Chartreuse at Paris, and found himself in his proper sphere of action. "The Life of St. Bruno," a collection of twenty-two paintings, finished in three years for a very small remuneration, may be regarded as Le Sueur's chief work, though he himself was modest enough to call it a series of sketches. Poussin has called Le Sueur a disciple of Raphael and of the antique, but the fact is that he could be compared to no one but himself, not only in the choice of forms and in the flow of the draperies, but also, and above all, in the general expression and of conception of things not seen. In Raphael, the religious sentiment is always surrounded by something proud and imposing, which confounds impiety, but in Le Sueur it is accompanied by candour, which moves the most incredulous. The painter of Urbino lets us see a little of the pride with which the protection of the great and noble and his sojourn in the Eternal City had inspired him; but the Frenchman, simple and sad, painted all the phases of a monkish life with an humble faith, and a more devout adoration. It was in the fervour of the belief and hope by which he sought to drive away the gloom by which he himself was haunted, that he found the secret of this religious painting, which, to a sceptic, would have been impossible. So no one has ever represented with as much truth and impressiveness as Le Sueur, tranquil monasteries built in solitude upon accessible mountains; walls of enclosure surrounding communities of anchorites like barriers raised against the noise and tumults of the world; austere and thoughtful penitents struggling by dint of prayer and mortification against worldly thoughts and vain regrets, and the long white robes traversing the gloomy cloisters like ghosts. Le Sueur never appears to such advantage as when he paints his own sentiments.

Le Sueur was employed to decorate the Hotel Lambert, one of the most charming abodes in Paris; which after a long period of decay and neglect, is now restored to its ancient splendour, by Madame Czartoryski, and is the scene of some of the gayest re-unions of the French capital. In this he was placed in competition with Lebrun, but by no means suffered by the contrast. His most splendid works here were the four paintings representing "The Muses." His groups are displayed in the background of charming landscapes, and the

sky, distances, and colouring, display the most complete harmony. As to the figures, they have all the virgin modesty and other poetic characteristics which imagination has for so many ages ascribed to them. The artist who, in "The Life of St. Bruno," had given charms to austerity, remained still the same when giving modesty to grace. It is said that "The Life of St. Bruno" was attacked by the malice of enemies and the envy of false friends, who did not hesitate to make attempts to mutilate the paintings which the monks of the Chartreuse were obliged to preserve. Simple as La Fontaine and sensible as Fenelon, he forgave them all; and, in his goodness of heart, never spoke of his rivals without saying, "I have done everything in my power, and will do everything, to make myself loved by them." At last, driven to bay, he stood upon dignity, and painted an allegory in which he pictured his own triumphs. But even in this the sweetness of his disposition showed itself. He represented himself reclining upon a couch, plunged in melancholy reverie, while his genius trod down his rivals and detractors; in the background appeared a smiling plain—the image of the future, to which his thoughts were turned. Every great man has moments in which he rises in pride against the age which has persecuted or misunderstood him.

Le Sueur did not long survive the decoration of the Hotel Lambert. He died in May, 1655, at the early age of thirty-eight years. Some have said that he retired to the monastery of Chartreuse, and there ended his days; but this is a story invented, without doubt, to surround him with a greater degree of interest.

The goldsmiths' company at Paris were in the habit of offering every year to the church of Notre Dame, a painting which was exhibited at the porch of the cathedral on the first of May. One of the finest and most admired of these was the "Paul Preaching at Ephesus," of Le Sueur. The painter transports us all at once to Asia Minor—to Ephesus, celebrated by its magnificent temple of Diana. The temple and statue of the great goddess of the Ephesians, seen between the columns of the peristyle, serves to localise the scene perfectly. Upon the steps of a portico, to the right, St. Paul speaks with fire, with authority—he speaks, as his gestures indicate, in the name of God, of the true God, of the only God. At the sound of his voice the Ephesians renounce their religion, and burn what they had adored. One writes down the words of the apostle upon tablets, another explains them; all are deeply moved, and tearing in pieces the sacred books of polytheism, they commit them to the flames. A slave, kneeling in the foreground, blows the wood fire which is devouring the pagan manuscripts. There is great majesty in the attitude of Paul, and of the other figures; but the position of this Ethiopian slave, who appears in the scene only in its vulgarist part, without knowing anything of the change which the world is about to undergo, is still more admirable.

In this painting there is a concealed combination, a secret balancing of lines, which gives the composition its proper position and its grandeur. Take away the least of the details, the two trunks of the leafless trees, for instance, which stand out against the azure of the sky, and the painting would soon look as if cut in two. At first sight everything seems to be the result of foresight, and yet nothing has been calculated. All has been dictated by the happy intuition of genius. It is bright as French paintings generally are, but it is, nevertheless, animated. There is no confusion in it, and there is vivacity in all the movements; it is conceived in an elevated style, and yet it bears no marks of research; on the contrary, it bears in every part an air of simplicity, of gestures dictated by nature alone. Many painters can never rise into sublimity without appearing to be on the stretch; Le Sueur's dignity always seems to be a matter easy of attainment, and it is tempered by a charming ingenuousness. This seems owing to his tact in introducing into all his works details taken from everyday life. Many instances of this may be given. The first scene in the life of St. Bruno shows us a child, in the midst of a group of noble-looking and dignified figures, trying to prevent his dog from barking; the Ethiopian

slave in the foreground of the St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus, and the signs of a dog's attachment to his master in the Martyrdom of St. Protas, are amongst the best accessories of these pictures.

In the martyrdoms of St. Gervais and Protas all is grand, noble, and even vigorous. The painter of Anchorite Retreats for Wounded Spirits, passes all at once and without difficulty

Giulio Romano was more masculine perhaps, Raphael severer and more chastened in his outline; but no one has ever given the same delicacy to the noble army of martyrs—no one has ever conceived faces imbued with so much angelic fervour.

The women of the ancient masters were not more graceful than the "Veronica" of Le Sueur, or the maidens of the Woes of St. Martin, and they have not so much tenderness.



PAUL PREACHING AT EPHESUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.

to the delineation of the most stirring scenes. He puts tumult, passion, and violence into his pictures as easily as he had put gentleness, calm, and retirement. The brutal soldiery with bared and muscular arms, the pagan judges in their togas, the boisterous mob, and impassable images of the false gods, are conceived in an easy but powerful style, which Le Sueur has found not in Raphael, but in his own genius. The graceful drawing of the elegant figures are all his, and his only.

The sentiment of antique grace, such as it appears in the bas-reliefs, addresses itself to the pure sensuality, the paganism of thought. The grace of Le Sueur, on the contrary, is impregnated with a spiritualism which touches and goes right to the heart of us. Except the "Belle Jardinière," the virgins of Raphael are more material, his carnations are more abundant, their forms rounder, and fuller; those of Le Sueur have a happy slenderness, a subduing sweetness.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.
A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IX.

Officer—"Most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for."

Brabantio—"How! the duke in council
At this time of night!"—*Shakespeare.*

We have been a long time absent from the Camp at Palestrina: a season, and those with whom we have been engaged there.
let us now return thither, though we must leave fair Venice for Our readers will remember that the third chapter of this our



ZENO AND ROBERTO DI RECANATI BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

most voracious history closed with the interview which had taken place between the Venetian general, Zeno, and the good English knight, Sir William Cheke, or Checco, as the Italians called him.

Zeno, as we said, passed into an inner apartment. It was evidently one in which he had secured for himself that perfect privacy which was necessary for a man who had such heavy responsibilities imposed upon him, and who had constant need for deliberation with his own mind to sustain him in his stern course against those who opposed and thwarted him. Flinging himself upon the rude couch, which served as his bed, he surrendered his mind to contemplation, protracted and to all appearance perplexing. At length, he half arose, and continuing the course of his thoughts, he unconsciously gave them utterance.

"So let it be then," he murmured, "perhaps it may suit my purpose as well as anything I could have devised. I shall thus, at all events, prevent his keeping his appointment to-night; and I shall commit him, if possible, to adopt some course of action, or it may be to disclose his own. It is true, I shall expose to him the dissensions and weaknesses of those who fain would govern our State; but I am much mistaken if he be not but too well acquainted with these things already, and so no mischief can result from his being present at the council. Yes, I will even take upon myself the responsibility of summoning him."

Zeno now arose, and stepping across the room to the door, opened it and called—

"Who waits without there?"

In a moment the young Greek was at the door: the general beckoned him to enter.

"Thou hast been through the camp since sun-down, Alexis?"

"So please your excellency I have. I am but just now returned."

"Is all tranquil?"

"As the grave, signore; save the sentinels and those who were preparing to relieve the guards there is no one astir."

"Tis well. Thou knowest the quarters of the Italian lances that are under the command of Reccanati?"

"Assuredly, excellenza."

"What is the time now?"

"It wants about two hours of midnight, signore."

"Good. Fetch me now the means of writing."

The youth speedily brought the requisites, and Zeno wrote a few lines, which he folded and delivered to Alexis.

"Thou shalt take this to the condottieri without delay, and hear back to me his reply. And mark, good youth; I know thee to be true and faithful, and as sharp of eye as thou art true of heart."

The boy replied not, save by bowing silently and pressing his hand upon his bosom.

"Aye," continued his master, comprehending all which the gesture of the young Greek was meant to convey—"Aye, I know it well, Alexis. Well then, thou shalt take good note of all thou seest and hearst. Watch the face of this Roberto as he reads what thou givest to him; and heed the manner of his words more than the words themselves, for he is one of those who knows how to conceal a deep and deadly meaning beneath specious language. And now for thy mission, good youth, for time is speeding, and I have much to prepare ere I meet the council an hour hence."

The youth placed the paper within the folds of his vest and left the apartment while Zeno proceeded to unlock a box strongly bound with iron, whence he took forth various papers, apparently military reports and others of a more secret character. Over some of these he paused and pondered long, and one who could have seen him at his solitary and absorbing employment, and marked now the dark shadow crossing his brow, now the scornful smile curling his lip, might easily divine that he was penetrating the mazes of some devious scheme, and detecting the meshes that a wily hand was laying around his path to ensnare him.

In such occupations and thoughts we shall leave him. It

would be bootless to follow his speculations; they would even had we the power and the will to investigate them, only exhibit one of those chapters of toilsome and perplexing meditation which is the lot of every great spirit in every age—the penalty which they must ever pay who would seek to govern their fellow-men. Let the humble and the unambitious account themselves happy in that they are not solicited by these overmastering and passionate aspirations for greatness, which type irresistibly forward those who in every age are doomed to be the fore-front of the world's panorama,—beings to look upon and wonder at, with their brows glorified by fame, and their proportions magnified beyond ordinary humanity by the light that shines upon them; but, ah! not to be envied or imitated. Oh ye thrice-blessed and happy who walk ever in the valley of life, lie down content and careless when the long shadows of the coming night fall upon your lowly cots, sleep your unbroken sleep through the dark hours till the dawn of the morning; and as ye arise in peace, bless that providence which casts not your lot amongst those who are ever wearily climbing up the hill sides, who keep the watches of the night in careful vigils, and the hours of the day in toil, that strews wrinkles upon the brow and plants sorrows in the heart.

In the meanwhile the young Greek proceeded on his mission through the camp at Palestrina, and at length arrived at the place assigned to Roberto Reccanati and his free companions, a body of one hundred lances and about four hundred foot soldiers, chiefly Italians, picked up in the various States of the north of Italy, and now banded together under their wily leader. While throughout all the other portions of the encampment the utmost tranquillity and repose were perceptible, Alexis, as he approached the condottiere's quarters, was once became aware that some movement was in preparation. The clank of mail and the heavy tread of armed men at intervals sounded upon his ear, and lights passed to and fro in the darkness. Replying to the sentinel's challenge at the out-post, he soon found himself amongst the soldiers of Reccanati, and perceived that a portion of them were equipped in their armour and others were making preparations as if for marching.

"How comes it that you are stirring to-night comrades?" inquired Alexis of one of the soldiers.

"Diavolo!" replied the man grumblingly. "I know not how it comes, save that it pleases our vallant capitano to take the watch at the redoubt next Chiggia to-night; we have more night-work, I think, than justly falls to our share; besides, it is out of our turn now; we should have had the watch last evening instead of those English porkers of Checco's."

"Ah, che porchi sono questi Inglesi!" added the Italian contemptuously. "Si fanno niente! che mangiare e dormire; ever with them eat and sleep, eat and sleep, except when they drink. Per bacco! they are not bad either at the potter-pot, these Englishers."

"Nor at the gisarme or the battle-axe either, comrades," added Alexis. "I've seen them fight as well as drink, amico mio, and I trow if they have hard heads they have stout hearts likewise."

The Italian was about to reply angrily, if one might judge from his raised arm and the imprecation with which he commenced; but Alexis cut the retort short by saying—

"Well, I can't stay gossiping with you, comrade. I must see your captain, as I bear a message to him from his excellency the general. Where shall I find him?"

The soldier pointed in the direction of Reccanati's quarters and made no further reply.

"Buona notte compare," said the youth, as he passed forward to the place indicated.

"Thou mayst spare thyself that wish," grumbled the soldier, "the night is never good, to my thinking, when one has to watch through it, without wine-cup or dice-board."

At the front of his tent, beside which a watch-fire was burning with siffling gleaming, stood Roberto di Reccanati. He was fully armed in a suit of Milanese plate-mail, with the exception of his helmet, which lay near him upon a stool.

As the light played upon his figure and lit up his face, which the *canail de fer* left exposed, one could form a fair estimate of his outward appearance. He was tall and rather slight in figure; and, judging from the portions of his legs and arms which were not covered by the mail, you perceived at once that he was singularly muscular, though the reverse of fat. His face was thin and pallid, in the centre of which rose a straight slight nose. Thin, bloodless lips were compressed closely together, so that they rarely opened sufficiently to show the white teeth within them. His pale forehead was terminated below by the lines of two straight dark bushy eyebrows, beneath which glittered a pair of small but keen black eyes, sunk deeply within their sockets and moving with a constant and restless motion, which never suffered them to dwell steadily and at length upon any one with whom he conversed. Upon the whole it needed but little physiognomical skill to feel that the owner of that face was neither an ordinary character, nor one whom a stranger would be very strongly attracted to. There was about those features, at once an expression of determination and yet of willingness that impressed you with the conviction, that the man was one who would be as crafty to conceive the mode of compassing as he would be persevering to accomplish any object which his subtle and unscrupulous mind once determined upon.

As the messenger from Zeno approached the person whom we have been just describing, this latter was occupied apparently in examining one of those square-headed darts or *quarreaux*, as they were called, which at that period were much used by the arbalists or cross-bow men, of whom the Genoese were the most skilful in Europe. What the subject of his meditation was, as he curiously examined the shaft, it would not be easy to speculate upon; but, at all events, one would be disposed to suspect that whatever share the weapon in his hand might have with his thoughts, it could scarcely be worthy of the thorough engrossment of mind which now plainly pre-occupied the condottiere. Indeed, so complete was his abstraction that he did not notice the approach of Alexis till the latter had almost reached his side and accosted him somewhat abruptly.

"From his excellency Zeno," said the lad, holding forth the folded paper.

Recanatani started at the sound of Zeno's name; a faint flush passed over his pallid features, and his restless eye gleamed quick and penetratingly at the person who had just addressed him. There was something of a disconcerted manner about him, which a keen observer would have pronounced to be just such as one would display whose secret thoughts had been suddenly revealed to him who was the subject of them. But the expression of any such feeling was only momentary, and ere it could have been well remarked upon, it had passed away; yet not so quickly had it passed as to escape the notice of him who stood before the condottiere—for no keener observer ever scanned features or detected their secret meaning than the young Greek, whose native sagacity had been sharpened by years of captivity and precarious existence. "Calmly and coldly the Italian captain received the billet, and perused its short contents to the end. Alexis, as he watched his countenance, fancied—but it might only be fancy, conjured up by the play of the flickering firelight—that the dark, straight, eyebrows almost met upon the pale forehead; and that the thin lips quivered slightly as they became more compressed, but no other indication could be detected of the effect which the note had upon the reader; if, indeed, it had any effect at all. At length Recanatani said, in a quiet measured voice,

"His excellency does me an unwonted honour. At what hour does the council meet?"

"An hour before midnight, signore."

"And it is now not far from that. Tell the general that I shall not fail to attend, though it may somewhat interfere with my duty to the republic. For this, however, I make no doubt his excellency will provide."

Recanatani methodically and very slowly folded up the paper and put it into his pouch, and then, turning on his heel, entered the tent. The young Greek made an inclination of

the head as taking his departure, but ere he passed beyond the precincts of the tent, he turned his head quickly round and cast a hurried glance towards its interior. At this instant, a log of wood that lay upon the watch-fire, suddenly fell from its place into the snouldering ashes and burst into a momentary flame. The light shot into the recesses of the tent, and disclosed to the practised eye of the Greek, the form of Recanatani, as he hastily divided the shaft of the arrow lengthwise and closed it up again as quickly.

A low laugh escaped from the lips of the Greek—so low that one a yard removed would scarcely have heard it, and then he murmured as if to himself

"Ha! I thought as much. That bolt may slay indeed, but it slays not him at whom it is discharged."

CHAPTER X.

"And he was chafle in cote and hode of grene,
A shefe of peacock awres bright and kene
Under his belt he bore ful thritillie,
Well comde he dresse his taked yewmanlike;
His awres drouped not with fetherlowe,
And in his hand he bare a mightie bowe,
Upon his arme he had a gai bracer,
And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
And on the other side a gai daggere,
Harnised wel, and sharp as pointe of spere."—*Chaucer*.

"As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay against those menades,
Which we disdain, shall tetter us."—*Shakespeare*.

It might have been about half-an-hour after the scene which we have described in the preceding chapter, that an armed soldier walked to and fro before the massive doorway of one of the interior buildings at the fort of Palestina. The night was moonless, but the stars shone out to relieve the darkness which fell upon the earth. From time to time the sentinel, as he reached the limit of his short march and turned round to retrace his steps, stopped a moment to look up into the heavens.

There is something about a starlit sky that irresistibly draws the attention and fixes the gaze of every mortal, no matter how unimaginative his nature or unpoetic his temperament. I have known very worthy and sensible people—people who were by no means insensible to natural beauties—walk a live long day and scarcely ever turn their eyes to the sun, looking all the time steadily before them, eye and pride themselves upon that very excellent habit of "always looking before them," and, perhaps, they were right. Then there's the moon; what can be more lovely to look upon? Nothing. And yet they who look very long at the moon are somehow apt to get into disrepute with wise folks, so that "to have an affair with the moon," is very detrimental to a man's character—the very best that will be said of you is, that you are a mope or a lover—you may, however, get a reputation infinitely less agreeable, one which may endanger your personal liberty, and bring you into acquaintance with the chancellor. Therefore the moon is to be looked at in moderation, which indeed is all that any sensible person does. But starlight—who can resist the tender, solemn, silent influence of a sky full of stars, especially at midnight. You look up into heaven, and you see a thousand eyes gazing down upon you with a fascination that entralls you, and turn away your eyes as you will, some strange inscrutable spell forces you quickly to lift them again and commune with those glittering orbs, as you would commune with the deep, speaking eyes of a woman, when the heart would endure no other language. Yes, the spell of a star-thronged heaven is irresistible. Your attention is not confined to one great planet that wearies with its sameness, but you are solicited by a myriad of bright things that speak to you, oh how solemnly, of worlds without number, of space without limit, of time without an ending, and so you lose yourself in that lustrous company and know not how to withdraw from their presence.

I am very certain that the worthy fellow who kept watch and ward upon the fine spring night, in the year of God 1380, at the fort of Palestrina, pursued no such train of philosophising upon star-gazing as that which I have just now ventured to give to you, dear reader; but certain I am that he gazed and gazed again and again upon the "multitude of the heavenly host" that looked down so holly upon him. And the sight of those stars brought back fresh and tenderly upon his heart the thoughts of his old home and of that land whence he many a time and oft looked upon those same stars, as he lay in the greenwood o' nights and watched the deer trip out of the covert and browse in the star-lighted glade, till they came within reach of his long-bow shaft. A bold fellow was Hodge o' the Hill, I wot, as any that strayed along the shaws upon the Trent side in merry England. His equipment proclaimed him at once to be an English archer. In his hand he carried a pike; at his back was slung his trusty long-bow, beside which was a leathern case filled with some score arrows, light and well-feathered; upon his arm he wore a bracer, to protect his sleeve from being cut by the bowstring, and on his hand was a shooting-glove. Beside these, he had the brigandine, or little coat of plate; a skull, or *hufkyn* as it was called; and a maul or mallet of lead, five feet long. On one side he carried his sword and buckler, on the other a dagger and a hook; while from a baldric of green leather was slung a bugle such as foresters use. Such was the goodly English yeoman, Roger Harrington, or Hodge of the Hill, as he was once known in his own shire, before an irrepressible love for vert and venison led him to violate the privileges of park and chase, and drove him an outlaw to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and serve as a soldier beneath the banner of his adventurous countryman, Cheke. And so Hodge now paced backward and forward, and gazed upon the stars, and ever and anon sang to himself a snatch of some well-remembered old ballad of his own Albion to keep him company.

"Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of free-hore blode;
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
Hys name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
Whyles he walked on groundes;
So curteisie an out-lawe as he was one,
Was never none yfoude."

"Ah, well-a-day!" resumed Hodge, after a pause, "these were merry times, when Robin roamed through the forest of Sherwood, and none dare question his right to strike down a fat buck in the chase, or kiss a pretty wench in the greenwood. A plague upon your forest laws, say I; if every honest fellow had fair play, by my hallidom, Hodge o' the Hill, thou wouldest now be watching the hinds in the parks of merry England, and not pacing the barren sands of an outlandish island. Who goes there—ho!"

This interrogatory, with which the archer's soliloquy was concluded, was uttered in a loud and peremptory tone, and addressed to one who approached to the entrance of the building where the Englishman was keeping guard.

"A friend," was the reply; "one who attends the council."

"Your name," demanded the archer bluntly. "I have got my orders strictly, and must know who I am to let pass—your name, if it please you."

"Roberto di Recanati."

"All right, signor; pass in."

Recanati passed the sentinel, and disappeared within the interior of the building. The archer looked after him for a moment, and then said, in an under tone, "Aye, I know thy cut well enough—a whey-faced fellow, by Saint George. Look you now, one good yeoman of Nottingham, with a stout quarter-staff, would thresh a score of such foreigners. Ah, by my fuy, there's nothing like the nut-brown ale and the ox beef of Old England—heigh!"

"The woodweele sang and wold not cease,

Sitting upon the spraye,

So lowde, he awakened Robyn Hode

In the greenewode where he laye."

Recanati passed through an antechamber and entered a large apartment. It was scantily furnished, and but partially lighted by a lamp that burned upon a large table which stood in the centre of the room, thus leaving the more distant parts of the chamber in comparative gloom. Around the table sat several persons, some in the long robes worn by the senators and high officials of the republic, others in armour or military costume. At the upper end of the table sat the venerable old doge, Andrea Contarini, his head covered with the horned bonnet, and his white beard falling down upon his dual robe. Immediately beside him was a personage whose dark and stern countenance well accorded with the robe in which he was clothed. It was entirely of black camel, without the relief of ornament or colour; and he too, like the doge, was covered, for on his head was a low round bonnet of black felt. This was one of the council of ten, *I Dieci*, or, as they were called from the hue of their robes, *I Neri*. There was no power more absolute or more dreaded in the Venetian state than that which this body now exercised—for as yet the terrible and secret tribunal of the state inquisition, known as "the council of three," had not been instituted. The council of ten, when originally convoked, about fifty years previous to the period of which we are writing, was limited in duration to ten days; but their period of office was, from time to time, increased, till now the members were elected for life. Nominally a criminal court, they were, in reality, invested with the most plenary power, and being exempt from all responsibility and appeal, they virtually exercised an absolute authority over every person and everything in the state. Even the doge himself was not beyond the reach of this potent tribunal. It hesitated not to countermand his orders, as it did those of the grand council; to depose him, and even to put him to death. Rarely, indeed, was the chief magistrate suffered to take part in any state affairs, or exercise the functions of his office without the presence and interference of one of the council of ten, nominally for the purpose of advising, but in reality with the object of controlling all his power, and acting the spy upon his actions and his conduct, which were duly reported to the rest of the council. At the opposite side of Contarini there were seated two men in red robes, but with their heads uncovered. These were members of the senate, or *signoria*, and were known by the appellation of *I Rossi*, and were, in fact, recently added to the council of ten, for the purpose of assisting them whenever the emergency of state affairs rendered their advice necessary. In addition to these were seated, at either side, three or four ordinary members of the senate who had accompanied the doge to Palestrina. These comprised the civilians who were in attendance at the council; beyond them were two men in military costume. The one we have already endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with, and therefore, needs not be further described—the general of the land forces, Carlo Zeno; the other was a man of a singularly noble presence and bearing, full of dignity, yet was there not in that dignity the slightest tincture of pride or arrogance; on the contrary, his face was indicative of a gentleness and long-suffering, that bordered on humility, and bore many marks of sorrow and trial which made him look old beyond his years, while the gray hairs that fell down his neck and mingled in his beard, made these years appear even more numerous still. This was Vittorio Pisani who now, since the arrival of Zeno, had devoted himself to the duties of admiral of the fleet. Perhaps history affords fewer instances of the ingratitude of popular governments, and the instability of popular favour, than is presented to us in the life of this great and good man. More than once the saviour of his country, each service rendered by him to the state was sure to be speedily followed by insult, degradation, or even imprisonment, and yet each act of ingratitude or injury was but the precursor of new supplications for his aid, and found him, marvellous to relate, as ready as ever to forget all that he had suffered—to remember nothing but that his country needed his services, and to render those services with the prompt and uncalculating instinct of filial love.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS distinguished philosopher was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day (old style), 1642, precisely a year after the death of Galileo. When he was three years old, his mother married the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile from Woolsthorpe, and the child was placed under the care of his maternal grandmother. After receiving some slight education at two day-schools in Skillington and Stoke, in his twelfth year he was sent to the Free School at Grantham, boarding in the

house of Mr. Clark, a respectable apothecary in the town. At this time he certainly had not the reputation of a clever boy. His position in the school did not even place him in the rank of mediocrity. He was not stimulated by the advancement of others, until an occurrence, rendered singular from its effects, aroused him from his inactivity. One day a boy, who was above him, having given him a kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered excruciating pain, Newton, in revenge, applied himself so sedulously to study, that he not only passed his assailant, but became head boy of the school. The habit of application, which he had now acquired, withdrew him from ordinary boyish pleasures; instead, there-

fore, of spending his hours in play, he was employed in fabricating either something he had seen, or something of his own invention. Some of his productions were a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage moved by the person who occupied it. The water-clock was manufactured out of a box given to Newton by Mrs. Clark's brother. It stood about four feet high, and had the appearance of a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood which rose or fell by the action of dropping water. The Clark family

used the clock long after the inventor had left Grantham. The active mind of Newton pursued other studies even at this time. The walls of his room were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were well designed. Some of the portraits were taken from life, as those of Dr. Dorne, Mr. Stokes, the master of Grantham School, and King Charles I. He also appears to have indulged in poetry.

While drawing and poetising, the principal subject of his mind was not neglected. To the movements of the heavenly bodies he was not negligent; for aware of the imperfections of the water-clock, the hole of which being



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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small was likely to be stopped by impurities in the water, he thought he could make a more accurate measure of time by noticing the motion of the sun. Accordingly he traced the varying movements of this luminary on the walls and roof of the buildings with the aid of pins, and succeeded in obtaining accurate sub-divisions of the hours and half-hours. One dial went by the name of "Isaac's dial," and was consulted by the inhabitants of the place as a public clock. When he had reached his fifteenth year, his mother imagined he might be useful in managing the farm and country business at Woolthorpe, and from a motive of economy withdrew him from school; but she soon discovered his utter incapacity for such an occupation. She therefore decided on sending him back to Grantham school, in order to prepare for his collegiate studies at Cambridge, his uncle having discovered him in a hay-loft, or, as M. Biot says, under a hedge, working a mathematical problem. On the 6th of June, 1669, in the eighteenth year of his age, Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, which may be considered the true birth-place of his genius. He was urged to the study of mathematics by an overpowering desire to search into the truth of judicial astrology, and he proved its folly by mathematical means. Without any preliminary study he mastered Descartes' geometry, but having omitted to go through a course of previous study, so essential as a ground-work, he expressed regret to Dr. Pemberton, that "he applied himself to the works of Descartes and other algebraic writers, before he had considered the elements of Euclid with that attention so excellent a writer deserved." Whatever opinion may be formed of his attainment at this moment, it cannot be denied that his knowledge of Dr. Wallis's "Arithmetic of Infinites," Saunderson's "Logie," and the "Optics" of Kepler, was deep and extensive; and having adopted the plan of making comments during their perusal, a proceeding of unspeakable importance to the real student of any subject, we are not surprised to learn that he outstripped the tutor who directed his studies. Very little is known of the first three years he spent at Cambridge, but in 1664, as appears from a statement of his expenses, he purchased a prism to test Descartes' theory of colours, which he found exceedingly defective. The true theory of colours at this time was but imperfectly understood, even by those who stood high in the scientific world. It may be fairly presumed that Newton had not distinguished himself by any very great discovery, or at least communicated it, as early as 1664 or 1665; inasmuch as we find him contesting the law fellowship with Mr. Robert Noedale; and their attainments being equal, Dr. Barrow conferred the fellowship on Newton's rival, in consequence of seniority. In 1666, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

His first grand discovery took place about this period, and was made public in 1666. It related to the different refrangibility of the rays of light. The prism before alluded to does not appear to have fully answered its purpose, or at all events it did not satisfy his ever eager mind. But, in 1666, he procured a triangular glass prism, to study therewith the celebrated phenomena of colours. Whatever preparation for experiment had been made by others, and whatever revelations had been made by improved artificial appliances, it is certain that ideas of no ordinary importance were maturing in the mind of Newton. He began his experiments with the triangular glass prism by darkening his chamber, and perforating one of his window-shutters, so that a convenient quantity of the sun's light, which passed through the prism, was so refracted as to exhibit all the different colours on the wall, forming an image five times as long as it was broad. The prism made the colours stand forth thus:—Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Upon this he was much excited to ascertain whence it proceeded, and made many experiments for the purpose, from which he at length drew the grand conclusion, that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others. When this discovery was applied to the lens of a refracting telescope, it produced a distinctness of one

colour, while all the others were indistinct, which caused Newton to abandon all hope of improvement in that direction, and he took into consideration the principle of reflexion. When he had arrived thus far, the plague forced him to leave Cambridge and return to Woolthorpe; but in 1668 he resumed the inquiry, having thought that highly polished metal might assist in the experiment. He constructed an instrument with the eye-glass at the side of the tube, reflecting the rays upon it by an oval plane speculum. This telescope was six inches in length, and was, as Newton himself observed, an epitome of what might be done. He had seen through it Jupiter, distinctly, with his four satellites, and also the horns of Venus, and it bears a peculiar interest as being the first reflecting one directed to the heavens. Newton contrived another, exceeding the former in utility, which was shown to the king, and is now preserved in the library of the Royal Society of London, with this inscription:—

INVENTED BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON, AND MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS, 1671.

In 1669, on the resignation of Dr. Barrow, he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and delivered lectures on optics in the University of Cambridge in the years 1669, 1670, and 1671, containing his principal discoveries relative to light. On the 11th of January, 1671, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, to which body he was unknown except from his telescope. He submitted himself to be "considered and examined," in a letter to Oldenburg of the 6th February, and the "solemn thanks" of the society were accorded, and the communication itself published in the transactions. That he might place himself beyond the possibility of doubt as to the refrangibility of the colours of light, he recombined white light out of the seven colours already mentioned. The astronomical discoveries of Newton even surpassed those contained in his "Opticks, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions, and Colours of Light," since they are, for the most part, the acknowledged foundation of all that is valuable in that most interesting and important science.

In 1678 the Royal Society requested his opinion on a system of physical astronomy. In answer to this, he wrote to Dr. Hooke, the successor of Oldenburg, proposing an experiment for verifying the motion of the earth, by observing whether or not bodies that fall from a considerable height descend in a vertical direction, assuming that if the earth were at rest the body would describe a vertical line, but if it revolved round its axis the body must in its fall incline towards the east. Dr. Hooke, at the instance of the society, tried an experiment in order to prove its accuracy, which, failing to establish Newton's theory, evolved another, viz., that the body would fall in a south-east direction from the point when the body began to move. The truth of this Newton admitted, and the result was a demonstration that a planet, acted upon by an attractive force varying inversely as the squares of the distances, will describe an elliptical orbit in one of whose foci the attractive force resides. This disclosed the true cause of all celestial motion; but, as yet, Newton had not completely comprehended it in its vast extent. An accident revealed this most important doctrine to a mind prepared to act upon any feasible suggestion. In June, 1682, when attending a meeting of the Royal Society, the subject for discussion was the measurement of a degree of the meridian, by M. Picard, in 1672. With fresh light upon the question which had formerly occupied his attention, he returned once more to the investigation of so pleasing an inquiry. Having been able to find the diameter of the earth with the new data thus furnished, as he proceeded, he foresaw what would ensue; and the nervous irritability so produced prevented his completing the calculation himself. It was, however, wrought out through the medium of a friend,—the discovery being, that the force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be almost exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

The Royal Society were very desirous that this work should be entered on the register, and solicited Newton to agree to it, on which he expressed his willingness "to enter on the register his notions about motion, and his intentions to fit them speedily for the press." He gave the MSS. to the society, and they published the "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," edited by Dr. Halley. When the work was presented—Sir John Hoskins, vice-president, in the chair—a member remarked that Mr. Newton had carried the thing so far that there was nothing more to be added; to which the vice-president replied, that the method was so much more to be prized, as it was both invented and perfected at the same time.

The *Principia* consists of three books; the first and second "On the Motion of Bodies," and the third "On the System of the World." The great discovery of the work is, that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distance. From this he was able to calculate not only the weight of the same body at the surface of the sun and the planets, but even to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun and in all the planets that had satellites, and to determine the density, or specific gravity, of the matter of which they were composed. And, on the principles of gravitation, he explained the theory of the tides. Proceeding onwards in abstruse mathematical inquiry, he established the Binomial Theorem—a well-known and most useful algebraical formula. He had invented his system of fluxions prior to 1666, and in 1669 communicated it to Dr. Barrow, who wrote to Mr. Collins stating the fact. The work was eventually sent to Collins, and returned to Dr. Barrow when he had taken a copy, which was published after a careful collation with the original, with Newton's consent, fifty years after it was written. He is also the author of "Universal Arithmetic," and many treatises on the highest branches of mathematics.

On the first of January, 1697, Bernoulli addressed a letter to the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe, challenging them to solve the two subjoined problems:—

1.—To determine the curve line connecting two given points which are at different distances from the horizon, and not in the same vertical line, along which a body passing by its own gravity, and beginning to move at the upper point, shall descend to the lower point in the shortest time possible.

2.—To find a curve line of this property, that the two segments of a right line from a given point through the curve, being raised to any given power, and taken together, may make everywhere the same sum.

Bernoulli allowed six months to elapse for the solution of these problems to be sent in, and at the special request of Leibnitz agreed to extend the time to twelve months. But the day after their reception by Newton, he informed Mr. Charles Montague, president of the Royal Society, that he had solved both. Three solutions were received by Bernoulli, who, notwithstanding, detected Newton's, though anonymous, "as the lion is known by his claw." The last effort in mathematics in which Newton was engaged, was the solution of the somewhat celebrated problem of Leibnitz, which the latter intended as a defiance to England. Its object was to determine the curve which should cut at right angles an infinity of curves of a given nature, but expressible by the same equation. Newton returned fatigued from the Mint and received the problem about four o'clock in the afternoon; but so far from considering it involved the difficulty supposed to be attached to it, he treated it as pastime, and solved it before going to bed.

From the time of Newton's appointment to the professorship of mathematics, to the year 1695, he resided almost constantly at Cambridge, having received a dispensation from Charles II. to continue his Fellowship at Trinity College without taking orders. When James II. issued a mandamus to the University of Cambridge to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, without taking the usual oaths, the University resisted such an attack upon their rights; and the Vice-Chancellor being summoned before the ecclesiastical commission for contempt,

from the decided tone adopted by Newton, he was elected one of the nine delegates appointed to defend the independence of the University. Their representation to the king had the designed effect, and he withdrew his obnoxious demand. In consequence of the successful termination of this disagreeable encounter, Newton was elected member of the Convention Parliament for the University, and sat till its dissolution. The narrowness of his income, however, was probably the cause of his limiting his residence to Cambridge.

On one occasion, while attending Divine service at chapel, a little dog, left in his study, overturned a lighted taper upon his papers and burnt them. It is reported that when he discovered the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me." This fact exhibits the great control Newton possessed over his outward feelings, but it is known that his mental distress, to a certain extent, disturbed his reason. He himself observes that he did not recover his equanimity for a twelvemonth; but notwithstanding this, he was able to compose his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, on the existence of a Deity, at the time the latter was to deliver the Boyle Lecture, for the vindication of the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion. In the meantime, however, a correspondence ensued with Mr. Locke, in which Newton condemned his opinions as to innate ideas, conceiving that they struck at the root of all morality; yet, on re-considering the subject, he became convinced of their truth, and addressed an apologetic letter to Locke, dated "at the Bull, in Shoreditch, London, Sept. 16th, 1693." In 1694, he found him again occupied in making observations on the lunar theory.

When Newton was in his fifty-third year, and all Europe offering incense to his name, other members of the University, of the same standing as himself, had received lucrative appointments in church or state. It was now his turn to float with the tide of fortune, and exchange the solitude of a study for more active life. Mr. Charles Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax) was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The coin of the nation was adulterated and debased, so that a new coinage was resolved upon. Mr. Overton, the Warden of the Mint, being appointed Commissioner of Customs, Montague, in a very handsome manner, procured the post for Newton. Its value was from five to six hundred pounds per annum. His great chemical and mathematical knowledge was eminently useful in his new situation, for the re-coinage was completed in two years. In 1699, Newton was promoted to the Mastership of the Mint, worth twelve or fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which he held during the remainder of his life. He drew up an official report upon the coinage, and a table of assays of foreign coins. During his Wardenship he performed his duties as professor at Cambridge, but when elected Master, Mr. Whiston was appointed deputy. Other honours followed the elevation of Newton. The Royal Academy of Sciences admitted the distinguished philosopher an associate; and Queen Anne, who was residing at Newmarket, on visiting the University of Cambridge, conferred on him the order of knighthood. He also sat as member for the University in parliament, and was for five-and-twenty years annually elected president of the Royal Society of London.

On the accession of George I., in 1714, Sir Isaac Newton was received at Court, and his conversation particularly delighted the Princess of Wales. But Leibnitz, who regarded his rival with no friendly eye, represented Newton as a materialist, endeavouring to maintain his charge by portions of his published works. This reaching the ears of the king, he requested him to reply, which he did, and with effect. The Princess of Wales was a lady of great learning, and of a highly cultivated taste. Conversing one day on some points of ancient history, Sir Isaac explained to her a new system of chronology, which he had composed at Cambridge by way "of refreshing himself with history and chronology, when he was weary with other studies."

Not only was Sir Isaac Newton a mathematician and an astronomer, but he was what is of far greater importance, a devout Christian.

ANCIENT TOWERS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Not far from the ancient residence of the chief of the Clan Mackay, in the extreme north of Scotland, there is an ancient fortress known as the Tower of Dornadilla. This Dornadilla was the fourth king of Scotland, and reigned 250 years before the birth of Christ. His father, Mainus, was a man pre-eminent for wisdom and justice, and loved peace and

of the tower, and present somewhat the appearance of shelves of a library.

The Tower of Mousa, represented in our engraving, another ruin of the same description. It is of a circular shape fifty feet in diameter and forty feet in height, and is constructed of large stones, uncemented. The peculiar form

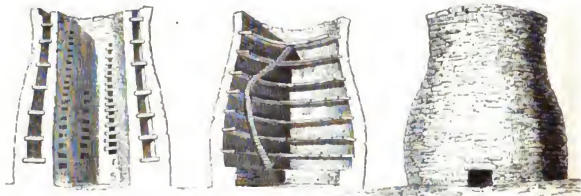


TOWER OF MOUSA.

prosperity above the strife of spears and the triumphs of conquest; and when Dornadilla came to the crown, he found the kingdom peaceful and the people happy; so he devoted his life to the pleasures of the chase; and the chief thing known about him is, that he framed those laws for hunting which prevail to the present day.

the building rendered it utterly impossible to scale the walls, and its stony strength was sufficient to bid defiance to the attack of the foe. The walls are fifteen feet thick.

In the islands of the Hebrides similar towers are found; they are discovered in nearly every part of northern Scotland, dotted over the face of the land, the delight of the tourist and



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER—AND THE EXTERIOR RESTORED.

The tower which bears his name is constructed of roughly hewn stones, without cement, and is about thirty feet high. The entrance is low and difficult, and the walls immensely thick. Within, a series of stone galleries or benches rise up, one above the other, a ladder, likewise of stone, leading from one tier to another. These galleries, commencing at a slight elevation from the ground, are continued to the summit

the puzzle of the antiquary. They have been ascribed to the Scandinavians, the rough Norse worshippers, the people of Thor and Odin; and again to the Danes, whose piratical invasions and hardy prowess once made all northern Europe tremble; but the most likely hypothesis is that which places their origin in the days of that terrible warfare which continued for so long a period between the Picts and Scots.



HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY has been styled the Canning of America, as Daniel Webster has been likened to Burke. Clay and Webster were for forty years the leading orators of their country, and although, at their outset in life, they were for a time opposed to each other, during the latter and best part of their career they stood together on the same side, contending for the lead of the whig or conservative party of the United States. Both were the sons of men who moved in a humble station of life; Webster's father was a small New England farmer, and Clay's was a poor clergyman of Virginia. He was born of English parents at a place called the Slashes, in the county of Hanover, Eastern Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777, just after the Declaration of Independence, and while the country was still amidst the throes of the revolution. He was the seventh child of a numerous family, some branches of which still remain in England, and which includes among its members Sir William Clay, a successful merchant and well-known member of the English House of Commons. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in the States. Before he was four years old, his father died, leaving his mother with a large family of young children dependent upon her. Shortly afterwards she married again, having for her second husband Captain Henry Watkins, a man well worthy of her affections. His step-father and mother introduced him to the practical business of life at an early period; for even in his fourteenth year we find him an assistant at the store of Mr. Richard Denny, Richmond; his education, which was that of an ordinary private school, having been prematurely brought to a close rather than properly completed. But whatever deficiency there may have been in his early training was, as far as possible, supplied by the more effective discipline of self-education.

It soon became evident that he was capable of much higher pursuits, and accordingly his step-father took him away from the store, and placed him in the office of his friend, Peter Tinley, Esq., who was at that time clerk to the court of chancery. Here, by his diligent attention to his duties, he soon attracted attention, and made friends. It happened opportunely that Chancellor Wythe was just then in want of a private secretary, and young Clay entered into an engagement with him, which lasted four years, and proved the great turning-point in the future statesman's history. His employer, perceiving the singular ability and industry with which he performed his duties, soon became strongly attached to him, joined Governor Brooke in advising him to study for the bar, generously granted him the free use of his library, and himself undertook the task of superintending his studies. Accordingly, in 1796, he left Mr. Tinley's office and became a student at law. After a year's intense application, he qualified himself for admission, and obtained his diploma before he had fairly entered into manhood. But it was a matter of vital moment to him that he should commence practice forthwith, as his mother and sister were entirely dependent on his exertions for a living, and they accompanied him on his removal to Lexington, in Kentucky, when he began the practice of his profession. The same diligence characterised him throughout. His amenity, accessibility, close attention to business, and eloquence as an advocate, soon attracted suitors enough, and before many years were over, Henry Clay led the bar of his state. Alluding, years afterwards, to this period of his life, he said he was then "without patrons, without friends, and destitute of means;" and again, "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realised. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." As a not unnatural consequence of his success, he married; and it is gratifying to be able to add, that the union was a source of happiness to both parties. His wife was Lucretia, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, of Lexington, whom he left a widow, and by whom he had eleven children, only two surviving him.

Henry Clay, as a youth and a man, was throughout life a diligent self-cultivator. He was an extensive reader, and he did not fail carefully to cultivate the art of speech, by which, indeed, he made his bread. On one occasion, when giving advice to young men, he described the secret of his success in life after the following manner: "I owe my success in life," said he, "chiefly to one single fact, viz.—that at the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny."

From the bar the road to the legislature is comparatively easy among us, as it is, in England. He was first returned to the legislature of his state in 1803, and immediately assumed a prominent position there. Three years after, he was returned to Congress as a member of the Senate, and chosen speaker the following year. Webster and Calhoun did not enter it until some years later. Coming from a new state of the west, Mr. Clay at first took the side of Mr. Madison and the democratic party, and was soon recognised as one of its leading members. He was once more returned to the Senate, in 1811, when there was some prospect of a war with Great Britain; but withdrew from it to the lower house, where he had a more commanding position, and a better field for the display of his oratorical powers. He took his seat at the opening of Congress, November 4, 1811, and was elected to the honourable post of speaker by a majority of 31 in a house of 128 members. This high distinction, which was the more marked from the circumstance that there were many much more experienced members of his party in the house, was continued—with a short interval during his absence in negotiating the treaty of Ghent in 1814—till the year 1825, when he received the appointment of Secretary of State. He was chosen speaker on six different occasions, viz., in 1811, 1813, 1816, 1817, 1819, and 1823, and filled the chair about ten years altogether. He was Mr. Madison's most able supporter in Congress, in 1812, during the debates on the subject of foreign policy, especially as respected England, a war with which power Mr. Clay strongly urged. Indeed Mr. Madison attributed to Clay much of the success that attended his administration; and when congratulated on the successful conduct of the war, he said, "To the right arm of the administration, to Clay, all is due." Daniel Webster had by this time entered Congress, and was ranged with the moderate federalists on the side of peace. He represented the more pacific commercial character of New England, whereas Clay then represented the ardent and rather headstrong republicanism of the west. But though Webster was opposed to the war with England, he yet advocated such measures as were essential to the honour and safety of the country, and particularly an increase of the navy. "Even our party divisions cease," said he, "at the crisis's edge. They are lost in attachment to the national character, where that national character is made respectable."

It is easy to understand the feelings which actuated Henry Clay, and the majority of our countrymen who sided with him at that time, in their eagerness for a war with Britain. While a child, war was raging about him, and our ancestors were engaged in a deadly struggle to free their country from British power. The impressions then made sank deep into their hearts, and the long war with England left behind it, together with our independence, many traditions of oppression and of hate. These still survived, when, in 1812, the attack was made upon the Chesapeake; and the numerous petty indignities committed, and supposed to have been committed, by Britain upon its late revolted colony came to a

head, and burst into open war. Clay was an enthusiastic nationalist; his love of country was his controlling principle; and it is therefore easy to understand the part he took on the occasion. It was this which made him a protectionist. He desired to quicken the industry of his country, to establish the peaceful arts there, and to render it independent of foreign supplies, from which it might at any time be cut off by the superior power of the British at sea. Hence the imposition of high protective duties, which at length became so intolerable that they threatened the existence of the Union. That policy has, however, been changed; and now that the old traditions are dying out, we trust we may look forward to a peaceful and mutually beneficial intercourse between America and England.

When the war was brought to a close, Mr. Clay was appointed one of the deputies to meet the British negotiators at Ghent to settle the terms of a treaty of peace, which has not since been broken. On his return to the States, he resumed his extensive practice at the bar, and in the House of Representatives he was appointed to the honourable post of speaker. Mr. Clay's personal and political influence steadily increased, and in 1824 he mainly contributed to carry the election of John Quincy Adams, of whom Mr. Clay was afterwards the first adviser in the cabinet. He held the office of Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, and in this capacity negotiated many important treaties with foreign governments. He succeeded in striking a blow at the system under which armed vessels were formerly enabled to carry on piracy under what were called "letters of marque." He advocated the cause of the South American revolted colonies, and induced the government of the United States to recognise their independence. He somewhat departed from the line of policy of the older statesmen of the Union, in taking part in the political affairs of Europe, having exerted himself to procure the intervention of Russia in establishing the independence of Greece.

When the high protectionist duties on British manufactures led to extreme agitation throughout the Union, and threatened the disruption of the northern and southern states, Mr. Clay projected and carried a compromise measure, which restored peace to the nation, and enabled it to adjust its financial policy after the excitement had subsided. But the anti-slavery movement soon threatened the States with new dangers, the end of which, indeed, no one can yet very clearly see. Being a zealous unionist, and not at all a zealous abolitionist, Mr. Clay again stepped forward with a new compromise bill, which he succeeded in carrying, in the belief (though, as events may yet prove, a vain one) that the vexed question of slavery in the States would thereby be permanently settled. Mr. Clay's readiness to make compromises on all important questions, has led some to call in question his statesmanship; but others, who recognise in all legislation a system of compromises, where extreme views are sacrificed for the sake of a wise moderation, have been found equally ready to defend him.

Henry Clay owed much of his influence to his personal qualities. He gave one the impression of a thorough-bred gentleman. His ways were most winning—we might almost say fascinating. His voice was beautiful; and his action while speaking was graceful, and yet emphatic. To a friend or stranger he was kindness itself; yet to an opponent he would display a lordly imperiousness. He spoke with earnestness, too; often with fiery eloquence, though he could be sweet and gentle as a woman in his more subdued moods. He could play upon the heart-strings as upon an instrument, and he could also rouse the fiery passions of our nature. To understand the enthusiastic admiration with which Henry Clay was regarded throughout the States, one must have seen him and heard him speak. Merely to read his speeches in the book in which they are collected, fails to give any adequate idea of the man. Webster's speeches are different: there you see the orator in all his greatness; and the orations of Webster will be read and admired long after those of Clay have been forgotten. And yet there are few of Webster's speeches which had the immediate effect of the more fervid orations of Clay.

The Earl of Carlisle, when on his last visit to this country, in 1841, met Mr. Clay more than once, and has given us an interesting account of his appearance at that time.

"I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once," says he, "but every one told me that he was labouring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great charm in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceptible in private intercourse, as I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers, as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity." His lordship had afterwards an opportunity of visiting Mr. Clay at his country residence at Ashland, in Kentucky. "The qualities," says he, "which rivet the Senate and captivate his adherents, seemed to me both heightened and softened by his frank, courteous, simple intercourse. He lives with his family in a modest house, among fields of deep red soil, and the most luxuriant grass growing under very thriving and varied timber, the oak, sycamore, locust tree, cedar, and that beautiful ornament of the American woods, the sugar maple. He likes showing some English cattle. His countrymen seem to be in the habit of calling upon him without any introduction. Slavery, generally mild in the pastoral state of Kentucky, was certainly seen here in its least repulsive guise. Mr. Clay's own negro servant, Charles, was much devoted to him; he took him with him on a tour into Canada, and when some abolitionists there wanted him to leave his master—'Not if you were to give me both your provinces,' was the reply."

Mr. Clay was several times a candidate for the presidency, but failed to achieve that highest ambition of American statesmen. He died at Washington, in June, 1852, and on the 1st of July his remains were conveyed from Washington to New York. His funeral took place on the 4th, with all due solemnity, when a vast crowd, composed of senators, friends, and other admirers, assembled to pay the last tribute of regard to the memory of one who had throughout life shown such an undeviating attachment to his country, and rendered it such essential service in several critical periods of its history. His personal graces and high intellectual qualities will long be remembered; and after these have been forgotten, the traces of his useful public career will be read in the legislation of half a century.

We cannot close this biographical account better than by quoting from the following eloquent eulogium pronounced upon the departed statesman by Mr. Breckenridge, in the House of Representatives. "As a leader in a deliberative body, Mr. Clay had no equal in America; in him intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled with his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair—equally erect and dauntless in prosperity or adversity. When successful, he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with avowed resolution. When defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people—at the bar—in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he assumed and maintained a position of prominence. But the supremacy of Mr. Clay as a party leader was not his only nor highest title to renown—that title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which on great occasions always signalled his conduct. We have had no statesman who, in times of real imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honourably."

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THE problem of squaring the circle, to which allusion is so often made—without, however, being always clearly understood—consists in constructing a square whose area shall be exactly equal to that of a given circle. Unhappily, the problem is insoluble; we can only arrive at an approximate solution; and in the present day no one who has even an elementary acquaintance with the first principles of geometry will lose his time in the vain attempt to solve it completely. True geometers have always been aware of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of the task. In their investigations, they have merely aimed at approximating nearer and nearer to exactness; and not unfrequently they have been, as it were, surprised into discoveries in the various branches of mathematical science. But there has always been a class of men less enlightened and more daring, who, scarcely knowing what they wanted or what they were doing, yet pretended to discover the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, and other things beyond human power. The problem of squaring the circle is as old as geometry itself. It occupied the thoughts even of philosophers in Greece, the very cradle of mathematical science. Anaxagoras employed himself about it in the prison where he was confined for having proclaimed the doctrine that God is one and alone above all. Aristophanes, the Molière of the Athenians, introduces the celebrated philosopher Meton upon the stage, and cannot devise any better method of bringing ridicule upon him than by making him promise to square the circle. It was Archimedes who first found out the approximate ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Apollonius, or Philo of Gadara, found ratios still nearer the exact truth; but what they were is not

now known. The labours also of Adrian, Metius, Vietus, Zudolph, Van Keulen, Machin, and Lagny, in this direction of inquiry, are well known.

Cardinal de Cusa was the first of modern alchemist-geometricians. He fancied he had discovered the true method of squaring the circle, by making a circle or a cylinder roll along a plane surface until it had described its whole circumference; but he was proved by Regiomontanus to be in error. After him, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a professor of mathematics, Orontius Fineus, gained distinction by his remarkable fallacies on this subject. The celebrated Joseph Scaliger also indulged in these caprices. Thinking lightly of geometers, he wished to show them the great superiority of a learned man like him. Vietus, Clavius, and others, having ventured to refute his mathematical reasoning, he became incensed, loaded them with abuse, and was more than ever convinced that geometers had no common sense. About twenty years ago, M. Liger thought he had discovered the true solution, which had been for ages concealed from view, by demonstrating that the square root of 24 is equal to that of 25, and that that of 59 equals that of 49. His demonstration did not, he said, rest upon geometrical reasoning, which he detested, but upon the properties of figures.

There have been a number of bets and challenges in connexion with this problem at different times. The French Institute having been overwhelmed every year with voluminous packets on the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion, at length came to the resolution to receive no more upon these subjects. Yet only about a few years ago, on opening a paper which had been kept sealed for many years at the request of the author, as containing a precious discovery, it was found to be another attempt to solve the insoluble problem.

TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE WYE.

Engineering achievements of modern times have been so largely characterised for originality and boldness of conception and success in execution, that the word "impossible," applied to anything which may be required, appears, if not repudiated, yet practically, to be ignored. The difficulty which presented themselves in the formation of that bold and elaborate system of locomotion, which has been achieved in this and in other countries, seem to have used the dormant energies of our engineers only to be shed; and one after another noble structures have arisen, but to declare with silent yet impressive eloquence the almighty of the intellectual endowments which have been bestowed upon him, for the dominion of the material creation, Father of all.

One of the most remarkable and interesting engineering achievements of modern times is the railway bridge crossing the Wye at Ebstow, which has just been completed. In the planning of the South Wales Railway, which is to unite Gloucester with Milford Haven, and has already been opened as far as Carmarthen, it was found necessary to cross the Wye, near Chepstow; and the problem to be solved was not an easy one. As it is a navigable river, the admiralty required that the space over the mid-channel should not be less than 300 feet, and that a clear headway of fifty feet above the highest known tide should be secured; so that across this "tidal chasm" an iron bridge had to be hung, capable of supporting the heaviest burdens that passing trains could impose. The work obviously demanded the highest efforts of mechanical and constructive skill, but the bold and experienced mind of the engineer was not overtasked by the exigencies of the case; and Mr. Brunel has produced a work which is believed to combine perfect efficiency with singular economy of material. In proceeding to describe this remarkable structure, as the two lines of railway are supported by separate though perfectly similar means, it will be necessary to make particular reference only to one.

The bridge, which Mr. Brunel has erected, consists of four spans, three of about 100 feet each, and one of 290 feet, extending altogether from bank to bank for 610 feet. The three smaller spans rest upon iron piers, filled with concrete, sustaining cast-iron girders, on which the railing is laid. The fourth and chief span, which is on the suspension principle, is supported by means of a tube more than 300 feet in length, and 9 in diameter. The tube itself rests on the summit of piers erected on the east bank and in the centre of the river, and to the ends of the tubes are attached the suspending chains. Now, in an ordinary suspension bridge, the chains hang in a festoon, and are free to move according to the weights passing under them, which are not in general great. This flexibility, however, would be altogether inadmissible in a railway bridge, for the continuity of the rails would be destroyed if a very small deflection took place when traversed by a heavy locomotive. With a view to supply the necessary rigidity, Mr. Brunel has introduced at every third part of the tube a stiff wrought-iron girder, firmly connecting the tube with the roadway girders, and, with the aid of other adjusting screws, the suspension chains are stretched as nearly straight as is desirable. Other diagonal chains connect these points, so that at whatever part of the bridge a train may be passing, its weight is distributed over all the tube and chains by these arrangements.

In the operations connected with the sinking of the cylinders which form the piers of the bridge, some curious facts came to light. The workmen had first to pass through nearly thirty feet of blue clay and sand, below which they met with a thin bed of peat containing timber, some solid oak, hazel nuts, and other substances of the same kind. They next came to several feet of fine blue gravel, and then they found the bed of boulders upon which the cylinders were originally intended to rest. After this was a bed of red marl, beneath which they discovered solid rock, resembling what is known as milestone grit, into which the cylinders were sunk. The mode in which this part of the work was performed was

ingenious:—"The cylinders were placed on planks to prevent them cutting into the soft mud. One by one, cylinders were added, until they had reached the top of the stage, about forty feet in height, which had been erected for the purpose of sinking the cylinders. The weight of this column then cut through the plank, and the cylinder sank about six feet into the mud. Men then descended into the cylinder, two or three working there at a time; and as they excavated the soil, so the cylinder gradually sank, and as the column descended, fresh cylinders were added at the top. The excavation then continued, without interruption, until a depth of about seventeen feet was attained, at which point the water broke in from below in such force as to require the constant operation of two thirteen-inch pumps worked by an engine. The water burst in at a moment's warning, as soon as the spring was tapped; and the most remarkable phenomenon attending this occurrence was the fact, that the spring-water invariably rose in the cylinder exactly to that height at which the tube was standing in the

special provision in the computations of the engineer was, that the spring tides on the river Wye rise here from fifty to sixty feet—a greater elevation than in any other river in the kingdom.

Interesting as is this remarkable structure in itself, it is still more important as a link of union between the west-centre of England, and the increasingly prosperous districts of the south of Wales. For some months after the opening of a considerable portion of the South Wales Railway, there was a hiatus at Chepstow, till the bridge could be completed, and while passengers found that it was no small inconvenience to be conveyed by omnibus over a rough country, and then over Chepstow town-bridge to the station on the other side the river, there was even more serious difficulty as regards the goods and mineral traffic, to carry on which was impracticable on any large scale. In the summer of last year the first tube connecting the line was opened for traffic, and within a few weeks the second tube has been raised, the final arrangements completed, and the bridge finished. And now, by one of the



SECTION OF THE CHEPSTOW TUBULAR BRIDGE.

river at this moment. That it was not an irruption of the water of the Wye is considered to be beyond dispute, inasmuch as the river at this point is, from the action of the tide, always tainted with mud, which is held in solution in great quantities at all times, while the water which rushed into the cylinder from below was of exceeding purity, and contained not a particle of salt."*

From the time of the first tapping of the spring, the pumps of a thirty-horse power engine had to be kept at work until the cylinders had been sunk to the rock; they were then filled with concrete. This irruption of water, at the depth of seventeen feet from the level of the bed of the river, was the same in the sinking of all the cylinders for the centre or principal pier; but the water did not interrupt the work to so great an extent in making the other piers, and the workmen proceeded to a greater depth. The spring appeared to be in the bed of gravel, about twelve feet from the point where it first burst into the cylinder. One fact, which demanded

most delightful rides which can be found, the traveller is borne along the banks of the glorious Severn till he reaches a land of surpassing beauty, and far away from the toil and turmoil of business may fill his mind with scenes of loveliness and delight, and store his heart with memories of happiest hours, which he will ever love to recall as he thinks of Chepstow, Tintern, and the Wye.

The proportions of this colossal structure may be inferred from the large amounts of material consumed in its erection, of which the following are the principal items:—

	TONS.
Wrought-iron used in three spans of 100 feet each, double line.....	277
Wrought-iron in girders, &c., of main tube, of 300 feet span, double line	278
Two wrought-iron tubes	302
Suspending links in main chains and diagonals	256
Total employed, including nails, not mentioned above	1231
Cast iron	1003
Masonry in abutment and pier, 3240 cubic yards.	
Total cost, above £65,000.	

* "Our Iron Roads."

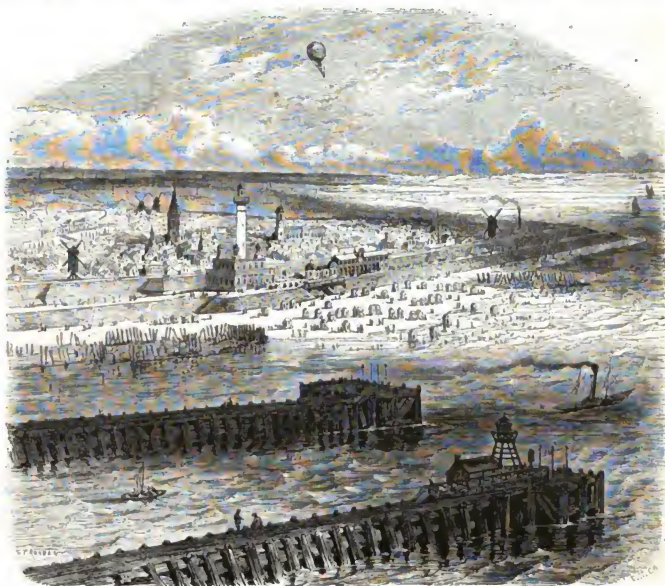
OSTEND.

In the ninth century, Ostend, a name which signifies the eastern extremity, was a village of but small importance; yet before the eleventh century had closed, its renown as a port and city was widely extended. In 1445, Philip the Good found it necessary to enlarge its boundaries, and erect a high wall, a magic circle of stony strength, and not long afterwards we find Ostend a regularly fortified city. These fortifications were completed by the Prince of Orange (1683), who had placed himself at the head of the Dutch revolt. The siege which Ostend sustained for three years against the Archduke Albert, from 1601 to 1604, is one of the most remarkable events of modern history. Seventy-two thousand of the besieged perished, and a far more considerable number of the Spaniards

fended by its modern fortifications, and is entered by four gates. The population is nearly 11,500. The Hotel de Ville, flanked by two towers and surmounted by a cupola, was rebuilt in 1711, it having been destroyed by the siege of 1706.

The only part of Ostend which presents a modern aspect has been built upon a somewhat singular plan; it is called the New City. This is the work of the Emperor Joseph II., who exerted himself to establish and extend the maritime interests of the place.

The ramparts which overlook the sea form an agreeable promenade, at the foot of which a column has been erected, which serves at night as a lighthouse for vessels approaching the harbour. During the day the naval signals are conducted



VIEW OF OSTEND.

were destroyed. At the siege there are said to have been 300,000 pieces of cannon, which were for the most part manufactured in London. At the time of the capitulation Ostend was literally nothing more than a mass of ruins; and in this condition it was surrendered to General Ambrose Spinola on the 14th of September, 1604. The city was entirely rebuilt in 1706, and ceded in 1715 to the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI., who by the establishment of an Indian Company brought about the true era of its prosperity. Unhappily that period did not last long: for in 1734 the Indian Company was suppressed, and ten years afterwards, by a siege of eighteen days, Louis XV. destroyed the new fortifications and captured the city. It was re-taken by the French in 1794.

Situated at the extremity of a plain, Ostend is mainly de-

fended from a pavilion which floats to the same height as the column when the water is at its greatest elevation, and sinks as the tide retreats.

The port has two basins, very large and very carefully constructed, formed with stones and timber; two jetties of timber divide them from each other, and the width of the opening is about five hundred feet. The port affords safe and convenient harbourage to the largest vessels, but the entrance is not always easy, and shipwrecks in its neighbourhood are of no uncommon occurrence.

The port is used by vessels of all countries and of every description, from the small sloop to the citadels of the ocean. More than a thousand are annually entered. The sea-bathing is justly celebrated, and attracts a great number of visitors.

HAWKS AND HAWKING.

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Henry VI., part 2.

HAWKING is the art of taking wild animals, chiefly birds, by means of hawks. This sport, though of great antiquity, seems chiefly to have been practised in the two countries of Thrace and Britain. In the former it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district; for Aristotle tells us, that "there was a district in Thrace, in which the boys used to assemble at a certain time of the year, for the sake of bird-catching; that this spot was much frequented by hawks, which were wont to appear on hearing themselves called, and would drive the little birds into the bushes, where they were caught by children; and that the hawks would even sometimes take the birds and fling them to these young fowlers, who, after finishing their diversion, bestowed on their assistants part of the prey." But the aborigines of Britain, as well as the Saxons, had a great fondness for hawking, and every chief amongst them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport.

To the Romans it was scarcely known in the days of Vespasian, but was introduced soon after from Britain; and Martial has the following epigram on the fate of a hawk:—

"Prædo fuit voluerum, famulus mene accipis, idem
Descipit, et captas non sibi, meriti, aves."

Among this people, the hawk was called *accipiter*, and it was considered a bird of ill omen from being carnivorous; but Pliny says that sometimes, particularly in marriage, it was esteemed of good omen, because it never eats the hearts of other birds; intimating thereby that no differences in the marriage state ought to affect the heart. The accipiter was worshipped as a divinity at Tentyra, an island on the Nile, being considered by the inhabitants as an image of the sun; and hence we find the sun represented under the figure of a hawk in hieroglyphics. It became a favourite exercise of the Roman Britons in the sixth century, and in later times was the principal amusement of the English. Under the Welsh laws of Hoel Dha, "the falconer has a privilege, the day the hawk shall kill a bittern, or a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the king perform for the falconer on such a day: hold his stirrup while he dismounts; hold the horse while he goes after the birds; and hold his stirrup while he mounts again. Three times shall the king that night compliment him at table." In the beginning of the seventh century, two falcons and a hawk were sent by the Archbishop of Mons, an Englishman by birth, to Ethelbert, king of Kent, the birds then reared in England not being in such high repute; and a king of Mercia requested the same dignity of the church to send him two falcons which had been trained to attack cranes, as those he had were not sufficiently strong and skilful. At a later period, hawking became so common that laws were made for the purpose of restraining some of the abuses to which it gave rise. Monks were forbidden to keep hawks and falcons; and, in 821, persons carrying hawks were forbidden by the then king of the Mercians from trespassing upon the lands belonging to the monks of Abingdon. Alfred the Great wrote a book on the management of hawks, and, according to Asser, he himself instructed his falconers, hawvers, and hound-trainers. Edward the Confessor's fondness for hawking seems to have been excessive, for in the words of an old manuscript, "Every day after divine service he took to this beloved sport;" while the cause of Harold's unfortunate voyage to Normandy is by some writers attributed to the straying of a favourite falcon, which he was anxious to recover. In the Bayeux tapestry, said to have been worked by Matilda, wife to William the Conqueror, and her ladies, he is represented as embarking with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm; and in an old picture representing the marriage of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented much in the same manner. After the conquest, the common people seem

to have been prohibited from keeping these birds, hunting with them being considered an amusement worthy only of kings and nobles; and thus these birds became as much the token of high birth, as the spurs of knighthood or the blazon of a shield. Nobles carried their favourite falcons with them on journeys, and sometimes even into battle, and would not part with them even to procure their own liberty, if taken prisoners; for to resign his hawk was considered one of the most disgraceful actions of which a nobleman could be guilty, and as a voluntary resignation of his nobility.

Magna Charta, however, gave liberty to every freeman to have in his woods eyries of hawks, sparr-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons. Large numbers of hawks were generally kept at the monasteries; and Walter, bishop of Rochester, was so fond of this sport, that when he was eighty years of age, it was (with hunting) the sole employment of his life, to the total neglect of the duties of his office. English ladies also applied themselves so much to the art, that they are said to have excelled the men in their dexterity.—"a proof," says John of Salisbury, "that it is an effeminate amusement."

We find that Geoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to king John, to obtain for his friend the liberty of exporting one hundredweight of cheese; and Nicholas the Dane stipulated "to give the king a hawk every time he came into England, that he might have liberty to traffic throughout the king's dominions." Great, indeed, must have been their value, to have been considered as bribes not unworthy of a king. Vast, too, was the expense which sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given £1,000 for a cast of hawks. We need not wonder, then, at the rigour of the laws tending to preserve an amusement which was carried to such a pitch of extravagance.

In the 34th Edward III., it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in the person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. In queen Elizabeth's reign the imprisonment was reduced to three months, but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did so.

Hawks were also made the tenure by which some of the nobility held their estates from the crown. Thus, Sir John Stanley had a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV., to be held of the king, his heirs, and successors, by homage and the service of two falcons, payable on the day of his or her coronation; and Philip de Haastang held his manor of Combertoun, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the king's falcons. The duke of St. Albans is still hereditary grand falconer of England, an office bestowed on his ancestor, the son of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn.

According to Olearius, who wrote in the seventeenth century, the diversion of hawking was then more followed by the Tartars and Persians than it has ever been in any part of Europe.

Sir John Malcolm, in his sketches of Persia, alludes to the chase of the *ahubura*, or Persian bustard, with hawks. He says that the instant that the *byri*, a kind of hawk, said by Vigne to be the peregrine falcon, is flown, the *ahubura* runs to meet it with outstretched wings. A fierce contest then ensues on the ground, which generally ends in the *ahubura* taking wing. A goshawk is then flown, when the *ahubura* takes again to the ground. The first *byri* is now no longer of any use, and a second is flown; the contest ends in the *ahubura* again taking wing, when it is pounced upon by the goshawk, which had all the time remained hovering over the combatants.

Vigne, in his "Travels in Kashmir," &c., gives a nearly similar account.

Near the junction of the rivers Chunab and Dodah, in Kashmir, is a village famous for the capture of hawks. They are taken in nets set open like a school-boy's sparrow-trap, containing a live pigeon as a bait. The peregrine, the goshawk, or the sparrow-hawk, which are commonly used in the East, might all be taken in this way. Chumila is the only

place in India where Vigne saw the *chark falcon* in training. He believes this bird to be the true lanner of naturalists.

The following account of falconry in Assyria, from the pen of the great traveller Mr. Layard, is so interesting, that we insert it from the length:—

FALCONRY IN ASSYRIA.

"The hawk most valued by eastern sportsmen is the shaheen, a variety of the northern peregrine falcon, and esteemed the most noble of the race. Although the smallest in size, it is celebrated for its courage and daring, and is constantly the theme of Persian verse. There are several kinds of shaheen, each distinguished by its size and plumage; those from the Gebel Shammur, in Nedjid, are the most prized, but being only brought by occasional pilgrims from Mecca, are very rare. The next best are said to come from Tokat, in Asia Minor. The shaheen should be caught and trained when young. It strikes its quarry in the air, and may be taught to attack even the largest eagle, which it will boldly seize, and checking its flight, fall with it to the ground. The sportsman should, however, be at hand to release the falcon immediately, or it will soon fall a victim to its temerity. It is usually flown at the crane, the middle bustard (*houbara*), geese, and francolins. There is a variety called the bahree, found on the borders of the Persian Gulf, which can be taught to catch geese, ducks, and all manner of water fowl; but it is difficult to keep and train. The next in value is the balaban, which can be trained to strike its quarry either in the air or on the ground. It is found in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, and in other parts of Mesopotamia; is caught and trained when full grown, and is flown at gazelles, hares, cranes, bustards, partridges, and francolins. The baz and shah baz (? *astur palumbarius*, the gos-hawk, and the falco lanarius) is remarkable for the beauty of its speckled plumage and for its size. It strikes in the air and on the ground, and, if well trained, may take cranes and other large game. The balaban and baz, when used by the Persians for hunting hares, are sometimes dressed in a kind of leather breeches; otherwise, as they seize their prey with one talon, and a shrub or some other object with the other, they might have their limbs torn asunder. The chark (? *falco cervicalis*), the usual falcon of the Bedouins, always strikes its quarry on the ground, except the eagle, which it may be trained to fly at in the air. It is chiefly used for gazelles and bustards, but will also take hares and other game. The bird usually hawked by the Arabs is the middle-sized bustard, or *houbara*. It is almost always captured on the ground, and defends itself vigorously with wings and beak against its assailant, which is often disabled in the encounter. The falcon is generally trained to this quarry with a fowl. The method pursued is very simple. It is first taught to take its raw meat from a man, or from the ground, the distance being daily increased by the falconer. When the habit is acquired, the flesh is tied to the back of a fowl; the falcon will at once seize its usual food, and receives also the liver of the fowl, which is immediately killed. A bustard is then, if possible, captured alive, and used in the same way. In a few days the training is complete, and the hawk may be flown at any large bird on the ground. The falconry, however, in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel. In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to signal out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry. The greyhound, however,

soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey. The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon, belonging to Abde Pasha, hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain. The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird. The time of day best suited for hawking is very early in the morning, before the eagles and kites are soaring in the sky. The falcon should not be fed for several hours before it is taken to the chase. When not hunting, the Arabs give it meat only once a day. Some hawks require to be hooded, such as the chark and the shaheen; others need no covering for the eyes. The hood is generally made of coloured leather, with eyes worked on it in beads, and gold and variegated threads. Tassels and ornaments of various kinds are added, and the great chiefs frequently adorn a favourite bird with pearls and precious stones. To the legs are sometimes fastened small bells. Few hawks will return to the falconer without the lure, which consists of the wing of a bustard or fowl, or of a piece of meat attached to a string and swung round in the air. The Eastern huntsman has a different call for each variety of falcon. A good chark will sometimes take as many as eight or ten bustards, or five or six gazelles in the course of a morning."

Hawks were divided into two kinds—the long-winged and the short-winged. Of the long-winged, the first in value, a in size, came the gyr or jer-falcon (*falco islandicus*), which, in spite of its alleged want of teeth, is one of the boldest and most powerful of its class, and therefore was used to fly at wild fowl of the largest size, as cranes, storks, herons, and geese. Among falconers, the female only was named the *gyr-falcon*, the male being called the *jerkin*. This fine species seems now confined almost entirely to the most northerly parts of Europe and America. It was often seen by Dr. Richardson during his journeys over the "barren grounds" of North America, where it preys principally on ptarmigan; and the latter birds endeavour to avoid him by diving instantly into the loose snow for a considerable distance. Two of these falcons attacked Dr. Richardson as he was climbing up a lofty precipice in the neighbourhood of their nest.

Next in esteem came the peregrine falcon (*F. peregrinus*), the female of which only was called the falcon, and, on account of her greater size, usually flown at herons and ducks. The male, being smaller, was more frequently flown at partridges, and sometimes at magpies, and was called tiercel, tiercelet, and tassel-gentle. The red falcon and red tiercel were only the young of this species. The true lanner and lanneret (*F. lanarius*) are only found in the south. Louis XIV. had lanners sent him annually from Malta. This bird exceeds the peregrine in size, and was much esteemed for flying at the kite, with which the latter could scarcely contend.

Wonderful stories are told of the swiftness of flight of the falcon; and it is well known that a falcon belonging to Henry II. of France, made its escape from Fontainebleau, and was retaken the next day in the island of Malta, where it was recognised by the rings on its legs. Had it continued on the wing the whole time, it must have flown at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour; but such birds are said never to fly by night, and the velocity must therefore have been equal to at least seventy-five miles an hour.

THE TWO DESTINIES.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is the declaration of

perhaps, if minutely examined, they would not be found to be exceptions at all. It is scarcely possible to conceive of an



THE COURSE OF THE VICIOUS.

infallible wisdom, and the reverse is not less true. There may be apparent exceptions, but they are extremely rare, and,

object more lovely, more interesting, than an infant asleep in its cradle, or nestled in its mother's arms. But who is bold

enough to determine that infant's destiny? Hope and desire may be in lively exercise; but expectations the most sanguine, and desires the most ardent, have again and again been crushed

is laid to the account of natural disposition, much also to circumstances; but it is the office of the trainer so to cultivate those dispositions and to control those circumstances, that the



THE CAREER OF THE VIRTUOUS.

and disappointed, because the training has not been such as to bring those hopes and desires to a pleasing fruition. Much

child may become an intelligent, a happy, a useful member of the community. Without proper training—a training which

shall promote the development of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral powers, — natural dispositions will produce only wild and poisonous fruit, which circumstances will bring to fatal maturity.

We are led into these reflections by the two pictures our artist has placed before us. He has selected his illustrations from the working classes. They form a large and most important portion of the community, and on the manner in which their children are trained depends, very materially, the order and comfort of the whole population. We cannot conceal the fact that thousands of these receive no training at all, or are trained only for evil. We pass through our narrow streets and lanes, courts and alleys, and we find them crowded with dirty, ill-fed, miserably clad, squalid, wretched-looking children, idling away their time, or busy only for mischief; and we ascertain that they are, in almost every case, the offspring of thoughtless and neglectful, profligate and dissolute parents. Filth and miasma are their nursing mothers, profligacy and irreligion their everyday companions. The father leaves them early in the morning to engage in his daily toil; his intervals of leisure he spends, for the most part, in the dram-shop; he rarely returns to his uncomfortable home till his children have gone to rest: and what training can they have from him who cares so little for them, or what profit can they derive from his example, so profligate and wicked? In consequence of the scanty pittance doled out by the selfish husband, the mother has, in many instances, to toil hard, either at home or abroad, to make out a living, and the instruction, the cleanliness, the comfort of her children, become only a secondary consideration, if it enters at all into her thoughts. Meanwhile the children grow up, increasingly ignorant and increasingly vicious, perpetuating the evils of their class, and inflicting serious injury on the whole community.

But we rejoice to know that this is very far from being a just description of the whole of our working population. Thanks to Providence, we have thousands of sober, honest, industrious mechanics, artisans and labourers, whose children are duly cared for, cleanly, decently clad, educated, taught useful employments, and placed in the way of becoming clever workmen, thriving tradesmen, respectable citizens. These, as far as the circumstances of the parents allow, are trained in the way they should go; their parents receive a rich reward, and the community is greatly benefited.

To return, however, to our pictures. The artist has placed two children, two courses, two destinies before us. Like Hogarth, the Frenchman has noted the peculiarities of his countrymen, and with a graphic pencil has endeavoured to show how the working man's way in the world is governed by his own determination and perseverance, founded, no doubt, upon the training he received in early life. The incidents in the life of such a man, whether he be a native of America, of England, or of France, do not differ materially. In every place there are temptations to evil and encouragements to virtue; and in every place prudence and resolution are required to avoid that which is evil and to follow that which is good.

"Look on this picture, and on that." — In the one we behold the strong, hearty, cheerful-looking workman parting from his young wife, and proceeding to his daily toil; and she, a few minutes afterwards, is busied in those domestic employments which render home a comfort and a joy. In the other, the husband, whether intent on work or on pleasure we can scarcely tell, makes his first call to the dram-shop, while, in the next compartment, the wife is seen in the pawn-shop about to leave her wedding ring as a pledge, whether to purchase bread or for other purposes is somewhat equivocal, as is also the conduct of the young female her companion. On the right hand of the reader there are exhibited the comforts of domestic life: in the centre the grandmother with her daughter and grandchildren around her, and the husband hastening with eager steps to join the happy party; on the sides, the preparation for the mid-day meal, and the tired labourer enjoying his supper in the open air. But what a frightful contrast does the engraving on the left present! The sottish husband,

seated in a low public house, unshorn, drunk, and incapable of returning home at midnight; furious at finding his own door closed against him; his wretched wife and children cowering in terror; their only bed some straw scattered on the earthen floor; and as the result of all this selfish and brutal conduct, the poor distracted mother seeking for her infant the protection afforded by the Hospital for Foundlings. Mad with drink this husband and father has committed some furious outrage, some brutal assault, and is about to be conveyed to a lonely dungeon. The artist has left us to suppose that the man is sent to prison or to the galleys, and that, as the result, his wife and children are driven to seek a precarious livelihood either by begging, or by the sale of some trifling articles.

What a pleasing *dissement* is presented on the right hand! The ingenious and skilful mechanic is industriously employed, as is also his eldest boy; his workshop presenting an appearance of neatness and order in every part; and, as the result of skill and industry, we find him at length a respectable employer, with his plans before him, giving instructions to persons in his employ, who, evidently, regard him with deep respect.

But through the medium of these pictures the artist becomes also a moralist. In every compartment is instruction, warning, or encouragement. In whatever country the lot of the working man is cast, idleness and profligacy will lead to disgrace, and want, and ruin; industry, forethought, and prudence will lead to comfort, to competence, to respectability. Philanthropists strive to raise our working classes above the injurious influences by which they are surrounded. Parents! train up your children in the paths of sobriety, industry, and virtue, that they may be happy in themselves, a comfort to you, and a blessing to the land in which they dwell.

CRIME ORIGINATING IN A SENTIMENT OF CHARITY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following singular anecdote is told of a princess of Mahaut, Countess of Artois and Burgundy, who constantly occupied herself in acts of charity to the poor and destitute. Endowed with a deep sensibility, she could not bear to see an unfortunate person without endeavouring to relieve him. More than once she got deeply into debt, and involved herself in pecuniary difficulties, to distribute alms to the poor, who flocked from all parts of France to partake of her liberality; and, like the good king Robert, she was always followed by six or seven hundred beggars, whom she fed and clothed, and who followed her in all her travels. The historian Gellut, who has given details on this subject, says: "It pleased God to send upon Burgundy a very dreadful famine, so that in the streets were heard piteous wailings, exclamations of distress, and little children crying out that they were dying of hunger. In addition to this, the winter was unusually severe, and the intense cold destroyed almost as many poor as the famine. It is easy to conceive that under these circumstances the ordinary attendance of the princess would be greatly increased, and such appears to have been the case. More than a thousand of these needy dependants upon her bounty had accompanied her this year to the village of Châtellenut, near Artois, where she took up her residence, and generously supplied their wants. But when all her resources were exhausted; when she found she was herself in danger of starvation; when not a coin was left in her coffers, nor a jewel in her casket; after having shed many tears, she resorted to the following expedient, to avoid abandoning so large a multitude to the sad fate which awaited them in a time of great scarcity. One evening she had them closely shut up in her barn; and when she thought they were all asleep, she ordered the barn to be set on fire, and not a single one effected his escape. The historian who relates this circumstance without any expression of astonishment, satisfies himself with saying, "O cruel pity and severe kindness, which involves the most barbarous cruelty! O unmerciful mercy!" He does not state whether the princess had as numerous a body of followers the year after.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.

"Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath,
O my God!

Take the gentle path,
O let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;

For with love
Stony hearts will bleed."—*George Herbert.*

"In every word there is a magical influence, each word being the breath of the internal, moving spirit. Where is he who is proof either against words of blessing or of curse?"—*Dr. Kneass's "History of Magic."*

Mrs. ELLIS STAMBOYER and her sister, and good, bustling Mrs. Strudwicke were marvellously busy with the heaping up of rich bridecake in a silver basket, with gossip, and with preparation of the drawing-rooms for the reception of wedding visitors, during the hour that Leonard, with hurried footsteps but lagging heart, hastened out of the town in the direction of the asylum. The sunshine gleamed upon its many windows, as he neared the house of woe. A clear blue sky circled over it, and a flight of pigeons, with wings gleaming as the wings of angels, soared up in whirling flights above its red prison-roofs. Leonard's eyes noticed every thing, every grass-blade tipped with rime, which nodded along his pathway; every fleecy pile of cloud which rolled through the azure heaven. And now he was waiting in a small sitting-room, where the patients received their friends. With the same dull, mechanical perception, Leonard here noticed the cards stuck in the frame of a ground-plan of the establishment hung above the mantelpiece, and also he noticed that the fire-irons were chained to the stove, and that the window was very high and closed in with bars.

And then the door opened, and mechanically turning round, he saw, whilst a great trembling seized his soul—that his mother entered. Except that she was so very thin, and a certain mist hung within her restless eyes, he felt no change in her as she approached him—for she looked but little older, and had always, in years past, a certain wildness in her dress. But it was as a stranger that she addressed her son. This cut poor Leonard, as with a sharp knife, to the very bone. He, it was he, whose features were convulsed with emotion.

"You have done me the honour, sir, of calling upon me—pray be seated," said the poor mother, waving her hand with a strange grace towards a chair. "Visitors are unfrequent now in the world—but I do not wonder that they should not come here to see me, though I am the widow, sir, of Augustus Mordant—the poet's widow—for there are sad and terrible things done here. Had my son lived, sir; but, we won't talk about THAT—he was murdered—MURDERED!" and hoarsely muttering to herself the terrible word, she sunk upon the floor oblivious to all but her anguish, and her frame quivered, as if she were seized with ague.

"Mother, dear—he is here!" said the stifled voice of Leonard, and he pressed his white lips to her poor thin hands; "I am your Leonard, only look at me, mother." But springing up like a tigress, the heart-broken mother seized her son fiercely by the shoulders, and with flashing eyes uttered a wild yell—"You—you my son! YOU are his murderer!" The door flew open—a tall man seized upon Mrs. Mordant, and holding her poor hands tightly in his grasp, motioned with his head for Leonard to retire.

Leonard waited no longer; the last drop of misery was added to his cup, and in truth it flowed over. Pacing up and down the hilly fields around the asylum might Leonard have been seen during the whole of that day—he seemed unable to tear himself away from this place of woe—such a mighty pity for that suffering soul, swallowed his own misery. Doubts of all that is holiest at times assailed him—bitterest scorn of his own impotence stung him—all anchorage seemed lost for his soul. To have believed in utter annihilation after death, and to have sunk into a dull oblivion, was all that he desired. The beauty, the perfection, the cheerfulness of nature seemed

a cruel mockery of man. No oasis showed itself in the desert of his life—yet, as in the house of death, the mourners rise up and lie down, partake of meat and drink, and take heed of the morrow—so did the body of Leonard mechanically pursue its course, whilst the soul lay dead. Back to London went the body, re-entered the dingy lodgings, and recommenced a dull, soulless existence—ambition had vanished—hope—love; he never asked himself whether they would any day return.

Leonard sternly refused all intercourse with his acquaintance, and changed his lodging, desiring to be lost in the great vortex of London. Much astonishment did his sudden disappearance after his triumph occasion among the academy students and the professors, and especially in good Lambelli's heart. But in London the greatest wonder only remains a wonder its proverbial length of time—nine days. "He was always a queer fellow, was Hale, he'll be turning up again some of these days, never fear," was the consoling reference to the wonderments of his acquaintance.

Lucretia Gaywood, however, could not so easily be silenced. Leonard, on his return, was too unobservant of external things to notice an air of freshness and of order which reigned in his room,—that all his book had been dusted and arranged; that all his brushes had been beautifully washed, and his paint-box put into nicest order; that sketches, tumbling about, had been cleaned and laid together,—that a fresh cloth was laid upon his table, of a beautiful dull crimson; and that various rents and rags had disappeared from the hearth-rug. Neither did he notice that a new black tin coffee-pot stood on the accustomed spot of a leaky old one, which, for several years, had been a comforting friend of his. Alas! grief, which so often renders the kindest of hearts unkind, had rendered him blind to the ministrations of two bright angels, who, during the days of his absence, had worked with busy fingers and sorrowing hearts for him—the angels Lucretia and her little sister Mary.

A great crisis had arrived in the life of Leonard,—he was suddenly become the grave and fully developed man, treading the path of earthly sorrow which our Blessed Lord deigned to tread,—our poor hero had become in due time "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Gradually through that dull time loomed forth the truth of many things—and with truth a certain hope. "Knowing what pain is, having involuntarily caused a pain unutterable, if there be a God of love and mercy, may that God avert from me the bitter curse of further increase of pain—may my life become not a curse—but each day, each hour exist innoxious, if not blessed, through the power of creating joy," thought unceasingly the soul of Leonard. Unceasing ponderings upon these things absorbed his spirit; the seeds of the peculiar nursery of his own and his parents miserable fate, he traced down to their earliest source, seeking with prayers and an agony as of "bloody sweat," to disentangle the mournful skein of their lives.

The only remaining motive of his soul, during those long months was a stern resolve to avoid causing a pain or injustice towards any human being, and this alone impelled Leonard to exertion. In order, honestly to pay for the slender requirements of his life, he unceasing made the description of designs for the publisher whom we have already mentioned. To begin any great work of imagination seemed to him a mockery

—the glory of his earlier aspirations was gone, and he remembered his fervour of but a few months back with a sort of pity. How long this frame of mind might have continued, had Leonard been left undisturbed in this strange and brooding life, we know not. But the seeds of earnestness having been sown by the angel of Pain in his soul, now came the angel of Pity to call them into life by her warm smiles, and by her tears of sympathy.

Leonard was drawing, as usual, one April afternoon, with a dull monotony of hand, and with his thoughts far away, when suddenly once again the angelic vision stood in his room.

"You must pardon our intrusion," said Lucretia's mild voice, "but we have been very anxious about you, and Andrew has insisted upon our disturbing you. We have brought you a little bit of nature, Mr. Hale, to tempt you to come out with us and see what pleasant things are going on in the world, which we are all of us apt to forget. Where is it, dear Mary?" And Mary, a girl of fifteen, with the most modest of deep hazel eyes, brought up from beneath the soft folds of her cloak a rustic basket brimful of clusters of the freshest primroses, and bright gleaming arum leaves, and dark-green dog's mery, and ivy trails, with bushes of violets here and there peeping out of moss.

"How very beautiful! Miss Gaywood," exclaimed Leonard, with such an expression of pleasure in his voice and in his whole countenance as had not been there for many a long month; "and what a kind, gentle thought of yours—beautiful as the flowers themselves!"

"Oh, it is not *our* thought," said Mary, speaking for the first time, and a bright colour spreading over her face, till she looked almost beautiful; "it was Andrew's thought, yesterday, when we were all together down in those beautiful Esher woods—how beautiful they are!—and the birds singing like mad, and Lucretia repeating her favourite lines of Mordant's about the summer grass, we all at once exclaimed how much we wished indeed that you could have been with us,—for Andrew always connects you with thoughts of flowers, and moss, and ivy; and he said, 'Take him some flowers, and try to persuade him to come here—to these Esher woods I mean.' And so, this morning, after we had been with Andrew to the coach, and bade him good-by, we came over here."

As the bright young girl spoke, the dull mist over Leonard's soul was withdrawn for a space, and rays of celestial light fell with a warmth upon him. But he remained quite silent, and there was almost an unresponsively cold look on his face.

"We were so sanguine," resumed Lucretia, "as to believe that, together with these flowers, our words might avail some little with you, and that you might be prevailed upon to take some change. I know myself so well the deadening effect of these London rooms, and especially the reluctance that grows upon one living alone, to break through the charmed circle of solitude, the influence of which grows upon one with the strength of an enchanter's spell. I wonder whether you would ever so far break this spell, as to come out to us at Kentish-town; we've no Esher woods there, nor anything even to be properly called a garden—not what we country folks, Mr. Hale, should call a garden—but we have quiet, and a few trees, and beautiful sunsets from our sitting-room window, and we are near to really lovely strolls at Highgate; and, above all, we have a truly hearty welcome for you? Will you believe this, and will you come and test it?" And such truth and purity lay in every accent of the sisters' voices, and in their kind countenances that Leonard, spite of himself, said, "Yes, I will, indeed!"

"You will; that is right and kind! but when—let us fix now?" said Lucretia. "You would not come back now with us, would you? This is a very sudden thought, I grant—and startling perhaps to you; but never mind, the sooner, the more suddenly, the better for such a hermit as you are. If we left you time for consideration of the subject—we never should see you!"

Leonard smiled. "I will return with you now even, if you really invite me!"

"We do! we do!" repeated the sisters. Mary especially

looking greatly pleased. "Meet us," said Lucretia, "in twenty minutes at the corner of Tottenham-court-road. Mary and I have to call at a shop in Oxford-street; and so, until then, good bye." And the sisters were gone.

It was certainly a clever stratagem of the sisters to have thus suddenly taken poor Leonard at his word, and thus arrange this meeting. For no sooner had their bright presence vanished out of the dusky room, than our hero repented him of his promise. The remembrance of his worn clothes rose up with an importance which they never before had had in his eyes—the pain ever in his soul, seemed to return with a bitter violence, as if to reproach him; thus even for a few moments he had enjoyed respite from its gnawing tooth. But the fresh odour from the primroses and violets rose up towards him with the vernal gentleness of the sisters' voices, and their mild eyes seemed full of reproaches. "They are too pure to trouble themselves about my old coat and hat," thought Leonard, with a smile creeping over his sad face. "What a marvellous world this is, where the sternest griefs can even for a moment be mingled up with such ridiculous trifles."

A respite to Leonard's dull grief came whilst he sat in the tiny little sitting-room of the Gaywoods' cottage at their bright little tea-table. Lucretia pouring out the most fragrant tea; and Mary, bringing forth from a Japan cabinet, much too large for the room, all imaginable dainties from the East and the West—preserved ginger, Guiana jelly, and other delicious condiments and confectionaries. "We have long been wanting a guest of especial honour to enjoy all our dainties," laughed Mary, as she dived still deeper into the cabinet, and bringing forth fresh jars and quaint baskets. "Those good brothers of ours, Thomas and Robert, keep our old cabinet always so full, that we really often propose—don't we Lucretia, dear?—to set up shop with our stores. I fancy I could drive a prosperous trade, if Lucretia would only let me have a stall at the Kentish-town gate, near to the old apple-woman's. Every month, almost, Thomas sends us some beautiful things to look at, or some good things to eat; and Robert, who is in India—poor Robert—" with a sigh—"is quite as bad in cramming our poor little cottage with stuffed birds, wonderful shells, shell-baskets, ivory boxes, and Indian idols. This is the reason why Lucretia and I have to live like a couple of 'Nellys' in an 'Old Curiosity Shop!' But do try some of this beautiful jelly; its colour is lovely, is it not? there always seems to be a tropical sunshine glowing within it;" and Mary floated about like sunshine herself.

But not alone were the dainty foods and marvels of the "curiosity shop"—which, by the bye, extended throughout the whole house, from scullery to attic—the sole entertainments offered by Lucretia and Mary to their guest.

Mary glided like a sunbeam out of the room shortly after the disappearance of the tea-tray—in fact, to "wash-up" the tea-cups down in the most ideal of little kitchens—for the Gaywoods kept but one little maid, and such delicate china cups, the gift of "poor Robert," were never entrusted to any unskilful hands. Lucretia and Leonard fell into discourse, such as Leonard had rarely ever enjoyed, and, contracted as was his acquaintance with women, certainly never before with a woman. Of poetry they talked; of Keats, and Shelley, and the new poet Tennyson as the overture. Then Lucretia's little book-shelves having attracted Leonard's eye, the discovery within it of various periodicals containing fugitive pieces of his father's, all carefully marked by Lucretia's hand, surprised him with a mingled thrill of joy and pain.

"How much," said Lucretia, without looking up from the delicate needle-work at which her fingers were industriously stitching—Lucretia was always seen employed at *idle times*, as she would term them, upon the most delicate of needle-work—needlework which helped out the very slender income of the two sisters—"How much, and how often, I have desired that the poems of your father should some day be collected into a worthy form. Those gems of poetry, scattered as they are through the periodicals of the time, are lost entirely, except to the earnest seeker of his rare genius.

Were I rich, that is a labour of true love in which I would indulge; and I should consider that to unite in one great blessing the scattered fancies of such a mind, would be as benevolent an act as the digging of a well in the desert for the reviving of fainting travellers—and, indeed, the draughts of refreshment to my own spirit which I have quaffed from his poetry, would render such an act but a simple one of earnest gratitude."

"I have frequently desired such a thing myself," said Leonard, with his old mournfulness stealing shadow-like over his face; "and one of my thousand fancies has been to sketch a few designs, suggested by various of the poems. It would truly to me be a labour of love, Miss Gaywood; for, with all my unhappy father's weakness, to me he ever appears surrounded by a wondrous glory of even celestial beauty, and—"

"Is it then possible that you,"—suddenly interrupted Lucretia, looking up at Leonard with an almost stern reproach in her tone—"that you echo the cruel injustice of the world, and fling a stone against the memory of a man certainly more sinned against than sinning, and that man your father. Words such as his lips have uttered it were faithless indeed to believe proceeded from any but the most generous, the most noble soul. Oh! Mr. Leonard, let us cultivate an unbounded charity and faith; they alone enable us to pass with joy through the earth. Trust me that, believing in perfection, perfection reveals itself to the believer." Lucretia's usually calm manner was momentarily ruffled, her fingers trembled as she resumed her needlework, and a flush passed over her Madonna-like countenance. "Pardon my warmth," she resumed, with a heavenly sincerity looking forth from soft eyes as they rested upon Leonard's mournful face; "I owe your father too deep a debt of gratitude lightly to hear a shadow of reproach cast upon him, and especially by a son. Whatever strength may be given me to perform the duties of existence—whatever sunshine is cast over Mary's and Andrew's life, and mine—we may in a great measure attribute to your father's influence. Years ago—years before you were born—Mordant was an inmate for one whole summer of our father's house. Our father was the schoolmaster of a village upon the borders of Sherwood Forest. I was quite a little child then, but each word, each look of the poet, remains engraven for ever upon my memory. What a marvellous power did he not possess as the interpreter of nature! With a child's simplicity, with a woman's love, and the knowledge of a philosopher, he unfolded the marvels of beauty and joy contained in every natural object around him. He stretched forth his hand and removed the seal; he opened his lips, and behold, the hieroglyphics of God glowed in living fire before even the eyes of an ignorant child! Each acre of the old forest became an acre of paradise, over which the feet of angels eternally paced, leaving the impress of glory, mystery, and joy, behind them. I was, through his teachings, ever hearing the still, small voice of God in the trees, in the murmur of the waters, in the hum of the bees, in the rustle of the flowers—everywhere I beheld "the Burning Bush," and, removing my sandals, adored, prostrating myself upon the holy ground. And when I tell you that your father's words, and gentleness to man and bird, and beast and worm, sinking into the child's heart, as seeds sown in a willing soil, came up in after years and put forth flowers of still deeper thought and purport, do you not acknowledge that that child owes a deep debt of love and gratitude towards the sower of the good seed?"

Lucretia's eyes reeled, with warm tears of emotion swimming in them, upon Leonard; but he did not reply, as he sat with a bowed head. "Incomprehensible, Protean nature of the Poet," mused he; "what human being can compute the balance between the good and the evil which thou hast produced?" But it was balm to the wounded soul of the son to recognise the lovely fruit brought forth by his father in one human life at least. And this might be but a single sheaf from a vast harvest.

Mary had returned during Lucretia's unusually excited address; and, sitting upon a low seat at her sister's knee, was

gazing earnestly and silently up into her face. Twilight was stealing into the quaint little room, and no sound for a few seconds was heard but the quick and monotonous click of Lucretia's needle, as, sitting at the window, she still mechanically pursued her work.

Suddenly a cab, laden with luggage, stopped before the gate of the little garden; there was a violent ringing of the bell. A gentleman's face looked inquiringly out, and a child was seen convulsively to cling round his neck. Lucretia and Mary starting suddenly up, cried, as with one voice, "That is not Robert—that cannot be little Cuthbert! No, it is not Robert," cried Lucretia, a sudden paleness spreading over her face; and she flew out of the room, and was seen standing beside the cab door; and the gentleman was seen speaking hurriedly, and Lucretia stretched her arms towards the child endeavouring to untwine his little hands, clasped tightly round the gentleman's arm. But the child clasped them ever tighter and tighter, and a sad wail of childlike misery pierced even into the little parlour. Mary, who breathlessly had watched this scene through the window, now also flew to the cab. But no endeavours of the sisters could induce the child to untwine his hands; he fell sobbing upon the breast of the gentleman, who appeared to become more and more impatient. At length he raised the little boy in his arms and bore him, still violently sobbing, into the sitting-room; Lucretia and Mary, with distressed countenances, following hurriedly.

"I regret, ladies, that I cannot stay with this poor little fellow, but it is of vital importance that I start to-night for Scotland; we have already, in seeking you, lost only too much time. Strange, unaccountable, that neither Gaywood's letter nor mine, sent from Marseilles, should have reached you! But Cuthbert!—Cuthbert, my man, these are your aunts—this is your house—be a brave little Cuthbert. These ladies love you very much." And as he spoke, the strong sun-burnt man, with a mother's tenderness, kissed the boy's beautiful curling locks, and even the slender little fingers so intricately clasped round his arm. Lucretia and Mary, their loving faces bathed in tears, sought by every possible means to soothe him and attract his attention; but the boy, staring with large mournful deep violet eyes at them for one moment, uttered a sad cry, and once more buried his face upon the stranger's broad chest.

"It is very painful to resort to force with the poor child," said the gentleman, in a voice of emotion. "Nothing but this severe illness of my poor mother could induce me to leave my poor little companion in such distress, but we must release his hands;" and the strong man's hands unclasped the tender fingers of the child; and Lucretia and Mary holding him in their arms, the stranger hurried out of the room, jumped into the cab, and rapidly rolled away.

Little Cuthbert struggled violently, burst from the sisters, and, looking round in wild amaze, caught sight of Leonard, who was gazing at him from the window; he flew to him, clasped Leonard's hands, and imploringly looked up into his face.

"You, you'll take me! They frighten me—you are a good man! They frighten me—Papa—Mr. Rutherton—" and the poor little fellow once more burst out into violent sobbing, and clung to Leonard.

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed the two sisters, greatly distressed. "What an unaccountable thing, poor poor little fellow! It must be that he is not used to women; his father wrote us word that almost from his birth he had been little Cuthbert's nurse, and that he feared he would grow up very strangely; he has no mother, poor, poor little fellow!" And they looked at each other, and then at Leonard, with a strange uncertainty.

Leonard, sitting upon a sofa, had taken little Cuthbert on his knee; and the child, flinging his slender arms around his neck, sobbed as though his very heart would break. Leonard made no attempt to soothe him, beyond stroking his soft hair and winding his arms tenderly about him. But a sudden, deep, and marked sympathy, had permeated the souls of the unhappy man and the unhappy child. All remained in deep silence. "May I carry Cuthbert into your garden, Miss Gay-

wood?" at length spoke Leonard. "I fancy, somehow, that that might do him good."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," exclaimed the sisters. "Poor, poor little fellow!"

Leonard bore the child, still weeping, out into the twilight garden. The stars were already peeping forth here and there in a silvery grey sky; and long streaks of orange and violet lay upon the horizon, gleaming through the budding trees. All was hushed, except the distant murmur of the city. Leonard seated himself upon a rustic chair beneath a weeping ash upon the little grass-plot, and pressing the weeping child yet closer to him, began in a low voice to speak of this kind Mr. Rutherton, and of the long voyage, and of his home in India. Gradually the little breast heaved less violently, and the child, listening and becoming spell-bound by the tenderness of the voice, began, with convulsive sobs ever and anon breaking through his replies, to freely talk with his new friend. Leonard's keen sympathy had discovered the key with which to unlock the little heart. Cuthbert's highly excitable and nervous temperament responded to the imaginative nature of Leonard, and the boy's eyes opened with eagerness, and his lips poured forth a stream of hurried words whilst he filled up the pictures of his Indian life, the outline to which had been suggested to him by Leonard. And thus the two sat in long discourse till the large full moon rose shining through the trees, and Leonard felt the little figure shiver as it lay nestling up to his breast—his soul all engrossed about "that beautiful, beautiful day when papa took him out to ride with him on Mr. Langton's beautiful white Zippi—that's the elephant, sir—such a beauty; and, you know, white ones are very rare, even in India; and—" "But you are cold, dear Cuthbert; let us now go in and tell your aunts about all these wonderful and beautiful things," urged his friend. "But—but—they make me feel quite—quite afraid, sir; they are strange—all is strange," whispered the poor child, half weeping, as he crept up to Leonard's ear, and laid, with an indescribable trustfulness, his little cheek upon Leonard's shoulder. "Am I not strange, also?" inquired Leonard. "No!" said the child, quite boldly; "I've often seen you in my dreams—you are an old friend quite—they are not; and all you say is so nice, and you love India as I do. I'll always obey you—I know instantly those people I'll obey. I'm very bad and wicked at times; even papa says so; and then, if people don't love me, I wish I was dead, like my beautiful mamma, whom I never knew, but who lies buried beneath the great Banian tree. I wonder, now, whether your mother is dead?—I know, though, she is."

"Let us go into the house," again urged Leonard; and with slow steps towards the house the two friends walked. But Cuthbert, when he approached the door, was not so easily persuaded to enter. "It's so dark, and like a box," he said; "I think it as bad as a ship; now don't you, sir? I sha'n't, I'm sure, like this England—I always dreamed I hated it, and that I was always wishing to go to sleep with my mamma under the great Banian tree." "But you will like your aunts if you don't like England," remarked Leonard. "Shall I? Do you like them, dear, kind, man? Oh, then, perhaps I shall; only I never had any women about me—papa said always it was a great pity there were no women about me."

Meanwhile, the two poor aunts had been most busy in preparing a bed for the traveller; in having his foreign-looking boxes unpacked, and then in spreading a little repast to tempt the poor child to forget its miseries. Mary had brought out all their Indian dainties, in their native jars and baskets, and arranged them prettily from the table before the sofa; had lighted the candles, and brought up out of the kitchen, as an attraction to the child, a beautiful parrot which Robert had sent them over a year or two previous, and whose harsh and jarring cry had caused him to be banished, spite of his gorgeous plumage, to the lower regions. Several times had the sisters glided to the garden door; but seeing Leonard and the child quietly seated beneath the weeping ash, they wisely returned, leaving the pair undisturbed.

The child was now more courteous to his aunts, yet still

very shy, and clung with a convulsive grasp to Leonard's arm, sitting beside him upon the sofa, and only choosing to eat such things as he placed upon his plate. But the Indian baskets and jars, and the parrot especially, reconciled Cuthbert to his new home; and after various lively sallies, the little head sank upon Leonard's breast, and the heavy, swollen eyelids, closed in sleep. It appeared, however, as if the slumber the child's anxiety returned shadowily into his soul; for he clung yet closer to his new friend, and heavy, sob-like sighs heaved his little frame.

Dreading to re-awaken such a sad grief in the little unhappy one, Leonard besought the sisters to leave him reposing within his arms yet a little while. "I fear," said he, "it is growing late, and that I may be intruding; but for the sake of this dear child you will, perhaps, pardon such intrusion. In a half-hour or so, perhaps his sleep will be deeper and calmer."

"Oh, we are only too grateful to you!" cried both the sisters. "But with your permission, Mr. Hale," said Lucretia: "we will now perform our little evening duty; for the reading of the beautiful words of Scripture I need not apologise to you; and we endeavour, for the sake of our little maid, to strictly adhere to time and season. Mary, dear, ring the bell for Margery."

The holy hush of the room, through which Mary's deep earnest, and soulful voice, fell like a quiet blessing as it read:—

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;"

the gentle aspect of the three women, and the warm grasp of the little slumbering mourner, sent a gush of peaceful love through poor Leonard's heart, as though an angel from God had laid upon it his gentle, beneficent, healing hand. And when the three women, kneeling, repeated with a low, deep, fervent murmur, the sublime and tender words of the Lord's Prayer, Leonard sank his face upon the child's head, and bedewed the soft locks with a few trembling, warm tears, such as had not for years gushed up from his soul. It was the sanctification of a fresh chapter in Leonard's life.

It is now a considerable space of time that we must hasten over in our narrative. Leonard became a constant visitor at the Gaywoods' little home, and the affection of little Cuthbert grew the strongest bond between them. The child, spite of a peculiarly affectionate nature, was passionate, most difficult to govern, and of such a sensitive temperament—at times, with an occult sense, as it were, showing itself within him by strange dreams and instincts—that Lucretia trembled for his health, either physical or mental. With Leonard she took earnest and deep council. Her brother Robert wrote, urging that his little son should immediately be placed in some school, where, among boys of his own age, and the morbid and unusual developments of the child's nature should be ground off by contact with the realities of life. A public school in the city where his friend Rutherton had been educated, he indicated as the school where, when old enough, Cuthbert should be placed. But Lucretia recoiled from such a training for this peculiar child.

Communicating with Mr. Rutherton during his stay in England, and most earnestly (in an interview she had with him before his return to India) entreating him to influence her brother so far as to defer Cuthbert's entrance into a public school, until at least he had attained the age of twelve, Lucretia obtained a partial compliance with her prayers. Cuthbert should remain under his aunt's roof till he was ten; now he was eight. These two years should be most religiously employed for good, she determined, and many were her earnest conferences on this subject with Leonard, who held such singular sway over the child's mind. And in her schemes, also, for Mary's education, Lucretia took counsel with her friend. But not alone was Leonard's influence felt over Cuthbert, and in Mary's German lessons, but his whole graceful, poetical, and artistic nature flowed forth from him

in warm and vivifying radiations—a fresh interest in life had awoke within him, and with it a more natural tone of mind. This period of his life was, perhaps, if not the most full of strong joy, the most painless. The purest and noblest friendship bound these friends together, each influencing the other for good. And Lucretia's influence, though of a different nature to his upon Mary, herself, or the child, was even a more vital one. It was a keen moral influence. Lucretia's upright mind, unswayed by specious reasoning, struck directly to the moral heart of a subject. Unceasingly, also, she sought to arouse a spirit of joyful, prayerful activity within poor Leonard, whose misery seemed to have bound him with fetters of listlessness and sloth as regarded all creative labour. She sought to work upon his soul through his moral being. Ambition—fame—never entered into her view of Leonard's career. His affections were the lever by which she sought to raise up his dormant energy.

To her influence, especially, may be attributed Leonard's resolve to spend several years abroad. It was a real sacrifice to Lucretia the loss of his society, but she speeded him forth without one selfish regret. And the cheerful tone of his letters—the eager joy in the great works of great men, who until then had been to him mere words and misty dreams—was a four-fold reward for any pain she herself had endured. It was evident to her, that Leonard's artist soul had ascended into a peculiarly elevated region of thought and feeling.

Two years or more had elapsed from the time of Leonard's departure, when a couple of pictures excited an unusual degree of attention in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. They were hung side by side, and being the works of men whose names were new to the public at large, and each possessing in its way a marked character, were always surrounded by a throng of critics, admirers, and cavillers. The larger of the two pictures contained many figures, and possessed a strangely weird spirit, which instantly arrested the attention. Heavy dim tempest-clouds, with lurid reflections in them, were rolling up athwart a brilliant sunset sky—a sky so translucent, that the eye, penetrating through the jagged fissures of the storm-clouds, felt as though it might pierce to the very gates of heaven. A stretch of ocean, reflecting the dusky shadows of the storm and the dying radiance of the heavens, boiled up against a rocky shore. Upon a promontory, jutting forth into this panting ocean, amid sea-grasses and sea-blossoms, bent and torn by the sudden tempest falling upon the world, lay the dead body of a beautiful and young man. His peaceful white face was turned full towards the sky—a livid shadow falling upon it from the tempestuous clouds. The face was as the face of Christ in its look of a deep love, unutterable; no stamp of pain was upon his mouth or brow, although blood oozed from the breast, staining with clear crimson the broad folds of a white tunic, edged with a deep golden border. The hands had fallen crosswise over the body; the sea-flowers and grasses bent over him, bedewing the poor, beautiful corpse, with their tears. Ravens and doves whirled through the sky in mad grief. Trees upon a distant cliff bowed themselves before the coming sorrow, or stretched forth their huge arms, appealing to heaven with a mighty agony. Not nature alone mourned over the stricken white form, but men also, and women and children. Warriors and sages, of godlike mould, bowed their heads, mourning and pondering over the great misery. One warrior, of especially majestic mien, with a golden shield gleaming as a sun on his broad shoulders, leant upon a huge mallet of iron, and gazed inquiringly, with an enigmatical look in his stern and solemn eyes, upon the face of the slain; whilst another form of yet more godlike proportions, and wrapt in a violet mantle which fell over golden armour, raised his countenance with a sudden and awful joy as the astounding tidings of a far-off future are whispered to him by two ravens, messengers from All-Father, and who, with heavy wings, poised themselves above the silver locks of the sage, which were confined within a circlet of gold.

It was the death of Balder,—the God of Love of the old Scandinavian mythology—gone from the world, where Love and

Justice, and gods and men, and nature, must mourn the death of Balder until his final restoration—when there will be a fresh heaven and a fresh earth, and the great harmony of gods and men shall be born.

The other picture was a striking contrast in composition, subject, and colouring. It simply represented Paul and Virginia within the depths of their tropical forest. It was the embodiment of the most pure, the most virginal love—yet a love of the senses as well as of the soul; it was a burning gleam of perfect joy, yet but a gleam—the intenser the more transient. The very vividness of the flame cast a shadow afar off. Lips pressed to lips—the children stood beneath the dim shadows of the heavy fern-like palm-leaves—scarlet and azure passion-flowers springing up from the mossed earth, clustering and entwining with tight tendrils clasps; whilst moonlight-tinted blossoms of strange fantastic forms, but pure as the brows of angels, gleamed down, drooping from the verdant canopy. The children's arms encircled each other with a clasp tight as that of the passion-flower. A flush tinted Paul's brow; but Virginia, with her earnest deep eyes, was white as the moonlight blossoms. There seemed a might of love and purity, binding the two together, which must be omnipotent over fate itself; but already the foreboding breath of a hurricane raised the heavy leaves of the palm—already through the tangle of the forest a glimpse of the heavy billows of a tempestuous ocean was caught—and a keen observer read a spasm upon the lips of Paul.

Lucretia, and Mary, and little Cuthbert, as well as the rest of London, often stood before these pictures. Lambelli and Strudwicke, too, and very often Honoria and her friend Agnes Singleton.

"Is it not really glorious, Agnes," said Honoria, with her peculiar swan-like motion, and with her noble eyes beaming with joy, upon one of their visits, "to be the possessor of these two beautiful pictures. How much more glorious, though, to have painted them! I am delighted that John has painted so well, and that this, his first picture exhibited, has done him such credit. It is lovely, only a little too sweet and sentimental to be quite to my taste. John must not grow mawkish. There has been enough painting and writing in the world about that *one* phase of love. Love is universal—this is but its commonest phase. And he, still wants boldness and strength too, I feel, in many ways; but there is the true stuff in him. Oh, it is a joy to think that the hand and mind which wrought out this picture have been cultivated and developed instead of being left to harden into dullness in a turnip-field. Thanks, dear father, for your faith in the poor little '*Gioto*!' Yes, it is a great and glorious gift is wealth; for now, besides helping on these two fine young fellows, can I cause you, dearest Agnes, great joy through this extraordinary picture of Balder, as you, through your interpretation of the old myth have caused me great joy. You must always consider this picture to belong as much to you as to me. I feel that it must and will influence you greatly in the writing of the Scandinavian portion of your work on the Universal Faith, of which you were speaking the other night. This is, indeed, conceived in the large and broad spirit after which we aspire. We must know this Leonard Hale, Agnes, whenever he returns to England. I feel that he is one of 'the salt of the earth'—a spirit who will do us all good. And his influence upon John will be good. He possesses especially that largeness of conception which I desire to see John possess. But, come, Agnes, the rooms are beginning to fill; and if I see any silly fools gazing with stupidity written upon their faces, whilst their ignorant tongues dare to cast blame upon this beautiful work of art, I may lose all patience, and utter some unpleasant truth, which would be as galling to the poor wretches as a slap in their silly faces. We will enjoy our pictures, Agnes, for a few quiet days together at the dear Hellings." Saying which, the beautiful Honoria and her friend, the young authoress Agnes Singleton, drove away from the exhibition towards one of the most squalid quarters of London, where Honoria had various benevolent missions to accomplish.

It seemed as though each external success of Leonard brought with it an internal woe. The great epochs of life often strangely repeat themselves; and thus was it with Leonard. The letters from Lucretia, and the newspapers sent by her kind hand announcing her great joy in his picture, and the universal response to its excellence, were followed with a sharp pain, springing from the old root of his misery.

It was at Innsprach that the sad letter reached him. He was on his way from Italy towards Munich, where he proposed to sojourn a few months. His whole soul had sung a hallelujah for days, as he had journeyed across those marvellous Alps. And the tender flowers, and clear green Alpine waters—the dim pine forests, and the sublime mountain crags and jagged pinnacles crowned with eternal snows, glittering in rainbow glory, or veiled with cloud, had bound him with the deepest spell of joy which his soul ever knew; and with the joy came the impulse of creation, as of old. And now quaint Innsprach, as he entered it from the mountain gorges, with the mistiness of twilight gathering over its fantastic towers and roofs, had held forth promise of another rich and quaint feast of enjoyment. At Innsprach also he awaited letters—and of letters at the post-office he found a whole packet—the letters announcing the success—another letter, despatched later, announcing the pain. Glancing over the contents of the earlier letters as he walked back from the post-office to his inn, the last sad epistle remained unopened, till he was sitting, with a combined tea and supper spread before him, in a brightly-lighted *salle* of the great hotel. As he read, his cheek went white as ashes, and a faintness as of death crept over him. Thus ran the letter:—

Kentish Town, June.

Dear Friend,—We have been anxiously waiting news of your receipt of the letters and papers announcing the signal success of your beautiful picture. Of our deep joy in this success I have already spoken. But now I write about something more important still. Your poor mother, dear Leonard, is very ill; and as the powers of her mind seem singularly restored—as so frequently, you know, is the case before the last sublime and awful change takes place—and she speaks of you with the most yearning affection, we all desire your immediate return. She is in London. All particulars I will, dear friend, communicate when we meet. I need not urge your most immediate return. To my eyes this great change in the poor sufferer is a divine blessing; try, dear friend, so to view it. There are deaths which, we all know, are so much less sad than many a life. I need not assure you that all that our attention and earnest care can do for your poor mother is done. Would that we could send a consoling angel to conduct you hither. With the most earnest sympathy,

Yours ever,

LUCRETIA GAYWOOD.

When Ursula Mordant's son read these words, her sorely tried spirit had passed away from the poor corpse. The mist of madness had been cleared away many days since, leaving the soul a seer, vigilant, and far-seeing even into futurity. Sitting by the pillow of the dying woman, Lucretia had glimpses of a spiritual life so glorious, yet so sublime, both revealed in the flickering of intensest beauty over the dying countenance, and in the scattered words uttered in a voice of soul-thrilling gentleness—that never could she refer to these revelations, even to Leonard, except by hint, and then it was with a great shuddering of joy and awe seizing upon her frame. "Leonard! Augustus! we faint beneath our heavy cross—beloved once, we faint, we fall! But lo! the crosses are human wings; we mount—we—!" and the head sank, irradiated with a celestial beauty, upon the shoulder of Lucretia.

Ursula Mordant died in one of the great hospitals of the metropolis, and was buried in the burial-ground attached to it.

Leonard travelled as only those travel when life and death are in the scale. Mere death—a death of peace for this poor tortured spirit—he did not dread; but the foreboding angel within his breast whispered that more sad things than death waited to be revealed; and such foreboding voices are only too often the voices of truth.

Lucretia informed Leonard of the spirit's release; and gradually, when the broken heart could endure the sadder truth, communicated the following details:—

Late, one lovely June evening, she, Mary, and little Cuthbert, were returning from a stroll in the fields, when, beneath the hedge of a lane, she perceived in the dusk the figure of a woman lying upon the bank. Suddenly foreboding evil, Lucretia sent on quickly Mary with Cuthbert, fearful lest the child's lively imagination should be excited or distressed. The woman had evidently fainted, and from her grasping a small knife in her hand, and from blood oozing through her dress, Lucretia instantly divined that she had attempted to destroy herself. Of course, as always occurs in such cases, neither Mary encountered a policeman to send to Lucretia's aid, nor yet did a policeman's anxiously-desired figure saunter up the lane. To Lucretia it appeared ages before any assistance arrived, and to leave the woman she did not dare. At length, a young man, evidently returning from painting in the open air, with his sketching materials slung around him, came in sight. Lucretia hailed him as a friend in need. Leaving his picture and paint-box behind him, at full speed he set off up the lane for help, returning, in an almost incredibly short time, with a doctor and a couple of policemen. The woman appeared seriously, although not dangerously, to have injured herself; but from her strange and incoherent speech upon returning to consciousness, her unhappy condition was evident to all. She was conveyed to an hospital, attended by Lucretia and by our friend John Wetherley, again brought into contact with Ursula Mordant by one of those singular fatalities which occur much oftener in life than the novel-reader is willing to grant. John Wetherley, when he called the next day upon Lucretia Gaywood, to offer his co-operation with her in any way for the alleviation of the poor unfortunate's misery, related the circumstance of his having, as a child, encountered a mad woman in the woods above a beautiful old place in Nottinghamshire—the Helling. The discovery made by the two, John and Lucretia, that Nottinghamshire was the native county of both, became, together with mutual reminiscences of the neighbourhood—Clifton Grove, and Wilford, and the River Trent—quite a bond of extraordinary sympathy between the new acquaintances. And a yet stronger sympathy arose when Lucretia discovered, by glancing again at his card, the name, having been misread by her at the first moment, that *he* was the painter of the "Paul and Virginia," the beautiful picture hanging at the side of Leonard's "Balder." And John then related various circumstances regarding his early history, and spoke of the Pierrpoints' noble conduct towards him, in a manner which altogether charmed Lucretia.

"I fancy we shall like Mr. Wetherley very much, Mary," said Lucretia; "and that he would like poor Leonard greatly; for he has long been—for years, he says—following in the footsteps of the painter of Balder. 'Everywhere have the memory and achievements of this clever artist risen up before me like a beacon from afar, urging me on to greater industry and success,' were his words. Nay—is it not strange?—I have promised that they shall meet at our house upon Leonard's return. But how strange that insanity should bring about his acquaintance with Leonard—how certain spheres seem to unite people, however remotely. Poor Leonard must never know of this origin of our acquaintance; and in all our intercourse with Mr. Wetherley let us most scrupulously preserve poor Leonard's incognito. Let us never refer to Leonard as having a connexion with Nottingham. And yet I cannot but regret concealment."

Still greater surprise awaited Lucretia when, upon her visit that day to the hospital, by the incoherent speech of the suffering woman, she discovered her to be the widow of Mordant and the mother of Leonard. A great and solemn change suddenly showed itself in the dying woman: and Lucretia, communicating her knowledge of the truth to no one but Mary and Andrew, wrote to Leonard, as we have seen.

How Mrs. Mordant had escaped from the asylum, and how



THE CHIROPOTAMUS.



GROUP OF VASES—DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON.

she had travelled up to London, always remained a mystery. The belief in her son's existence seemed gradually to have dawned upon her mind after poor Leonard's miserable interview, and to seek for him through the world had become her ruling idea. It was supposed that, in pursuance of this idea, she had wandered up to London. There were laid in her coffin various scraps of childish paintings of flowers and a

little needle-book, which she had appeared, in her insanity, to have treasured beneath her pillow, forgetting their existence in the clearness of vision before her death. John Wetherley, hearing of this singular circumstance, gave his explanation. Little, as he assisted in raising the bleeding woman from the bank, did he imagine that his childish drawings and Honoria's needle-book were concealed among her garments.

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

SEVRES porcelain has, for nearly a century, maintained a world-wide celebrity. To possess specimens of this, or of Dresden China, has been frequently the highest ambition of wealthy, but tasteless, curiosity-hunters. It was the costliness and rarity of these works, rather than their beauty, which so frequently excited the hopes and fears of the fashionable attendants upon the auctioneer's hammer; and if we follow these specimens of the potter's skill to their destination, it is generally to find them grouped with the rude and uncouth deformities of the Celestial empire.

Royal manufactories of porcelain exist at Berlin, Dresden, and Sévres; the latter was established in the reign of Louis XV., and, probably, owes its origin to the whim of some court favourite. Be that as it may, under the fostering and intelligent care of the French government, it became, either from necessity or policy, a scientific school for the improvement and perfecting of the ceramic art—in fact a model school for manufacturers in plastic materials.

The first attempt at establishing this manufacture was made in 1738 at the Chateau de Vincennes, and in 1755 it was removed to Sévres. The establishment comprises a museum, and an *experimental* and a *model* school, the combined aim of which is to attain the highest excellence both of form and materials. The first object, that of excellence of form, is promoted by the museum, which contains not only an extensive collection of the best classic models, but also specimens of every known variety of pottery and porcelain of the past and present ages. Samples of the earthen, clays, pigments, and other materials which enter into their composition and decoration, with specimens of vessels in every stage of manufacture, and others exhibiting the various accidents to which they are liable in *firing*, glazing, &c., are arranged with the best effect to facilitate study.

The object of the experimental department is to attain the greatest perfection of material, by suitable combinations of different clays and other substances, materials for glazing, &c. This is accomplished by the employment of the highest scientific skill. It is due to the credit of M. Brogniart, the eminent geologist, to state that the greatest perfection of this manufacture has been attained since the establishment came under his able superintendence.*

The result of all the experiments made in this great laboratory are available by other manufacturers, to whom every information is liberally imparted. But notwithstanding the same materials are used and similar processes followed, Sévres porcelain is of finer quality than that of any other manufacture in France. Yet, although its products are sold at very high prices, and are constantly and extensively in demand, they do not repay the cost of supporting the establishment, which is partly maintained from the civil list.

The original manufacture of Sévres porcelain was of a very delicate and friable nature, in fact a kind of glass, termed *porcelaine tendre*, differing vastly in composition and appearance from that now made, which is termed *porcelaine dure*, or hard porcelain. These early productions were impressed with the false taste of the court of Louis XV., in which every feeling for art was distorted and perverted by affectation and a love of the singular rather than of the beautiful. Gaudy decoration, unmeaning and excessive ornament, disfigure these works, so that it becomes a matter of congratulation that they

* The present chemist to the royal manufactory of Sévres is M. Salvétat.

were composed in so tender and friable a manner as to be little likely to withstand the shocks of many years' exposure to accident. The *porcelaine dure* is, however, of a very different quality; here we find the greatest known perfection of material combined with the choicest and purest artistic forms. The most refined scientific ability, united with pure taste and skilful workmanship, contributes to the production of these elegant works, which may truly serve as models, not only to the manufacturers of France, but to those of our own and other countries. And there can be little doubt that much of the improvement observable of late years in our fictile manufactures, is due to the productions of the ateliers of Sévres no less than to the genius of Wedgwood and Flaxman.

Many of our readers may be scarcely aware of the coarseness of the materials of which the beautiful works in Sévres porcelain are composed. The common flint, calcined or burnt flint, felspar, Limoges clay, and calcined bone, are the principal ingredients employed. These are levigated or ground in water by means of powerful mills; the finer particles float in the water, which passes into large settling vessels, where they are allowed to subside; while the grosser particles fall to the bottom of the mill, again to undergo the grinding action of the stone. By this means a beautifully fine and plastic clay is produced, which the skilful workman moulds into every variety of shape and form. Next comes the modeller, who, from drawings, has to build up in clay the exact representation of the article to be formed in porcelain. After the clay has been modelled, cast, and fired, the skill of the artist is brought into requisition, who, by the use of the various oxides of gold, copper, iron, manganese, cobalt, &c., adorns the surface of the vase with the choicest productions of the painter's art. The bright gold of the finished vase enters the kiln as a brown colour, and the azure bright of the cobalt cannot be distinguished in the chocolate copper of its oxide. When the vase has passed through the fiery ordeal of the kiln, and come out unscathed, it is passed into the hands of the burnishers, who, with their agate tools, give lustre to the gilded parts.

The productions in Sévres ware are, as our engraving shows, ornamental rather than useful, hence they may properly be regarded as works of art. Vases, tazzas, chalices, &c. display pure classic forms, rarely disturbed by reliefs (the overloading with which is the common fault of works of this class, executed in an inartistic spirit); but when they do occur they always possess merit, and not unfrequently exhibit a rare degree of excellence. The painting is the work of artists of high qualifications, nearly 100 of whom are constantly employed at the manufactory. The subjects are infinitely varied—landscapes, figures, flowers, together with ornamental forms, and are of the greatest excellence, which our engraving exhibits as far as is attainable. In all these respects the manufactures of Sévres maintain a great superiority over those produced at another royal manufactory—that of Dresden, which appears to have never emancipated itself from the trammels that encompassed it at the time of its zenith of prosperity, the tinsel age of Louis XV. The characteristic features of the productions of Dresden are contorted forms and affected prettiness; while the ornamentation is overloaded and excessively elaborated in its imitations, or rather *copyings*, of natural forms and objects. The colouring is generally gaudy, chiefly for want of proper harmony of contrast, as the objects imitated are, individually, carefully studied from nature.

SOME EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Music is a means of producing powerful impressions, of which skilful men, in all ages, have availed themselves. To prove this, it is not necessary to go back to the fabulous times of Amphion and Orpheus; it will be sufficient to cite some historical facts in which melody is seen exercising a mighty influence over the moral as well as the physical nature of man. It is true everybody does not enjoy the privilege of yielding to the emotions it inspires: indeed, people are to be met with who, though highly gifted in other respects, both intellectually and morally, declare that they derive no more pleasure from listening to music, than to the rumbling noise of a carriage along the road. On the other hand, there are persons from whom nothing in the world might be obtained by the aid of this truly divine art. Timotheus inspired at will all sorts of passions in Alexander by means of musical impressions; Saul, when a prey to gloomy melancholy, was delivered from it by the sweet sounds of David's harp; and Homer tells how physicians lulled by music the severe pain which Ulysses suffered from the bite of a wild boar. In fact, it is well known, that it was music which inspired and elevated the minds of poets and prophets of ancient times. Music lost none of its influence by passing through the hands of the Christian Church.

In the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, such a vertigo, or violent giddiness in the head, prevailed among the population of Italy, that the persons seized with it soon fell into a state of extreme prostration, accompanied by delirium, and an uncontrollable impulse to commit suicide. This epidemic spread throughout all classes without distinction of person. A tragical end was the usual consequence of the disorder, which was erroneously attributed to the bite of the *tartantula*, a species of spider very common in the south of Italy. But whatever may have been the real cause of the malady, the only effectual remedy consisted in playing certain musical instruments, according to the individual predilections of the sufferers—sometimes the guitar, sometimes the flute, and sometimes even the trumpet: it was always, however, music alone that operated as the means of cure. At the sound of the first few notes, the invalids awoke from their stupor, and lent an attentive ear; soon their limbs lost their stiffness, beat time, and followed all the various modulations of the instrument; their movements became more and more decided, and at length they ended by dancing with great animation. When the instrument ceased, all their activity was suspended, and the prostration, with its sad consequences, invariably returned. It was necessary to continue the music without interruption till the sufferers sank down from fatigue. At this moment, a gentle sleep came over them, and they afterwards awoke perfectly restored.

Albert, Duke of Bavaria, the son of Frederick, alleviated the pains of gout by continued strains of sweet music; and Gessner mentions an Italian who adopted the same remedy with equal success. Dodard, a French writer, gives an account of a musician who was deranged, and for whom no other cure than music could be found. As soon as he heard the first notes of Bernier's cantatas, his countenance was seen to assume a serene aspect, his convulsions ceased, and shortly after he soothed his feelings by a flood of tears. It is well known, also, that a celebrated *improvisatore* at Florence was sometimes for several days unable or unwilling to produce a single stanza on a proposed subject; but if the musician Nardini excited his imagination by playing certain airs upon the violin, his power of improvisation was speedily recovered. Rousseau speaks of a lady in whom music awakened involuntary laughter.

Nor is it men alone that experience the influence of music. It has long been observed that the sound of the trumpet produces a peculiar excitement in horses. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, the author of Paul and Virginia, states that spiders, in the corner of a room in which music is performed, never fail to go towards the part where the performer is seated as

soon as he commences playing, and retire to their hiding-places when he concludes. Sir E. Home studied the effects of the pianoforte upon the lion and the elephant; he observed that the attention of these animals was powerfully excited by the upper notes of the instrument, and that fury glared from their eyes at the sound of the lowest notes. An experiment of the same kind was made at Paris, in the year 1799, upon two young elephants, a male and a female. An orchestra, composed of excellent musicians, performed various pieces of music. The first effect produced upon the elephants was that of astonishment; but they soon testified their pleasure by the strongest demonstrations. M. Fétis, chapel-master in Belgium, more recently made remarkable experiments upon other animals. It would be unpardonable injustice to the immortal Shakspeare not to quote his well-known lines in connexion with this subject.

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood:
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music; therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, plots, and stragatams.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER V.

Whitehaven, January 1st, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,—May the bright sunshine of this splendid morning be an auspicious omen that a happy and prosperous new year awaits you; though it saddens me to think, that before its close I shall no longer be an inmate of my dear old home. I do not really know myself how it has come to pass, that my future lot seems likely to be cast amongst these Cumberland hills, nor how it first dawned upon me that my own happiness could only be fulfilled by agreeing to minister to that of my high-principled and very superior-minded cousin Robert. Well! I shall leave the subject veiled in mystery, and give you a few particulars about Christmas. On the eve of the 25th, a party of mummies, dressed in most fantastic costume, came to the Friars, and were admitted into the hall, where we saw them enact St. George and the Dragon with great spirit; though one of the Armstrongs, whose family peculiarity I have mentioned before, and who played the part of the King of Egypt, could not restrain his laughing propensities, and in the midst of a solemn charge to the doctor on doing his duty, burst into a loud guffaw, that proved highly infectious to most present, while it scandalised old Sally to the last degree. She even carried her resentment so far, as to present the luckless wight, when the play was ended, with a bowl of buttermilk, instead of the hot ale that had been prepared for the players; but my uncle took care that every mummer should receive an ample dose of meat, bread, and was-sail piping hot, and half-a-crown to boot; so all withdrew well pleased. They were succeeded by a droll set of very young boys and girls, who, in shrill childish treble, shouted rather than sang some old rhymes, commencing, "Ule, ule, ule, three puddings in a pule." They, too, were allowed to come into the hall, and were then persuaded to sing one or two carols more gently, and consequently more pleasingly. Sally brought them some milk, but on my uncle's insisting that the half-starved urchins should partake of the

ale, a large old-fashioned silver tankard was produced, furnished with pegs stuck in at regular intervals; so each child was made to drink what filled the space between two of the pegs, and I was made to comprehend the literal meaning of one's spirits being a peg too low. A plate heaped up with narrow but substantial mince-pies, baked in the form of a horse's manger, in commemoration of Advent, was next handed round, and the happy little band went forth again into the freezing atmosphere. At breakfast, on Christmas-day, we were each complimented by the gift of a dough image, meant to represent the Virgin's holy infant, which had been sent by the chief baker in Whitehaven. The day was brilliantly cold, and the evergreens glittering in the most exquisite frost-work embroidery, seemed to invite one to go out and enjoy the clear, bracing air, and wander forth amidst the white sparkling fairyland around us. We accordingly set off for church half an hour before the usual time, and thus came in for the droll spectacle of a country wedding, Christmas-day being a favourite anniversary for the purpose. On arriving at the church, we found it occupied by the village school-boys, who have from time immemorial been privileged to levy a monied tax upon all bridal assemblages, which goes to the fund for supplying coals for the school-room fire. We were looking at the beautiful decorations of the interior of the church, formed by wreaths of evergreens and magnificent branches of yew, holly, box, and ivy, which custom Robert told me had been employed even in apostolic times, as a token that our Saviour was born at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, thus marking the season of the year in which the advent took place, when a cry from the village lads of "They're coming," sent us to the entrance door. Picture to yourself a motley assemblage of men and women all mounted on horses of every description, racing in the utmost confusion at the fastest speed towards the church. An elderly spinster reached it first, and very proud she seemed. I could scarcely believe this was really the expected wedding party, nor that they had ridden thus, starting from the bride's house, at least six miles. My aunt said they were indebted to the frost, which had rendered riding at all anything but safe, for their unusual exemption from the mud, which generally bespatters alike both men and women on such occasions. On leaving the church, the bridegroom gave sixpence to the delegated scholars, who held a plate at the door, and every one who wore boots and spurs was obliged to follow his example, but those who could only boast of boots, minus spurs, were let off with the payment of threepence. The bridal party then re-mounted their steeds, and rode off again, pausing, however, a few minutes on the brow of an adjoining eminence, to listen to a congratulatory poem, recited in a loud yet snuffing voice by the head boy of the school, which was rewarded by a donation, that went towards the book fund. Of the fun we had that same evening, I have already written to you, and, indeed, the amusements of snap-dragon, dancing, yule-log, and banqueting are too well-known, even in London, to need detailing; and the only novel features in the evening scene, were the pleasant admixture of rich and poor, gathered

together under my uncle's hospitable roof, and the importance which appeared to be universally attached to the foretelling of one's fortune in divers mystical ways. To-day I received many kind gifts from my uncle, aunt, and cousins, accompanied by the warmest assurances of welcome into their family. But though these winged messengers of love flew freely about the household within doors, I soon became apprised that it is considered unlucky to give anything out of the house on New Year's day. Not even a lighted candle is permitted, nor may the refuse ashes be cast out from the hearth, nor a bit of broken meat be bestowed upon a hungry beggar. This last requisition placed my aunt in a great dilemma about an hour ago, when a thinly-clad little girl came over the hills to ask for some broth for her sick mother. The child was shown in and told to warm herself by the kitchen fire, while my aunt sat lost in thought, and my uncle, with a satirical, though good-humoured smile, silently watched the progress of her meditations, being indifferent himself to the superstition, but certain that his excellent wife would cut the Gordian difficulty without infringing the decrees of fate. Presently, she said to the child, "Is your mother very bad to-day?" "Oh, yes," was the tearful reply; and then my aunt said, "Did she tell you to inquire how the family of Mr. Lonsdale were this morning?" "She bid me ask," responded the little girl, "how the good lady was?" "That will do," said my aunt with a highly satisfied air, and leaving the kitchen for a few minutes, she returned laden with food and clothing, which she bade the child carry home, but to mind and be sure she told her mother that the things were no presents, but had been sent in return for sending such kind inquiries so long a distance on New Year's day. I doubt greatly if the strange message would be correctly delivered, but my aunt appeared quite content; and I must not omit to tell you that before I had risen this morning, Sally roused me from the most luxurious nap by entering the room, candle in hand, and with an earnest request that I would not go a step down stairs until I had either gone up the garret flight, or had mounted on a chair in three upstairs apartments, in order that I might be sure to rise and not go lower in the world during the next twelve months. Of course I complied. I was yesterday interrupted in my letter by a call from the young couple whose wedding we witnessed on Christmas day; they came to beg a little corn, and were making a round of calls on their friends and neighbours, who had each given them a small quantity, and these donations would set them up in seed for their first crop. This custom is called "corn laiting." I shall hardly, I suppose, undergo this ceremonial, but the writing about it has brought the future before me so strongly that I feel little inclination to continue my descriptions; besides, next week I shall be once more at home, when we can talk over fully all I have heard and seen since I came here. Yet, six months hence, if you will condescend to visit the Cumberland mountains, very proud, indeed, will you make your truly affectionate daughter,

DORA HARCOURT.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

ENGLISHMEN were never engaged in a struggle of which they might so justly be proud, as the civil war of the roundheads and cavaliers. In none did the sterling virtues of their character, their love of liberty and of country, their hatred of tyranny, their readiness to submit to all losses and all griefs for the sake of the right, their indomitable energy in battling for it, the strong, steady, dazzling glare of their native inborn courage, stand out in bolder relief. In none did the points of contrast between them and foreigners appear so strongly. A contest which produced such men as Hampden and Falkland, Colouel Hutchinson, Fairfax, and Cromwell, is

sanctified if only for having given birth to so many worthier. In the cropped and shaven ranks, of which Cromwell's army was composed, under those sour and demure visages, there lay an energy that could conquer the world. That army was the most terrible instrument of destruction that has ever existed. Could a modern general muster ten regiments, composed of the same elements, the same enthusiasm, fanaticism, interest in the quarrel, stern morality, fiery imagination, the balance of power were at an end, for he might set his feet on the necks of kings. This union of spiritual fervour and exaltation with sound practical sense, of boiling enthusiasm with steady energy, was

such as could never be seen on any soil but the soil of England. When the French rose against their oppressors, they became blasphemous, bloodthirsty, libidinous, mad, outrageous scoffers at all that men held sacred, either in morals or religion. When the English did so, they fasted and prayed, and cut their hair short, and read the Bible, and punished the flesh. They had no Marat, and no Theroigne Méricourt. Were they on this account less prompt in action? Follow them from the prayer-meeting to the battle-field, and, we promise you, you shall see Private Poundtext, who just now was bewailing his sins in the

as indissolubly connected with the very existence of the English nation,—they did their duty manfully and well; only ceased to fight when fighting was useless, but neither betrayed nor repented. They did not, like the French nobility, fly from their native soil at the first sound of danger, but struggled gallantly to the last, through fire and sword, without any other aid than their own right arms. England may well be proud of both; however we may deplore the struggle, we must admire the virtues it brought to light. Even in a civil war—the worst calamity, save a foreign invasion—we



THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.—DRAWN BY NICHOLSON.

depths of humiliation, laying about him in a fashion that proves that whatever his own opinion of his shortcomings may be in other respects, the thrashing of cavaliers is not a portion of his duty which he is in the habit of neglecting.

And the cavaliers—the merry, laughing, cursing, swearing, drinking, obscene, loyal, brave, true-hearted, and generous cavaliers—fighting gaily for the king and church—the church in which their fathers were buried, and in which they had been wedded to their brides, and in which their brothers were clergymen, and the maintenance of which they looked upon

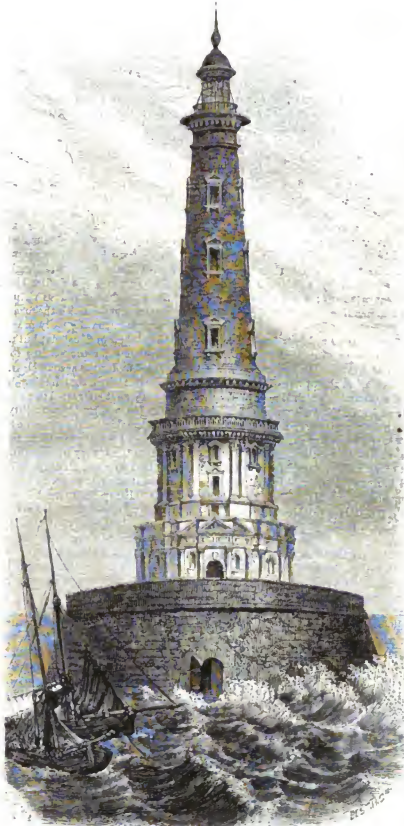
find some of our most ennobling memories and greatest names. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of a most stirring incident in one of the conflicts of that stormy period. At the battle of Edge Hill—the first great engagement between the royalist and parliamentary forces—fought on the 23rd and 24th of October, 1642, Sir Edward Verney being slain, the standard fell into the hands of the enemy. Upon this captain John Smith rushed to rescue, and after a furious encounter—which our artist has portrayed with great boldness and effect—succeeded in bringing it back in triumph.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

THIS celebrated French lighthouse is built upon an isolated rock at a short distance from the mouth of the Gironde. It was commenced in 1584, under Henry III., and finished in 1610;

lighthouse founded by the Black Prince, when the English held possession of that part of France.

The neighbourhood of the Gironde is peculiarly interesting.



LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

but considerable alterations have been made since that time. It was originally designed by Louis de Foix, the architect of the Escorial, who is said to have died there, and to have been buried within it. The same rock was formerly occupied by a

It is one of the most flourishing vine districts in France. The aspect is that of an undulating country, affording here and there peeps of the river between the gentle hills and valleys which intersect it. The vintage occurs in the month of Sep-

tember, and then the banks of the Gironde present a scene of activity and bustle. Every road is crowded with ox-carts and cheerful groups of pickers; the air resounds with songs and laughter. But beautiful as the locality appears, it abounds in marshes and stagnant pools which render it unhealthy; and gay and cheerful as are the groups of vine-dressers, fearful scenes have been enacted on that very ground. There raged the horrors of the civil war, when the revolutionary party overcame their antagonists the Girondins, and swamped even the very name of the department. One cannot regard the old lighthouse—la Tour de Cordouan—without remembering the deep tragedy of the revolutionary struggle, when the lily of St. Louis gave place to the Bonnet Rouge.

The present building is elegant in form and rich in architectural ornament. The structure is circular, the vestibule extensive and carefully fitted up, while the lofty turret is surmounted by the lantern, the light of which affords a safe guide to mariners entering the estuary of the Gironde. The first story of the tower is known as the king's apartment, richly and profusely ornamented, the exterior decorated by a colonnade of Doric pillars which support the first gallery. The second story has been consecrated as a chapel, and is of a circular form, enriched by Corinthian pillars and sculptures of great beauty; it is lighted by a double range of windows, while over the entrance to the chapel is a bust of the architect, Louis de Foix, admirably executed, together with an appropriate inscription. The tower which rises from the summit of the chapel is occupied by a winding staircase, lighted by large and elegant windows; a gallery surrounds the pharos, from which a commanding view may be had of the neighbouring coast line.

The lighthouse of Cordouan is more richly ornamented, and possesses greater attraction in an architectural point of view, than any other on the coast of France. In structures of this sort attention is usually absorbed in the utility of the building rather than in any graceful appearance which it may present to the eye. But both beauty and utility have been united in this ancient specimen; the harmony of its proportions, and the perfection of its decorations, are worthy of the strength of the tower and the firmness of its foundation. In these days utility is the great object of an architect, and for this taste is sometimes sacrificed and harmony disregarded; but Louis de Foix, in this sublime monument of his genius, has left an edifice not only beautiful, not only valuable in the navigation of the coast, but also a noble model of what such structures might be made.

The number of lighthouses on the French coast was, in 1839, fifty-nine; since that period the number has been augmented to 169, comprising thirty-seven of the first order. The beacon tower of Cordouan is one of very great importance, as the mouth of the Gironde is beset with sand-banks, rendering the passage difficult and dangerous to mariners quitting or entering the river. For antiquity, beauty, and utility, this lighthouse is peculiarly interesting.

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE history of animal magnetism furnishes some of the most remarkable illustrations on record of the influence, through the imagination, of the mind upon the body, and of the disposition in human nature which has led men, in all ages and nations of the world, to believe in the existence and agency of supernatural powers. A brief sketch, therefore, of its nature, and of some facts connected with its operation, may not be without interest.

The phenomena which animal magnetism has been conceived to produce in those to whom its agency is applied, may be comprehended under two classes: those which occur whilst the person operated upon remains awake, and those which take place whilst he is asleep, or in a state resembling sleep. To the former class of effects belong, *first*, various sensations, more or less painful, experienced particularly in those parts

of the body which form the seat of disease, and which enable the practitioner to detect where that seat actually is; *secondly*, convulsive and other nervous affections, which have been regarded by the advocates of this agency as salutary crises; and *thirdly*, the removal of all diseases with which the magnetised patient may be affected, the magnetic influence proving in this respect an universal curative of disease and preservative of health.

To the second class of effects under which magnetic phenomena may be included, belongs the power which magnetised persons are said to acquire of carrying on a continued conversation with the operator, without being at all sensible of the presence of others, and sometimes in a language, and upon matters, with which, in a wakeful state, they are altogether unacquainted; the power of discovering the thoughts of others; the power of receiving through the region of the stomach those impressions of external objects which, in ordinary circumstances, are received only through the peculiar organs of external sensation, or that power which, in the technical language of magnetism, is called the transference of the senses; the power of detecting the internal changes which have been produced by disease in their own bodies, or in those of others with whom they may be placed *en rapport*; the power of foretelling the nature of the changes which are to take place in their own maladies, or in those of others; the power of instinctively suggesting the best remedies for the cure of these diseases; together with various other extraordinary powers of a similar kind.

Such are the marvellous virtues attributed by its advocates to animal magnetism. To the former of these two classes of magnetic phenomena the early practitioners of this mysterious art confined their pretensions; but their modern followers extended their claims for the science to the wonderful manifestations included under the second class. In reference to the former, it may be remarked, that the singular physical properties possessed by the magnet suggested to philosophers, as early as the age of Thales (600 B.C.), the probability that it was capable of exerting some special influence upon the human system; and accordingly we find old writers ascribing to it various remarkable, but, at the same time, very opposite properties, some regarding it as possessed of decidedly injurious qualities, whilst others considered it as endowed with highly salutary medicinal powers. In his "Essay on Internal Diseases," Hippocrates, the father of medicine, recommended *magnesias*, or loadstone, as a purgative; subsequently, in the days of Galen it was employed in a pulverised state for a similar purpose; and so late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its use in this manner was extended to the treatment of a large class of diseases. Pulverised loadstone was likewise employed as an external application. In Pliny's time it was used outwardly for diseases of the eye, and for the cure of burns and scalds; and so on through the intervening centuries down to Paracelsus, the celebrated German physician and hermetic philosopher, who, in the sixteenth century, employed it largely as a remedy for numerous external injuries. And although Dr. Gilbert, an English physician, proved in the beginning of the following century that the magnetic properties of the loadstone were entirely destroyed in its pulverised state, the use of the powdered magnet, both as an internal and external remedial agent, continued for a century longer. Nor was the employment of the magnet in its entire state less ancient or general than that which was made of it as a powder. But this belief in its curative efficacy seems to have formed only a part of a great system, whose advocates appear to have recognised magnetism as a general power pervading the whole universe, and establishing connexion between all its various parts. It remained, however, for the celebrated Mesmer to construct out of these abstract notions of a universal magnetic influence, a regular system, which has taken his name, and which claims for animal magnetism, thus reduced to a science, all the wonderful powers to which reference has been made. These claims have been so extensively discussed, and so differently estimated, as to render useless any expression of opinion upon their merits.

Their celebrated author was born at Mersburg, in Subabia, in 1734. After studying medicine for several years in Vienna, he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and settled as physician in the Austrian capital. The first public announcement of his discovery of animal magnetism as a remedial agent was given by him, in 1775, in a letter to Dr. Unzer, of Altona. In his *Mémoire sur la Découverte du Magnétisme Animal*, published in Paris four years later, he gives the following account of it:—"Animal magnetism is a fluid universally diffused; it is the medium of a mutual influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated bodies; it is continuous, so as to leave no void; its subtilty admits of no comparison; it is capable of receiving, propagating, communicating all the impressions of motion; it is susceptible of flux and reflux. The animal body experiences the effect of this agent; by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves, it affects them immediately. There are observed, particularly in the human body, properties analogous to those of the magnet; and in it are discerned poles equally different and opposite. The action and the virtues of animal magnetism may be communicated from one body to other bodies, animate and inanimate. This action takes place at a remote distance, without the aid of any intermediate body; it is increased, reflected, by mirrors; communicated, propagated, augmented, by sound; its virtues may be accumulated, concentrated, transported. Although this fluid is universal, all animals are not equally susceptible of it; there are even some, though a very small number, which have properties so opposite, that their very presence destroys all the effects of this fluid on other bodies. Animal magnetism is capable of healing diseases of the nerves immediately, and others mediately. It perfects the action of medicines; it excites and directs salutary *crises* in such a manner, that the physician may render himself master of them. By its means he knows the state of health of each individual, and judges with certainty of the origin, the nature, and the progress of the most complicated diseases; he prevents their increase, and succeeds in healing them without, at any time, exposing his patient to dangerous effects or troublesome consequences, whatever be the age, the temperament, or the sex. In animal magnetism, nature presents a universal method of healing and preserving mankind."

As might be expected, the announcement of this new and marvellous agent excited violent controversy. With few exceptions, all the physicians and men of science in Vienna declared it to be chimerical, and its discoverer a cheat. Thus treated, Mesmer left the Austrian capital, and after travelling for some time through various parts of Germany and Switzerland, and performing some wonderful cures, he went to Paris in 1778. On reaching this new and favourable theatre for his exploits, his first care was to procure public apartments for the treatment of his patients. Hither flocked peer and peasant in such numbers, that his rooms were insufficient for the crowds who wished to avail themselves of his universal remedy. To enter into all the particulars of his career in Paris, however, would not be in keeping with the object of this short paper. As in Vienna, so in the French capital, the faculty, with a few zealous exceptions, were unanimous in their opposition. But, supported by the influence of many patients of rank, he continued to carry out his new theory with much *éclat* and success. He propounded the principles of his system to large and applauding audiences, and illustrated their application to the cure of diseases, to the complete satisfaction of all who heard him. He applied to the government and obtained the patronage of the queen, through whose influence he succeeded in his application for a chateau and its lands, with a large yearly pension, to enable him to carry out his principles on a more extensive scale. The grant, however, was coupled with the condition that a commission should be formed by the government to examine into and report upon his proceedings. With this Mesmer refused to comply, and soon after left Paris and repaired to Spa. Thither he was followed by many of his wealthiest and most influential patients, who, on condition that he would communicate to them his doctrine and practice, bound themselves to pay him the enormous sum of ten thousand *louis d'or*. On receiving this sum, Mesmer returned to

Paris, and recommenced his public practice as before; but, quarrelling with the disciples of his system, from whom he had received the sum just mentioned, he quitted France, and retired to his native place, where he died in the early part of 1816. Such is the history of the discoverer of animal magnetism, which, since his time, has more generally been called by his name.

The mode of bringing the magnetised under the influence of the magnetic fluid was peculiar. M. Bailly, who, together with Lavoisier and Benjamin Franklin, was appointed by the French government to examine into the principles of the system, gives a detailed account of the manner in which it was applied. In the middle of the room in which the patients were collected was placed a large circular vessel, made of oak, about a foot or a foot and a half in height; the interior of this vessel was filled with pounded glass, iron filings, and bottles containing magnetised water arranged symmetrically; the cover of the vessel was pierced with numerous holes, in which were placed polished iron rods of various lengths, and capable of being moved; this was called the *baquet*, or magnetic tub. Round this the patients were placed in rows, each holding one of the rods of iron, the end of which he applied to the part of his body which was the supposed seat of the disease. A cord passed round their bodies united the patients to one another, and sometimes they formed a second chain by taking hold of each other's thumbs. A piano-forte charged with magnetic fluid was placed in the corner of the room, and various airs were played upon it to put the patients into a state of quiet, and dispose them to receive the magnetic action. At some distance stood the operator, who held in his hand a polished and pointed rod of iron, from ten to twelve inches long, which served to concentrate the fluid which issued from himself, and thus render it more powerful in its action upon the patients. During this process, which consisted of various passes by the finger and rod of the magnetiser, the application of his hands, and the pressure of his fingers on the hypochondria and on the regions of the abdomen, the patients were variously affected. Some were calm, and experienced but little effect; others coughed, spat, felt pains, local or general, and had profuse sweatings; whilst others again were thrown into violent convulsions. These convulsions were extraordinary, from their number, their duration, and their violence. All, however, were completely under the power of the operator, whose voice, gesture, or look, could immediately rouse them from whatever state they might be in.

Though animal magnetism excited very great and general attention on the continent, it never thoroughly took root in England. Latterly, however, a greater amount of attention has been directed to the subject, which has been investigated by several eminent physiologists. The well-known case of Miss Martineau has been the most remarkable in connexion with its history for several years. Since and before this alleged demonstration of the curative power of magnetic agency, many claims have been put forward in its favour. But whilst many of the facts recorded admit of little doubt, they have been so remarkably misrepresented through the feelings of those who have observed and narrated them, that men of science, disgusted with the imposture of some and the credulity of others, have generally shunned its investigation, and turned a deaf ear to what they consider the pretensions of its professors. It must be admitted, however, that the advocates of these "pretensions" are neither undistinguished nor few. When it is found—as it is in England—that medical men of high standing willingly resign honourable and lucrative appointments, forfeit the confidence of their professional brethren, and, as a natural consequence, lose much of their previously extensive practice, simply on account of their advocacy of such claims, it is unreasonable to reject them as altogether without foundation. Men who deliberately sacrifice all that they prize most highly, for the sake of their attachment to certain principles, may at least be presumed to have full confidence in the soundness of those principles. And when, in addition to this, they are men whose capability of forming a correct judgment cannot be denied, the presumption in favour of their conclusions becomes very strong.

THE DORIA PALACE AT GENOA.

There are few, if any, of the Italian cities which possess a greater number of attractions, both for the antiquarian and the artist, than Genoa. It stood amongst the foremost of three great republics of the fifteenth century, in which the wealth, liberty, art, and learning of the world were concentrated. To have produced Columbus and Doria was title enough to fame and admiration, if it had no other. But it was no less renowned for commercial enterprise and for daring hardihood by land and sea, than for the magnificent tastes of its great men. The mighty sailors who carried its flag triumphantly into every corner of the Mediterranean, and baffled the might of Mahomet II. in the straits of the Bosphorus, were as remarkable for the refinement of their tastes, in the retirement

out picturing in his mind's eye, that majestic figure, the lofty port, and the venerable gray hairs of Andrew Doria—the Father of his country, the rival of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the admiral of Francis I., the conqueror of Charles V. and of Barbarossa?

It would be well if the tourist in Italy could dwell upon these recollections solely, and shut out the present from his sight. The contrast is appalling. The liberty, wealth, learning, and genius which shed lustre round every wall and hillock in this classic land, have fled northward and westward; and here, in the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the Medicis, of Zeno, of Doria, of Titian and Michael Angelo, ruin and desolation and decay mark every yard we traverse. A race of



of their homes, as for their stern valour on the waves. In none was this combination so fully displayed as in Andrew Doria, the great admiral, whose virtues and exploits have formed the theme of so much eulogy, poetry, and romance. Amidst the wonderful amphitheatre of houses, temples, palaces, terraces, of which Genoa is composed, and which mirror themselves in the blue waves that dash their silvery foam on the strand beneath, his palace is the first object which strikes the eye and fixes the attention, with its colossal Neptune, its splendid gardens, and its ennobling memories. Who could look on it without being forcibly reminded of the great age in which it rose? How many noble and patriotic struggles, how many grand self-sacrifices, how much courage, constancy, and devotion, does the name of its founder alone call up? Who could gaze upon the white terrace in the gardens with-

slaves display their squalor and misery around the Ghibetti Gates at Florence—"those gates fit to form an entrance to Paradise;"* and at Genoa, those awful palaces, each a poem in stone, are mouldering to decay, as if blasted by a curse. The statue of Neptune, in the Doria gardens, is mutilated; the porticos are falling into ruin. The sculptured trophies on the walls are hidden by lichens, and the sea roars over the grounds of him who so often baffled its fury. But even in desolation the palace is magnificent.

It was designed by Montoiselli, a Roman architect. The gates, statues, and arabesques are the work of Pierino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaele. Many of his paintings still adorn the walls—"Children's Games," amongst others; and, as a contrast, "The War of the Giants."

* So said Michael Angelo.

THE CHIROPOTAMUS.

No place in the English metropolis has more charms than the Gardens of the Zoological Society. The Surrey Gardens, Vauxhall, Cremorne, beside them hide their diminished heads. At any rate, in the one you are seldom disgusted as you are in the others. You are not bewildered by the fantastic costume of London gents; you are not surrounded by painted women and drunken men. Between you and nature comes no offensive cloud, but you can walk and examine and philosophise at your own sweet will. You add something to your stock of knowledge, and if you be a wise man, you carry away that which is better than knowledge itself, for

"Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect."

The gardens are now peculiarly rich in curious pachydermatous animals. The young elephant and her portly mamma are alone worth a visit to them, although the former, under the fattening influence of cakes and boudons, has now grown to such a size that the attributes of babyhood are fast giving place to those of the mature elephant. The elephant calf, or little elephant—now only by courtesy—is already a proficient in the ways of the elephant world, an adept in the arts of begging and cajoling, mistress of all the winning blandishments wherewith the elephant tribe are wont to solicit eleemosynary donations from their Christian friends.

Wandering along in quest of the other pachyderms, we next meet with the armour-encased rhinoceros—a beast which naturalists describe as unamiable, stupid, and sulky. We think naturalists are wrong in their description—at least the character does not apply to our friend the rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens. The humanising influence of delicate food and polite society has evidently not been lost upon him. Instead of avoiding the visitor, he stalks towards him, pushes his large nose between the bars of his enclosure as far as he can, and solicits, in his own peculiar fashion, the donation of a morsel. He is not so adroit a beggar as our friends the elephants, but he does his best. At first he tries what the significant hint of throwing his mouth wide open will do, and this failing, he protrudes a sort of an apology for the elephant's snout. The latter, however, is but a sorry substitute; it may answer well enough for rooting up trees, but it is not able to accomplish those delicate *manipulations*—if the expression may be permitted—which are performed by the trunk of the elephant. We next pass on to the illustrious stranger who divided the attention of the *beau monde* some little time since with the Nepalese ambassador. We mean the hippopotamus, of course. Since we had the honour of seeing him last, he, too, has grown amazingly—his body rather than his intellectual powers, we fear. He is very little humanised as yet, does not even understand the art of begging, which backwardness is a proof of the possession of very obtuse mental capacities, we take it; and judging from external appearances, it would seem that he considers his mission to sleep. As the hippopotamus displays no winning ways for our amusement, we leave this pet of fashion and pass on to the enclosure wherein resides the chiropotamus, as he is termed, the pachyderm which we have especially come to see.

Meantime a few preliminary remarks may not be out of place on pachydermatous animals in general, and the chiropotamus in particular. The term *pachyderm*, or pachydermatous animal, then, means a thick-skinned animal—from *παχύς* thick, and *δέρμα*, a skin, and includes the elephant, horse, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, the swine, and many others possessing a general similarity to these. It is true the thickness of skin in the so-called pachyderms is, in the greater number of genera, an important characteristic. Not an invariable characteristic, however, seeing that a horse's skin is not thick; but as regards the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and pig, the propriety of the term will not be questioned. The pachydermatous class admits of division into

animals with *proboscides*, or prehensile snouts, and animals without. The former contains the elephant amongst living genera, and the mastodon amongst dead ones. As regards the pachyderms without prehensile snouts, they are subdivided into families, according to the number, or rather the apparent number, of their toes.

Now, although it be quite true that the elephant alone, of all living pachyderms, has a prehensile trunk, properly so called, yet a sort of attempt at this conformation exists in many others:—thus, for example, our friend the rhinoceros has a sort of prolongation of the upper lip, moveable like a thumb, and very useful for the general purposes of tearing up roots, moving earth in search of food, and other similar purposes. The pig, too, has a snout of great strength and mobility, as the farmer often knows to his cost. A few hungry porkers turned loose in a meadow soon plough the turf through and through, in their search for roots and worms.

We now arrive at the residence of the chiropotamus, or river pig, which name he acquires from *χοίρος*, a swine, and *ποταμός*, a river, and a very appropriate name it is, seeing that he is so exactly pig-like in form and face. What the animal is in appearance, the engraving alone will show. What he is, so far as is known, we will endeavour to tell. The interesting animal has been in this country about six months, and is a great curiosity, for none of his brethren have ever had the felicity of treading on British ground before. It is said the slave becomes free immediately he touches our shores. Alas! the river hog, or chiropotamus, found our boast a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. In slavery he has been ever since he was torn from Africa and the Cameron river, on the banks of which he was born, and where it may be supposed he reasonably anticipated to spend in quiet the little span of time we call life. Alas! fate had another destiny in store for him. He was to be caught—borne far away over oceans to a strange land, to be gazed at by strange eyes, to be spoken of by strange tongues. A hog of any ambition might find in this some consolation—I question whether our friend does. It matters little to him that artists engrave him; that newspaper paragraphs trumpet his praise; that the British public runs after him as it did after Father Gavazzi or Mrs. Stowe.

The chiropotamus is a denizen of the Guinea Coast of Western Africa, where he spends his time in the rivers and on the river banks of that sultry, swampy region. The specimen now in the Zoological Gardens is about the size of an ordinary pig. The most distinctive character of the animal, to the eye of a general observer, is its colour, a bright maroon, verging on yellow. It may be here well to remark, that the term chiropotamus has only recently been applied to an existing animal; it was long employed to designate certain fossil remains of a pachyderm of the swine tribe, the bones of which are frequently met with in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the Isle of Wight.

It is strange the public has not heard of the chiropotamus before, when we consider the industry and enterprise with which the world has been searched. It is, we are informed, also found in some of the other rivers of Western Africa, and although it has hitherto escaped the grasp of scientific naturalists, has long been known to the merchant explorers of those mysterious streams. Its nearest analogy is the Bosch Vaik of the Cape, an animal so scarce that we missed it from Gordon Cummings's African museum. So remarkable a character is it, that it is almost incredible that it should for so long a time have escaped the numerous correspondents of the Zoological Society, whose labours have been so unwearied and have generally been crowned with such success. Now it has reached England, the least the public can do is to welcome it. It will never attain to the popularity of the hippopotamus, for it cannot vie with that deservedly public favourite in size; but it is equally rare, equally strange to untravellers eyes; and as novelty is an attraction, for some time to come we imagine that the river hog will be attractive indeed.

THE SEVERED RING.

MATTHIEU Montebello Coconas was a *concierge*, or rather a *portier*, for in Chaillot it would be reckoned now-a-days best to call the Cerberus who guards a dwelling, by the more dignified name, and Matthieu Montebello Coconas lived in Chaillot. Paris has many beautiful suburbs and delightful quarters, but it has also many dirty and disagreeable ones, and Chaillot, with its narrow semi-paved streets, its queer old houses, its convents and public buildings, its huge factories, its low wine-shops, its mixture of good houses with those of rag and bone pickers, is not one of the most fascinating. But then it is near the Champs-Élysées, the most charming part of Paris, and many very good families select it for this very reason, it being cheap and advantageously situated. I have said that Coconas was a *concierge*, for let us adopt the more emphatic name, and to say the truth he was a hard-worked one. The house in which he did duty contained no less than one hundred and thirty lodgings, varying from those of five rooms each, to those only containing one. The denizens of this bee-hive were in general not very particular about hours, they came home as of en after midnight as before; so that poor Matthieu could never have slept ten minutes together but for his wife, who in general did duty from midnight until six in the morning. For all their labours they were not overpaid, the proprietor, M. Pelissier, being a perfect Jew in money matters. M. Coconas was in the habit of confidentially stating this fact to his friend the barber over the way.

"My life is a misery," he would cry, "and I shall look out for another place. A man might as well be a steam-engine as a *concierge*, it's all work, little pay, and no thanks. Up at six, accounts to make out, lodgers to bully when behind-hand with their money, ynd to sweep, visitors to answer, explanations here, explanations there. But make haste, Monsieur Hebert, you see there's somebody waiting in the lodge."

"But I have not shaved your left side, M. Coconas," replied the little gossiping barber; "it's only some one to look at a room, your wife is speaking to her. It's another *jeunesse*, and very pretty, too, I must say."

"Oh! oh!" cried M. Coconas with a groan, "some more trouble for me. There's no end of the worry with these young girls. Late hours, coming away from balls, men calling to ask their names,—it's true one gets a franc now and then,—and leaving letters, for mademoiselle with the turn-up nose, with the blue eyes; it's one of the curses of our position."

"Monsieur Coconas! Monsieur Coconas!" cried a shrill voice on the other side, emanating from an odd-looking woman in a dirty turban, and with a ragged birch broom in her hand, "you're wanted."

"Coming! coming!" replied that worthy, with considerable alacrity, wiping his face hastily with a towel; "come worry I suppose. What a world this is, Monsieur Hebert."

On entering his lodge, M. Coconas found a pretty girl, neatly and plainly dressed, who, his wife informed him, wanted a cheap little room. The *concierge*, who was very polite, took off his cap and marched before the young girl. She was about twenty, genteel in appearance, and looked rather sorrowful; her clothes also showing that she was in deep mourning. She at once accepted the humble apartments offered her by the old man, at sixteen francs a month. It was not a nice room, it was dark and gloomy, but she did not seem to care for that.

"Have you any boxes to fetch?" asked M. Coconas, politely.

"I have one box, but I shall bring it with me. What do I pay?"

"A month or a week in advance, just as you please; there is no fixed rule. People pay as they like, so they don't get in debt. M. Pelissier is very particular."

"I will pay a month in advance," said the young girl, giving him twenty francs. "If you will be pleased to buy me a hundred of wood, you will oblige me much."

"Mademoiselle, I am at your service," continued M. Coconas, eagerly grasping the money; "it shall be registered at once."

The young girl smiled and went down stairs, giving her

name as she passed as Eugénie Rouget. About an hour later she returned, a country-looking boy carrying her box, and she at once went up stairs. From the very first day she was much remarked in the neighbourhood. She was very pretty, she scarcely ever went out, she received no visitors, she did no work. When she did go out, she took a walk in the Champs-Élysées in the morning. She made no acquaintance; this decided her unpopularity. She was decidedly proud; so said the grocer of whom she bought her little supplies, so said the milkwoman, and even the butcher, whom she rarely troubled. The circulating library keeper, however, had a different opinion; for Eugénie went there every day, and she being a chatty woman, they sat down together and talked of the books in the shop. Eugénie was prodigiously fond of reading. She had just enough to live upon and dress respectably, that is, one hundred francs a month, in English coinage, four pounds; which for a prudent woman will amply suffice, though few men above the working class would succeed in making it go so far.

I have said that M. Hebert, the barber, was a gossiping little man. I omitted to mention that he was young and good-looking, that is, in the eyes of the many for whom rosy cheeks and a plump round face in general are ample compensation for non-intellectuality. If M. Hebert was vulgar-looking, he seemed to have a very high opinion of himself, an idea which most of the *bonnes* and work-girls of the place took care to keep alive in him, by their undisguised admiration, and the eagerness with which they accepted his offer of a dance on a Sunday evening at the well-known *Ball de Dourlans*, which is the favourite resort of the merry juvenile population of Chaillot. It is pretty well attended also by middle-aged and elderly people, as few young girls go there without their parents.

About the end of the first month, after closing his shop and dressing himself in his best, M. Hebert walked across to the great house opposite, and requested the *concierge's* wife, Madame Natalie Coconas, to take up a message to Mademoiselle Eugénie, saying that M. Hebert, the leading coiffeur of Chaillot, would consider himself highly honoured to be allowed to conduct her to a ball; that he observed she was lonely and not troubled with many acquaintances; and therefore supposed it would be a change. Madame Coconas readily went up, being rather a patron of the barber. Mademoiselle Eugénie, however, laughed, and said that she never went to public balls; she was very much obliged to the gentleman, but she desired to make no acquaintances. Madame Coconas, with a look of stolid wonder, that increased the hilarity of Mademoiselle Rouget, moved away and went down stairs. M. Hebert could scarcely believe his ears. It was an unheard-of rebuff—he, the ladies' pet—it was *étonnant*. He went to the hall alone; was dignifiedly reserved; did not dance for an hour, and when he did, was particularly ungracious to his partners. But he did not abandon his design. The barber had long made up his mind that a wife was an absolutely necessary adjunct to his business; that during his many forced absences to wait upon his customers, she would necessarily look better after his interest than his boy.

He waited a fortnight, however, before he made any other attempt. He spent this time in thinking, in turning over in his mind all the possible plans which might conduce to his success, and at last he decided on a formal written declaration. This to him was not an easy task, for he was more remarkable for his facility of speaking than for his capability of using the pen. Still he determined to make the experiment. Every night when he returned home to bed, he sat down and concocted a paragraph. It took a week to prepare the whole affair, which he regarded, however, when finished, as a masterpiece. We regret not being able to give it to our readers, but the manuscript has been lost, and we cannot supply its place. Suffice it to say, that it showed in glowing colours his strong affection, his undying love, his wish for a wife to cheer his solitude, his contempt for the giddy creatures around him, with much else that needs no recording in this history. He then folded and directed it, and gave it to Madame Coconas to deliver.

About ten minutes later, he was standing at the window of his shop, watching the effect of his missive, when he saw the old concierge coming rapidly across to him, with his own letter in her hand open. Mademoiselle Eugénie Rouget had cast her eyes over the first few lines, and had returned it with the observation, that she thought the writer very impertinent, and begged Madame Coconas to abstain for the future from bringing her communications from persons she did not know.

"But she's a regular dragon," exclaimed M. Hebert, who was very red in the face; "does she receive no visitors of an evening?"

"Never," replied Madame Coconas, with much of the emphatic energy of the celebrated Madame Pipelet, "she is a model for all my single-young-lady lodgers. She never wakes me up at undue hours to be let in."

"Never mind," exclaimed M. Hebert, majestically, "we must conquer this *farouche* beauty. Time, patience, and my experience of life will do wonders."

"Don't think so," said Madame Coconas. "I think she's too much of a great lady for you. Though she lives in a small room, at four francs a week, she has to me the air of a duchess."

"Why not of a princess in disguise?" sneered M. Hebert. Madame Coconas did not reply, but haughtily turned round, and re-entered her lodge.

Next morning M. Hebert was himself standing in the lodge conversing with M. Matthieu, when a servant in livery opened the door.

"Does Mademoiselle Eugénie Rouget live here?" said the servant.

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished porter.

"Will you take her up this letter, and say I wait for an answer?"

The *concierge* bowed very low, took the highly scented missive and carried it up. In two minutes he returned, saying that Mademoiselle would bring down the answer in a short time. She soon appeared, with a little neat finely directed note in her hand.

"Bonjour, mademoiselle," said the servant, taking off his hat respectfully; "I hope your health is good."

"Excellent, Edward, and how is Monsieur the Count and Madame the Countess?" replied Eugénie.

"Quite well, Mademoiselle."

"And my dear Emilie—?"

"Madame, the Marquise is *florissante*," replied the servant.

"I am very happy to hear all this. I shall be with you at six, that is your dinner hour."

"As usual, Mademoiselle."

Eugénie smiled at him, and then, after bidding Madame Coconas send her *coiffeur* at half-past four, and requiring the use of her lodge for the operation, retired. The two remained confounded. M. Hebert was thunderstruck. The liveried servant of a count, who treated her with such respect—her going to dinner—her calling a Marchioness her dear Emilie—was monstrous—incredible—stupendous. The lodge was the scene of an *hour's* conversation, in which all exhausted their imaginations in conjecture, in suppositions and contradictory explanations. It was decided, however, that M. Hebert should do the young lady's hair, Madame Coconas first extracting a promise that he should be scrupulously polite, and not attempt to renew by word of mouth his epistolary propositions.

At half-past four, M. Hebert was in the lodge, better dressed than usual, scented and perfumed as if for some grand ceremony. He bowed to Eugénie very politely, and after receiving directions from her, began his work. He did it very slowly, making up his mind to surpass himself. He really did her hair very nicely, and was rewarded by a thank you, and a condescending smile, which with a man's usual vanity he interpreted very favourably. But what was his surprise and alarm, when, a quarter of an hour later, a private carriage with two horses, and a powdered footman, stopped before the *porte-cochère*, and the servants intimated that they waited the pleasure of Mademoiselle Rouget. Down she came in a few minutes, elegantly and even fashionably dressed, walked un-

concerned to the carriage, as if she had never gone out in any less aristocratic conveyance, and then drove off.

"It's inexplicable," exclaimed M. Hebert, with an air of concentrated rage at not being able to understand the affair.

"It's very mysterious," replied Madame Coconas.

That night M. Hebert did not go out, but remained in his shop alone, smoking, without his gas, which he extinguished to watch the better. Twelve o'clock, one, two, three passed, and no Eugénie, when, a little before four, another carriage, this time a close one, drew up to No. — Rue de Chailiot, and when the door of the house opened, out stepped Mademoiselle Rouget, well wrapped and rather sleepy, for she moved up to her room without a word, and did not make her appearance again until two o'clock next day. Her manner of life now changed entirely; she went out nearly every day, sometimes on foot, at other times in the same carriage. But not a word did she let fall which could give any clue to the secret of her movements; she ceased even her gossip with the good woman of the circulating library.

Once or twice, after the first three months, a young man called in a carriage, a gentleman of aristocratic mien and remarkably handsome. But he merely left some books and music (Eugénie had received a piano very mysteriously one day), and his card, on which was engraved, "M. le Vicomte de Salency." All this was very dreadful, and caused a prodigious amount of misery. Monsieur and Madame Coconas, M. Hebert, the neighbours, the gossips, the lodgers, were interminably occupied by the mysterious movements of the quiet young lady, by her aristocratic visitors, and by the number of balls and parties to which she went.

But perhaps my reader is in the same state of anxiety. I hope so. Eugénie Rouget had been left by her father to the care of her mother at six months old. He had been called to India by the tempting offer of a confidential and lucrative post under one of the native princes. His salary was to be high, and his opportunities of making money great. Very fond of his wife, he had promised himself a speedy return to Europe, and in the meantime promised to send ample remittances for her maintenance and that of his daughter. At parting he took one of those rings, formed of two parts, which, connected, form a whole, the division being imperceptible to the eye of a stranger. But no news, no remittance, no letters of any kind ever came from Monsieur Saturnin Rouget to his poor wife. He was generally supposed to have perished at sea, or from sickness immediately on his arrival.

Sad was the position of the poor wife, who, after two years of marriage, had lost the companion she loved. She felt the more that poor Saturnin was not only a handsome man, of whom she was proud, but a gentle, quiet, good husband, who had only aroused himself to depart for the Indies from devoted love to his wife and child. He had been promised the certainty of a large fortune if he would go, and he went. The young wife saw years pass, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, and Saturnin came not. In despair at the poor position into which they had fallen, Madame Rouget, who had a small fixed income, educated her daughter with great care. She had a prodigious taste for music and singing, and learned with ease and rapidity. At sixteen she was a perfect marvel, and obtained an engagement as a music governess in the family of the Count de Salency. She had to teach a young girl, but one year younger than herself. Naturally clever, educated by a sensible and thoughtful mother, who had left not a single weed of ignorance or prejudice in her mind, skilled in music, and generally well informed, the young Countess Emilie found in Eugénie a companion and teacher of far higher order than usual. Of almost the same calibre of mind as the Consuelo of the great romancist, she found in Emilie a sensible, amiable girl, who soon loved her as a sister. The Count and Countess were equally charmed with their daughter, and from that hour Eugénie became a friend whom all liked. A little more than a year previous to her arrival in Chailiot, Eugénie's mother died. The young girl was now alone in the world, and her protectors surrounded her with every comfort which affection and respect could give. She was sad for a while, but time was beginning to heal the wound.

MARTIN SCHONGAUER.

MARTIN SCHONGAUER, commonly known by the name of Martin Schön, and called by foreign writers on art, Le Brau Martin, or Hübache Martin, was born at Colmar in Holstein, about the year 1445. According to Bryan, he was born at Culmbach, in Franconia, about the year 1420; but this is now generally believed to be incorrect, though the precise time and place of the artist's birth are not fully settled. In his youth he practised the trade of a goldsmith, and it was not until middle age that he distinguished himself by his extraordinary powers in the arts of painting and

conveyed into Italy, France, Spain, England, and other countries?" The churches of St. Martin and St. Francis, at Colmar, contain some of his pictures, which artists consider it a privilege to copy.

According to Sandrart, Martin was on a footing of intimate friendship with Perugini; as a mark of mutual esteem, they exchanged from time to time some of their drawings. Vasari relates that Michael Angelo, in his youth, had studied and copied one of Martin's plates, representing the Temptation of St. Anthony.



MARTIN SCHONGAUER.

engraving. On the back of a portrait of him is a German inscription, of which we give the translation:—"Master Martin Schongauer, an artist, surnamed the Handsome, died at Colmar, on the 2nd of February, 1499. God be merciful to him. And I, Jean Sargkmaur, was a pupil of his, in the year 1488." Upon a drawing in the possession of Heinnekin, Albert Dürer wrote:—"This piece was drawn by Martin Schön, in 1470, being then a young man. I, Albert Dürer, having learnt the above, write this to his honour, in the year 1517." Schongauer was considered one of the greatest artists of his age. "What shall I say," writes Wimpfeling, "what shall I say of Martin Schön of Colmar, who so excelled in the art of painting, that his pictures have been much sought after, and

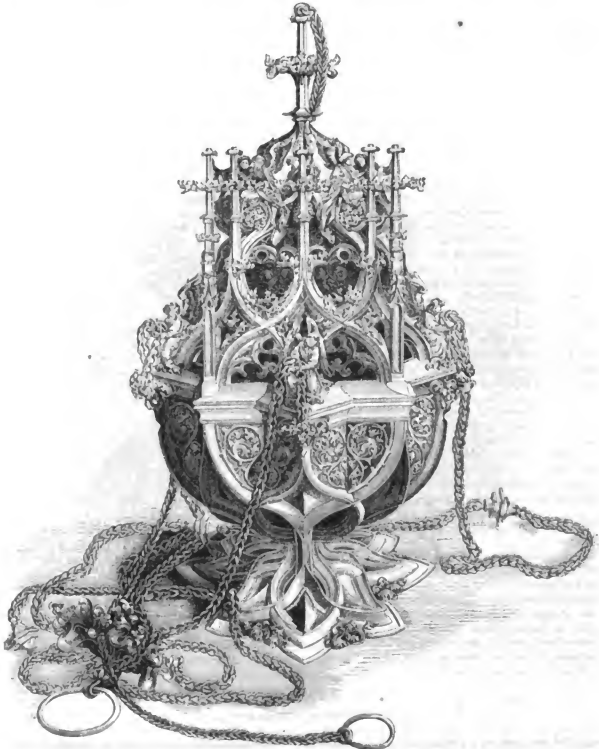
Schongauer has considerable reputation as an engraver; he was one of the first who practised the art with a view to taking impressions on paper. There are 116 authentic pieces by his hand, and 100 others are attributed to him. He has engraved a large number of sacred and some ornamental subjects, among which is the beautiful casket which we reproduce. Besides being an excellent painter and engraver, he possessed much skill as a goldsmith. Some writers on art have asserted, that it was at his house that Albert Dürer worked in his youth; but he does not mention this in the autobiography which he has left us.

Martin Schongauer died in the year 1499; the inscription on his portrait gives evidence of this, as well as the researches

of Counsellor de Lorse, in Colmar, from which it appears that he lived longer than is commonly supposed. Christopher Scheurl and Sandrart say that he died about the year 1486.

Christ, in his dictionary of monograms, says that Martin Schön's master was one Lupert Russ, an obscure personage, and from him he must have learnt engraving. The influence of the school of the Low Countries upon his talent rendered his style peculiar in Germany. His contemporaries were unani-

pictures imputed to him, are to be found at Uhn, Stuttgard, Nuremberg, Munich, Schleissheim, Berlin, Basle, Vienna, and Milan; but especially at his native place, Colmar, where are still to be seen the marvels of which Wimpeling speaks. Some of these paintings at Colmar have been attributed to Albert Dürer; they are preserved in the Priory, which is now the College; others, ascribed on doubtful authority to Martin Schön, were taken to this College during the disturbances in



CENSER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. DESIGNED BY MARTIN SCHONHAUER.

mous in praising the grace of his compositions, and, in short, he was one of the first who introduced feeling and expression into painting. He had no rival among the German artists of his day, except, perhaps, Michael Wohlgemuth, or Herlim. In the collections of Spain, Italy, France, and England, more pictures are attributed to Martin Schön than one artist could have executed, especially one who divided his time between the brush and the graver. Not one of his paintings bears the monogram with which his engravings are stamped. The best

of the last century. A very fine picture, by this brilliant master, representing the Madonna, the size of life, seated on a grassy bank, adorns the church of St. Martin at Colmar. At the Museum at Paris, a picture of the Israelites gathering Manna in the Desert is said to be the production of Martin Schon-gauer. Passarant speaks confidently of there being one of Martin Schön's pictures in Mr. Ader's collection in London; but so many are ascribed to him falsely, that we can only rely on the authenticity of those at Colmar.

THE LADY OF TOULOUSE.

THERE is, in the ancient city of Toulouse, a church, which, although not so old as the city itself, is still old enough to put many a mouldering cathedral to the blush, for it was founded by Ransahilda, the Queen of the Goths, called by the Romans *zelantia*, or webfooted, because she was so fond of the baths. In the centre of the aisle the visitor may perceive a large round stone, to the centre of which a large iron ring is attached. If he lay hold of this ring, raise the stone, and peer down into the aperture, it is probable he will see nothing, inasmuch as the vault is pitch dark. But if he enter into conversation with any of the old hangers-on in the neighbourhood, he will be put in possession of a very curious occurrence, of which this vault was the scene. It took place about the year of grace 1770, when France was still divided into provinces, and when parliaments sat in the provincial capitals, and wrangled, and played at *écarté*, and *trictac*, and fought duels, at which the whole population "assisted." In the parliament of Toulouse, there was at this time a very worthy gentleman, who rejoiced in the possession of a wife of extraordinary beauty of person, singular excellence of disposition, and extraordinary vigour of mind. With one failing only, or rather weakness, was she afflicted, and this was a passionate fondness for fish. She mused upon it by day; she dreamed of it by night; the consumption of it was her beau idéal of enjoyment, and her love of it made her as famous in the neighbourhood as the sparkle of her eye, the grace of her vigour, or the raven tresses on her alabaster brow. She was one of those natures that seek either to love or be loved. She sought to love, and loved fish.

Did her husband, a councillor of the parliament by the by, love her the less for this singular taste? I trow not; on the contrary, this formed a new tie between them. To minister to her wants was the great aim of his ambition, and to keep up a regular and constant supply of the dainty so dear to her, was the object to which his whole energies were directed. But this was no easy matter. Special couriers daily went to and returned from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with choice morsels. One day, however, not long after Easter, the councillor, all radiant with smiles, entered the apartment of his spouse, bearing on a plate a monstrous, magnificent carp, which Monsieur le Président de la Cour des Aides de Montauban had himself caught at Beaulieu, and which he had forwarded as a present to Madame, with his respects. The lady put the note in her pocket without as much as opening it, but ordered the fish to be cooked instantly.

Tradition states that the carp was delicious, and that the lady ate of it so voraciously that she choked herself and died. Great was the lamentation of her lord. He sent forthwith for the barber-surgeon, who lived at the corner of the street, and for the Régius Professor of medicine; but both these worthies felt her pulse, shook their perukes, and declared she was stone dead; but at the same time, in order to ease his mind, offered, if he liked, to open her body, and ascertain the cause of her sudden dissolution. Whereupon the enraged councillor kicked them both out, and buried his wife that same evening in the vault aforesaid.

It was a custom amongst the rich at that time to bury the dead in the gayest dress they had ever worn in life, with all their ornaments and jewellery. The lady was accordingly attired in her ball-dress. The gold chain was placed round her neck; her brow was decked with a wreath of diamonds, and on her arms hung bracelets of gold set with the costliest jewels. The servants were brought in to take a last look at their mistress, as she lay in this ghastly state. They all wept most piteously, but none so loudly as her own maid and the house steward. They not only cried, but bellowed.

Seven hours afterwards, just as the clock of St. Antony's was tolling the midnight hour, the said house steward and lady's maid entered the church, wrapped up in cloaks, and carrying a lantern and a crowbar. They were evidently shaking in every limb with fear. The time, the solemnity of

the place, the awful gloom of the cloisters, had a powerful effect upon their nerves. They stopped at the mouth of the vault. The woman laid down the lantern, and said in a very tremulous voice:

"Now you're sure you'll keep your promise."

"*Ma foi*, to be sure I will; when I'm rich I'll marry you."

"Swear then!"

"What—now?"—said the man, looking very uncomfortable.

"Yes—now, over this spot."

He swore. They raised the stone and entered the vault. The air was thick, heavy, and noisome. A bat flew against the light and nearly extinguished it, and they could hear the buzz of its wings in the church above while they stood endeavouring to get a view of the place. The coffins were ranged around in the order of their interment: the coffins of the young and of the old, of maidens and wives, of young gallants, and aged councillors, and magistrates; of soldiers who had fallen in fight, and priests who had died in prayer; of all the scions of the great family of La Calonne, from the day when their ancestor crossed the sea to spread confusion amongst the Saracens,—there they were, of all sizes, and the newest, most gorgeous, and glittering of them all, with the damp of the tomb yet fresh upon it, was that of the fish-loving mistress of the impious despoilers, who had now followed her to her last abode. They worked their courage up to the sticking point; tore off the lid, and dragged the body out on the floor; pulled off all the ornaments, the rings from the fingers, and the ear-rings from the ears, the costly lace from her dress, and tied them in a bag.

"Let us be off now," said the steward.

"Wait a minute," said the maid; "I must pay the wretch off for all she made me suffer while she was alive."

Whereupon she seized the lady by the hair, and gave her a few very hearty slaps on the face.

"There, take that!" said she. This example roused the ardour of the steward. He remembered all the indignities he had suffered at the hands of his mistress—how she used to scold him, and harass him whenever he had not a supply of fish in the house. So he gave her a smart blow on the nape of the neck, and to his horror and astonishment a hollow groan issued from the body. The maid dropped the light, and up the ladder they scrambled, in an agony of terror, and rushed out of the church. The blow had loosened the bone which was stuck in the lady's gullet, and she slowly revived from her trance. When she looked around her upon the vault and coffins, and her own disordered dress, the whole dimly lighted by the lantern which the fugitives had left behind, she swooned away, and three hours had elapsed before she summoned up sufficient strength to sally forth and make her escape from the scene of horrors. She found the church doors open. It was a fine clear starlight night. The streets were empty, and not a sound was to be heard except the long-drawn cry of the watchman, "Gentle and simple, pray for the souls of the dead!" He met the lady, and fainted with terror. She reached her own house, and knocked loudly. The maid looked out of the window, saw the white garments and the well-known face, and immediately went into fits, shrieking, "Madame, Madame!"

Another knock, louder than before. The steward went down and opened the door, shouted "Madame!" and swooned away. The councillor left his room, where all night long he had been praying and weeping, and weeping and praying, and would not be comforted—in order to learn the cause of the tumult. He came into the hall, and there stood his wife, pale, indeed, and haggard, but alive and well. We must leave the joy and rejoicing attendant upon this unexpected meeting to the reader's imagination. The steward and the maid confessed their crime, but in consideration of their having been instrumental in dislodging the bone from the lady's throat, they were pardoned. As to their mistress, she renounced fish from that day forward and for ever, and within six months after her burial she presented her lord husband with a charming boy, who was baptized in the church of St. Antony à la Daurade.

POZZUOLI.

NEAR the entrance of the Bay of Naples is the town of Pozzuoli, situated within a creek of the same name. It was called by the ancients *Dicæarchia*, and was first used as a port (for which it was well calculated on account of its sheltered yet accessible position) by the Greeks of Cumæ, who found it very convenient for facilitating their commerce with the towns on the shores of the Bay of Naples. The natural harbour afforded a refuge to their mariners, who, unskilled in the art of navigation, and unprovided with any but the rudest appliances for the guidance and government of their frail barks, were compelled to make short voyages, and to trust to chance and the nearest shelter nature afforded them, in case of a storm.

Naples (which is now as much distinguished as a trading town as Pozzuoli was at the time of which we are speaking) was considered by the ancient mariners to be too far distant from the entrance of the bay for commercial purposes; besides which, it afforded but poor protection for their vessels, the coast being much exposed. Therefore, *Dicæarchia* became the great depot of merchandise and the centre of commerce, leaving to Naples the encouragement of the fine arts, for which it has always been celebrated.

During the second Punic war, *Dicæarchia* passed into the hands of the Romans. It was noted for its hot springs, celebrated for the cure of various diseases; within its limits there were thirty-five natural baths of different sorts of tepid water, and from these baths or pits, called in Latin "*putei*," the town is said to have taken its name of *Puteoli*, since modernised to Pozzuoli. Under the yoke of the Romans, Pozzuoli increased in importance, and received into its ports vessels from different parts of the world, laden with tributes of the riches of the conquered nations. In the first century, in the reign of Augustus, it reached the zenith of its prosperity. Ships, richly laden, touched at its ports to land their cargoes; the stuffs of Asia, the corn of Egypt, the various commodities and metals of the East, were brought to this town. Large manufactories now sprang up close to the harbour, and materials received in the raw state were again exported, after having undergone various processes of manufacture.

But the inhabitants of Pozzuoli did not give themselves up entirely to the pursuit of commerce; for the ruins of their magnificent public buildings and beautiful villas still bear evidence of superior taste. On the shore of the gulf, west of the town, was Cicero's villa, called *Academia*, where he wrote his book entitled "*Academical Questions*."

The cathedral church of Pozzuoli was built from an ancient temple, constructed of large stones without the aid of mortar or cement. This temple was dedicated to Augustus, under the name of Jupiter, by Calpurnius, a Roman knight, to which fact the inscription on the front bears evidence. It is related that St. Paul once preached there. *Puteoli* is mentioned in the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The amphitheatre, of which some of the arches and cells still remain, is supposed to be more ancient than that of Vespasian at Rome. A cell is shown in which it is said St. Januarius and many other martyrs were confined, before their exposure in the arena. An inscription tells us that this saint, being exposed to famished bears, they went down on their knees before him; he was afterwards beheaded.

At the village of Baoli, between the castle of Baix, which is represented in our engraving, and the Cape of Miseno, is the *Piscina Mirabile*, constructed by *Succulus* as a reservoir of water for the use of the Roman fleet. Forty-eight massive pillars supported the vaulted roof of this singular edifice; near it were large granaries which furnished the vessels with corn.

Augustus being aware of the importance of its position, and wishing to add still more to the strength of Pozzuoli, undertook vast works of improvement. The Greeks had already built out an immense mole, in the form of a bridge, supported on huge piles, from the point on which the town stood; for

the Cape of Miseno formed an insufficient barrier against the violence of the open sea. This was a bold work, but Augustus undertook one of far greater magnitude, in connecting the Lucrine lake with that of Avernus, and thus establishing a communication with the sea; so that there were three harbours, that of Pozzuoli, of Lucrine, and of Avernus, capable of receiving the Roman fleets. He gave to Agrippa the management of this great work. The lake of Avernus was surrounded by steep banks overgrown with wild masses of vegetation. The ancients described the fumes it emitted as being so malignant that even birds could not fly over it, but dropped down dead. This circumstance, joined with the depth and gloom of the lake, led the ancients to take it for the gate or entrance of hell; and, accordingly, Homer brings Ulysses to Avernus, as to the mouth of the infernal regions; and, in imitation of the great bard, Virgil makes Æneas descend this way to the same abodes—

"And here th' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From thence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake."

Æneid, Book vi.

Agrippa had the forests levelled with the ground, and thus allowing the malignant effluvia to escape, dispelled the gloom of horror and superstition by which it had so long been beset.

Pozzuoli was the scene of one of the mad acts of the monster Caligula. In imitation of Xerxes, he ordered a bridge of boats to be constructed, at an immense expense, across the bay, between Baix and Pozzuoli, for no other purpose than that he might be able to boast that he had walked over the sea as over dry land, because some astrologer had once declared that there was as little chance of Caligula succeeding to the throne, as there was of his walking across the bay. The road was paved and covered with sand, and had parapets on each side. The first day after its completion, he crossed it on horseback, crowned with oak, followed by an immense crowd; the second day he traversed it in a triumphal chariot, carrying on his head a crown of laurel, given by the Parthians to Darius.

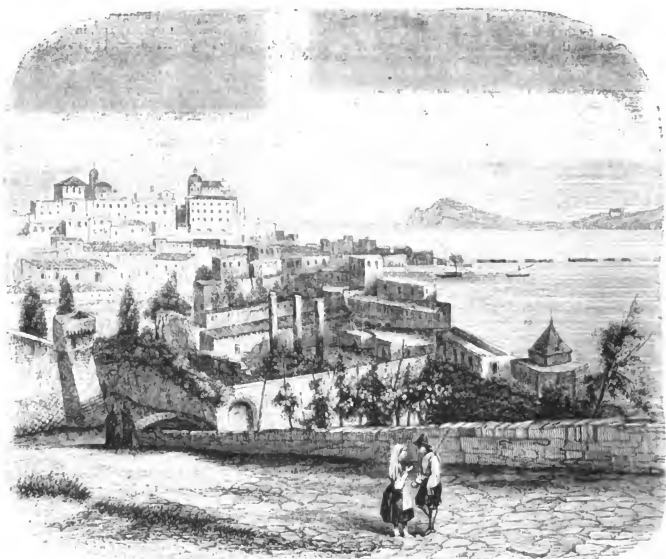
The remains of the temple of Serapis form the most striking monument in Pozzuoli. The three remaining columns, of fine cippolino marble, are seen in the engraving. It was erected, during the second century B.C., in honour of the Egyptian Jupiter; and, after remaining buried under the sea for several centuries, was covered by an eruption of the *Solfatara*, which dispersed the waters. On the excavation of this temple, in the year 1751, it was found to be almost perfect; and though its preservation would have been very easy, was completely stripped, the columns, statues, and vases, by which it was adorned, being carried away. This building, although sacred, contained a number of baths to which the public were doubtless admitted. In ancient times the practice of medicine was generally connected with, and protected by, religion; this building was evidently planned to serve these two purposes. In the quadrangle was a portico supported by Corinthian columns; in the centre of this atrium four steps led up to the place upon which the antiquaries of the last century assert that a circular temple, the cupola of which was supported by sixteen pillars of red marble, was found standing, and within this round enclosure they discovered an octagonal bath, which was doubtless used in the great ablutions. This is the form of the Christian baptistries of the fourth century, such as we find at Rome, in the baptistry of Constantine. Those constructed at Aix, at Riez in Provence, and at Ravenna in Italy, were of the same form. The Christians evidently borrowed the design of their fonts from these octagonal baths enclosed in circular colonnades, which we

used by the ancients for both medical and religious purposes. In the temple of Serapis, behind the quadrangular peristyle, are square apartments, which must have been used as private baths, and not, as it has been supposed, for the use of the priests.

Behind Pozzuoli rises the volcanic mountain of Solfatara, called by the ancients the Court of Vulcan. On its summit is an oval plain, surrounded by hills, which appears to have sunk to its present level by the falling in of the top of the mountain, during some eruption. Some conjecture that the hollow beneath is connected with mount Vesuvius. Mr. Swinburne says that the ground quaked and resounded under his feet, and by laying his ear close to the earth, he could distinguish the bubbling and hissing of boiling water; yet, upon part of this crust or floor, chestnut trees flourish in

Virgil, but it is thought to be much more ancient than Rome.

On the hill above is the tomb of Virgil. It is related by Elius Donatus, a celebrated grammarian of the fourth century, in his life of Virgil, that his ashes were carried to Naples, by order of Augustus, and deposited on the road to Pozzuoli. Several authors describe the cinerary urn of Virgil, but nothing now remains but a square room with an arched roof, overgrown with briars and weeds, among which flourishes an ancient laurel, which tradition says planted itself upon the tomb of the poet. It is said that it is impossible to destroy the plant, for that if cut down it is sure to bud again; but, in spite of this, slips of the tree are planted around to preserve the species, and the plant itself does not appear more than sixty years old.

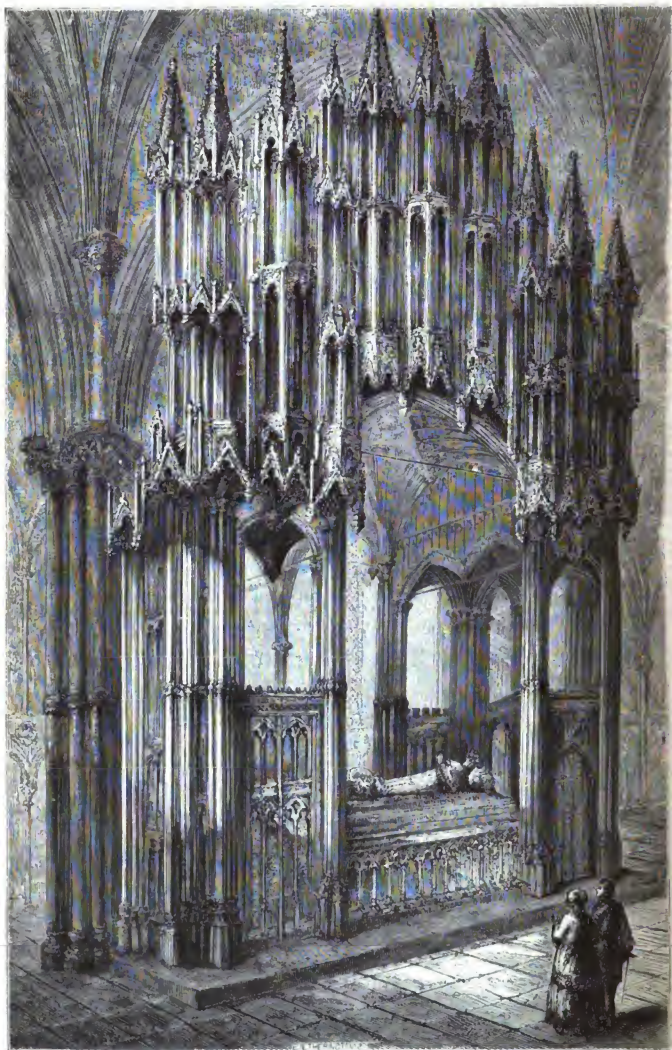


VIEW OF POZZUOLI, ON THE GULF OF NAPLES.

perfect vigour, and a variety of shrubs shoot up along its banks, where they find level ground into which to strike root, and are out of the blasting smoke. On the north side of the mountain the waters find vent, and pursue their way in a burning stream to the lake of Aquano, a circular lake nearly two miles in circumference, embosomed in hills, which has all the appearance of a volcanic crater. Its waters are filled with myriads of frogs. At Solfatara, manufactures of sulphur, alum, and vitriol are carried on.

The country around Pozzuoli is rich in interesting antiquities; between the town and Naples is the celebrated grotto of Posilipo, a gallery cut through a mountain of the same name. It is half a mile in length, and sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass. Various accounts are given of its origin; the common people ascribe it to the enchantment of

The shores of Pozzuoli, once the scene of Roman magnificence, luxury, and profligacy, are now deserted. Here and there, amid the luxuriant though neglected vegetation, decaying monuments meet the eye, forcibly reminding one of the former greatness and opulence of this town. In the month of June, the scene is rendered still more desolate by the terrible malaria, which extends its sway over the vast and beautiful part of Italy lying along the coasts of the Mediterranean, driving away the principal inhabitants. The effects of the malaria, though differing according to the constitution and habits of its victims, are always most distressing. Sometimes the sufferers are carried off in a few days, but more frequently they are attacked by an intermittent fever, in which case they gradually lose strength, and sometimes linger for several years.



CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S CHANTRY, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER is one of the few cities in England at the present day, to which one may safely apply the epithet, *venerable*. A large cluster of ennobling memories seems to have settled upon that ancient place. Its history can be traced up to the time of the Britons. The Romans built many edifices in it, in the second century of the Christian era. The monarchs of the West Saxons, in the days of the heptarchy, made it their capital, and spent large sums in embellishing it; though their works were frequently destroyed by the ravages of the Danes. Egbert, the first king of all England, was crowned in it; so was William Rufus, and so was the lion-hearted Richard, when he came back from the holy war. Most of the monarchs at that day left London at Christmas and Easter, and here celebrated both these festivals in great state. Here Henry V. held his parliament before embarking at Southampton to spread terror and devastation through France. Here, Queen Maude, being greatly pressed by her rival, Stephen, spread abroad the report that she was dead, and disposing her fair limbs in a coffin, was carried safe and sound through the midst of the besieging army. Here, too, a gallant army of cavaliers shut themselves up in 1642, and held the town and castle against the roundheads for a long time, till being driven out by Sir William Waller, one of old Noll's generals, the fortress was destroyed, all except the chapel.

The castle and chapel were both famous places. In the chapel Hubert, the pope's legate, sat as judge, in 1072, in the dispute between the rival sees of Canterbury and York, and awarded the supremacy to the former, from that time forward and for evermore; and when the castle disappeared, the assizes were held here, and still are—the *Nisi Prius* judges sitting under the identical round table at which the famous knights of Prince Arthur sat and feasted, and quaffed their sack, and passed their quips, and cracks, and gibes, and jests, goodness knows how long ago. What a revolution! Mr. Serjeant Ponderous supporting a demurrer, or moving for a rule *nisi*, against some lawless railway company, with his horsehair rubbing against the spot whereon Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleus, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, etc. satisfied the cravings of their knightly appetites.

Nor was the place less famed for piety and learning than for warlike renown. It had, it is said, fifty parish churches at one time, of which only a very small number remain. An abbey, too, there was renowned, for its sanctity and wealth, and so early as 1300, John Pontissard, of pious memory, bishop of the diocese, founded a college, dedicated to St. Elizabeth of which, however, was destroyed in the general ignominious houses consequent upon the change of creed III.

Of these edifices could compare to the abbey and the present edifice was commenced in 1079 by eyn, a Norman, improved and enlarged by the n of Wykeham, and finally retouched by Bishop onvent consisted of a prior and forty-two monks, in splendour for nearly nine hundred years, until dissolved by Henry VIII., who instituted the present and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. The length and fabric from east to west is five hundred and et; of these Our Lady's chapel includes fifty-four, or one hundred and thirty-six. The length from door, near the entrance of the choir, to the porch at the end is three hundred and fifty-one feet; the length of the transepts is a hundred and eighty-six feet; the breadth of the body below the transepts is eighty-seven feet, and of the at forty. The vaulting in the inside is twenty-six feet high; the exact height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet and a half, and its breadth fifty feet by forty-eight. The prospect from the west end of the middle aisle to the east window, beyond the choir, is striking and impressive in the highest degree. It needs but to be once seen to make evident the wonderful adaptation of the Gothic architecture to the production of those feelings of reverence and

solemnity and sublimity which are closely akin to religious awe.

The republican soldiers under Sir William Waller played sad havoc with several of the rich decorations of the interior, but enough survived, and enough has since been added, to make it one of the grandest monuments which England contains, of the piety, taste, and enthusiasm of our ancestors.

Behind the altar is the royal vault, which contains the bones of the Saxon kings, and one or two Danish and Norman. Canute and William Rufus, the conqueror's son, lie side by side. The latter was brought, a bleeding and "unwholesome carcase," in a peasant's cart from the New Forest, where Tyrrel shot him, and was here buried silently and without ceremony.

The church contains several chantries, the erection of piety, or gratitude, or affection. That of Cardinal Beaufort, which we have chosen for illustration, is probably more remarkable than any, not only for its own intrinsic beauty, but for the many historical reminiscences which surround the name of its founder. We shall describe it in the words of Mr. Britton:—

"Beaufort's chantry consists of clustered piers, with a pannelled screen at the base, an open screen at the head or west end, and a closed screen at the east end. There are doors on the north and south sides, and the whole is surmounted by a mass of canopies, niches, and pinnacles, which bewilder the sight and senses by their number and complexity. Beneath this gorgeous canopy is an altar-tomb in the centre of the enclosure, with the statue. . . . Milner says, 'that the figure represents Beaufort in the proper dress of a cardinal: viz., the scarlet coat and hat, and long depending cords, ending in tassels of ten knots each.' The low balustrade and tomb, the latter of which is lined with copper, and was formerly adorned on the outside with the arms of the deceased, enshrouded on shields, are of gray marble. The pious tenor of his will, which was signed two days before his death, and the placid frame of his features in the figure before us, which is probably a portrait, lead us to discredit the fictions of poets and painters, who describe him as dying in despair." "Regarding the statue, Mr. Britton says in another place,† "The effigy of Beaufort is a vulgar clumsy piece of workmanship, even worse than its near neighbour, that of Sir John Clobery. We cannot otherwise account for the extreme badness of this statue than by supposing that it was placed there at a time much latter than the building of the chantry, indeed since the Reformation. It seems rather the workmanship of a stonemason than of a sculptor."

It would be an unpardonable omission to dismiss the subject of the chantry without saying a word or two as to the cardinal himself, especially since Shakespeare has immortalised him, in his drama of "Henry VI." He is there, however, represented as the very pink of insolent priests, proud, luxurious, covetous, and a despiser of the truths he professed to teach. In the very first scene in the play, Gloucester is made to say to him:—

— "Thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st.
Except it be to pray against thy foes."

Further on we meet with him in a brawl on Tower-hill, in which Gloucester calls him "a pill'd priest," "a manifest conspirator, who gave indulgences to rogues," "a Winchester goose," "a wolf in sheep's array," "a scarlet hypocrite;" and the bishop, with rather unbecoming warmth for a man of his cloth, threatens "to have Gloucester's heart's blood." In the third act, in the parliament-house scene, Gloucester sums up his character as follows:—

"Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

* Britton's "History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Winchester." pp. 95–6. † p. 81.

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious insurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well become
A man of thy profession and degree."

The general opinion now is, however, that the poet, taking Holinshed for his sole authority, did the prelate wrong. Proud, ambitious, and ostentatious he was, no doubt; but these are vices too common amongst men in power to warrant us in picturing the cardinal as a monster of undiluted iniquity. The times he lived in were turbulent; men's ideas of right and wrong had not yet assumed that fixity they now have. The duties of ministers of religion were not so clearly defined as they now are. The assumption of the cowl did not necessarily involve a real and veritable repudiation of worldly cares and pursuits. High-born priests of rank were still turbulent barons; base-born priests of no rank were often drunken, ignorant louts.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife Catharine Swinford. He studied law at Oxford, and afterwards at Aix la Chapelle, but on entering the church, his royal extraction procured his speedy elevation to the prelate. In 1397, he was appointed to the see of Lincoln. In 1404, we find him Lord Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Winchester. He had been three times Lord Chancellor by 1417, and some idea may be formed of his wealth from the fact that he lent the king, Henry V., his nephew, twenty thousand pounds—an immense sum in those days—to assist in carrying on the war against France, for which he received the crown as security. He was sent on various important state missions to the Continent, and was present at the Council of Constance. His influence in England was at this time all powerful. He was appointed one of the guardians of the young king, Henry VI., during his minority, and in 1421, was a fourth time Lord Chancellor.* In the year 1425, however, the dissensions between him and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, which ended in the death and ruin of the latter, and which agitated all England, first came to a head. Their first outbreak is thus quaintly described by Holinshed: "Somewhat before this season fell a great division in the realm of England, which of a sparkle was like to have grown to a great flame. For whether the Bishop of Winchester, called Henry Beaufort, son to John, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, envied the authority of Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realm; or whether the duke disdained the riches and pompous estate of the bishop: sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers; so that the citizens of London were faine to keep daile and nightlie watches, and to shut up their shops for fear of that which was doubted to have ensued of their assembling of people about them." To decide their differences, the bishop called upon the Duke of Bedford, his nephew, then Regent of France, to arbitrate between them. The latter came over, but shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders by calling an assembly of the nobility at St. Alban's, known as the *Parliament of Bats*, because the partizans of either party came to the spot armed with clubs, weapons of steel being forbidden them. The duke, however, compromised the matter by taking the great seal from his uncle and handing it over to the Protector. On his return to France, Beaufort accompanied him as far as Calais, and in the church of that town received a cardinal's hat, with the title of St. Eusebius, sent him by Pope Martin V. He then returned to England as papal legate, and made his entry into London with great pomp. He soon after, in 1427-8, raised a body of men for a crusade against the Bohemian Hussites, but was compelled by the council, in the first instance, to employ them in the war in France. He afterwards, however, fulfilled his original intention, and served in Bohemia till superseded by cardinal Julian.

* In the earlier periods of English history this office was held exclusively by churchmen.

During his absence, his old enemies were busily at work, and poured innumerable charges against him into the royal ear; and attempts were even made to deprive him of his bishopric—so that on his return to England, he thought it necessary to procure, under the great seal, a pardon for all crimes and misdemeanours that might be alleged against him from the beginning of the world down to the 26th of July, 1437. The remoteness of the period to which he thought it necessary to ascend, is a singular proof of the extent of his fears, and his opinion of the accusing powers of his enemies. He showed himself, however, rather lax in not taking precautions as to the future also; for it would have been quite as easy to have convicted him of an offence to be committed in the year 1900, as of one which took place in the days of the patriarch Methuselah.

Notwithstanding his vigilance, however, the indefatigable protector again drew up articles of impeachment against him in 1442, and presented them to the king, who referred them to his council. The council being mostly composed of ecclesiastics, were of course inclined to favour the cardinal, and delayed their decision so long, that Gloucester lost patience, and abandoned the prosecution. He was murdered in May, 1447, it was suspected with the complicity, if not at the instigation, of the cardinal. The latter survived him only a month. He is said to have died in agony of remorse and despair, bewailing his crimes, confessing his manifold sins and wickedness, and offering untold sums for an hour of life. Shakespeare, in the last scene of the third act of the play to which we have already referred, draws a moving picture, into which all his mighty powers are thrown, of his last hours, as those of a despairing murderer and traitor, without one pleasant memory in the past, or one bright hope in the future. As the passage is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, we shall refrain from quoting it, and shall content ourselves with giving Holinshed's summing up of the cardinal's character, as a specimen of that worthy chronicler's powers of invective, as well as of English: "undefiled," which many of our writers at the present day would do well to imitate. "During these doings, Henrie Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world. He was son to John, duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but borne in haste; more noble in blood than notable in learning; haucie in stomach, and high of countenance; rich above measure, but not verie libérale; disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship; many things beginning, and few performing, save in malice and mischief; his insatiable covetousness, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe. Of the getting of his goods, both by power legantine and spirituall bribery, I will not speak; but the keeping of them, which he chiefly gathered for ambitious purpose, was both hurt to his natural prince and native countrie; for his hidden riches might have well holpen the king, and his secret treasure might have relieved the communaltie when monie was scant and charges great."

Though in this harsh judgment most English historians coincide, they all agree that by his death Henry lost one of his best and most faithful counsellors, and that from that day the state of affairs became worse and worse. Whatever use of his riches he might have made during his life, his disposal of them after his death was most praiseworthy. He left an enormous sum to the prisons of London; he ordered two thousand marks to be distributed amongst the poor tenants of his diocese, and forgave the rest all they owed him. He founded an hospital at Winchester, and endowed it with the sum of £138 13s. 4d. per annum, according to the value of money at that time, besides some lands for the maintenance of two chaplains, a master, thirty-five poor men, and three nurses. He left jewels and plate of considerable value to nearly every cathedral church and monastery in England. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral; but of the inscription on his tomb nothing remains save the words *Tribulatur, si misericordiam misericordias tuas*—"I should be sorely troubled, did I not know thy mercy."

THE EARLY LIFE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT.

THERE never was a greater contrast presented in the life of any woman than that which appears in the life of Catherine of Russia, the wife of the great Peter. In her youth we find innocence, virtue, courage and self-denial, fortitude in adversity, and equanimity in good fortune and elevation. But what shall we say of those later years in which great talents and a commanding will were sullied by excesses such as no female sovereign has ever been guilty of since the days of Messalina—cruelty which was never relieved by remorse, and a thousand shameful and violent deeds, which utterly unsexed and degraded the perpetrator?

She was born in a village near the little town of Dorpat, in Livonia. She was the only child of her parents, poor peasants, who had nothing to bequeath her but their virtues. She was still very young when her father died, leaving her widowed and decrepit mother entirely dependent upon her for support. Nobly did she fulfil her task. They lived in a small cottage with mud walls, and thatched with straw; and, while Catharine worked with her needle all day long, the old woman read some pious book, as well as her feeble sight would allow; and when night fell, too poor or too frugal to light a candle, they sat round their fire talking, and were content and happy.

Catherine excited great admiration in her neighbourhood. She was tall, her figure was symmetrical, her skin was white as driven snow, and her face was "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on." She walked to perfection;—the coquetry, and withal the grace and stateliness of her pace, were the envy of the village maidens, who all endeavoured to imitate her. But there were some things in which it was not easy to imitate her. She evidently set very little value upon bodily charms as compared with mental acquirements. Her mother had taught her to read; the old Lutheran minister of the parish had instructed her in the truths of religion; and to these advantages she added quick observation, sound judgment, and a strong but well-trained imagination. She got many offers of marriage from peasants in the neighbourhood, but declined them all, declaring she could not leave her mother. But the latter died when she was but sixteen, and she then gave up the cottage, and sought an asylum in the house of the minister, as governess of his children. So great was her vivacity, her amiability, and her prudence, that he came to love her as his own daughter, and employed masters to teach her music and dancing, and every other accomplishment that could add to her charms. These were the happiest days of Catherine's life. A pure and simple heart beat within her breast; she was budding into womanhood, and surrounded by every fascinating grace. The time passed along pleasantly, teaching the children their lessons, talking with the good pastor, reading, singing, dancing, gardening. Oh, what a pleasant vision to the maiden's fancy was the great future and the great world, which lay outside the walls of the parson's modest dwelling!

But "fine times," says the proverb, "do not last always." The minister died, his household was broken up, and Catherine more found herself cast alone upon the world. But not helpless. She was a brave girl, and was nothing daunted, though Livonia was at that time utterly desolated by the war which was raging between the Swedes and Russians with frightful fury. Lawless marauders and brutal soldiers crowded every highway, and spread terror and confusion through every dwelling. Food was every day becoming scarcer, and Catherine made up her mind to go to Marienburg, a large town, where she hoped to find plenty and employment. Marienburg, be it remembered, was some days' journey distant; the way lay through a dreary, desolate country, and the hostile forces were ravaging it in every direction. Fancy what a stout heart she must have had then, when she set out on her journey on foot, her wardrobe tied up in a bundle, a small sum of money in her pocket, and without knowing a soul in the town to which she was going. And yet this she did. One evening towards sunset, just as

she was about to seek lodging for the night in a neighbouring farmhouse, she found herself face to face with two soldiers, who seized her, and commenced, notwithstanding her cries and entreaties, using her very brutally. She was becoming exhausted, when a young officer appeared upon the scene, and immediately upon seeing him the soldiers took to their heels and made their escape. What was Catherine's surprise and delight to find in her deliverer the son of her old friend the Lutheran minister. Never was meeting more opportune. Not to mention the predicament in which he found her placed by the soldiers, her money was almost expended in paying the expenses of her journey, and she was looking forward to entering the town penniless. The officer, however, replenished her purse, procured her a horse, and gave her letters of introduction to some of his friends, amongst others to a M. Gluck, who held some official post in Marienburg. She accordingly presented herself at his house, received a cordial welcome, and on the following day was installed in his family as governess of his two daughters, who had lost their mother. Though she was still but seventeen, she discharged the duties of her new office to perfection; and was so graceful, intelligent and captivating, that she robbed poor Gluck of his heart, and he begged of her to take his hand as well. What was the surprise of the dignitary when she refused him!—aye, and refused him with the dignity of a queen,—refused him as she had refused the peasants of Dorpat, two years previously,—she, the orphan and outcast, who had so lately come to his door, way-worn and desolate!

Probably, our readers now think that Catherine already heard the whisperings of ambition, and that she had a secret presentiment of the great elevation that awaited her. Nothing of the kind. Let us do her justice; she refused to marry M. Gluck for a reason that all ladies will appreciate and approve—because she loved another, and that other, neither king nor emperor, but a poor subaltern officer, without fortune or influence, with but one arm, and hacked and shattered from head to foot with bayonet and ball, the son of her old benefactor, the same who had succoured and delivered her when desolate and sore afraid. Ah! Catherine was still a woman, brave, single, and true.

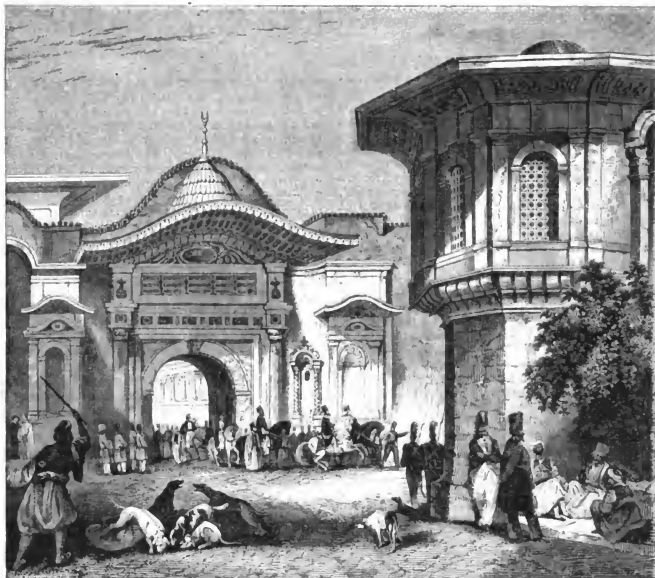
She immediately left M. Gluck's house, and when the officer returned to Marienburg, somehow or other they came to know that each loved the other, and they agreed to get married. Their nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of simple rejoicing, but on that very evening, the town was attacked by the Russians, and the bridegroom left the altar to rush to the battery.

He never returned. Whether killed or captured, Catherine never knew, but she never saw him more, and thus found herself a widow and a bride within twelve short hours. She watched that night in sorrow and anxiety, and the morrow came, and another and another, and the siege raged with undiminished fury, till at last the town was carried by assault, and the Russian hordes spared neither age nor sex. When the slaughter was over, Catherine was found hidden in an oven. In the division of the booty, she was allotted to a soldier as a slave. She had lost her property, her husband, and all her friends, and now at last had lost her liberty. But even this new misfortune did not subdue her. She was still cheerful, pious, and resigned, and her lofty and calm dignity awed the brutal men, who surrounded her, into gentleness and humanity. The fame of her beauty reached the ears of the Russian general, Prince Menschikoff. He saw her, purchased her, and placed her in his household under the care of his sister. Here she grew in beauty, both of feature and character, as she grew in years. She was a favourite with everybody. Shortly afterwards the Czar, Peter the Great, visited the prince at his house. Catherine was ordered to hand round some fruit, and her appearance astonished the emperor. He went away thoughtful, and returning on the morrow, asked to see her. He heard the simple story of her life with deep interest, was captivated by her charms and her heroism, and married her. The Livonian peasant girl was now on the throne of a great empire.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER II.

On the 28th of May, the Turks prepared for a final and general assault. Some attempts were made at negotiations, but they failed, and both sides allowed themselves but one alternative—victory or death! Mahomet found by astrology



RECEPTION OF AN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

1. Abyssinian. 2. Egyptian Fellah. 3. Ditto; woman of the lower classes. 4. Syrian. 5. Women of Constantinople. 6. Simplest of the Eastern head-dresses.

that the morning of the 29th was the propitious hour for the assault. On the evening of the 27th, the various bashaws

and commanders were summoned to his tent to receive his final instructions. The cowards were warned in oriental



KARVELLAS AND OTHER TURKISH VESSELS.



HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

7. Cap in use at Smyrna.

8. Almeb, or dancing girl at Cairo.

9. The Sultana.

10, 11, and 12. Are all Syrian.

13. Another form of the head-dress in use at Smyrna.

language that if they turned away from the foe, had they the wings of a bird, they could not escape his vengeance. To the first man who mounted the breach, he promised the government of the fairest and wealthiest provinces of his empire, and to load him with riches and honour. Dervishes traversed the camp, and held out to those who fell in the conflict visions of immortal bliss in the flowery gardens of Paradise, wrapt in the embraces of dark-eyed lovers of inconceivable beauty. And those who should survive were promised the plunders of the luxurious city, and their share of the captives. In the interval they were exhorted to abstain from food, and to fortify their courage by prayer and ablutions. The enthusiasm and fanaticism of the whole army was thus wrought up to the highest pitch, and loud shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" warned the unhappy Greeks that their hour was come.

The scene in Constantinople was widely different. On the evening of the 28th, Constantine summoned the noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies to his palace. What followed was touching and pathetic in the last degree. Constantine rose superior to his fate and situation, and seemed in this last awful hour to bid defiance to fortune. His words were worthy of the line of kings of which he was the last, and of the great empire whose overthrow he was about to witness. The purple, for the first time in eight hundred years, seemed to cover a Roman of the ancient mould. His speech was a farewell worthy of Cato or the Gracchi. He sought to infuse hope into the minds of his friends, when his own looks and the tones of his voice were those of a man in whose breast all hope, save the hope of immortality, was extinguished for ever. His followers saw his struggles, and threw aside the mask of calmness and inflexibility. They armed with the courage of despair, the only courage which needs no exhortation to arouse it. They wept, they embraced, they solemnly devoted their lives to the service of the empire; this was all they had; their families and fortunes were in the hands of God. They parted at midnight—each to his post on the ramparts, where he maintained a feverish and anxious watch till morning. Constantine with a few faithful followers entered the church of St. Sophia, and there with prayers and tears received the sacrament for the last time, and the last sacrament that was ever administered there. The body of the church, dimly lighted by a few lamps, was filled with a crowd of worshippers, women, children, and old men, prostrate in adoration, but it was the adoration of fear. The plaintive wail of the "Kyrie Eleison!" uttered by thousands of voices, was wafted across the straits, and was heard with trembling by the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus, and fell with a strange significance on the ear of the Turkish soldiery. The emperor reposed for a few moments in the palace, then took a last farewell of his family and household, who filled the air with their lamentations, and rode through the deserted streets to the walls. From the summit he could hear the noise made by the countless hosts below filling up the ditches and smoothing the way to the breach.

At daybreak the besiegers rushed to the assault; in the van, a dense mass of fanatical peasants and camp followers, without order or discipline, whose slaughter blunted the weapons and tired the arms of the Greeks. Every shot and thrust swept them down by dozens; but still on they came—on, on, on—in a vast swarm, till the ditch was choked with their dead, and the main body could march over them as over a bridge. After two hours' fighting, the Greeks had still the advantage, when the sultan in person led on the janizaries for one vigorous and simultaneous effort. The drums and trumpets struck up a martial air to drown the cries of fear or pain, the artillery thundered from the land-batteries and the fleet, and the vast force plunging madly forward, was soon lost in the cloud of smoke which hung like a curtain round the scene of carnage. To describe what followed would be impossible. The shouts of the combatants, and the clash of the weapons, and the roar of the guns, rent the air. The Greeks revived their ancient glory, and fought like giants against those awful odds, foot to foot and hand to hand. Constantine

cheered them by his voice, and incited them by his example. Thirty janizaries, headed by a huge monster named Hassan, gained the top of the ramparts. Eighteen of his followers were killed upon the spot, and he sank on one knee beneath a shower of stones and darts; a host of Turks followed close at his heels, and the city was lost. A few nobles formed a square round the emperor, and, with their faces to the enemy, died man by man. "Will no Christian cut off my head?" was the mournful exclamation of Constantine in his last anguish, as he was swept along in the mêlée, the aim of a thousand weapons. He fell by an unknown hand, and his body was afterwards found buried beneath a mountain of the slain.

The whole of the Turks now rushed into the streets, and, in the first heat of the pursuit, two thousand unresisting Greeks were slaughtered; but their attention was soon drawn off by the rich booty which they saw on every side. The Greek and Latin historians who have written of the occurrence tell fearful stories of the massacres which followed, and the Turks speak with equal confidence of their clemency and generosity; and it seems likely that the latter are nearer the truth. In large cities, the number of lives lost after the fighting is over is seldom great. The assailants become scattered, and their fury is abated by a thousand novelties which strike the eye in every street. But of the violence of the Ottomans there does not exist a doubt. Everything was done to outrage the feelings of the Greeks. The images of the saints, upon which they looked with so much reverence, were dragged through the streets with every circumstance of ignominy. The cross was trampled under foot; convents were broken open, and the nuns violated at the altar. Upon the first news of the assault, a crowd had filled the Church of St. Sophia. When the Turks entered the city, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were thronged to excess by ladies, children, husbands, and fathers, and the doors barred, in the foolish belief that, ere the infidels entered the holy place, an angel would descend from heaven and put them to flight as far as the frontiers of Persia. The doors speedily gave way before the axes of the Turks, who rushed in and began to select the captives from the mass before them. They were bound together without distinction of rank or sex, and driven rudely through the streets under the lash of their captors. The fairest of the women were reserved for the harem, the men were sold into slavery, and many a nun, of noble descent, was torn from the horns of the altar to adorn the seraglio of the sultan. The splendid libraries with which the city abounded were scattered or destroyed; the churches and convents were despoiled of their rich ornaments, accumulated by the piety and munificence of centuries. The sultan entered on horseback at two in the day, and rode straight to the Church of St. Sophia, marvelling as he passed along at the splendour and riches which surrounded him. He saw a soldier breaking the marble pavement of the church, and sternly ordered him to desist. "Be content," said he, "with the booty I have given up to you; the town and buildings belong to me." He then ordered the walls to be deprived of the pictures and mosaics with which they were adorned, and restored to their naked simplicity. The muzzin ascended the tower, called the faithful to prayer in the name of God and the prophet; the imam preached, and Mahomet himself offered thanksgiving on the altar, and the Christian church became a mosque.

Thence he proceeded to the palace of the Cæsars, and as he entered, struck by the air of desolation which marked that august abode, he repeated two lines from a Persian poet—

"The spider hath woven her web in the palace of the emperors,
And the owl hath sung her wail-song in the towers of Elysium."

The sultan now fixed his residence in Constantinople. The Greeks, upon being assured of protection for their lives and property, returned to their homes; their patriarch received his crozier from the successor of the prophet, and the establishment of the Turks in Europe became an accomplished fact.

We have already alluded to the amazing extent of the empire they established in Europe, and the strange element thus introduced into European society, as one of the most wonderful events in modern times. But it loses a great deal of the marvellousness which at first sight we might be disposed to attach to it, when we remember the mixture of extreme simplicity and temperance with fervid fanaticism which has at all times characterised them. They emerged from the condition of a simple pastoral tribe into one of comparative civilisation, without losing many of their old virtues or contracting many new vices. The Turk, when roused into action, acts vigorously, promptly, energetically, and allows no scruples to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his purpose. But to see him afterwards, one could hardly believe he was the same being. The deed done, he relapses into listless dreamy indolence, and seems content to let everything take its course. He is perpetually at one extreme or the other. He knows nothing of our calmness and steadiness of purpose, and our moderation. Most of the passions of savage life have accompanied him from the plains of Tartary and clung to him still. If a man offends him, he is seldom content with any reparation short of his life. If he covets a thing, he seizes on it straightway; if he falls in love, he does not pay court, and dangle, and sigh, and write poetry; he buys the woman he adores in hard cash, hurries her into a seraglio, and shuts her up close, as if he was jealous of the wind and the sun, and there sates his passion. Of anything like a union of souls between man and woman he has no idea, nor could it readily be explained to him. The Koran denies that women have souls, and he is the more inclined to believe it from the fact, that those that he sees have received no education, except a few idle accomplishments to delight the voluptuous eyes of their owners; their intellects are so dwarfed that there is apparently little in them, except the gift of speech, to distinguish them from the lower animals.

Nor has the Turk any idea of the whirl and bustle of public life, such as we see it in England or France—the thirst for distinction, the patient industry, the complicated intrigues, the eager watching of public opinion, the united agitation, and all the strife and turmoil by which the great business of life is carried on. He cannot see the use of all this. He loves ease above all things. To secure it he rouses himself occasionally into violent exertion, but then as soon as the occasion has passed away he relapses again. The leading feature in his character is undoubtedly his religious fanaticism, but unfortunately the religion he professes is not of such a nature as to turn this fanaticism to good account,—for Mahometanism does not contain the two great requisites which a religion must possess before it can influence men's lives. It does not inculcate self-restraint as a desirable means of attaining to a higher state of happiness, and as conducive to mental repose; nor does it act upon the fears or hopes of its worshippers by threatening to visit their bad acts with retribution, or reward their good deeds with happiness in the world to come. One or two verses in the Koran certainly represent revenge as an undesirable mode of gratification, but by no means in very strong language; and in other places true believers are commanded to content themselves with mere pecuniary compensation, or at all events to take care that the retaliation does not exceed the offence. But the futility of this injunction must be apparent when we remember that men never take vengeance except when under the influence of fierce passion, and to expect persons in this state to strike a proportion between the injury they have received and the retribution they are about to inflict, is the acme of absurdity. The virtues which Mahomet inculcates are precisely those which a barbarous people would be sure to practise, though he had never said a word about them. They are generous, humane, charitable, kind to the miserable and forlorn, but when their passions are roused, woe to him who stands in their way.

Faith and not works is the sum and substance of Mussulman orthodoxy. It is not necessary that one should do right, but that he should think right, in order to enter paradise. Any Moslem who dies in the belief that there is but one God,

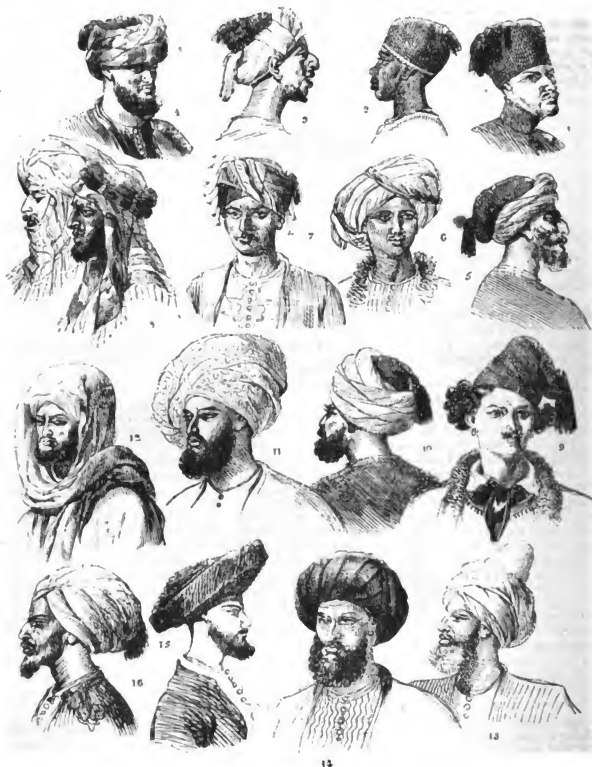
and that Mahomet is his prophet, by that alone secures his salvation. A man of loose and dissolute life, who disobeys the precepts of the Koran, is, indeed, understood to undergo a short period of severe discipline by way of expiation in purgatory, *mais cela ne fait rien*. No jolly Mussulman would renounce his pleasures for such a bagatelle, especially when it looms so dimly in the future. As is generally the case, however, the minute observances of the faith are strictly attended to; the five daily prayers with the face turned towards Mecca, the various ablutions of the person and garments, the fasting in Ramazan from sunrise till sunset, are observances which no believer omits to perform. These are, however trivial in themselves, sure evidences of a pharisaical spirit, and consequently are not entitled to the praise which sentimental travellers have expended upon them.

Whatever may be the value of Mahometanism in a moral point of view, however, as a military creed it is unexceptionable. Many, in fact nearly all its formulae, are better adapted for the regulation of a camp than the government of a civilised nation. Wine is forbidden; cleanliness is strictly inculcated; close and unshrinking fidelity to one another, and unswerving hatred to infidels are essential duties; and, lastly, he who falls in battle for the faith, no matter what his previous life, is forthwith wafted to paradise—an abode of sensual bliss, where the warrior passes the time in the society of immortal women of ravishing beauty, and finds himself constantly surrounded by all the delicacies that can please the palate, and is lulled by the flow of clear streams. The ten first followers of the prophet possess, in this immaculate region, seventy pavilions glittering with gold and silver and precious stones; in each of these seven hundred beds, and around each bed seven hundred hours! Every soldier goes into action with the encouraging prospect of a crown of victory or crown of martyrdom. Death in battle against the infidel, amongst the Ottomans supplies the place of patience, and faith, and hope, and charity, and long-suffering, and virtue, and knowledge, and truth. No mode of propagating a faith was ever more agreeable to its missionaries. All Mussulmans, under the Turkish law, were looked upon as soldiers, and formed a separate and superior class to the nations they conquered; and to this day none but Mussulmans can enter the Turkish army. When they first commenced their career of rapine, a third of the conquered lands was distributed amongst the soldiers; the privates often receiving large tracts of territory, which the original inhabitants cultivated as their serfs, rendering them a tenth part of the produce. The tenure by which they held these gifts, however, obliged them to follow the sultan to the field, whenever he called upon them; but did not oblige them to remain beyond one campaign, so that when the winter began to close in, they generally marched off home, and left him to fight his battles by himself as he best could. This of course rendered foreign war next to impossible, and a standing army became clearly a necessity. The corps of janizaries was accordingly embodied in the manner we have already described. Part of these, about 25,000, were kept in barracks at Constantinople; other divisions in some of the principal towns of the empire; but a vast number were scattered over different parts of the country, married and pursued various trades and occupations, and though in receipt of regular pay, never performed any part of a soldier's duties. In fact, the janizaries were rather a military caste than an army, for their sons were, *ipso facto*, janizaries also, though they never handled a musket. Those of them who lived in barracks and were under arms, were as insolent, turbulent, and rapacious as praetorian guards usually are. They plundered and maltreated the people, and kept the sultan in terror; and owing to their refusal to submit to any of the modern improvements in drill or discipline, they were almost useless against European armies in the field.

In 1826, the sultan Mahmoud occupied the throne—a ferocious Turk, but a man of great strength of character, and fully alive to the necessity of introducing reforms into the internal administration of his empire. One of his first steps was, the levying of a body of troops, amongst whom he intro-

duced the European drill with the happiest effects. The janizaries were enraged at this, and began to clamour for the heads of the principal officers of the state, a very common mode of showing their displeasure. Mahmoud raised the standard of the prophet, and called upon all true Mussulmans to rally round him; and, attacking the janizaries upon all sides, massacred every one of them, as Mehmet Ali the Marmelukes, or Peter the Great the Strelitz. This step was

change in an artistic point of view may be estimated by reference to our engraving, exhibiting the various forms of head-dress used in different parts of the empire. The tendency to adopt European customs has been equally great in every other department; and what effect these changes will have upon the general condition of the empire still remains to be seen; for there can be no doubt that Turkey has not yet passed through the transition state, and it would therefore be



TURKISH HEAD-DRESSES.

1. Constantinople Fcz. 2. Egyptian Tarbouch. 3. Fellah's Turban. 4. Turban of the poor in Egypt. 5. Turban and Cap of Bethlehem wool. 6. Egyptian Caffieh, worn as a turban. 7. Arab Caffieh, held by a band. 8. Caffieh, with a cord of camel's hair; Caffieh with a turban. 9. Greek Fcz. 10. Round Turban with a twisted pad, common in Africa. 11. Loose Syrian Turban of a Scheikh of Lebanon. 12. Drapery for protection against cold or rain. 13. Head-dress of peasants in Lebanon. 14. Turban of a patriarch, or bishop of the Copts. 15. Coptic priest. 16. Asiatic Turban, common at Smyrna, very heavy behind.

followed by various other reforms, even of the costume—the flowing drapery and magnificent turbans of the nation being displaced by the angular frock coats and tights of the Franks. and the red and ungraceful fez-caps. The importance of this

premature to pronounce upon the merits of the reform. Our engraving (p. 332) represents the reception of an ambassador at the divan.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

THIS eloquent and successful advocate of Temperance was born in England on the 22nd of August, 1817, at Sandgate, Kent. His father had served in one of the regiments of British soldiers engaged in the Peninsular war, and had retired on a pension, having been wounded in the neck. His mother occupied the position of a village schoolmistress. From her John received his first lessons, but was sent at a very early age to a school at Folkstone, where, though so young, he soon became a teacher. When only about eight years of age, he manifested a keen taste for the beauties of nature, and an ardent love of history and poetry, especially of the romantic kind. He was a good reader. He was fond of

sorrows. Having a good voice, being able to sing pretty well, having the faculty of imitation strongly developed, and being well stocked with amusing stories, he got introduced to the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom his talents made him welcome. Here he acquired a fatal appetite for strong drink, which he unhappily indulged to excess. A career of recklessness and dissipation succeeded; and in 1837 he was, to use his own language, "thrown like a football on the world's great highway, at the mercy of every passing foot." For a short period poverty brought him to his senses, and induced him to abstain from the intoxicating cup; but he soon formed an acquaintance with companions



PORTRAIT OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

speaking also, and having a talent for mimicry, he would dress up a number of dolls, and personating some clergyman, he would pour forth his mimic oratory much to his own amusement, if not to the edification of his dumb auditors.

When about twelve years of age, John's father made an agreement with a family in the village, who were about emigrating to America, to take him with them, and gave them a small sum on condition that they should teach the boy a trade, and provide for him till he was twenty-one. In June, 1829, he left his native village. On the 3rd of August he arrived at New York. He spent two years at a farm in Oneida county, during which period he received no advantage either from going to school or from learning a trade. In 1831 he returned to New York city, where he was engaged as an errand boy and to learn the book-binding trade.

About this time the foundation was laid of many future

who destroyed his resolutions of amendment, and before long he was again on the broad road of dissipation, neglecting his business, impoverishing his resources, destroying his reputation, and injuring his health. The narrative of this portion of his life—including amongst other harrowing details the death of his wife and child—may be passed hastily over; his career became one of almost unmitigated woe.

Societies for the promotion of Temperance had for several years existed in various parts of the United States, and had operated with considerable success. The members of these societies exerted themselves with exemplary industry, and left no means untried to place the sober on their guard against the insidious influences of strong drink, and to rescue from the grasp of intemperance those who had unhappily become its victims. On a certain day—in the year 1842, if we mistake not—Gough was tapped on the shoulder by one of these

zealous advocates. With a benevolent look, and in a kind and courteous tone, the stranger asked John how he should like to become, as he once was, respectable and respected, well clad, esteemed by friends, useful, and happy? John sighed, and expressed his belief that such a change was impossible. The course the stranger proposed was that of immediately abandoning the use of all intoxicating drinks, and signing a pledge expressive of his determination to do so. This was urged with so much earnestness and affection that Gough determined to comply with the friend's request. Accordingly, he attended a Temperance meeting the next evening, and after briefly relating his once happy and now miserable condition, he signed the temperance pledge, with a palsied hand and in characters singularly crooked! He was long before he recovered his strength and spirits; but he persevered. Friends rallied round him. His talent for public speaking being known, and his former career having been notorious, curiosity as to his addresses was excited. He soon became popular, and his time was almost wholly occupied in lecturing on the Temperance question. The sphere of his operations was soon extended, and his popularity increased with great rapidity.

In November, 1843, Mr. Gough married his present wife; and from that period he has devoted his time and talents entirely to the public advocacy of Temperance; addressing audiences consisting of many thousands, and everywhere obtaining friends, making converts, and receiving testimonials of approbation and good will.

The fame of Mr. Gough's eloquent and successful advocacy of Temperance having reached England, desires had frequently been expressed for a visit from him. Invitations had more than once been sent to him, but they were respectfully declined. At length, however, a Metropolitan Society—"THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE"—sent an invitation to him in terms so urgent that he found it impossible to refuse compliance. After consulting valued friends, he determined on a visit to his native country, and on the first of August, 1853, he and his wife arrived safely in the metropolis. He has delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall, and other places in London, as also in various parts of England and Scotland. The expectations raised by the reports which had reached England have, in every case, been more than realised; and so great is the anxiety manifested by the largest Temperance Societies in Great Britain to obtain his services, that it is probable he will prolong his stay till the autumn of 1854.

The highest testimonials to his character have been borne by ministers and gentlemen of the first respectability in America. In England, as in America, he has "swayed multitudes by his oratory; made strong men weep like children, and women to sob as if their hearts would break." An English journalist, whose judgment in these matters is considered sound,* says: "Mr. Gough is a well adjusted mixture of the poet, orator, and dramatist—in fact, an English Gavazzi."—"If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos. This is the main difference; and here the difference is in favour of Gough. Gough excels Gavazzi in pathos, far more than Gavazzi excels Gough in power."—"His air makes promise of nothing; and hence all that is given is so much above the contract. It is impossible to conceive of anything more entirely free from empiricism. From first to last, it is nature acting in one of her favourite sons. Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. While the vocable pronunciation, with scarcely an exception, is perfect, the elocutionary element is every way worthy of it. He is wholly free, on the one hand, from heavy monotony, and, on the other, from ranting declamation, properly so called. There is no mouthing—no stilted shouting. His whole speaking is eminently true; there is nothing false either in tone or inflexion; and the same remark applies to emphasis. All is truth; the result is undeviating pleasure, and irresistible impression. His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking; but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius, while he oftentimes snatches a grace beyond its reach."—"Gough is a pattern to Temperance advocates."

* Rev. John Campbell, D.D.

THE SEVERED RING.

PART II.

At last Emilie married, and Eugénie was left alone with the count and countess. They intended to have kept her in the house as a daughter, for whom they would have done anything, and whom they would ultimately provide for. But they had a son, the Viscount de Salençay, a young man of warm and impetuous character, of eccentric ideas, and of singular beauty, if man ever can pretend to beauty, which a well-known author of the male sex tells us is impossible. Sigismund de Salençay was now oftener at home than usual; he paid great attention to Eugénie, and at last never left her side. One evening when he happened—that was now a thing of rare occurrence—to be out, the young girl suddenly addressed her protectors.

"My dear friends, I must leave you, I must go far away from you," she exclaimed.

"What mean you, my child?" replied the countess, much surprised.

"My dear and kind friends," said Eugénie, "what I am about to say may seem to proceed from vanity, but that I hold in my hand the justification of my conduct. Your son loves me, he says, and last night offered me his hand, declaring that he was certain of your consent."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the mother.

"Go on," exclaimed the father, gravely.

"I refused to hear; not, madame, that I could long remain indifferent to his good and noble qualities, if I continued to see him; but because I knew my duty. To think of marrying your son would be in me a gross violation of the laws of hospitality. You have received and cherished the orphan, the orphan owes you duty and respect, and as I said to Monsieur le Viscount last night, obtain your parents' consent and I must refuse you still, for they would yield, not because they could by any possibility see any propriety in our union, but to please an only son. I cannot deserve hate where I have found love."

"Noble girl," said the countess, much affected; "I wish for your sake that the prejudices of the world were less strong; but were we to let our son marry you, who hold to the world the position of our music-mistress, we should be persecuted by the whole aristocracy."

"It could not be thought of," exclaimed the count, a little severely; "but what madness has seized the viscount, to make our parting thus necessary."

"But part we will not," said the countess; "we intend joining Emilie in Italy, and Sigismund goes with us. You must remain in Paris in the meantime. The count will double your *traitement*; I only regret we are not richer, to be more useful to you."

The count cordially acquiesced in this, and even spoke of having her back again, on their return from Italy, when Sigismund, in all probability, would have forgotten his wild passion. Next day, Eugénie left with tears in her eyes, taking with her only such things as she required immediately, and for some time she had no communication with her friends. She received her fifty pounds a year through a notary, in monthly payments, and determined to eradicate the tendency to love Sigismund which had risen in her heart.

Meanwhile, Sigismund had spoken as follows to his father and mother, on discovering that Eugénie had left.

"My dear father and mother, I know why that dear girl has left our house; you have discovered my affection for her. But your having sent her away is useless. I shall not seek to find her; I shall take no steps of any kind; I shall wait until you recall her yourselves. I will never marry any other woman. I have made up my mind to this; it is a fixed and unchangeable resolution."

The count and countess listened to him with a smile; they did not believe in the force of his sentiment sufficiently to look with alarm to the future. They took him to Italy, they visited their daughter, and they returned to Paris without an allusion of theirs relative to Eugénie. Emilie and her husband accompanied them. During the absence of Sigismund, who

was now absent and gloomy, it was determined to ask Eugenie to the first dinner and ball they gave.

She came, and was received as well as ever. The young viscount was extremely polite and attentive, and no more, upon this as upon all other occasions. But when his father or mother spoke to him of marriage, he shook his head, reminded them of his solemn decision, and went away bowing politely.

Dire was the despair of the parents, who had hoped to see him brilliantly married, and they invited Eugenie more and more, in the hope that some of the young artists or authors, whom they received on their grand nights, might win her heart, and thus remove the stumbling-block.

One day they decided on giving a grand dinner party, and Eugenie was among the guests. The party was large; there were three nobles and their wives, three charming young ladies, two leading writers, Emilie and her husband, and a yellow-skinned nabob. Eugenie sat opposite to Sigismund, and next to the nabob. He was a man of about five-and-forty, and the countess noticed with pleasure that he took much notice of the young girl. He spoke to her with animation and pleasure, and though dark and bilious-looking, with an expression of settled sorrow, was singularly pleasant. Eugenie listened to him, in fact, with so much attention, that Sigismund seemed uncomfortable, and addressed him a question.

"Here is a gentleman attacking marriage," said the young man; "now, in France, this is a stale joke, but what say you, Indian Rajah Jebuzzie?"

"What is my opinion of marriage?" cried the other, speaking with such animation as to draw all eyes on him; "I think it a heaven or a hell. If we are united to one we love, whom we know to be suited to us, however lowly they may be, it is heaven; for then we have a sweet companion, agreeable discourse, thoughts in common, joys, pleasures, sorrow to share, and it is a happiness such as the earth cannot rival. But to be chained to one we hate, to one who is indifferent,—to feel compelled at set hours to show affection, or be accounted sullen,—to be tied to one who has no feeling in common, or sympathy with us, is hell."

"I thank you, monsieur," said Sigismund, with flashing eyes.

"You speak feelingly," said the count, a little annoyed.

"I speak from experience. I have tried both. With your permission, in a few words, I will explain, if you like, why I speak so strongly."

"We shall be much flattered," replied the count.

"Gentlemen and ladies,—I am a Frenchman. At the age of twenty I married a woman I adored; and I was happy, ah! as man never was before. I had a darling wife, a dear child, and a possession which supported me in comfort. But, with the restless ambition of man, I was not content. I wished to win a fortune of colossal proportion for my family; and I left all my joy behind me to go search for gold in the service of one of the native independent princes of India.—What is the matter, young lady; you seem unwell?"

"No," said Eugenie, trembling, while the count and countess watched her curiously; "I am deeply interested."

"I left my beloved, my wife, my child of six months old in the cradle, and I went to India. The sovereign I had to serve was a princess. I was then considered very handsome, for my misery. The princess, who was nearly twice my age, fell in love with me, because of my white European face; and instead of giving me the place of an engineer, raised me to that of prime minister, and—married me. I had no choice: it was marriage or the scimitar. I was subjected to the most abject slavery. I had spies around me everywhere; and so efficient was the watch set upon me, that I never could send even a letter home. Imagine my misery! Separated from all I adored, I was a slave to the caprices of an ugly black-looking old woman, ill-tempered, tyrannical, and hateful. My detestation of her increased every day, while she, up to the age of sixty, when she died, preserved her affection. I must say, that she loaded me with honours and enormous, almost

fabulous, wealth. I have returned to France at four-and-forty, richer than most wealthy bankers. But where are those for whom I went away; where is my wife—my child?"

"Here is your child," cried Eugenie, sobbing aloud. "You are Antoine Rouget—you have half the severed ring!"

"My God!" exclaimed the rajah; "now I understand the mysterious sympathy which I felt for you. Yes, I have the half of the ring, it has never left me."

"Pardon me, my dear friends," cried Eugenie, addressing the count and countess; "I ought to have waited until later, and not have disturbed your dinner-table; but I was too full of emotion."

"I am truly proud," replied the count, who had exchanged a glance with his wife—there is hope for our boy now," it meant—"to have witnessed this almost incredible scene. Monsieur Rouget, you may well be proud of your daughter. For five years that we have seen her every day, we have seen in her nothing but cause to love and esteem her."

"I thank you, monsieur the count," said M. Rouget, looking at his child with intense love. "But pardon me if I precede you in the *salon* with Eugenie."

"Go, monsieur, we understand your impatience," replied M. de Salency.

M. Rouget rose with his daughter and left the dinner party. His first question was of his wife. The tone of his voice plainly said he expected the truth. He could not, however, restrain his tears, and he embraced his child to hide them. Then he made Eugenie tell him all that had passed during his absence, concealing nothing, not even the proposition of Sigismund. Her father looked at her curiously.

"M. de Salency is a friend of our families—speak then frankly. Have you any affection for this young man? Hide nothing; you can aspire to the hand of a prince."

Eugenie hid her face on her father's neck.

"Speak, child. Had you been differently situated, would you have accepted the addresses of this young man?"

"I would, father. But it is impossible now."

"No my child, it shall be so. This young man offered you his hand and fortune when you were poor and obscure. He shall have you now that you are rich. It must be so; I will hear nothing against it. Remember what I said at dinner, and do so all your life."

"Oh my kind father, how shall I thank you!"

The father and child talked together until the party came in from dinner; then they joined in the general conversation. The ex-rajah was obliged to tell his whole adventures in India, and the company separated at a late hour.

Great was the astonishment of Chaillot when a month later a magnificent wedding took place in Chaillot church. The old *conciergerie* and his wife, the barber, and all those who had known Eugenie during her residence in the suburb, collected together to look on. Monsieur and Madame Dubonas had the pleasure of a pressure from her hand, on withdrawing which the good woman, who had been very kind to her, found a thousand francs' note in it. M. Herbert sighed deeply; he was quite sure that Eugenie was a girl to be proud of, and when on solicitation he obtained the custom of the family as *coiffeur*, he everywhere boasted of the honour.

M. Rouget took a splendid house for his daughter, and was in raptures when the young viscount asked him as a favour to live with them. He remained ever a grave man, and fixed all his affection on Eugenie, and later on her children. He discovered that the count and countess had yielded, before his return, to the wishes of Sigismund, and promised, if he could not cure himself of his passion, to consent to his unequal marriage. This delighted M. Rouget, and he and the count became constant companions. They played whist every evening, and every day were more inseparable. Eugenie and Sigismund were very happy; they were suited to each other, and are now a model couple. They now live in the Champ Elysées, and often talk with pleasure of the fun enjoyed by Eugenie during her three months in Chaillot; while neither ever forgot the severed ring, without which, perhaps, their happiness would have been incomplete.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART II.

MORE than a twelvemonth has elapsed since the death of Mrs. Mordant, and Leonard is living once more in England. This second shock had passed over him, leaving but slight, yet significant, external sign. The fervour of creation which had fired him among the Alps had never returned; a strange apathy devoured him. Sketches, it is true, were struck off, then days were spent in dreaming; and great works were thrown aside with disgust, after a few weeks' labour. Leonard had received various commissions, among them one from Lord de Calis, the uncle of Honoria; but the very necessity of fulfilling an engagement, in the morbid state of Leonard's mind, deprived him of the power to work. This strange apathy extended not alone towards his own pictures, but towards the works of others. He rarely now felt joy at the sight of picture, statue, or print—everywhere he seemed alone to recognise failure, or weariness of spirit, or conceit, or affectation. His sole impulse was towards nature—his innate, enthusiastic adoration of her became his consoler and joy-giver. Days, weeks, and months, were spent in this worship; and he commenced various studies, elaborated with a patience and love unutterable of her prodigal beauty, even in her humblest walks. He painted masses of lush vegetation down by brook-sides; golden calthas; and, later in the year, the quaint arrow-head, with its broad leaves, mingling with the rose-tinted and graceful butomas; the snowy meadow-sweet waving above an undergrowth of azure forget-me-not, and crimson loose-strife, and majestic typha, and gleaming Aaron's-rod; tangles in woods and hedge-rows, and bits of moor-land, he painted with waving cotton-rush, pale grass-of-Parnassus, and dusky crimson sun-dew; and dry heathery banks, gleaming with their myriad of flowers. But exquisite as were these faithful, loving transcripts, to himself they gave no joy. Rarely even were the studies completed; for his keen perception of nature's perfection sickened him with the imperfection of all human copies. For hours would he lie in the grass, glorying in the marvellous beauty around him, and wandering away by subtle degrees into obscure and mystical regions of thought, which were unfolding their portals to him.

Lucretia marked with the most lively anxiety this alarming apathy; but to her hand seemed to be denied the key with which to unlock his heart. Nay, the very anxiety she expressed seemed but to estrange him from her. We need not say how deep a pain this was to Lucretia; but like all pain, she bore it silently in her heart.

To her infinite surprise, she learnt through John Wetherley, who had become a more frequent visitor at the Gaywoods than Leonard, that their old friend was engaged to be married to Agnes Singleton the authoress! Lucretia believed now that the mystery was solved; and painful in the extreme as Leonard's silence was to her, and as his withdrawal from their old intimacy had been—she with her whole soul now rejoiced in what she believed must work in his life a change for happiness! Yet, she had read Agnes Singleton's books—and clever, brilliant, profound in thought as they were, there was yet a certain character of hardness—an absence of *love*—which excited an astonishment in Lucretia's mind as to the fascination which Leonard could have found in the writer, and as to the sympathy which possibly could exist between her and Leonard. Lucretia knew, both from Leonard himself, and from John, that Honoria Pierpoint having become the purchaser of the "Balder," had, shortly after Leonard's return, called at his studio, and with a cordiality irresistible, invited him down to her little villa at Box Hill, where Leonard had become a frequent visitor, the whole tone of Honoria's circle, the nobility, and beauty of the atmosphere around her, falling like balm upon his morbid soul. All this Lucretia knew, and wove her own romance upon these slight premises. But

the reader must be made acquainted with a little more detail.

Lucretia was right in her judgment as to Agnes Singleton's works. A hardness, an intense pride, and a scorn of much that the world considers sacred, were harsh features in the writings of Agnes—and were harsh features in her nature also. Intellect, and not love, had been her divinity. Battling towards a free intellectual atmosphere through the ranks of prejudice belonging to a peculiarly narrow sect of religionists, she had encased herself in an armour of scorn and pride; she had gained immense power of will, self-confidence, and independence in the struggle; but had left behind her her kindred, and the gentle grace which peculiarly belongs to womanhood, and which may render strength the more glorious when united to it. She professed herself to despise all such graces, but within her soul lay the germs of love and of gentleness, spite of the rude, hard encrustation of pride and scorn.

The picture of "Balder" had spoken to her intellect and to her imagination; and expressing her earnest admiration to Leonard upon their first meeting at Honoria's, she had unconsciously waxed more than ordinarily eloquent, and discovering in her listener an unusual intellectual sympathy, the whole powers of her mind had been drawn forth by the magic of sympathy, and Leonard had from the first hour of their intercourse become dazzled and fascinated by a being totally unlike any thing he had previously encountered or imagined.

He had become fascinated, dazzled, filled with a deep interest, was bound by some potent spell; but was it the spell of love? He breathed freer in the presence of Agnes than now in the presence of Lucretia, and cast aside the dark memories of the past—and questioned not of the future—but had Agnes touched the core of his soul, which, overflowing with love for all things, even the humblest, should for a bride have flamed up with a fire, even as a fire of sacrifice?

In Agnes the germ of love, within the core of her being, had, as if struck by an enchanter's wand, sprung forth into sudden vigor, and waxed daily stronger and fiercer, surrounding her even as with a halo of gracefulness and tenderness, at least in the eyes of Leonard; whilst, at the same time, her own strong and vigorous life developed itself yet more strikingly through this new impulse. Agnes never once attempted to conceal from herself the affection with which Leonard inspired her.

"It matters little to me whether it be returned," said Agnes once to Honoria; "the fact of a new and powerful influence swaying my spirit as a mighty wind rushing over the earth ways and changes the atmospheric currents, is the great thing. It will have a marvellous influence upon my work, Honoria; all strong passions, all experience—aye, bitterness, martyrdom, are necessary baptisms for the life of the teacher." And Agnes, for the sake of her work and her career, would willingly have gone to the stake. Her affection for Leonard—his even for her, should that ever exist—was but a secondary object, the one which was of importance as serving the primal object.

Honoria, with all her peculiarly bold opinions—with all her regard for Leonard, and her love for Agnes—was alarmed by the feelings of this singular girl, and often pondered into what course fate would bend these strong wills. And thus months had passed on, and, to the surprise of themselves no less than to the surprise of Honoria and Lucretia, Agnes and Leonard had plighted their troth! In Agnes her engagement had only increased the dominant impulse of her soul—pursuit of success in the career which she had set before herself; in Leonard—his apathy.

John, also, has undergone various revolutions of soul since he and Leonard have met. For years—as we have seen at Lambelli's, then at the academy, and even within the walls of the Exhibition itself—had the genius of Leonard ever been arousing him to action, speaking to him of an excellence yet unattained. At each contact with Leonard's spiritual influence, John had endured peculiar sensations, the most generous acknowledgment of Leonard's superiority, the highest delight in his excellence; yet, as regarded himself, mingled with dogged determination to attain an equal excellence, if not a

have been the very first to have yielded the palm to Leonard, and well knew that *his* picture stood far below anything that Leonard would ever paint. He respected Honoria's judgment which did *not* praise the "Paul and Virginia," yet *one* word of praise from her would have been nectar and ambrosia. If such had been the influence of Leonard through his works upon John, how much more intense were the feelings which Leonard in person produced. Leonard's excessive refinement of taste, which rarely permitted praise to escape his lips—his coldness towards John's artistic powers—his criticism so



LEONARD AND HONORIA IN THE STUDIO OF JOHN WETHERLEY.

superior one—the bitterest disgust, self-contempt, and hatred, of what he already had done. In the Exhibition, when he saw his picture, his beloved "Paul and Virginia," he could have torn it down from the wall; he could have trampled it indignantly beneath his feet, as he had done the comforter of his poor old grandmother; a thousand feelings flashed before him, and filled his soul with sickness. Honoria's enthusiastic admiration of the "Balder" he echoed with the most thorough truthfulness; yet each word of praise cut him to the soul, filled him with an agony of jealousy: yet he himself would

marvellously just, yet so cutting—his breadth and cultivation of mind, and marvellous play of fancy—the perfect ease with which he executed things that were in John's eyes exquisitely beautiful, yet which he himself criticised as keenly as he did the works of others, or flung aside with contempt—and, above all, the respect and admiration with which Honoria regarded him, the evident delight she took in his society, and with which she preached him up to John, aroused storms of the most contending emotions within John's breast. Many a time, leaving Leonard's presence, he has rushed home, pulled

forth his pictures or his sketches, gazed at them grinding his teeth, then fling them indignantly from him. Has been known even utterly to destroy a picture or sketch, and, rushing up and down his room in a state of extraordinary excitement, has denounced himself as a blockhead, an idiot, a fool, and terminated his invectives with exclaiming, "Yes, that Hale is right; he is a genius, a great, a noble and grand genius; the breath of the divine artist has breathed upon him! I—I?—I'm only a lad taken out of a turnip-field; let me never forget that. And what means have I possessed for the expansion of my mind? Miss Pierrpoint? Of course Hale and she can have grounds of sympathy which she cannot have with me. I'm but the lad out of the turnip-field, and am indebted to her for all the little I have learnt; but oh, for one, no not *word*, but expression of admiration, of pride—no—in my work, from her by look or emotion in her beautiful face. Well, Hale is greater than I ever shall be, but that's God's work, and not Miss Pierrpoint's; and if he skins me alive with speaking the truth, I ought to thank him for it, were I only *morally* great. Aye, flay me alive, Hale! I'll profit by every wound you inflict upon me; there is the mighty, the increasing love of nature and of my art within me, and they may achieve for me excellence, though it be a different excellence to that of my tormentor!"

And John's picture's in the next exhibition truly proved, to himself, as well as to others, that he had profited by this "flaying."

Honoräa even acknowledged the superiority of these pictures to the "Paul and Virginia;" but the vanity of John suffered, as usual, from Honoräa's words. John's soul expanded immeasurably beneath the influence of Leonard, and with this expansion awoke a perception of Honoräa's greatness of character and beauty of soul, which swallowed up every lesser emotion. What had been John's love for L'Allegro—a mere romantic dream? He now stood upon the brink of a mighty passion—the more potent, because reason, duty, honour, all admonished him of danger.

Such was the position of affairs when we find assembled at Honoräa's Italian villa at Box Hill, upon a lovely autumnal evening, Leonard, John, Agnes, and Honoräa, together with Mr. Pierrpoint and Honoräa's companion, the elderly lady dressed in black, with the silver hair and quiet smile.

The four had been spending a day, worthy to have been celebrated in the "Decameron." Leonard and John had been painting in the woods, Honoräa and Agnes either sitting with them reading aloud poetry, or conversing; or they had wandered away by themselves through the woods, returning to find Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady arrived, together with an abundant repast, spread out by Honoräa's servants beneath the trees—and decorated by the hands of the young painters with garlands of richly tinted leaves. Returning home as evening approached, with sketches and sheaves of leaves and flowers as glorious trophies, Honoräa had coffee served up in her little library, the French windows of which opened upon a low terrace, and commanded a magnificent expanse of woodland scenery—now bathed in the warm rays of an autumnal sunset.

The gayest tone pervaded the little circle. John alone was silent. He never yet had been able entirely to overcome the chill which Mr. Pierrpoint's manner struck to his heart; besides which, his love for Honoräa throughout this poetical day had waxed even deeper and stronger, and to speak in her presence made his words come thick and incoherent.

"That turn of expression again reminds me marvellously of my old friend, Mordant, the poet. Poor Mordant!" suddenly remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, turning towards his daughter as Leonard ceased speaking with an animation somewhat unusual with him. "At various times have I been struck with a resemblance between Mr. Hale and that gifted, that unfortunate man. Had Mr. Hale, now, been Mordant's son, the world would have exclaimed, what an extraordinary family resemblance! For my own part," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, "being a believer in the transmission of the same type through many generations, I dare say, could we but obtain

the clue, consanguinity might be discovered to account for this resemblance—which is not alone mental, but physical. Yes, the more I recall Mordant's features, the more does the resemblance haunt me. What a termination was his to the most promisingly brilliant of careers!" continued Honoräa's father, musingly. Then turning towards poor Leonard, who, with his coffee-cup in his trembling hand, had turned towards the open window, and appeared absorbed in contemplation of the glorious landscape, "I believe you once expressed yourself as acquainted with the writings of the man to whom I refer. Brilliant, caustic, at times rising into sublimity, some of the finest and most eloquent writing in our language, in my opinion, has flowed from his pen; yet he has left behind him merely fragments: still they are gems of the purest water and deserve a setting of the finest gold. It was a favourite idea of mine, years ago, to collect and edit an edition of poor Mordant's works, prefacing it with my own recollections of the man; for circumstances and congeniality of taste had, at one time, brought us much in contact. But more pressing business always interfered. Besides which, one spur was soon lost—the benefit which such an edition might have been to his family; for his poor widow soon became an incurable maniac, and his son, I understood, died. The child was a child of great promise, I remember, but sadly neglected; and you, Honoräa, must still recollect having once seen Mrs. Mordant—that poor mad woman—at the Hellings! Yes, she, indeed, had endured enough misery to destroy any reason. Now, Mr. Hale, if ever you should feel inclined, you and Mr. Wetherley there, to undertake the illustration of Mordant's poems, I should feel greatly inclined to carry out my scheme. It would be a labour of love which you, Mr. Hale, can comprehend." Mr. Pierrpoint pausing, as if for a sign of assent from Leonard, and a silence having crept over the little company, he, by an almost superhuman effort, found his lips replying. "It is singular, but I have already made various sketches, illustrating, or suggested by, these poems. I shall be happy to place them at your disposal, sir." Leonard's voice startled himself, there was such a hoarse sepulchral echo in its tones.

"That man possessed the most extraordinary power of fascination I ever encountered," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, unobservant of anything peculiar in Leonard's voice. "The actions he was guilty of, had they been performed by another, would have disgusted and alienated his friends a dozen times over, and have been pronounced downright dishonest; but even over his creditors his magic extended itself for years. It was only the old story over again; and I, for one, was always willing to help on the good within him, as it was a rarer good, after all, than the generality of good in honest men. I willingly closed my eyes to the evil, endeavouring to close also the eyes of others, for such a genius does not come among us every day."

"Father," said Honoräa, suddenly rising, as if propelled by an unseen influence, and with her whole countenance flushed with emotion, "pardon me, but from your lips never should I have expected to hear such words. The evil in a rarely-gifted being, such as men unite in pronouncing this Mordant to have been, called upon all true friends of his—all true worshippers of genius—all high-minded and high-souled men—to have opened their eyes especially to this evil, to have probed it to the core, to have removed temptation if you will from the sorely tempted, but *never* to have sanctioned two codes of morality, one for the gifted and one for the ungifted. From him to whom much is given much will be required; and neither can the personal happiness of the genius himself be secured by deviation from the law of rectitude handed down to us by the Divine, nor yet can the stigma be removed from him in the eyes of the world. We, father, to whom is granted the appreciation of the rare gift of genius—who cherish it as breath from God Himself; who regard the poet, the painter, as a high-priest in the temple of nature—must require from the priest purity of an especially high order. What unction in his words—in his teachings—if the seal of conviction stamp not his life! The Cabalah says that a lower and far more

revolting degree of uncleanness attaches to the moral or physical impurity of a priest, of a holy man, or of a vessel devoted to a sacred use, than to the impurity of a man or vessel of lower sanctity. Especially is this true with regard to the world's estimate of the high vocation of its teachers. Far be hardness of heart and uncharitableness from us; but let a higher code of purity inscribe itself upon the tablet of our souls—let us not aid in the erection of white sepulchres, without all beauty, within desolation and rottenness; for the desolation within must come forth, and with its pestilential breath cast horror and contempt upon the beauty! John, Mr. Hale, Agnes—you who are going forth as priests to serve in this temple, to offer up before the Divine, and to raise the Holy of Holies before the gaze of his people—preserve white and spotless your garments, because your *souls* are undefiled!

A strong emotion passed through her listeners, and Honoria, with glowing cheeks, her eyes brilliant with tears, and with the swan-like movement of her round white neck, stepped forth upon the terrace. "Let us breathe a cooler air," said she; "and John, I want to speak with you about something before you leave us this evening."

Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady, however, remained seated in the library, and exchanging a look of admiration of Honoria as she stepped forth, followed by her friends.

Honoria and John walked on silently side by side till they entered a pleached walk of roses, which stretched across one side of the lawn. Leonard and Agnes had betaken themselves to the banks of a little stream, which flowed through the garden, and across whose glossy darkling mirror a pair of swans approached.

"John," said Honoria, after they in silence had paced side by side the mossy turf of this shady bowery walk, "I am a keen reader of the human soul, and yours I have long read as a book; and for sometime upon its pages, especially throughout this day, I have read there of a great and mighty emotion, which, unless it bend itself into its *true* path, can only render your life a wreck and a mistake. Did a similar emotion live within my soul, John, I should scorn to permit mere worldly considerations to deter my acknowledgment of its existence. True, earnest, and unselfish love, I place among the very rarest and the most sacred gifts of God. This, you know me sufficiently well, instantly to believe. Because I have faith in your candour, your strength and uprightness, do I say all this. I should not say it to an ordinary man, for I have but a very mean opinion of man's moral nature in general. A true, firm, and devoted friendship do I feel for you; and your success in the world, your living out the artist's life, such as I believe this life may be lived out, is one of the most earnest desires of my heart. Do not let us be disappointed in this desire! But to achieve such a life, my friend, no worm of hopeless misery must gnaw at the roots of your life—strength, soul and body, must be yours! Sorrow, and the baptism of fire coming to steadfast souls, bring alone strength and a morrow of joy. I must have you put the curb of reason and truth upon your imagination—she must not, as a demon, drag you down into hell, and then, as an angel, lead you up into heaven; or if she do this, she must alone mirror my image to you in the heaven, as your stern judge and guide! 'Paint each countenance as though it were the countenance of your Beloved.' I once heard a great master say to his scholars—'let each fold of drapery, each flower, each leaf, each gem, be as if it belonged to your Beloved.' So say I to you, John, your passion must wreak itself upon your art; if you have the true artist's soul, the struggle will not be so difficult. Love of your art must be greater than love of me. Were I your wife, John, I would have it so, much more as your friend!"

John walked beside this singular Honoria, a most extraordinary tempest of feeling raging within him. "Ah, if she loved, if she *ever* had loved, how differently would she have reasoned," thought he to himself; "how cold, how unsympathetic her words; how far, far from her calm realm of reason is my soul. Whilst her rich voice fills my ear—whilst

I am in her presence—I desire only to feel that one vast bliss. I would learn the universe from her wise lips. I would lay my soul in her hand, and she should guide it as a child—oh, to be of service to her, to remain near her—even as a menial!" And how much he owed her. And had he not always loved her, long, long years? Was it not love which, nursing within his breast, when the ignorant child had bowed his face among the flowers of the Hellings wood? Alas! poor John, were you not almost falling into depths of folly as absurd as in days of yore; are you, then, grown no wiser with years—and with the remembrance of sweet L'Allegro? In a bewilderment John walked, his hands convulsively clasped, and cold, with a great trembling which shivered down him, his face very white, and no voice proceeding from his firmly-set lips. He heard Honoria's words clearly and distinctly pouring forth; and a warmth seemed to flow forth from, and a glory to encircle her whole being; but the words conveyed no meaning to his soul—only at a later time did they, heard and buried within his memory, come forth and show themselves to his understanding, and each word was a word of steel. At length Honoria, suddenly pausing, fixed her noble, frank countenance with her clear eyes upon him, and stretching forth her warm, jewelled hands, took his clasped, trembling ones, and spoke with a voice which trembled for one moment with emotion, then clear as a trumpet awoke his intellect:—"Pardon, pardon, John, for pain caused you so unintentionally, so painfully to myself. Henceforth, we stand upon the rock of truth—our friendship must become purer and stronger; never more doubt my faith in you, or in your genius. I have always been *severe*, because I am ambitious for you. Show me that you can conquer your weakness, your strongest temptation; show me by your work, that I have given you strength—even though I have given you pain. We will avoid meeting for some time; but our friendship shall not, must not suffer!"

It was already dusk, and looking around her, Honoria said, with her usual abrupt decision: "You had better return to town to-night; my carriage shall take you. Master your feelings sufficiently to permit you to bid adieu to my father and Mr. Hale. I will explain in a satisfactory manner your departure. Remember I shall most anxiously await the evidences of your conquest!" And, leaving poor John speechless and heart-broken within the dusk of the beautiful garden, she glided towards the house.

It was towards the end of March of the following spring, that Honoria first acknowledged the battle that the soul of John Wetherley had fought. With a flushed cheek Honoria, clad in her riding-dress, entered John Wetherley's studio. No John was painting there: but Leonard stood before a nearly completed picture upon an easel. He gazed at Honoria's excited countenance, as she entered, without surprise; but with a strange mingling of sadness and almost of sternness. Standing aside, he placed a chair before the picture, motioning her to be seated. Honoria's eyes resting upon the picture, she clasped her hands, and bowing her face, tears of a bitterness such as never before had fallen from Honoria's eyes, fell glittering towards the earth.

Beneath the picture, written as if in letters of blood, she read the words—

"Love is Endurance, Martyrdom, and Victory."

The scene was a dim dungeon. At the foot of a dark row of heavy columns stood a rack; upon its bars reclined the youthful and wan figure of a man. His face shone with the glory of a victorious love, and he raised one hand as if blessing; instruments of torture lay around; an open Bible was pierced with a bloody sword. The two hardened torturers fell aside, covering their faces, as if blinded and stricken by that countenance of love. The other arm of the martyr encircled a woman, who, clinging to him firm and calm, supported her husband in her arms, supporting him through the fierce pangs of his suffering, bathing his parched brain, and kissing his pale cheek—enduring martyrdom of spirit to soothe his pangs by her strength and love.

"THE DELUGE," BY N. POUSSIN.

NICOLAS POUSSIN has, in this celebrated picture, rendered the threat of the Almighty, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, in the most striking form of which it is capable. The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The waters have rushed forth, have covered the plains, and are rising towards the mountain tops. The scene is half hidden by a hazy damp atmosphere, a great waste of waters has blotted out green fields and pleasant valleys, towns and cities, and all that made earth beautiful; and have surprised men eating and drinking and making merry. All that is yet living is to be found on the summits of the hills, but the mist and opaqueness of the clouds tell but too clearly that this last refuge will also soon be destroyed.

the waters are at the very moment crumbling them away beneath his feet. Death stares them in the face whichever way they look.

Poussin knows how both to sympathise and furnish food for thought. In reproducing these terrible scenes, he at once recalls their origin and surrounds them with an air of religious grandeur. In the foreground of the picture upon a bare rock he shows us the serpent crawling from the rising waters, and thus connects the memory of Adam's fall with the calamity which is engulfing the world. He seems to struggle against impending death, and to be resolved to perish only with the last of the race which he has ruined and betrayed.

In reference to this, St. Pierre tells an interesting anecdote



THE DELUGE. FROM A PAINTING BY NICOLAS POUSSIN.

In the midst of this wide-spread desolation man appears standing at bay with death. The painter has, with admirable skill, detailed the universal disaster which has befallen the species, and, still more, has represented the different stages of it without doing any violence to the general unity and harmony of the whole composition. In the prow of the boat which has been upset, an old man, standing up and in view of impending death, makes a last appeal to heaven, while his younger and more vigorous companion seems still disposed to struggle against fate. Another boat is just touching the land, impelled by a pole which a man pushes in the stern. Another on the bank is leaning over to lay hold of his child, which his wife hands up to him, in the hope that they may all find shelter from the torrents upon the rocks behind him, though

of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "One day," says he, "when we were speaking of Poussin's 'Deluge,' Rousseau sought to fix my attention upon the serpent creeping up the rock for the purpose of avoiding the water, with which the earth was everywhere covered. After having heard what he had to say, I replied, 'It seems to me that in this sublime painting there is a still more striking feature—the infant which the mother is handing to its father upon the rock; the child aids their efforts with its little legs. The spirit is struck in the midst of all the crimes and follies of earth, by the spectacle of innocence, subjected to the same law as crime, and of maternal love more powerful than the love of life.' He then said to me, 'Oh, yes—it's the child, there can be no doubt that it's the child which forms the principal object.'"



"LA RENAISSANCE" (REVIVAL OF ART).—SYMBOLICAL FIGURE BY M. CHARLES LANDELLE.



WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE the younger has painted the sea *con amore*, and it is for this reason that he occupies so high a



rank as an artist; it is for this reason also that two nations of sailors, passionately fond of the sea, the English and Dutch, have
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bestowed on him the reputation of being the greatest painter of sea-pieces that ever appeared down to his time. And, in truth, no one has more closely observed the agitation of the waves, their breaking or their repose; no one knew better the gait and habits of sailors, the rigging and working of ships, the variety of their build, their picturesque appearance when grouped by chance, and their imposing appearance when isolated between sky and water, the felicity of the lines in their foreshortening, when they rock to and fro slowly, ready to breast the billows. No one has ever felt so deeply the deep calm of the ocean, nor expressed so well the inexpressible emotions inspired by the sight of a fading horizon—the image of infinity.

Talents of so high an order did not show themselves all at once in the Van de Velde family. It is believed that Adrian, the celebrated painter of animals, and William, the younger, were brothers. This is not impossible, and the mention of the supposition reminds us, that in an English collection there is a "Coast of Scheveningen," by William, in which the sea, slightly agitated, is lighted by the hues of twilight, and the small figures in which are painted by Adrian. This goes to confirm the statement as to the existence of some relationship between them. This much, however, is certain—the elder William Van de Velde, the father of the great marine painter, was himself a designer of rare excellence. We shall take this opportunity of saying a few words about him, for the inform-

ation of our readers. He was born in Leyden in 1610. "As he loved sailing on the sea," says Houbraken, "he found means of entering the service of the States on board a small vessel employed in carrying orders to the fleet. Being thoroughly acquainted with the construction of ships, their rigging, and trim of the sails, he set about drawing with a pen upon paper or white canvas all the vessels in the roads, large and small, and finished by grouping together entire fleets upon a single sheet. As soon as he heard that a battle was about to take place, he embarked forthwith with the sole design of being present at the engagement, and so that he might make accurate sketches of the various details. To give greater play to his talents and courage, the States of Holland placed a brig at his disposal, and ordered the commander to carry him to whichever point of the action he wished. He was then seen braving all the perils of a naval engagement, going and coming from place to place, now in the midst of the enemy, and now amongst his own countrymen. Admiral Opdam was astonished to see a man risk his life in pursuit of any glory except that to be obtained by arms. He invited Van de Velde to dine with him in his cabin, and on the very same day, two hours after the painter had taken his departure, the vessel was blown up. He was present also at the battle which took place between the English and Dutch, under the command of Monk and De Ruyter, in sight of Ostend, in 1666, and which lasted for three days with surprising fury. Neither of the fleets made a single movement which Van de Velde did not sketch with singular fidelity. These drawings were made by order of the States, and supplied them with ample information regarding the manoeuvres and conduct of their officers. It appears that the fame of them reached England also. Charles II. invited him to enter his service, and after the death of that prince he continued to execute, under James II., official drawings that circumstances sometimes made doubly valuable. He died in London, in 1666, and was buried in St. James's Church.

Such was the father of the painter whose history we are about to write. The passion of the latter for the sea and ships, and his nautical knowledge, were, as we see, hereditary. William Van de Velde the younger was born, as was also Adrian, at Amsterdam, in 1637. His master was an able painter, and a skilful engraver, Simon de Vlieger, who mostly occupied himself in sea-pieces. The elder Van de Velde could only teach his son the elements of design, for he had not given any attention to painting till he was advanced in life, and had then only met with moderate success. His choice of Simon de Vlieger was an excellent one, so that the first sea-pieces sent by William Van de Velde to his father, who was then at London, astonished the whole court. James II. was so pleased with them, that he made him come to London, and settled a handsome pension upon him. Like most great artists, he speedily attained to the eminence which has made his name illustrious. There are paintings signed by him in 1657, when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, and even prior to that date, which are exquisite in every point of view; without mannerism, real *chef-d'œuvre* of art, in which art is nowhere visible, and nature everywhere. From the very beginning he displayed his predilection for the representation of calms, of those tranquil, unruffled waters, which scarcely smile under the breath of wind, and which, under a clear sky, and in the full light of the sun, resemble a brilliant carpet, slightly wrinkled at its borders.

Van de Velde did wonders with very scanty materials. Without having at his disposal the splendid elements which Claude Lorrain put in motion—without having before his eyes those Italian palaces, those projecting colonnades which served as side scenes to the sea-views of the French painter—he knew how to give the appearance of distance to the background of his canvas, and make the ocean retreat, as it were, from the shore to the horizon. The level line of the horizon placed in contrast with the rounded masses of cloud, the stiffness of the masts and of the shrouds compensated for by the curved line of the sails, more or less distended, and by the sweep of the ships—such are the simple combinations by which Van de Velde has been enabled to interest those even who have never

seen the sea. If sometimes a sand-bank, or a group of fishermen, or the head of a jetty in pile-work, forms the set-off of his composition, often still he commences his painting only in the background, and puts nothing in the foreground but a little angry surge, or a buoy tossed by the tide, so that the greater part of his canvas appears to have been painted, not from the shore, but from a vessel at anchor. With means apparently so limited, Van de Velde has, however, produced splendid pictures, as captivating to the eye as they are agreeable to the mind; full of pleasure for those who love art, and full of delight for those who love the sea.

The secret of these impressions is simple truth—truth which he sought and rendered with passion. Owing to persevering and assiduous study, he possessed in the highest possible degree all the elements of which talent in a painter of sea-pieces is composed. He knew all about ships, thoroughly understood the working of them, and could repeat the names of every rope, pulley, and sail. As he was able to distinguish each kind of ship from every other at a glance, he enabled the spectator also to distinguish them in his paintings by the diversity of their forms—oblong, slender, bulging, or flattened; by the difference of their masts, or the size of their topsails; by the colour of their canvas, now unbleached white, now brown, and now black. But it was not only by these details that he caused each variety to be recognised—but also by the *total ensemble*, the general outline and character, in fact—for every variety has its own—well marked too. He perceived and expressed admirably the majesty of the man-of-war, the elegance of the frigate, the magnificence of the yacht, the agility of the brig, the coquetry of the schooner, and the consciousness of the lugger-boat.

His figures, too, were drawn with the highest talent, and yet with the most charming simplicity. This is one of the points in which he excels Backhuysen. He had bestowed the closest attention upon everything relating to the sailor. He knew and could depict admirably his gestures, his attitudes, his dress, and that rolling gait which he insensitively acquires from the habit of walking on the heaving deck. But it was in painting the sea itself that Van de Velde rose to the full height of his genius. The sea was to him not a treacherous element, but an adored mistress; he loved and admired everything about it—its caprices, its fantastic movements, its smiles and caresses, its fury and thunder. His own temperament, however, made him prefer the calm. It was while in a state of rest that he imitated the ripples of the ocean with most effect, whether in those light ripples, that feeble undulation, which the Dutch call *kabbeling*, and which dies out with a low noise on the fine sand of the beach, or when in greater agitation they throw up fringes of foam, which fly back in pearly clouds from the dark sides of the ships. His water, truthful and transparent, does not possess the hard tint of green and blue, such as is seen in the Mediterranean; it is yellowish and light, like the seas of the north; the tinge is in general cold, unless when warmed by a ray of the setting sun.

Let us add that these fine sea-pieces of Van de Velde are crowned by brilliant skies—light, silvery, and separated from the eye by boundless plains of atmosphere. The clouds, which play so prominent a part in all paintings of this kind—because on the form which the painter gives them depends the disposition of the lines and their agreeable variety—in Van de Velde's works possess rare beauty. Not only is the grouping happy and skilfully contrasted; not only is the outline well chosen, and never meaningless, but they possess admirable lightness. They appear to move like those which traverse the landscapes of Ruysdael; and as their edges, illuminated by the sun, rise off the blue ground, we can hardly help believing that this ground is disappearing at one point to appear at another. But what constant and assiduous observation, and what painstaking industry, it must have required to attain to such perfection! "Nobody," says Gilpin, "knew better the effects of sky, or had studied them with more attention, than Van de Velde the younger. Not many years ago, an old waterman of the Thames was still living who had often

carried him in his boat to different parts of the river to observe the varied appearance of the heavens. This man related that Van de Velde went out in every sort of weather, fine or wet, and that he took with him large sheets of blue paper which he covered with black and white. An artist will easily perceive the object of this proceeding. Van de Velde called these expeditions, in his Dutch, *going a-showing*—going to make a review of the sky.*

Horace Walpole, in "Anecdotes of Painting," informs us that the pension given by Charles II. to William Van de Velde the younger, amounted, like that of his father, to £100 sterling. Mr. Riwalson, an antiquary, found in the last century the original of the patent which conferred these pensions both on father and son, and communicated this valuable document to Mr. Vertue, who collected the materials for Walpole's work. From it we learn that William Van de Velde, senior, was employed in designing naval battles for the king's private use, and to his son was committed the task of colouring these same drawings. The terms of the letters patent,† granting their pensions, seem to imply that the son was occupied only in the colouring of his father's drawings; but perhaps we should interpret the expression "putting into colours" to mean more than this, and make them refer to the son's talent for painting sea-pieces when the father could only draw them. It was in the year 1675 that this double pension was bestowed on the Van de Velde; and the date is valuable, as it enables us to fix the precise period, or nearly so, at which the painter left Amsterdam to settle in London. He was then forty-two years of age.

The residence that both chose in London was peculiarly well adapted to the requirements of their profession, as well as to their own tastes. They lodged at Greenwich, and had the continual movement of ships and boats, which is always going on in that part of the river, constantly under their eyes. Hence their profound knowledge of all nautical usages, of the smallest and most minute formalities of the sea, if we may use the expression; hence, too, their exactness in all the details. What is said of Ruysdael with regard to trees, might be said of Van de Velde with regard to ships. As the great landscape painter never put oak-leaves on the branches of a lime-tree, so the marine painter never fastened the sails of a brig to the masts of a schooner. To study the works of Van de Velde is almost to study a course of navigation.

Here is a "Frigate about to set sail." The wind appears to freshen, but the sea, although a little agitated, still reveals in the distance its tranquillizing horizon. A three-decker is at anchor. In the background an armed frigate, with all her sails shaken out, is making ready to gain the offing. The sun has just risen, and a boat full of passengers is rowing towards her, and she is only awaiting its arrival to set sail. In the distance are various ships of different sizes gradually fading from the sight. The frigate, however, is the principal object of the picture, and is drawn and painted with extraordinary care, even in its minutest details. And the minuteness, which in painting a storm would be wholly out of place, here becomes a charm; for if you, like the painter, are

one of the spectators on shore, and have no friend on board, or no personal interest in the departure of the vessel, it is but natural that you should admire all her beauties, the carving which adorns her bows, the order and neatness which reign throughout, the polish of the masts, the tautness of the rigging; and, in short, all the harness of this steed of wood and iron, which is about to walk the wide waters, and is brushed up before its departure.

There is a superb Admiralty yacht, bearing the arms of Amsterdam sculptured upon her, and carrying the admiral's flag at her stern. She is passing between two ships of war, which salute her, and she returns it. Van de Velde has imitated perfectly the white smoke of the cannon; we see it glide over the level surface of the water, in great round masses, which contrast admirably with the straight line of the sea. Fine clouds moving slowly along the sky, cast huge shadows on the ocean, and create splendid contrasts; all the artifices of chiaro-scuro lend animation to a scene in which all is tranquillity; the eye is pleased and the attention is awakened, and yet the spectator is not withdrawn from the profound emotions with which the painter has endeavoured to inspire him.

But suddenly the sky is overcast; the sea, so peaceful a minute ago, begins to growl; the wind whistles sharply, and already a long belt of dark clouds seem to unite the sky and water; a furious gale sets in from the north-west. We are at the entrance of the Texel; ships great and small are struggling against the storm in the attempt to reach the port. Amongst them passes a packet-boat, lighted by a solitary gleam of sunshine, and splashed by the rising foam. Another ray of light flickering out through an opening in the clouds shows us the coast of Holland, whose gray and delicate tone contrasts well with the sombre colours of the rest of the picture, and in this the touch of the painter accords admirably with the nature of his subject. Here is no longer the complacent and brilliant execution of the paintings which represent calms, but the broader and freer pencil which tears open the clouds, whitens the sails, and boldly expresses the form of the waves, and is as much agitated as the sea itself.

We must remark, nevertheless, that for William Van de Velde to paint a storm is an exceptional case. What we have just now been describing is rather the approach of the storm than the storm itself; and perhaps indeed this is the most poetic course to follow, for the imagination of the spectator is then becoming heated, and is becoming impatient for the termination of the scene. Thus, in the eight pictures of Sir Robert Peel's collection, we see a heavy rolling sea, and over it a cloud hanging very low down casts a dark shadow, which threatens the poor fisherman's bark terribly, and which, as M. Waagen remarks, strongly reminds us of Homer's line: "And from the height of the heavens light plunged upon the earth." We can hardly shut out some feeling of anxiety from our breasts on seeing these frail boats tossed between the descending clouds and the uprising waves. But Van de Velde departs from his natural course when he depicts storms; he is more at home in painting the sea at rest. It is over these tranquil plains that he can best put in motion the few and simple elements of which his great effects are made up—the line of the horizon, the clouds forming like chains of mountains, and the rigging of the boats. Others have endeavoured in their compositions to fill space; Van de Velde seeks to paint it. To open up immensity on the canvas, to roll out infinity upon a flat surface, such has been his pre-occupation, or rather his genius. For this he passed his life upon the water; he made open boats his studio, and went a considerable distance in this way to see De Ruyter's ship caulked, and went down the Thames in the same manner nearly every day to pay a visit to his old and familiar friends—the ocean waves. In Van de Velde's eyes the sea was not the classic and conventional personage represented by a venerable god with a slimy beard, but ocean such as nature has made it, endowed with all the passions of an animated being, with all the irritability of a blind monster, and with the sensibility and appearances of life.

* William Gilpin's "Three Essays upon the Beautiful, Picturesque, &c.," a rare but excellent work.

† It may be interesting to give the exact terms of it. "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours, for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries, to the aforesaid W. Van de Velde the younger, to be paid unto one or other of them during our pleasure, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy seal at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."—"Anecdotes of Painting in England. Charles II. dated his reign from the year in which his father was beheaded, 1649; that the twenty-sixth year of which he speaks must be 1675.

However, the title and the pension which he had received from Charles II. compelled him, from time to time, to paint official pictures, if we may use the expression—fleets not ranged so as to please the eye, but according to the rules of tactics or the caprices of the admiral—vessels which, to secure historical accuracy, should fulfil a certain duty, or be sketched at a certain moment. Many of these compositions may still be seen at Hampton Court. Horace Walpole informs us that at Buckingham Palace there was one representing the Battle of Solebay, which Van de Velde the elder painted from nature, or perhaps we should rather say *ad vitum*, having attended the engagement in a light sloop by order of the Duke of

well adapted for the display of their genius. Van de Velde painted, at one time, the united French and English fleets in the place where Charles II. went to see them. The king is represented in the picture in the act of stepping on board his yacht. Horace Walpole informs us, "that two commissioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture, and concealed it till the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the printseller (from whom Vertue had the story), for fourscore pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for 130 guineas. After-



A CALM.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

York. * Weisbrod,† Captain Baillie, and several other English engravers, have preserved some of these compositions, belonging to both the father and the son, though none of them were

* "Several are at Hampton Court, and at Hinchinbrook. At Buckingham House was a view of Solebay fight, with a long inscription. Van de Velde, by order of the Duke of York, attended the engagement in a small vessel."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*.

† Charles Weisbrod, designer and engraver, was born at Ham-
burgh in 1754, and came very young to Paris, for the purpose not
of learning to engrave, for he had already acquired the art, but to
perfect himself in it under the tuition of John George Wille, who
was the master *par excellence*. His great talent lay in seizing on
the spirit of a painting, and rendering it in a lively and vigorous
manner in a rapid etching. He was, therefore, admirably fitted
for executing those free and hasty engravings which lend value to
the original, though they make no pretensions to translate it.

wards it was in possession of Mr. Stone, a merchant retired
into Oxfordshire."

William Van de Velde died in London in 1707, as stated in
the following inscription:—

Gulielmus Van de Velde, junior,
Navium et prospectum marinarum pictor,
Et ob singularem in illa arte peritiam,
A Carlo et Jacobo Secundo Magnæ Britanniæ regibus
Annua mercede donatus.
Obiit 6 April. A. D. 1707,
Ætatis suæ, 74.

"What we esteem in this painter," says Lebrun, "is the
transparency of his colouring, which is agreeable and vigorous;

Weisbrod was fond of these, and excelled in them. In the Choiseul
collection his and those of Dunkerque are by far the best of their
kind. He engraved, for instance, the two landscapes, designed by

his vessels are drawn with precision; his small figures are sketched with spirit and judgment; his skies are clear; his clouds are varied, and seem to roll in the air." We might add here that the clouds of William Van de Velde are like those of Ruysdael: they have the same beautiful forms, the same agreeable masses, picturesque and contrasted without any affectation of singularity. They have also the same motion and lightness; they even seem charged with rain, but are never heavy, and we almost fancy we can see them blown along by the wind. "William Van de Velde," continues Lebrun, "is the first who rendered calm waters naturally, the sky, the fishing-boats, the vessels, and all other spectacles

are as rare as they are valuable." Van de Velde, in his old age, painted many historical battles in England, which have a reddish tone, and are not much thought of; hence they are distinguished in Holland by the epithet of "*English-made*."

In England, the admiration of the younger Van de Velde has for a long period known no bounds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when president of the Royal Academy, said, in speaking of him, that another Raphael might be born, but not another Van de Velde. The very exaggeration of this sentiment would have been sufficient to immortalise him of whom it was uttered, even if his works had not really possessed surpassing excellence. More complete than Backhuysen, as delicate and as silvery



ROUGH WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

which the sea offers to our view. He is a disheartening model for those who wish to practise his branch of art. His pictures

Adrian Van de Velde, "*Pastoral Scenes*" as they were then called, in an able manner, though a little too delicately, perhaps. Ruysdael, Karl Dujardin, Pynaker, Weirötter—all the landscape painters, and, above all, those who had an eye to the picturesque—have been rendered by him with great felicity. He is liable to censure, however, for not having given greater size to the objects in the foreground, so as to enable us to distinguish the relative distances of the objects in the rear more readily.

More precise than St. Non, Weisbrod leaves less to the chances of crispness; his graver seems to take in at once the forms over which it has to run. His broken lines, short and waved in appearance, but in reality directed by a steady and skilful hand, are admirably adapted to the expression of broken-down walls, disjointed and moss-covered stones, creeping plants, and in general all the capricious vegetation of ruins. In proof of this, we may refer to his fine engraving, after Alex. Kierings, to be found in Neyman's "*Catalogue of Drawings*," printed in 1766.

These hasty sketches of Weisbrod's were also well fitted for the

as Dubbels, more brilliant and more powerful than Van Goyen, far superior in every way to Bonaventura, William Van de

reproduction of wild rustic scenes, and rugged, undulating ground—the chalky hills and unclothed soil of a Huysman—the brushwood of a Waterloo—the irregular and gnarled trunks of Ruysdael's old oaks, studded with tufts of foliage—the huge plants which flourish in the foreground of Pynaker's landscapes—and last of all those sandy hillocks, half-covered by flint and grass, which Wynants, and after him Adrian Van de Velde, painted with so much grace and devotion. Weisbrod bestowed great care on the management of the transition from black to white, so as to lend softness to those changes which are formed in nature by tufts of grass springing from a sandy soil.

In general, Weisbrod's great defect is his not putting sufficient variety on the sizes of his lines. It has also been remarked that his masses of trees sometimes resemble the decorations in a theatre, which appear on the sky in flat silhouette; we mean that as much relief is desirable in the middle as there is of precision and delicacy in the outline. Weisbrod has also engraved several small plates after Paul Potter, which never fail to render perfect the phy-

Velde is the painter of the sea. When gazing on his canvas, and on his alone, we can almost fancy we feel the spray on our faces, and snuff in the strong odour of the tar.

Mr. John Smith, in his catalogue of the works of the most eminent painters, sets down the number of works known as William Van de Velde's at 262, seven-eighths of which are in private collections in England, the painter's adopted country. In enumerating the pictures, we shall follow a different method of classification. First we shall take a run through the public galleries.

Hampton Court, so rich in the works of masters of every school, contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings:—a sea-piece in his Majesty's Gallery; in the Queen's Presence Chamber—two sea-fights between the English and Dutch; a calm sea; three burning fleets; the English fleet attacking the Dutch fleet in a harbour.

The famous Dulwich Gallery, near London, contains four—three calms, and one fresh breeze (p. 352).

The Pinacotheca at Munich contains two—a calm and a storm.

The Museum at the Hague—two calms.

The Amsterdam Museum contains six—the capture of the English vessel, "the Royal Prince;" that of four ships of the line; these two paintings are pendants, and are considered some of the most finished of his works. "View of Amsterdam," a very fine production; two calms, and a stormy sea with vessels in full sail.

The gallery of the Louvre contains only one—a calm; but many deny the authenticity of this altogether, and attribute it to Van de Velde's master, Simon de Vlieger.

These are almost all that are to be met with in the public galleries. In the private collections they are more numerous, above all in England, where Van de Velde was held in such high estimation.

The Duke of Devonshire has one at Chatsworth—a calm; and at his villa at Chiswick, a stormy sea covered with ships—a painting warmly lighted, and possessing very striking effects.

Sir Robert Peel's collection contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings—a sea covered with ships of war, barks in the background, and a coaster in the foreground, a fine painting, dated 1657; a calm sea, in the foreground a lighter, and two frigates in the distance—this picture is valued at £300; a coast with large vessels and figures—this bears the name of the artist, it is dated 1661, and cost £600; the coast of Schevelingen while the sea is slightly agitated—this contains a great number of figures by Adrian Van de Velde; it is one of the finest of the Dutch school, and cost £800; the coast of Holland, fishing-boat in the offing—a delicate, silvery painting, one of the most carefully-finished of the master; a view of Texel during rain, the sea violently agitated, bad weather—a work full of variety, and displaying very striking effects.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six of Van de Velde's works—a view of the entrance of the Texel during a violent gale, a magnificent specimen, full of poetry and truth; a shipwreck; view of a coast during a dead calm; sea-fight—the "Prince Royal" surrendering to the Dutch fleet,—this pos-

sesses great vigour of touch; and the capture of the "Prince Royal."

sesses great vigour of touch; and the capture of the "Prince Royal."

The collection of Sir Abraham Hume contains a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in a slight breeze.

Lord Ashburton's collection contains "The Flotilla," from the Talleyrand collection, celebrated for the great number of vessels of every variety which are crowded into it upon a sea smooth as glass (p. 362).

Mr. J. H. Hope's collection contains two "Agitated Seas."

There are great numbers of them in other private collections in various parts of England, but to enumerate them would be tedious, if it were not useless. They are nearly all heirlooms, that pass and have passed for generations from father to son, and are in some sense as much fixtures as the houses that cover them. It is a matter of more interest to learn the value which Van de Velde's works have borne at some of the principal picture sales on the Continent.

M. Julienne's sale, 1767. "A sea-piece," price £41; another, £12.

Duke de Choiseul's sale, 1772. Three paintings of Van de Velde: "A Calm," with several vessels under sail, valued at £35; another, "A Calm Sea," in the background some ships, in the foreground near the sand some fishermen's boats, £30; "Calm Water," in the middle of which appears a large barque under full sail, and in the background several boats in the roadstead; in the foreground a jetty, below which was a boat with several sailors; price £68.

The Blondel de Gagny sale, 1776. "A Calm Sea," on which are several fishermen's boats and vessels under sail, price £19 livres.

Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Calm Sea," with vessels under sail and small boats filled with figures, £126; "A Sea-piece," with several boats, £50; another, a pendant to the above, also representing a sea-piece—several fishing-boats, with sailors walking in the water, £34.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "Calm Sea," with vessels and boats containing a great number of figures, price £322; "A Coast"—a man walking on the sand, vessels under sail, and a boat, price £224.

The Partlet sale, 1783. "View of Texel;" several boats containing the chief magistrates of the States in Holland; in the background, a great number of boats and barques; price £96.

The Lenglier sale, 1788. "View of a great extent of Sea," in which vessels of all sizes are to be seen; in the foreground a barque afloat, and two men caulking her sides; farther on three sailors going on board a three-masted vessel, which is firing a signal-gun for departure; price £56.

Duke de Praslin's sale, 1793. "View of a Calm Sea," covered with a fleet of more than forty vessels, barques, yachts, and long-boats, £11.

Robil sale, 1801. "View of Texel;" same as the former one; £120.

Van Leyden sale, 1804. "View of a Calm Sea"—boats, merchant vessels, and passenger-boats, with more than fifty figures, whose action is admirable, £32.

Solier sale, 1812. "View of Texel," the sea covered with ships and lighters; a sequel to the two former views of the same place; £120.

The Clos sale, 1812. "Great expanse of Sea in calm weather," covered by a large fleet; to the right, in the foreground, a man-of-war is firing a gun, and some naval officers are directing their course in a four-oared boat towards other vessels, to which a trumpet announces their arrival; £561.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "View of a Calm Sea," valued at £360.

Laperrière sale, 1823. "A Sea-piece," with a large vessel, some merchant vessels, and fishing-boats, £136.

The Chevalier Erard's sale, 1832. "View of the Zuider Zee"—calm weather—several large East Indiamen have just entered the bay, and are preparing to cast anchor; in the background a two-decker, and sailors exercising themselves in boarding; price £800. Three other paintings of this master figured in this sale: "A Dutch Fleet" of twelve vessels, £100; "A Calm

Sea," covered with ships of war, merchantmen, elegant yachts, barques, long-boats, and light gigs; £200; "A Shore in Holland," low water; the ebb of the tide has left a boat stranded on the beach, which some fishermen are striving to launch; two fishermen on the shore, a dog barking, and a man dragging a piece of wood which has been thrown up by the sea; £60.

The Duke de Berri's sale, 1837. "The Sea in a Calm;" several boats, one of them with a great number of men on board setting out for the herring fishery, a ship of war, fishermen launching a boat; £92 10s.

Heris de Bruxelles sale, 1841. "A Calm;" a group of boats in the Zuider Zee—a frigate at anchor, a small boat with fishermen, and a boat sailing towards the other vessels scattered along the coast; £390. "The Zuider Zee;" a calm, a frigate setting sail, and making towards the offing; two fishermen near a boat preparing to draw their nets; in the background a three-decker at anchor; £235.

Count Peregaux's sale, 1841. "A Sea Fight;" three fleets,

the English, French, and Dutch engaged; sailors in one place hauling at the ropes or shifting the sails, men in the water struggling for life, a boat rowing towards the admiral's vessel; on some of the decks the combatants are engaged hand to hand, smoke and shot are issuing from the port-holes, and some of the vessels are on fire. This is one of Van de Velde's finest works. It was sold for £800.

Tordien and Heris sale, 1843. "A Fleet Setting Sail;" the sea covered with ships, vessels of war, merchantmen, boats, &c.; £340. "A Calm;" two ships and a boat—the sailors on deck variously occupied; to the right two fishing-boats near the shore, two ships of war, and sails in the distance; £400.

Van de Velde never engraved, but he has left several drawings executed with great skill, both with the pen and with wash—outlines sufficient to show him the state of the sea, the shape of a ship, or the appearance of the clouds. There are two of them in the Louvre.

"LA RENAISSANCE" (REVIVAL OF ART).

"La Renaissance" is a term which is now exclusively applied to the revival of art, the return to Greek and Roman ideas of beauty as displayed in the ancient statues, and the general diffusion of better taste in matters of art, which took place in the fifteenth century. It was in Italy, that mother and nurse of modern art, that this movement took its rise. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no painters there during the dark ages; not only history, but pictures still extant, testify to the contrary; but they were hardly worthy of the name of artists. None of them were scholars, and they followed their calling rather as a trade than as a profession. Their art was a sort of stupid mechanism stupidly followed, in which nature was not even imitated, but distorted. This state of things continued till the middle of the thirteenth century; and the first symptoms of a change appeared in the marked improvement of sculpture amongst the Tuscans. Byzantine rules had hitherto completely enchaind the Italian artists, but they now turned from the works of the modern Greeks to those of their ancestors. There was in Italy a very good collection of ancient statuary, but it was not until now that they began to be studied. Nicola Pisano took the lead in this great work, and in various works, particularly bas-reliefs on the outside of vessels and ornaments, showed the Italian artists how much still remained to be achieved. His associate, Andrea Pisano, was the founder of that great school which produced Orcagna, Donatello, and the celebrated Ghiberti, the maker of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The improvement in sculpture was followed by that in mosaic, the school of which had existed in Rome so early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but for want of specimens for study, painting long remained in a more incomplete state than either of the foregoing branches of art. The revival in painting is due to Florence, and the genius which presided over it was Cimabue. He appears to have learnt the art from some Greeks who had been invited to Florence, and painted in the chapel S. Maria Novella. The essential and fundamental principle of the Greek art, however, was a fixed and unalterable adherence to established rules, so that, every artist copying his master, no change, and, consequently, no improvement, could ever be effected. Cimabue, however, like most other Italian artists, got the better of his Greek education, threw off the yoke, and went straight to nature for instruction. "But his talent," says Lanzi, "did not consist in the graceful. His Madonnas have no beauty; his angels in the same piece have all the same form. Wild as the age in which he lived, he succeeded admirably in heads full of character, especially in those of old men, impressing an indescribable degree of bold sublimity which the moderns have not been able greatly to surpass. Vast and inventive in conception, he executed

large compositions, and expressed them in grand proportions."

Giotto made another step in advance, by giving greater chasteness to symmetry, more pleasing effect to design, and greater softness to colouring. The meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, and staring eyes of the Greek style all disappeared under him. This gradual transition was due wholly to the study of the antique. It was to this that many of the greatest geniuses of Italy owed their development. In 1349 we find the Florentine painters, who had now become a numerous body, forming themselves into a fraternity, which they styled the Society of St. Luke. Many similar ones were formed in other parts of Italy, particularly at Venice and Bologna. Those associations, however, did not include painters alone, but were open to all who worked at the various trades requiring most skill and dexterity. Painting was not yet looked upon in the light of a liberal profession, but still the *esprit de corps* was growing up amongst those who practised it. Giotto's discovery of oil-painting, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was the crowning step in advance. The rest was left to genius; and how nobly genius did its part, it is not necessary here to relate. The beginning of the sixteenth century was styled the Golden Age of Art, though much remained to be achieved.

It was not, however, until the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo that the Renaissance made its way beyond the Alps, and spread its blessings over France and the north of Europe generally. These great men belonged to what is called the Florentine school—a school which, though wanting in power of relief in drapery, in beauty, in grouping, as well as in many other points, yet always excelled in design. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were its two great masters, and when they appeared they inaugurated a new era by pointing out the immutable characteristics and established laws of nature, thence deducing rules which their successors have since followed with great effect both at home and abroad. The history of the former of "these grand old masters" is a series of triumphs of the highest order, in which art seemed almost to have attained to perfection. We all remember the pleasing story which illustrates so strikingly the splendour of the ideal to which he strove to attain, and the indomitable patience with which he laboured in pursuit of the great object of his ambition. He laboured for four years at a portrait of a Florentine lady named Mona Lisa, but was never able to complete it to his own satisfaction, and at last relinquished the attempt in despair. Francis I. of France saw at Milan one of the finest of his works, "The Last Supper," and endeavoured in vain to saw it from the wall. Failing in this, he invited the artist, now in his sixty-third year, to accompany him to Paris. Da Vinci complied, and although he no longer continued to follow his calling, his presence in the

French capital gave an impulse to French art, to which it is indebted for all its subsequent successes.

It is owing to this circumstance that a French artist, M. Landelle, in a painting, representing the Renaissance under a symbolical form, which he has this year exhibited at the Louvre, and an engraving of which we here supply, places him in so prominent a position amongst the authors and promoters of the Renaissance. This picture, which is to form part of the new decorations of the Louvre, contains several exaggerations and peculiarities of a former age. The artist has introduced into it all the characteristics of the sculpture, as well as many of the paintings of the sixteenth century; the slender eyebrows, removed far from the pupils; the high forehead, the elegant, but almost diadainful features, all remind us of the proud beauties of the French court at that period. The length of the arms, legs, and fingers, and various other details, belong to a type well-known to

by an examination of any of their works in the palace at Fontainebleau. The huge mass of drapery is another characteristic also, which shows that the artist has been careful to avoid all appearance of anachronisms, and the figure generally is distinguished by the dignity of the attitude, the elegance of the features, and the fineness of the outline.

At her feet are two little cherubs; one, resting on a medalion of Francis I., the great patron of the arts in France, raises his head, and contemplates the Renaissance apparently with unmixed satisfaction. This is the genius of the approaching good time, full of faith and hope, and gladly hailing the transformation then taking place in the arts. The child's head displays great feeling and power of thought and observation. Infantine simplicity and artlessness together with the intellect and forethought of a more advanced age breathe from every feature. The other cherub reclines in a sorrowing attitude, and with a very sad expression of countenance,



A FLOTILLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

those who are familiar with the different schools and different epochs in the history of French and Italian art. These proportions, no doubt, give a certain air of nobility to the figure, but many of the artists of the Renaissance have exaggerated them, and M. Landelle has intentionally copied this exaggeration, in order to indicate the taste of the period, and give an appearance of chronological accuracy to his work. If we suppose the woman in this painting to stand up, it will be found that the different parts of her body are not in the proportion laid down by rule; for instance, her length will be greater than ten heads. But we must not characterise this as a fault, because it is in reality an historical trait. It was thus the artists of the time drew their women, as may be seen

against a beautiful enamelled vase. Though the character is not here so well marked as in the other figure, it is not difficult to perceive that this symbolises middle-age art,—Christian inspiration mourning over the triumph of pagan art and Græco-Roman traditions.

There is one man in England, however, whose dicta in matters of art are yearly acquiring additional force and authority, because he supports them by eloquence of passing brilliancy, by all the weight of personal conviction of no ordinary depth and fervour, and by a passionate devotion to the subject on which he writes—we need hardly say we mean Mr. Ruskin, who looks upon the Renaissance as an unmitigated calamity. Short as is the space in which we are compelled to

notice the subject, in connexion with a work of art which has attracted considerable attention in the French capital, it would be unpardonable to pass from it without alluding to the views propounded regarding it by one whose study of it has been so profound. In his recently published work, "The Stones of Venice," treating of the various kinds of architecture which adorn the "city of the sea," he bestows almost unmixed praise upon those of the two first periods, the Byzantine and the Gothic, and almost unmixed censure upon that of the latest—or, in other words, upon the architecture of the Renaissance; and to it, also, he assigns all the unsightliness and deformity which meet our view in modern houses and public edifices. He draws glowing pictures of the contrast between the rich quaint picturesqueness of the streets in Nuremberg and other old mediæval towns of the Continent, and the bald flimsiness of our present streets and squares. The fact is by everybody admitted, though there is a wide

difference of opinion as to the cause; but on this we cannot dwell. As to the difference in the spirit which animated early Christian art, and that of the Renaissance, his statements, though not so lengthy, are certainly clearer; and according to him, the Renaissance owed its origin to the revived study of the ancient classics, of the works of the heathen philosophers. The Christians, by imbibing pagan morality, began to lose sight of Christ, and fix their thoughts more on themselves, and consequently to analyse instead of believing. It is a return to that early subservience of art to simple and undivided faith and undoubting hope—to make it a veritable form of worship, and not merely a source of amusement for *dilettanti* and connoisseurs—that Mr. Ruskin professes to aim at. Judging from the wide difference in the *morale* of France and England, we suspect his views will make little way in the former country. The spirit of pure devotion is not there racy of the soil.



A FRESH BREEZE.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DER VELDE.

JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

THERE are two kinds of flower-painters. Some paint them for the love of the flowers themselves, others for love of the painting. The former see nothing in a bouquet, except a happy mixture of striking hues, which surprise and delight the eye. If the rose sheds its sweet colours on their canvas, if the carnation opens out its dazzling mosaic, if the drooping peony displays its large carmine petals, or the tulip exhibits its golden rays, it is not so much for the purpose of delighting the botanist, or calling to his recollection all the beauties that crowd the genus or species to which they belong, but to give

the artist an opportunity of entering into competition with nature for the production of striking effects. The flowers serve as a sort of excuse or pretext for the execution of a painting containing a glittering gamut of chosen colours, rising in the hyacinth to the hue of ivory, or in the lily to the whiteness of porcelain, and descending in the scabious to dark violet. Each flower is thus a sharp note, soft or deep, in this music of hues, and if the painter succeeds in pleasing the spectator he is content.

In the latter, on the other hand, the artist is lost sight of in

the botanist. The individuality of each species strikes them and absorbs their attention. They must learn to smooth the rose-leaves, to draw the flower delicately, to touch the anthers lightly. They want to reproduce accurately the beautiful hair that hangs round the corolla of the anemone, or the down that softens the vermilion of the peach; they wish to trace with the pencil the anatomy of their graceful models, to sketch the minutest petal that droops or falls, to take away none of the elegance of the attitude, to mark upon each the exact locality of the tone; and thus, being so intent upon the parts, they lose sight of the whole. In their passionate worship of each flower, they can sacrifice nothing, or at least nothing save what the modesty of some flowers renders necessary.

Monnoyer may be classed among the first of these. He belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and possessed rather the instinct of decoration than the sentiment of nature. The French school of painting was at that time a good deal under the influence of the new school of philosophy. It wanted love for reality. With it a landscape was but a garden for heroes to amuse themselves in; all nature wore the hue of history; flowers were not looked upon as a branch of art in themselves, and were never seen except in books, and such beautiful collections of plants as those painted on vellum by order of Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. Those quaint and painstaking artists who embellished the manuscripts of the middle ages with their brilliant illuminations had entirely disappeared. It was the last of them who, at the commencement of the revival, so beautifully illustrated the primer of Anne of Bretagne. It was reserved for the eighteenth century, led back to nature by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to restore the painting of realities, to do for flowers what Chardin was doing for the spinning-wheel—that is, to lead them with as much poetry as he had thrown around the household utensils of a decent and well-ordered dwelling. In the reign of Louis XIV. flowers were painted in France as part of a system of decoration, as ornaments for the sake of their rich colouring; but not as objects worthy of an artist's love and admiration. No one ever thought of prizing them as the Dutch protestants prized tulips. It is in protestant countries, above all, where the love of the people for quiet pleasures is developed by a calm, contemplative, and serious life, that the passion for flowers is found in its full vigour—in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in England. In these countries every villa, every cottage even, is surrounded with them as far as the owner's means will permit. Antiquity is dead beyond restoration. The swans have abandoned the Eurotas, and now build their nests on the banks of the Thames; Arcadia is no longer in the Peloponnesus, but in Holland and Germany.

Monnoyer was born at Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and studied in Paris. Who his master was is not known, and in fact but very little information of any kind has come down to us regarding his early life. At the age of thirty, in 1665, he presented himself for admission to the Academy and was elected. He painted, for his reception, a flower and fruit-piece, which met with immense praise. The branch he followed, however, was not recognised by the Academy, and he, consequently, did not obtain a professorship, but he was elevated to the council in 1679. He obtained a high reputation very rapidly, all the more so because he was at that time the only flower painter in France. His free manner recommended him to the designers of the decorations of the royal palaces which Louis XIV. had ordered, and his bouquets were consequently soon seen upon the panels of Trianon and Marly. He seized upon everything with delight that could extend his sphere, and serve as an accompaniment to his bunches of carnation and jasmine, his orris branches, and the stems of his poppies, or roses, or campanulas. The richness and pomp which Lebrun put in his historical paintings, and Rigaud in his portraits, he put into his flowers. Splendid carpets, thick and fringed with gold, were introduced to set off the main subject of the piece, which stood majestically upon tables of porphyry or marble. Large and beautiful vases, embossed

with masks of silver and small figures, rested on rugs, lest they should, even to the eye, grate upon the polished surface of the stone. Stems of all shapes and sizes hung over in apparent confusion, but were mingled with such art, that instead of bewildering the sight, they delighted it. Sometimes japan porcelain was placed upon a piedouche of copper inlaid with gold; and then the delicacy and splendour of the colouring rivalled that of the flowers themselves, which appeared to be repeated on the enamel of the vase. At others the painter introduced an embossed cuirass, or helmet, to counterbalance by its brightness the principal lights of the picture; but these rude images, though they contribute something towards the optical effect, break in upon the harmony of the impression. The eye cannot habituate itself to these combinations; on the contrary, they offend it. The softness of a jonquil, or the austere melancholy of the tuberoses, cannot consort with the iron of armour.

Monnoyer's reputation spread daily. The admiration of him begetting familiarity, the connoisseurs began to call him Baptiste simply; and under this appellation his fame passed the sea, and reached the ears of the Duke of Montagu, a passionate lover of art, who, in his pursuit of it, entirely overlooked national distinction. English, French, or Dutch mattered not; if a man could paint well, he found in him a munificent patron and a firm friend. Nor did he confine his attention to one branch of art. He was equally fond of the historical, the marine, landscape, dead nature, animals, and flowers. At this time he was engaged in the construction of a magnificent mansion in London, which he intended to decorate with paintings, and for this purpose invited a great number of artists from all parts of Europe, but particularly from France, in which country he had resided for a length of time. The painters he chose in it were all academicians, or men of the highest standing in their respective departments—La Fosse, famous for his historical compositions; Rousseau, for his perspective; and Monnoyer, for flowers and decoration generally. The three arrived in London in 1690, and each of them executed the part assigned to him with admirable skill. Rousseau opened up imposing perspectives upon the walls, repeated the balustrades of the staircase, or continued the rows of pillars, thus creating an illusive grandeur and extent; La Fosse painted on the ceiling the Apotheosis of Isis, and the Assembly of the Gods; and Monnoyer scattered here and there his flowers, his gorgeous draperies, his vases of silver, or japan porcelain, full of orris, or poppies, or gilliflowers. Sometimes he introduced amongst these inanimate objects a bird of some southern clime, with luxuriant plumage; but it only appeared for the purpose of lending to the composition the glowing hues which flashed from its feathers—the bright scarlet, the lively emerald, or the deep azure. These colours are employed now to lend warmth to the painting, when the tints of the other objects have thrown an air of coldness round it; such as those of the lilac, or the white daisy; and again, to subdue the brilliancy of the peony.

When D'Argenville states, however, in speaking of Baptiste's flowers, that "these beautiful flowers wanted nothing except the odour which they seemed to exhale," he gives the reins wholly to his fancy, and disregards facts. And Levesque, in his notices in the "Encyclopedia," grossly exaggerates when he says, speaking also of Baptiste, "He gave flowers the charm, and freshness, and beautiful tints of nature; his pencil moistened them with morning dew." The fact is, that if Baptiste be compared to his rivals, he will be found on these points by no means their superior, but the reverse. He is full of truth, without doubt, but it is a bare, naked truth, which wants a veil to make it agreeable. Paradoxical as it may seem, a large amount of falsehood is necessary to reach that truth which captivates us, to call up that appearance of reality, the charm which is given to flowers by the surrounding atmosphere, by the caresses of the dew, and the kisses of the sun. We speak here not only of the large flowers painted upon the panels of apartments in the decorative style, such as we see at the Louvre and at Trianon, but those splendid bouquets in which he strove to give the roses all their honour, and the

anemones all their glory, which he executed only at rare intervals, when he wished to captivate the gaze of some captious botanist. One of these, which is in his happiest style, may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Claude de Paris. It is not merely to the effect of the picture that the artist has looked; we might almost say, without being guilty of a pun, that each of these bouquets is the flower of the painting. The touch is skilful and varied, and it contributes, as well as the management of the chiaro-scuro, to the general truthfulness of the whole. We do not speak of that truth which shows itself in minor details, and is the result of minute observation of nature, but of that which appears in the general harmony and beauty of tone, as much as in the manner in which the pencil shows by its handling the character of the flower. The glossy surface of the lily is rendered by an oily impasting apparently without thickness, and fully laid on. The delicate stems are treated with charming lightness, as the myosotis of the marsh, and the full-blown periwinkle. The double anemone, as also the live petals of the white hyacinth, are emphasised with a firm touch, thick and amplified. The brush, on the contrary, becomes softer in the light tints of the blue hyacinths, which serve as a transition to a united background of a neutral tint. The practice here is excellent, and may be cited as a model. His colours are laid on at the first effort, and with so much confidence, that the painter must have known by heart the form and outline of his copy.

Monnoyer has made one singular mistake, and one which has since been extensively copied—the mingling of spring flowers with autumn fruits. No better proof than this can be afforded of the assertion we made at the commencement of this article, that flower painting with him was simply a means of decoration. The eye is offended by seeing snowdrops, which appear in April, side by side with bunches of grapes, nuts, and apples. But it must be confessed that the fruit is treated with a master hand—not certainly with the delicate taste and with the light glazing of the Dutch, but with full paste, like the Italians, who knew no other way of painting fruits than in the style of Michael Angelo's battles.

Baptiste was so well treated by Lord Montagu, that he took up his abode in London for the remainder of his life. Kneller was then in his glory, and it was his custom to paint only the head himself, and leave the figure and drapery to inferior artists, so that he might accomplish a greater amount of work. The same motive induced him to seek the aid of Monnoyer, so that the portraits of persons of quality now began to appear with bouquets in their hands, or wandering in a garden, plucking roses or watering geraniums, &c.; and it is needless to add that these graceful adjuncts doubled the price of the picture.

Monnoyer was a clever and dexterous engraver, and his works in this department will probably live fully as long as his paintings, which, as we have said, have now lost much of the brilliancy and finish that were at first their greatest charm. In some of the chronicles of French art, we find descriptions of thirty-four of his etchings, divided into several series of small and large baskets of flowers, crowns, garlands, and opaque and transparent vases. It is from these that the designers of commerce, the artists who scatter flowers upon stuffs that veil the figures of the fair sex, the damask coverings of their furniture, the silk of their dresses, and the chintz of their curtains, derive their inspiration. It is at Lyons, above all, the great seat of the silk manufacture, that Baptiste is most worshipped. There he is the master *par excellence*. The thousand combinations of colour and form that may be created in a single bouquet, are a rich mine for the designers of the manufacturers. As to the painter himself, his works are easily recognised, with some few exceptions, by the splendour of effect and bold manner of their treatment. When you take a run over to Paris—and who now-a-days does not!—and are devoting your mornings to the study of the fine arts, if you enter any of those good old hotels of the departed nobility, built in the Mansard style, and belonging to the age of Louis

XIV., which crowd the Faubourg St. Germain, but are abundant above all at Versailles,—if you see a large bouquet fitted in the wainscoting, relieved with gold; and if it stands in a vase adorned with lions, with satyrs, loves, bacchantes, and is composed of the largest and most gorgeous flowers, poppies, peonies, and turnsole, and is set off by splendid carpets, silken tassels; and if peacocks and golden pheasants perch upon the edge, so that the whole is brilliant, striking, and luxuriant in the highest degree; you must not say, "that is by Van Huysum, or Mignon, or Daniel Seghers;" but "that is by Monnoyer."

Monnoyer has left behind him a great number of pictures, and they are to be met with everywhere—among the dealers and amateurs, in the public galleries, and many in private collections in England, where he lived so long and so happily. He executed sixty for the châteaux of Trianon, Marly, and Meudon. As they were mostly intended to decorate the upper part of doors, or fill very large spaces, they are usually rough sketches; but the execution is broad, the arrangement good, and the touch skilful and masculine. Some of them are, however, so delicate and finely drawn, that they equal any of the works of the Dutch painters in this department.

The Louvre is very rich in Monnoyer's works. It is to be regretted, however, that their restoration was not confided to abler hands: the backgrounds, which have been almost entirely re-executed, are heavy, black, and without transparency, and the flowers, however beautiful they may be, exhibit the effects of this ugly bordering. We have already alluded to his engravings. Under the name "Little Bouquets," he has engraved a series of four pieces; under that of "Transparent Vases," nine; under that of "Middle-sized Baskets," four; "Large Baskets" in height, three; "Large Baskets" in breadth, four. Lastly, under the name of "The Coronets," two. To none of these engravings is there either cipher or monogram. Underneath is written, *J. Baptiste, sculpt. et ex. cum privilegio regis*. Some amateurs also attribute to him a book of every sort of flowers from nature, composed of twelve sketches, folio size in length, and bearing a cypher at the left hand side at the bottom. But this series was engraved by Vanquer, his pupil.

In the engravings of this painting may be found the following flowers:—Roses, stems of the tuberose, poppies, anemone, lilies, carnations, periwinkles, orris, orange blossoms, hyacinths, tulips, auriculars, jasmynes, columbines, pomegranates, snowdrops, ranunculi, peonies, and campanulas.

At the *Lalivre de July* sale, in 1770, two were sold for £10; at the *Prince de Conti's* sale, in 1777, two pendants, representing very beautiful flowers in vases, brought by auction £14; two others only reached £5; two others, representing peaches and grapes, £1 15s.; and, lastly, a splendid garland of flowers, in the midst of which *Stella* had painted the Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, reached £18 10s.

These particulars, in the absence of a detailed description of the paintings—no very easy matter when flowers are the subject—may serve to show, if not demonstrably prove, that the works of Monnoyer, though good enough to be found in the best collections, yet have never risen to an exorbitant price:—£6, £8, or £12 will purchase one of his paintings, of greater or less dimensions and greater or less finish. If we compare the splendid paintings of Baptiste with those of Mignon, of Rachel Ruysch, of Sighers, of Van Huysum, we are surprised to find so great a difference in the price, considering there is so little between the talents of the artists. The real explanation lies in the low estimate formed by the French of the capabilities of their own artists—an absurdity common to all European nations except, we believe, the Italians. Baptiste never affixed any signature to his paintings. His etchings only bear his Christian name, *J. Baptiste*.

One of this artist's celebrated works is a looking-glass in Kensington Palace, decorated by him with a garland of flowers for Queen Mary II., who sat by him, it is said, the whole time he was doing it. He also painted six pictures of East Indian birds from nature, in water colours, on vellum,

for the Duke of Ormond. They are elaborate productions, displaying exquisite skill and delicacy of touch.

Baptiste had two sons and one daughter. The latter was married to Blain de Fontenoy, the disciple and imitator of his father-in-law. Of the sons, one, Antoine, inherited his father's talent, and was elected a member of the Academy in

1724. The other travelled in Italy, where he became a Dominican monk, and adorned the walls of his monastery with tolerably good pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Dominic. This is all we know of Baptiste or his family. He died in London in 1699.



HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, CLEMATIS, ANEMONE, TUBEROSE, PRIMROSE, TULIP, AND HONEYSUCKLE. FROM A PAINTING BY MONNOYER.

A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

THE history of Dutch painting presents us with a group of artists who devoted their energies to subjects taken from humble life, who found their models in the roadside inn, and exercised their genius in the reproduction of village fêtes and cottage homes and the haunts and habits of the peasantry. Among this group David Teniers stands the highest; sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates and borders on caricature, but at the same time exhibits great power of humour and bold

and effective design. He excels not in the higher branches of his art, but is truly great when he pictures the clowns of the low country, whiling away their time with dice, beer, and tobacco, smoking short pipes with an air of inconceivable comfort, and listening with amazing relish to a man playing on the violin. Brouwer was also justly celebrated in the same department of art. He painted all manner of scenes from tavern life—drinking, dancing, quarrelling, smoking, fighting,

playing at cards, or settling with mine host. When he exaggerates he seems to do it without effort, and the most mirth-provoking pictures of his pencil—the solemn gravity of the boor lighting his pipe, the vain attempt of the peasant to hide his uneasiness while under the hands of the village barber—are perfectly natural and true. The jovial tavern-keeper, Jan Steen, is noted for the same cheerful view of common life; he gives us the same jolly boors, regaling at the same sort of beer-houses, finishing with the same detail, copying with the closest attention brass pans, and earthenware, and well-thumbed cards and drinking-cups, uniting with his artistic skill all the elements of genuine comedy. And among these faithful delineations of rustic scenery and peasant life, the two *Ostades* are deservedly recognised—Adrian, the eldest and the most celebrated; and Isaac, sometimes called the king of light and shadow.

To the career of this latter painter we have before referred—how he was born at Lubeck; was sent when very young into the low countries; received instruction from his brother Adrian; travelled to the banks of the *Zuider Zee*, and settled at Amsterdam, “where he attained,” says one of his biographers, “the summit of art.”

The engraving which we now present is from one of the well known paintings of this master, and represents a “Road-side Inn.”

A country cart has stopped before a village hostel, and without alighting, the driver is refreshing himself with a comfortable draught, the hostess having brought him forth a pitcher of the strongest brew; three or four neighbours are lounging round the cart, an old man sits on the top of a tub with a dog half asleep at his feet, while the fowls from the poultry yard are picking up blades of scattered corn. The scene is very simple, perhaps vulgar; yet the eye rests upon it with pleasure. The painting is a Flemish picture more than two hundred years old, but its charm has not departed—its beauty and freshness still remain! Why? Because the picture is true: it awakens happy thoughts of bygone scenes, calls up old memories deep and tender, and we regard that episode in village life, that simple group, that rustic quietness, with pleasure, because we have somewhere looked upon what might have been the original of the picture. The grateful shadow of those tall trees, the picturesque beauty of the road-side inn, its swinging sign, its thatched roof, the creeping plant that climbs upon it, the company of villagers, the still water, the reeds that grow up long and dark upon its margin, the trees far away, over which the village spire is peeping, and the loving line driven forth to pasture, all combine to make the picture interesting to the observer. It is not simply what

it represents, but the pleasing sensations which it awakens within us. There is poetry in the whole design, poetry that belongs to all time, that does not represent a particular period or a particular place—not a burgo-master of the sixteenth century, or a street in Amsterdam—but that reproduces nature, and nature never grows old.

One might draw a nice distinction between the two words—*truth* and *reality*. They are not to be accepted as synonymous. Modern painters have sometimes confounded them, and the result has been a school of Reality, the disciples of which have copied nature, line by line, and have failed to be true after all. They have represented things as they are: have not brought either judgment or taste to bear upon their study, but have been content to reproduce nature under aspects the most common and inartistic. They have toyed over trifles, have been diligent students of minutia, have forgotten the beauty of the garden in the animalcules on one of the leaves, have overlooked the majesty of a river in the close imitation of the prism-coloured dew-drop, and in many instances have sacrificed all the true essentials of art to an unnecessary exactness in these minor points. This may be real, but it is not what may be emphatically called true.

Truth in art enters into the grandeur of the whole design, and into the poetry of nature. It looks for effect and not for detail; it admits choice and preference, and allows the judgment to be exercised in the selection of subjects, and the taste in arranging them. The artist is not content to represent every object as it presents itself to him on the first glance; he regards them in the most favourable light, uses discretion in the grouping of his figures, and at his pleasure introduces this tree and omits that. He claims the privilege of the poet, and artificial in the means which he employs, is true in the result which he effects.

This is not a subtle disputation about words,—it is the expression of two systems; one produced Titian and Raphael, and the other the lowest painters of the Flemish school. The students of the “Realistic” school paint as though nature was always beautiful alike, as if the mission of the artist and that of the photographic camera were the same in their end and purpose, and as if a picture was to be produced by an exact transcript of nature without choice and almost entirely by hazard. But the true mission of art is higher and better and nobler than this. Art supposes that its devotee should possess something more than an ability to execute—that he should have tact to seize only on those subjects most worthy of study, that he should accept or reject at his will, and that he should reproduce upon his canvas those images only which merited to be transmitted to posterity.

BURNET.

We have on more than one occasion remarked upon the fact that pictures are at once expressions of the thought of the artist and appeals to the feelings of the spectator. And yet a picture does not fulfil its office when it leaves nothing untold. If there remains nothing for the imagination to shadow forth for itself, nothing for the mind to ponder over, it is little better than mere imitation. It is one of the highest triumphs of genius to convey all its meaning while expressing only a part of it. How successfully this has been done by many of our own great artists we need not say. *Wilkie* has taught many a solemn lesson, and written many a piece of humour rich and pathos deep upon his canvas. There may not be any great variety of detail in the scene he pictures,—it may be one of humble life,—but there is a moral in every line, that he who runs may read. What a sermon lies in his “Young Poetboy!” What warning, instruction, and tenderness in the confusion of the lad, and the anxious look of his grandmother!

The picture, an engraving of which is before us, is another of those which suggest its meaning with beautiful distinct-

ness; but only suggests it, and leaves all the rest to our own imagination. Let us see what it tells us.

There has been a long and severe storm on one of our coasts. For days the sea has been fretting itself against the rocks in impotent fury. Scaward, a sierra of foaming waves, black clouds, and driving rain. At intervals, vessels have been seen in the offing, tearing madly through the storm under doubly reefed topsails, and those on board must have been bold hearts if they did not shudder as they looked towards the land, that loomed upon them so frowningly, so sternly. All along the grassy brow of the cliffs, white wreaths of foam lie like woolpacks, or are swept inland to disappear on some flooded field. Great bundles of sea-weed are found on all the paths by the shore, lying where the sea cast them in its fury. The eagle, whose nest is in the cliff, screams hoarsely and savagely as she leaves it in the morning, and more savagely as she returns at night, for this tempest is even more than she can enjoy. There is nobody stirring abroad, the fishing-boats are hauled up high, though not dry, upon the beach; every house in the village has its door shut

fast, and blazing fires of wreckwood make the inmates comfortable.

But down in one rude cabin near the shore matters have not been so cozy. Every blast has made the old smoky rafters shake and tremble; the rain has penetrated the clatch at a hundred places, and falls in regular and constant drops on the floor; it oozes in, too, by the crevices in the badly-joined casement of the window. The thunder roars distantly at intervals, and the lightning sends occasional flashes through the gloom. The youngsters are frightened, and crouch round their mother; but she, good woman, heard not the raging of the storm, or the dash of the rain. Her heart is light within her, and she sings gaily as she goes about her household duties; for her husband is not at sea, but snug at home, mending his nets and smoking his pipe, and waiting patiently for the return of fair weather. She remembers what fearful nights of watching and anxiety she has passed when a gale had caught him far from land; how her heart throbbed and her limbs trembled when the boom of the minute guns of a vessel in distress has come dismally on the blast, and the hoarse dash of the remorseless surge was mingled with the melancholy whistling of the wind through the chinks of the old door. She remembers how, breathlessly, she listened for his footstep; and she remembers with what anguish she watched the morning dawning on the stormy sky, and the troubled sea, and still no Dermot returned; and she is happy in contrasting her present quiet with her past alarms. And yet, even now, she has cause for sorrow and vexation. Before evening the storm has cleared off, but it has left many a trace behind it. The thatch, the straw for which cost them so much but six months ago, has been torn off their cabin; the potatoes on which they relied for subsistence during a considerable part of the year have had their stalks broken by the wind, and many of them are blasted by the lightning; the woodbine and the rose-tree, which had twined so gracefully round the door, are battered and torn, and bent and bruised; the little plot of flowers, sheltered from the sea breeze by a thick hedge, which was her pride and the delight of the children, is covered with pieces of stone and rubbish, and the flowers, the gay, pleasant, and sweet-scented flowers, are lying dead. The children are roaming about outside, lamenting over the ruin and desolation which meets their view; when, lo, and behold, in a great lump of thatch which the wind has swept off the roof, they find a nest, lined with down and hay carefully interwoven, and in it lay three fledglings; but, alas! the cold and wet had killed two of them, and one alone survived, to gape feebly for food at the sound of a chirp. But its mother, poor thing, has fled away towards the blue sky, with sorrow in her heart, and will never, never more return. The children nurse the little orphan and carry it in. Their mother prepares a little warm feather bed for it by the fire, where it can rest snugly, secure from danger; and the rough fisherman himself, whose heart is soft and tender as a maiden's, has made a little skewer to offer it bread and milk upon; and to the delight of the two boys it arouses itself, eats, and is merry. The family are present at all its meals; are enchanted to see it extend its little beak for more, and to flap its half-clothed wings.

In two or three days the thatch is repaired, the garden is cleared of the rubbish, and the flowers sown; the potatoes begin to revive; the rose and the woodbine are once more nailed to the wall, and once more begin to smile as they "were wont to smile." All the damage is repaired, and the storm is forgotten, but the fisherman has not forgotten to point out to his children the moral of it all—to remind them each time they rejoice over their pet that it was the storm which brought it them, with all the pleasure it gives; and that God never fails to intuse some leaven of happiness into the worst calamities he sees fit to inflict upon his creatures.

Allan Cunningham gives the following account of the life and works of Burnet:—

Art has its early victims, as well as poetry. Chatterton and Kirke White gave no greater promise of excellence in verse, than did Bonington and Liversidge in painting. To

these names we may add that of James Burnet, a young landscape painter of no common powers. He was born at Musselburgh in the year 1788, and was the fourth son of George Burnet, general surveyor of excise in Scotland, a man of probity and talent, and Anne Cruikshank his wife, sister to the eminent anatomist, the friend and associate of John Hunter. Others of his house have attained distinction: his brother, John Burnet, is as widely known for his talents in original composition with the pencil as for his almost matchless skill with the graver. The family came originally from Aberdeen.

The instruction which Burnet received at school during the day was excellently followed up in the evening by that of his mother, a devout and prudent woman. There are few of his countrymen who derive not as much of their knowledge from their father's fireside as from the public schools. His mind took an early turn towards art; during his leisure hours he loved to walk into the studio of Scott, the landscape engraver, with whom his brother John was a pupil; nor was he long in lifting the pencil; the result of his attempts was, that he was put under the care of Liddell to learn wood-carving, at that time a profession both lucrative and popular. This branch of art, indeed, is now nearly extinct; a love of what is plain has come upon the country, and carved chairs, couches, and cabinets, are expelled from parlour and drawing-room; our cornices and architraves are no longer ornamented, and festoons and flowers flourish no more on our walls.

During his apprenticeship, Burnet studied at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where he was noticed for the natural truth of his delineations. As his skill of hand increased, he began to perceive the limited nature of the art of carving in wood. He sent some of his compositions to his brother John, who had removed to London; expressed a wish to follow and devote his time to painting; and without waiting for a letter of encouragement, which was on the way, he left Edinburgh, and arrived in London in the year 1810, in the twenty-second year of his age. He found his brother busied on his fine engraving of Wilkie's inimitable "Blind Fiddler." He stood and looked earnestly and long on the picture; he had seen nothing so full of character, or so finished in all its details, during his studies in the North. A new light, he said, broke upon him, and from that moment he resolved to alter his style of drawing. In this resolution he was confirmed by examining the works of the best Dutch masters in the British Gallery. In them he perceived much of what he admired in Wilkie: he lost no time in making attempts in what ought to be called the natural, rather than the Dutch style. "So convinced was he," said one who knew him intimately, "of the little progress he had made in colouring, and the other essentials which are everything in the department of the art he had chosen, that he may be said to have only then commenced his studies; so little applicable is an academical education to the humbler and picturesque walks of art."

In Wilkie and the Dutch masters he perceived something entirely after his own heart: he loved the vivid human character in the former; and of the latter, Potter and Cuyper became his favourites. He desired to unite their qualities; and while he studied their mode of handling their subjects, and endeavoured to look on nature with their eyes, he was perfectly aware that nothing short of originality of conception would lead him to distinction. He had sought what he wanted in the Academy, but found it not; he therefore determined, like Gainsborough, to make nature his academy; and with a sketch-book and pencil he might be seen wandering about the fields around London, noting down scenes which caught his fancy, and peopling them with men pursuing their avocations, and with cattle of all colours, and in all positions. Of these sketches I have seen a vast number; some are rude and ill-arranged; others display bits of great beauty and character; the greater number are such as he probably intended to paint pictures from; for the scenes are generally well depicted, and the sentiment plainly expressed. Of cattle he seems to have been particularly fond, and has represented them in all possible postures, and of all hues—"The ring-straked, the speckled, and the

spotted." He also seems to have been a judge. Some of our cattle painters, imagining that the more flesh cows have the more milk they will give, have plumped them up into a condition for the butcher, but not for the milk-pail. Burnet knew that a moderately lean cow produced most milk, and in this way he drew them. But in all that he did he desired to tell a story. This he knew would give interest to his works, and produce at the same time action, expression, and variety. Nor did he confine his studies to the fields alone; he made himself familiar with the indoor as well as outdoor economy of a farmer's household during seed-time, summer, harvest, and winter; he left no implement of husbandry unsketched, and scarcely any employment of the husbandman without delineation.

The first fruit of all this preparation was his picture of "Cattle going out in the Morning." There is a dewy freshness in the air; and the cattle, released from their stalls, seemed to sniff the richness of the distant pastures, and acknowledge the loveliness of the day. His next picture was superior even to this: in his "Cattle returning Home in a Shower," purchased by Sir Thomas Baring, "he has introduced," says an excellent judge, "everything that could in any way characterise the scene. The rainbow in the sky, the glittering of the rain upon the leaves, the dripping poultry under the hedge, the reflections of the cattle on the road, and the girl with her gown over her shoulders, all tend with equal force to illustrate his subject." This picture placed him in the first rank as a pastoral painter. Others followed of equal or superior truth and beauty: such as his—1. "Key of the Byre;" 2. "Crossing the Brook;" 3. "Cowboys and Cattle;" 4. "Breaking the Ice;" 5. "Milking;" 6. "Crossing the Bridge;" 7. "Inside of a Cow-house;" 8. "Going to Market;" 9. "Cattle by a Pool in Summer;" 10. "Boy with Cows." Some of these are in the collections of the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Egremont, and the Marquis Camden; others are in the possession of the painter's relatives. A very fine one, "The Boy with the Cows," belongs to James Wadmore, Esq., and hangs worthily with the Wilkies and the Turners, and other masters of the calling.

I have said that he sketched and studied much in the fields. He felt that the excellence which he coveted could not be obtained on more moderate conditions. It was also his practice to write down on the spot his own observations regarding the future handling of the picture in oil: these are both curious and numerous, but their scope and aim are so interwoven with the landscape to which they relate, that few of them will be understood separate. I find the following memoranda regarding distances—"Extreme distance ought generally to be of the same tint as the sky with which it unites; and as it approaches the middle ground, the strata appear interspersed with touches of light and dark, such as the light's upon the tops of houses with their shadows. Be particular in marking the buildings with a firmer line than the trees: never admit colour into your distance when in the direction of the light; resemble a little with purple and grey at the bottom of your objects, losing their forms at the base. In a side light, the objects are coloured where the light shines upon them, while the shadows are all of one tint: even red is grey in the shadow; but when the light is behind you, every object is made out with its proper colour." The same clear, simple mode of instruction distinguishes all he says regarding the treatment of that unstable element, water. "To paint water well, it ought, if possible, to be painted at once with a full pencil and a quantity of vehicle: the colours reflected in water appear more pleasing from their possessing a rich pulpy substance, and also from their sweetly melting into each other. In painting water, particular attention should be paid to the place and distance, as it alters much according to the situation. Objects near the foreground raise their reflections strong when they touch aught, but are often lost when they come to the bottom of the picture; while, on the contrary, objects in the distance show their reflections stronger as they approach towards you. This arises from the waves conveying the reflection being larger, and less under the influence of perspective than when they touch the distant object."

Burnet is equally plain and explicit on the subject of "sky;" as his remarks are the offspring of his own observations, I shall give the student all the advantage which can be derived from them. "The sky being of a receding character, all those points which contribute to give it such character should be the study of the painter. Mere white, for example, will seldom keep its place in a sky, but it ought to be used in foreground objects for the purpose of giving a retiring quality to the whites in the sky and distance. Softness of form also aids in giving the sky a retiring character, although it is necessary to give a little sharpness to prevent the sky appearing what is termed woolly; yet very little is sufficient to give firmness to the whole. Clouds are much more opaque in the north than in the south, as the light shines upon them in the one situation and through them in the other. Their form alters much, too, according to the time of day: at noon they are round, and more like those of *Wouvermans*; in the evening they are more like those of *Cupp* or *Both*, especially about an hour before the sun goes down." Besides remarks originating in the contemplation of nature, there are, in his school-books, observations on some of the landscapes of our greatest masters. Under the date of May, 1814, I find the following memoranda concerning the pictures of *Richard Wilson* in the *British Institution*:—"I observed some pictures more pleasing than others; those which seemed most so were light pictures with warm foregrounds falling into a cool sky and a distance, the middle ground mostly in shadow of a purple grey, with yellow and green touches through it; a piece of blue drapery in the foreground gives great value. Of all things, *Wilson* seems careful to keep a proper balance of hot and cold colour, and of light and shade, with very little positive colour, and little of black or white, but always some of each."

But whilst this young painter was noting the excellence of *Wilson*, or watching the shifting colours of the sky and the changing hues of nature, he was sensible that a disease which flatters while it destroys was gradually gaining upon him as ice upon the stream, and robbing him of his vigour, bodily and mental. He still continued his excursions among the fields; the consumption from which he was a sufferer made him feel the beauty more deeply of solitary places: he was to be found often in secluded nooks; and the beautiful churchyard of *Lee*, in *Kent*, near which he, in his latter days, resided, was a place where he frequently wandered. But change of air and scene brought no improvement to his health; his looks began to fade; he could scarcely take his customary walk in the fields, or use his note-book and pencil. He is still remembered about *Lewisham* and *Lee* as one who was to be found in lonely walks making sketches. His cheerfulness never forsook him; he loved to talk with his friends concerning art; and at times, when he forgot that his days could be but few, he spoke of landscapes which he had planned and resolved to execute. On finding that death was near, he desired his brother *John* to bury him in the village church of *Lee*, which forms the background of several of his studies, and resigned himself calmly to his fate. He died on the 27th of July, 1816, aged 28 years. His dying request could not, it seems, be complied with; parochial etiquette forbade the burial of a stranger, even of genius, in the church of *Lee*, and he was interred in the churchyard of *Lewisham*.

James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape: his knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoing and incoming of shepherds and husbandmen, had studied flocks and herds, and, as the memoranda which we have quoted show, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look to the manners and practices of the cowherds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to loiter amongst the cottages, and observe through the lighted up windows the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will either the bold deep tones of *Rembrandt*, or the silvery and

luminous tones of Cuyp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be deemed great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling: there is nothing coarse or common in his scenes: his trees are

cows lean, his shadows too dark, and said his sheep with their torn fleeces seemed creatures dying of the rot. Those who are acquainted with country scenes, and with flocks and herds, may smile at some of these remarks. Under a fat cow



THE ORPHAN BIRD.—FROM A PAINTING BY BURNET.

finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace.

Of his defects the critics of his day spoke; they called his

a milkmaid will think it nearly labour lost to place her pail; and sheep which graze among briars and thorns cannot fail to show dishevelled fleeces. No doubt he had defects; but what were they compared to the great natural truth and beauty of his delineations?



A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

LORD BROUGHAM.

HENRY BROUGHAM was born in the house, No. 19, St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, in the year 1778. His father was a Westmoreland gentleman, of old Saxon family, who, while travelling in Scotland, became acquainted with Miss Eleanor Lyme, niece of Professor Robertson, the celebrated historian; he married that lady, and took up his abode in Edinburgh, in the house above named, where the subject of our memoir first saw the light. He was educated at the High-

thus alludes to Brougham—then a youth of nineteen or twenty:—"Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius of a *composite order*, if you will allow me to use the expression. He unites the greatest ardour for general information in every branch of knowledge—and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world—with all the powers of a mathematical intellect. Did you notice his physiognomy?"



HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.—FROM A DAQUERRETYPE BY BEARD.

school of Edinburgh, and at fifteen entered the University of the same city. Leonard Horner, who was an infant playfellow of Brougham on the pavement in St. Andrew's-square, was also his college contemporary, and augured great things of him. They were admitted members of the Speculation Society at the same time—a society in which Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Jeffrey, and many other distinguished men, first exercised their oratorical powers. Writing to a friend, Horner

Even at that early age Brougham's physiognomy must have been something remarkable. His is one of those singular faces which distinguish men from the common order; and a face like Brougham's does not change much. There is nothing soft nor beautiful about it; it is louring, stern, hard, and almost repulsive; and yet with a wonderful softness about it when lit up by a smile. The chin is long and squared; the forehead high; the cheek cold and brassy; the nose, mouth,

and eyes seemingly huddled together in the centre of the face. No—Brougham never could have been good-looking, even as a youth; and therefore we wonder not at the query of Horner to his friend, "Did you notice his physiognomy? I am curious to know your observations on it."

Brougham, as a youth, did not seek the "primrose path of dalliance." From the first, he was a hard and energetic worker. Mathematics were his favourite study; and within a year after his matriculation at college he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on *Porisms*, which was duly published in the "Transactions." Other papers followed, which led to a correspondence with foreign scientific men, conducted in Latin. His college studies over, Brougham travelled abroad, and on his return he settled down for a time in Edinburgh, practising at the Scotch Bar until the year 1807.

It was about this time that Brougham was brought into contact with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and the "Edinburgh Review" was founded. It is now known that the slashing review in that publication of Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which stung the noble poet into writing his "English Barrels and Scotch Reviewers," was the handiwork of Henry Brougham, written in his 29th year.

By this time, 1807-8, he had left Edinburgh and settled in London, where he was shortly after called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and engaged in extensive practice. His always indefatigable industry pointed him out as a man to be employed in business of emergency; and the selection of him to plead the cause of the English merchants against the Orders in Council, during the very year in which he settled in London, shows that he was already regarded as a man of mark in his profession. But he had, before then, been engaged in the House of Lords as counsel for Lady Ker, in the Roxburgh Succession case, in which he honourably distinguished himself.

It is said, however, that Brougham did not acquire his wonderful powers of speech without great labour. His first efforts, both as a pleader in the courts and as a debater in the Commons, were failures. But he had extraordinary pluck. He was never cast down nor disheartened. He only set to work again with renewed energy. His mind travelled into all subjects; and many languages were made tributary to him. After pleading in the courts all day, he would go home to study foreign politics at night, and forthwith publish the result in a brilliant pamphlet. He first publicly introduced himself to the political world in this way by a pamphlet, or rather book, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers."

Brougham, even from youth, seemed to watch his waking moments as misers watch their gold. Not one was allowed to pass without being laid under contribution. Hazlitt has said of him, "Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also, in one sense, of the length of human life. If we make a good use of our time, there is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may, with ease, fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have." This seems to have been Brougham's practice—to be ever busy, and yet wital to have leisure! Once, when some one called upon Romilly to ask him to edit a book, he pleaded want of time, but said, "Take it to that fellow Brougham—he has time for everything."

In 1810 he entered Parliament as member for Camelford, a rotten borough belonging to the Earl of Darlington. Being a Whig and Reformer, he attached himself to that party, and, consequently, remained long in Opposition. Although, in an early number of the "Edinburgh Review," he had written an article somewhat hostile to the slavery abolitionists—then believing the struggle to be only one between the East Indian merchants and the West—he took his side by Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe, and spoke more than once on the same

side. But his first appearances were unsatisfactory; and it was not until he had been some time in the House, and delivered his speech on the Rights of Admiralty, that he began to excite attention. Horner speaks of this speech as a triumph, and predicts great things from his parliamentary career:—"I would predict," says he (and this was written forty years ago), "that though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove serviceable to the true path of liberty and liberal principles."

At the general election in 1812, Brougham contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, but was defeated; and for four years he remained out of Parliament. During the interval, he laboured at the bar; he had an immense practice, and probably got through more work than any barrister of his day.

In 1816 Mr. Brougham was again returned to Parliament, this time for the borough of Winchester, and again through the influence of the Earl of Darlington. We find him immediately devoting himself to what has ever been one great object of his life—the advancement of Public Education. He moved for, and obtained, a select committee to inquire into the state of the education of the people in London and Westminster. He was appointed chairman, and gave a great impulse to the inquiry by his personal exertions. The committee, in its first report, stated that there were a hundred and twenty thousand children in the metropolis without the means of education; and that the numerous splendid charities provided in past times for the education of the poor were grievously mismanaged. Several further reports were made, and the result was, a commission of inquiry into Charity and Endowed Schools all over the kingdom.

Brougham's popular reputation was immensely increased in 1820 by the part he took in connexion with the "Queen's Trial," as it was called. He was the leading counsel on the occasion, her Majesty having appointed him her Attorney-General. His exertions in this cause were prodigious, and the speeches which he delivered on the occasion were perhaps his greatest efforts. The powerful orator succeeded. The government announced their determination to proceed no further with the "Pains and Penalties" bill, and the Queen was thus "acquitted." Such was the popular verdict at least. The public joy was without bounds. A spontaneous illumination in London for three successive nights followed the announcement of the triumph of the Queen's cause. The witnesses for the prosecution were burnt in effigy again and again; the newspaper offices which had taken part against the Queen were mobbed; and Brougham, Denman, and their coadjutors became the idols of the nation. There could be no doubt of the disinterestedness and courage of Brougham and Denman on this occasion. By exposing themselves to the displeasure of the court and government, they shut themselves out from official advancement in their profession—not only in that reign, but in the reign that was to succeed—for the Dukes of York and Clarence were both arrayed against the Queen and her cause. Brougham and Denman, however, could both afford to wait; they suffered for a time, it is true, but they both ultimately earned the lofty position and reward to which their splendid merits so well entitled them.

Brougham continued his labours in the House of Commons, devoting himself chiefly to commercial subjects, Foreign Policy, Negro Emancipation, and National Education. Throughout life he has been a friend to the oppressed of every class, and his eloquence has on many occasions rendered valuable aid to the cause of freedom. In 1820 he introduced a bill to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales, but it met with such determined hostility from the clergy, that he abandoned it in despair. In 1823 Mr. Canning took office, and it was rumoured, that he who had heretofore been friendly to the Catholic claims, now intended to make sacrifice of the cause. Some words which he had let fall in debate had been construed in this light, and the friends of the Catholic claims unitedly fell upon him as a renegade.

On the night of the 17th of April, a debate occurred upon

a petition presented in favour of Catholic Emancipation, in which Burdett, Tierney, and Brougham all spoke vehemently against the minister. Brougham's speech was the most severe. At the outset he was hesitating, disjoined, and somewhat rambling, as is his wont in opening up a subject. He cited instances of the humiliation of genius at the throne of power, and of dereliction of principle for the sake of office; he went on accumulating a cluster of such illustrations, and then, growing in vehemence, and increasing in rapidity of utterance, he glared his eye and pointed with his finger, to make the aim and direction sure. Canning sat in constrained silence, obviously ill at ease, writhing his body to this side and that, as if to find some shelter from the storm. The most perfect stillness hushed the House; every member held his breath; and it is said that, in one of the pauses of Brougham's speech, a clerk let fall a pen on the floor, the sound of which was audible in the far gallery. But on went Brougham; his stiffness and awkwardness clean gone, every feature working with excitement; and down came his terrible accusation of Canning, "that his acceptance of power had been the most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present."

At length Canning could endure no longer. His prudence left him, and starting to his feet, his cheeks flushing, his nostrils quivering, and his eyes almost glaring, he exclaimed—"I rise to say that that is false!" There was dead silence for a few moments, and even the Speaker seems to have been taken by surprise. At length he broke the silence by expressing a hope that the Right Honourable Secretary would withdraw the expression. He refused to retract "the sentiment," and Mr. Brougham to withdraw the imputation. But at length, after "explanations," and with the aid of friends, the quarrel was composed, and Brougham and Canning afterwards shook hands in the House.

In the year 1823 we find Brougham co-operating with Dr. Birkbeck in the foundation of the London Mechanics' Institute; and in 1825 he was exerting himself to establish a University in London, in which he ultimately succeeded. Indeed, the University of London, of which he seems to be the permanent Lord Rector (though not called by that name), was mainly founded through his untiring exertions. About the same time (in 1825) we find him engaged in another movement for the Popular Education of the masses—namely, the establishment of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the object of which was to prepare, and circulate among, the working classes cheap books and treatises of a much higher character than had formerly been accessible to them. The "Penny Magazine" among the first of the higher-class cheap periodicals, sprang out of this movement; and unquestionably this and the other admirable publications of the Society gave an impetus to the cause of popular education, of which England is still reaping the benefits.

King George died, and was succeeded by his brother William; on which a general election took place in 1830. Political feeling ran high at the time; the Reform movement was acquiring power; and it had been considerably increased by the revolutionary events which had occurred in France. Brougham was looked upon as one of the greatest men among the Liberal party; and, in proof of the estimation in which he was held, he was invited to stand for the largest constituency in England—that of Yorkshire. His electioneering canvass of that county is spoken of as something quite extraordinary and unprecedented. The district to be canvassed was of great extent, and no candidate had before ventured upon a personal canvass as Brougham did. He devoted about a fortnight exclusively to the work, during which he travelled by night and day: he had relays of horses at intervals, stopping at all the chief towns and large manufacturing villages, where he appointed meetings of the electors—in schools, chapels, and public rooms; and these he addressed, some at cock-crow in the morning, others in the forenoon, at mid-day, in the evening, and, in some places, the people assembled at midnight to receive and hear him. He travelled many hundreds of miles in the course of this canvass, sleeping

little and talking enormously. The canvass was a triumph; and Brougham was returned the representative of the largest constituency in England; he himself said that he had thereby arrived at the pinnacle of his fame.

But he went higher yet. A Reform ministry came in, and it is said the Mastership of the Rolls was offered to Brougham, but declined; and his name shortly appeared in the list of the new ministers as Lord Chancellor. We are not about to describe his acts or conduct in that high office. Perhaps more are disposed to blame than to vindicate him while in power. O'Connell used to say that he considered himself "the best-abused man in Europe;" but Brougham shared with him in this honour, if such it be. His appearance in their Lordship's House was dreaded as a spectre of revolution; and certainly he disturbed the equanimity of the debates in the Upper House by occasional extraordinary displays of his peculiar oratorical powers. He was Henry Brougham still, though now a Lord. The nature of the man was unchanged, and he continued the same restless, indefatigable, hard-working, versatile genius that he had ever been. Take an instance. He was sworn in Lord Chancellor at twelve o'clock, and at six o'clock of the same day he had laid on the table a bill to reform the abuses of the Court of Chancery. In the capacity of Lord Chancellor, he got through an enormous amount of work, and cleared off in a wonderfully short time the long arrears of business which had accumulated under Lord Eldon. Lawyers said he was hasty and impetuous in his procedure; and not always sound in his judgments—one of which was reversed by the King in Council. Indeed, the satirical remark was made of him by an eminent lawyer, that "if his Lordship knew a little law he would then know a little of everything." But he was doubtless of great use, and the English are now profiting by his labours in Law Reform—especially in the Law of Debtor and Creditor, and in the Law of Bankruptcy. He also originated the excellent County Court system, his object being "to bring justice home to every man's door."

But Lord Brougham was felt to be a man who did not work well in harness. He was constantly leaping over the traces. So, when a change of ministry took place, and a new Liberal ministry was appointed, Lord Brougham was not included. Since then, his career has been pronounced to be somewhat erratic; but he has held by his early principles, though he may not have chosen to take the particular course prescribed by the party of the time. His mind is of too original and eccentric a cast to allow him to follow quietly in the track of a party; and, consequently, no party relies upon him. On that fruitful topic, however, we shall not venture to dilate.

It remains for us to say a few words on his lordship's career as an author and a philosopher. His optical discoveries and discourses have won him an honourable name in France. He has contributed several able treatises to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; that upon the "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Science," is one of his best, and is most popular, simple and clear in expression, and exceedingly interesting. His work on "Political Philosophy," written for the same society, is a very able book, but little known. On his loss of office as Lord Chancellor, he devoted some portion of his leisure to the illustration of "Paley's Natural Theology," and he afterwards published a valuable Treatise, originating in conversations with Lord Althorp, on the same subject. Since then, he has published two series of "Lives of Men of Letters and Science, in the time of George III.," which have had an extensive circulation, and been deservedly admired. But his greatest work, unquestionably, is the Edition of his Speeches which he has himself corrected and published. That work will be his best monument; for, as it does, a collection of the finest master-pieces in modern oratory. It is in this work that posterity—while it will, happily for him, have lost the record of his weaknesses—contemplating the value of his services, will place him amongst the foremost men and greatest benefactors of his age and country.

BALMORAL.

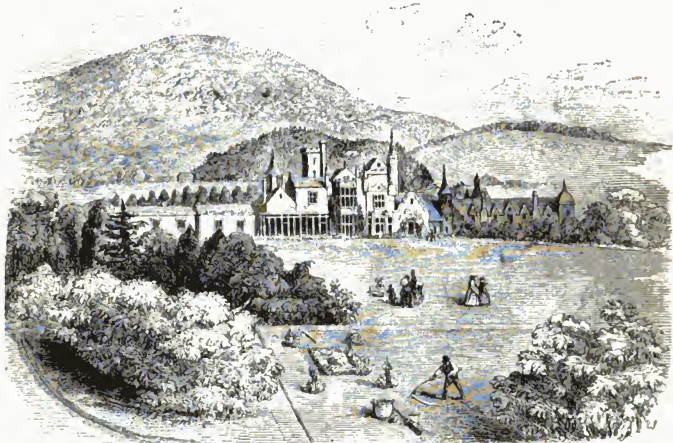
BALMORAL CASTLE, the Highland residence of Her Britannic Majesty, is situated in the county of Aberdeenshire, some five hundred and fifty miles from London. The house and grounds belong to the united parishes of Crathie and Braemar, on the south side of the valley of the Dee. The castle stands on a beautiful level, while

"The Dee's silver stream rolls his swift waters near,
Gilt with the golden sunbeams here and there."

The villages of Ballater and Castleton—pretty retreats for a few months in the summer, and rendered of somewhat more importance than hitherto by virtue of their vicinity to royalty—are each about eight miles distant from Balmoral, the one up the river and the other down; but the quiet of the place is seldom much disturbed by visitors, the nearest post-town, Aberdeen, being fifty miles away, and the roads onwards but indifferent.

The parish church manse, with the school-house and post-

with the adjoining property of Abergeldie and Birkall. Having been thus suddenly raised from the condition of a gentleman's shooting box to the rank of a royal palace, Balmoral soon underwent considerable alterations and improvements. During all the spring and summer months, for several years, the sounds of the carpenter's hammer and the mason's saw were heard amid the quiet woods around the house, and many were the alterations and transformations that took place before it was considered in a fit condition for royalty to reside in; but as the end of the parliamentary session came round, the sounds were gradually stilled by all descriptions of labour being quietly put aside for a season, and the Queen and Prince, with the young family, came and took possession of the mansion. As year succeeded year, the castle increased in size and importance—tower being added to tower, and apartment to apartment, and wing to wing, till at last it assumed a very picturesque and handsome appearance. To be sure, there was no particular order of architecture observed; but the mixture



BALMORAL CASTLE.—FRONT VIEW.

office, are distant about half a mile from the castle, on the opposite side of the river, which is here crossed by a suspension bridge. The few cottages thereabouts are hence called Crathie Bridge. All the district, from Balmoral up towards the source of the Dee, was once covered with dense masses of trees called Marr Forest; and, even now, much wood remains on the Braemar side of the castle; so that, with the extensive plantations of fir and larch, which have been formed by order of the Prince, the wood around the castle subserves a double purpose—that of ornament, and shelter for the deer and other game on the estate.

The Castle of Balmoral formerly belonged to the Earl of Fife, who let it on lease to the late Sir Robert Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen. After the Queen's first visit to Scotland, several years since, she expressed a desire to possess a house of her own among the mountains, and this wish becoming known, it was proposed to Sir Robert Gordon to offer his house to Her Majesty. Sir Robert complied, and Prince Albert became the purchaser of the estate, together

of castellated towers, conical turrets, pointed gables, &c., erected at different periods, just as fancy or necessity dictated, gave to the whole pile an imposing, old-fashioned, and homelike aspect, quite at variance with our notions of royal palaces in general, and like none other in particular. The magnificent George IV., "the finest gentleman," &c., built a palace at Brighton, which looks like a toy for the top of a giant's twelfth cake—a palace indeed, which, considering its cost and the poor return which the public have eventually got for their money, gave the English people rather a distaste to kingly architects. But as neither Osborne (the royal summer residence in the Isle of Wight), nor Balmoral, has cost one penny of public money, either for the original purchase, or subsequent alterations; and as the Queen and her husband have shown themselves neither extravagant nor careless of the feelings of the people; their movements are regarded with a love and devotion to which the "finest gentleman," &c., was a complete stranger. Thus it is that, year after year, the royal progress to Balmoral is hailed with delight by every man, woman, and

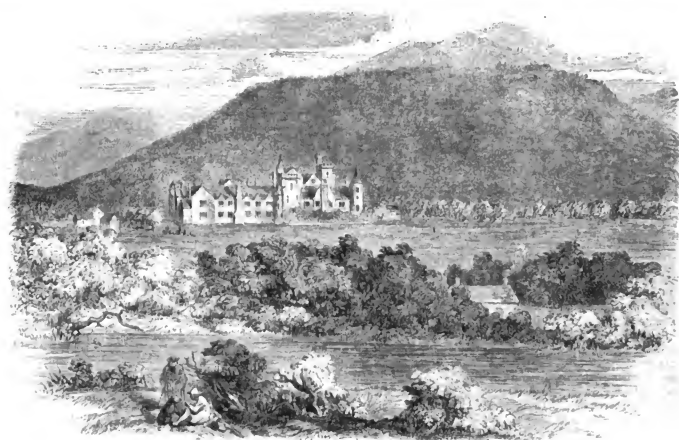
child—"from peer to peasant"—along the whole route from Euston Square to Aberdeen.

As the royal circle has increased, it has been found that the old castle at Balmoral, in spite of numerous extensions, is inadequate for its requirements; and orders have been given for the erection of a new and more commodious house a few yards distant. A short time since the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and the rest of the royal family, laid the foundation-stone of the new building in the presence of friends and tenants. We have no doubt the same sound economy, prudent management, and good taste with which all Her Majesty's household concerns are conducted, will be found to have presided over this necessary addition to her establishment.

Standing as it does in the lovely valley of the Dee, surrounded by all the beauties of Highland scenery—never so beautiful as in autumn, when the heather bells are in blossom and the yellow gorse throws a liberally golden hue on the hills and valleys—Balmoral may be considered one of the finest residences, in point of situation, ever possessed by royalty.

trees. A neat wooden bridge crosses the boiling stream immediately above the fall, and a fog-house has been erected just in front of the fall, commanding one of the most picturesque views imaginable—a very Niagara in miniature. Further up the valley are several other romantic falls, among which may be mentioned those of Corremulzie, Quoich, and the Linn of Dee.

At about six miles distance over the hills, in the valley of Glenmuick, stands a cottage surrounded by a few trees, which is known by the name of the Hut. It is nothing more nor less than a gamekeeper's lodge; but her Majesty having taken a fancy to reside in it occasionally, she has had its little rooms furnished and made comfortable, and often remains here for days at a time. It is surrounded by the wildest and most romantic scenery imaginable: the crested summit and rocky sides of "dark Lochnagar" tower in all their majesty behind, while in the foreground lie the dark silent waters of Loch Muick—a sheet of water four miles in length, closed in on either side by steep hills whose shaggy sides descend abruptly into the water.



BALMORAL CASTLE — REAR VIEW.

In every direction, the view from the house is grand and picturesque. A writer in a local guide-book thus describes it:—"From the castle whithersoever the eye is directed, it catches glimpses of enchanting scenery, in which the beautiful blends with the sublime, and the picturesque rises to the romantic. Eastward, the view is bounded by Craig-audarroch (the rock of oaks) and by the precipitous chasm called the pass of Ballater. Westward, beyond the military road from Braemar, which winds by the hoary Cairn-na-cuimhire, may be obtained some glorious peeps of the pine-clad heights of Invercauld. Southward, the eye reposes on the soft and fragrant foliage of the Birks of Craig-augowan; and northward, the Dee winds its silvery course, with a hundred heathery hill-tops, and a dark curtain of inaccessible mountain behind."

Nor are the environs of this delightful residence less inviting. About four or five miles up the valley, in the forest of Balloch Bay, is the fall of Garrawalt, formed by a mountain stream dashing with impetuous fury down a narrow glen, dark with

It is almost needless to say that the royal family are beloved by the peasantry round about Balmoral. No military cortège attends their footsteps as they wander over hill and dale, or through dark wood and glen; no guard is necessary to shield the Queen from her hardy Highland subjects, and she walks or rides about the neighbourhood of the castle as any Lady Bountiful might, doing good and visiting the sick and needy; the blessings of the poor attending her whithersoever she goes. A thousand stories might be told of her thoughtful kindnesses and judicious charities among her humble neighbours—at one time erecting a school-house, and providing efficient teachers for the children; at another rebuilding the cottages of the peasantry in good substantial style; and at all times so comporting herself as to win their honour and respect. Her Majesty and Prince Albert regularly attend divine service in the little parish church on Sundays, during their stay at Balmoral. The parishioners take no particular notice of them or the children, but allow them to come and go just as any other respectable proprietors in the neighbourhood.

The same conduct is observed at all other times. When the royal family go out among the villagers, there is no such running after their carriages, or crowding to get a sight of royalty, as disgusted her Majesty on her first, and only, visit to respectable Brighton. On the contrary, at Balmoral the simple people content themselves with a distant respectful recognition—a touch of the hat, or a curtsy, which is invariably and graciously returned; and so the British Queen and her husband are enabled to enjoy their autumn holiday in their own fashion.

About two miles from Balmoral, on the same side of the river Dee, there is a small castellated mansion belonging to the Prince, which is known thereabouts as Abergeldie Castle. This is the Highland residence of the Duchess of Kent and her suite during the period of the Queen's visit. It is a plain substantial-looking house, with nothing but a square tower in the centre to distinguish it from many a private gentleman's mansion; but its situation is delightful. Standing close by the side of the river, and embosomed in thick woods of birch, which abound in this neighbourhood, it has a charming outlook. The visitor to this spot, if he be at all romantic, can easily understand the sort of feeling which inspired Burns, on this neighbourhood, to write his charming "Birks of Aberfeldy."

The district all around the royal residence is well stocked with game, and affords abundant sport for the Prince and his friends. Deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, lake and river fishing, and such other out-door exercises and amusements as are common to Scotland, are to be found whenever they are required, and many a good day's sport is, no doubt, cheerfully afforded to visitors.

WODIN AND HIS RELIGION.

THE authors who have hitherto written upon Wodin and his religion are far from inspiring confidence in the reader. We cannot pretend to give more than a brief sketch of some of their statements, which, though not free from error, deserve attention on account of having been long current. It is supposed that this mysterious personage was originally king of a tribe on the borders of the Caspian sea. A contemporary of Mithridates, he was on the point of entering into an alliance with him against Rome; but the death of the King of Pontus disarranged his plans, and henceforward he thought only of giving scope to the warlike tendencies of his people by attempting the conquest of Germany. Aided by the counsels of the philosopher Mimer and his wife Frigga, or Freya, he managed during this expedition to give his people the religion on which he had long been meditating, and of which he was destined to be the principal hero. Its fundamental principle was the consecration of suicide. Whoever died a natural death bore the reproach of a coward, and incurred the penalty of future punishment.

As the believers in this creed regarded life as a burden from which they were bound to seek release, they boldly faced the storms and ice of the ocean around Iceland where they established their colonies. One division of this nation, known by the generic name of Northmen, went and settled, in the ninth and tenth centuries, in Normandy, to which they gave their name; and by their invasion they completely changed the political aspect of the whole of France. But Wodin pursued his conquests in the north, and apportioned immense empires to his sons Bagded and Segded, after subduing Sweden and Denmark at the head of his hordes. Having reposed for some time from the toils of war, he invaded Norway, and gave it as a heritage to his son Samungua. It is supposed that about this time the followers of Wodin took the name of Scandinavians.

Thus the life of this hero was spent in victories; and, it may be added, that he died as he had lived. For seeing his end was near, and not wishing to belie what he had advanced, he assembled his people, and after delivering a speech in which he summed up the principles of his religion, he stabbed himself and his wife with his poniard; upon which the aged

who were present, melted to tears, fell upon their swords; and the young, inflamed with ardour, rushed to new exploits.

Among a people so enthusiastic as the Scandinavians the recollection of Wodin could not but produce a lasting impression. His death, accompanied by such striking circumstances, naturally tended to increase their veneration for him, and before long they came to regard him as a god, though he had only proclaimed himself a prophet of the divinity. According to the poets, Wodin combined an invincible courage with such a remarkable eloquence, that he improvised verse in the course of his speeches. Some idea of the religion of Wodin may be gathered from the description of it contained in the "Edda," a poem said to have been composed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by various authors. The first part of the "Edda" explains the doctrines relating to worship, the creation and the battles of the giants; the second treats only of the quarrels of the gods. There are twelve gods; Wodin is their chief; and he has one hundred and twenty-six attributes of his own. Frigga, his wife, is the goddess of pleasures. Thor, his son, is the god of thunder, corresponding to Zeus among the Greeks and Jupiter among the Romans. Loke is the god of evil; he is the Beelzebub of the Scandinavians; he never ceases—says a writer, with great simplicity—from playing tricks with the gods. Nifhel is their lower world; Hela, the goddess of death, and daughter of Loke, presides there; her body is half stone and half flesh, to indicate the principle of life and destruction. Adulterers, perjured persons, and cowards, lie weltering in a green lake, formed by the poison of serpents, in which they are incessantly swallowed up and thrown back again by frightful monsters. Walhalla is their paradise; a bridge composed of a rainbow is the only entrance to it; Heimdall is the keeper. This giant has teeth of pure gold; he sees as well in the night as in the day, and hears the wool grow on the back of sheep! There in the midst of clouds warriors partake of banquets, served up by nymphs, called Walkiries. Their most agreeable pastime is that of renewing in heaven the combats in which they engaged upon earth, and challenging even Wodin himself to fight them. Surrounded by scalds,—i.e. poets occupying much the same position among the Scandinavians as the bards among the Scots—who celebrate their exploits in song, they never grow old. To give our readers some idea of the character of these tribes, we here quote from the death-song of Reyner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, which ends thus:—

"We fought sword in hand on the day in which I saw a thousand of my enemies prostrate in the dust, near a cape of England; a stream of blood flowed down from our swords, the arrows whizzed through the air as they flew against the helmets.

"We fought sword in hand. What is the destiny of a valiant man but to fall in the first rank under a shower of weapons? He who has never been wounded passes a tedious life, and the coward never has any enjoyment.

"We fought sword in hand. But I now find that men are carried along by destiny. There are few of them who can resist the decrees of the fates. O could I have supposed this would be the end of my life, when half-dead I was still shedding torrents of blood, when I sank the vessels in the gulfs of Scotland; and that I should be a prey to wild beasts!

"We fought sword in hand. But I am full of joy at the thought that a banquet is preparing for me in the palace of the gods. Soon, seated in the splendid abode of Wodin, we shall drink out of the skulls of our enemies. A brave man fears not death; I will not pronounce words of terror on entering Wodin's hall.

"We fought sword in hand. Ah! if my sons knew the torments I endure; if they knew that venomous serpents gnaw my bosom, how ardently would they desire to engage in fierce conflicts; for their mother has given them a valiant heart.

"We fought sword in hand. But it is time to finish. Wodin sends me goddesses to conduct me to his palace. I am going to the regions above to drink beer with the gods. My life is at its end, I shall die with joy."

SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN," ILLUSTRATED BY RETSCH.

On a former occasion we presented to our readers eight illustrative designs by this celebrated German artist; engravings made doubly interesting by the genius of the designer and the fame of the poet whose composition they illustrated, namely, the "Pegasus in Harness," by Schiller. In those designs the peculiar characteristics of Retzsch were distinctly portrayed; that style and expression which can be taught in no school, but owe their birth to the genius of the man, were well depicted. While the general effect is good, while the grouping shows both taste and judgment, the careful minuteness with which every detail is managed shows us that the German master was diligent in every minor particular, in order that his work might bear a more elaborate criticism than that which would suggest itself on a first glance.

Retzsch possesses an almost intuitive perception of an author's meaning, and this renders his illustrations striking and peculiar, sometimes exaggerated and fantastic, often ineffably sublime. Here and there he even corporealises the metaphors of the poet, now by a drawing grotesque and vague, now by a literal interpretation. And he is neither a borrowing nor begging man, his work is original; whether he depicts the thoughts of others or his own, he goes about it in a way no other man would, never seems to seek for a precedent, or to design after this or that great man, but fairly sketches what he thinks; he has fashioned the picture in his mind's eye, it has grown up before him into shape and vigour as real as though the men, women, cattle, fields, and cities were actually before him. For while Retzsch is original, his is not that sort of originality which represents nothing truthfully; he is true in all that he does. He is thoroughly German, has much of the earnestness and depth of thought peculiar to his countrymen, is the best picture-maker for a German poet, and besides no mean poet himself, the picture-poet of Germany.

The designs which we now give are intended to illustrate Schiller's well-known poem, entitled "The Brave Man."

A river has overflowed its banks, the desolating water with huge masses of ice floating upon it has poured down on the devoted city, these ice fragments are striking together with fearful violence, the cry of alarm has been raised as the dark waters have come onward with irresistible power, deluging the fields and pasture lands, sweeping over the high roads, and in their wild fury bursting on the town, and in a few moments carrying away the arches of the bridge, the houses, and the walls. Towards the banks of the river there is nothing but desolation, and the citizens of the loftier localities look with affright on the raging water—old and young, rich and poor, are gathered; the governor with his slashed doublet and plumed bonnet is riding in their midst, the people flock around him, all suggesting remedies, for a portion of the bridge still remains separated entirely from the shore, the rushing water beating upon it with increased violence, but that one part of the bridge and one house upon it still is there, like a rock in the sea. There is within that dwelling an old man, his daughter, and entire family; they are exposed to almost certain death; they stretch forth their arms, crying for help to their fellow-citizens, crying for help to the heavens! The people regard them with stupor. Who is bold enough to front the danger? Who has courage enough to expose his life to save those unfortunates? Who among that crowd will do it? Again and again the question is put, but in vain; the hours pass on; the peril increases; the ice-blocks smite on the frail arch like battering-rams, and the stones tremble.

The governor offers a large reward; he holds the bag of gold in his hand; how anxiously all eyes are turned towards him; even the crippled beggar strives to get nearer, and his eyes grow bright at the clink of the guilders. The figure nearest to the magistrate is looking upward with a perplexed glance, as though counting the cost of the venture. Every face exhibits the same expression; what will cupidity not do? who can withstand the offered gold? who will

now volunteer to aid in the rescue? Duty and humanity have appealed in vain, let Mammon cry in the market!

Do you remark in the crowd that young man of a vigorous frame, and fine, sagacious, honest countenance; his shadowed profile only visible, but his athletic form indicating strength and energy? He presses through the crowd, and volunteers to go, and a great shout is raised for the hero. A boat is procured, he steps lightly in, and, with almost supernatural skill, guides his craft amongst the ice-blocks. This is the second picture.

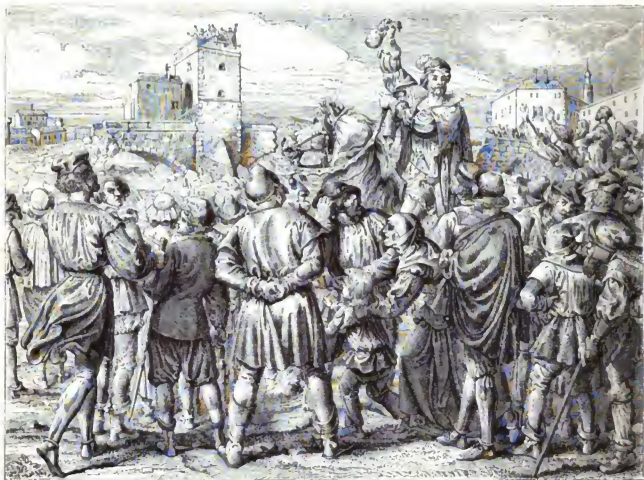
The brave man is standing in the boat, his tall, well-proportioned frame in full exercise, his head towards the citizens he strives to save; his countenance is noble and expressive, the index of a noble heart. A wild scene of desolation surrounds him. To the right is the city, the steeple of the old church rising above the houses, but elsewhere nothing but the turbid waters, the masses of floating ice, with here and there the fragments of the wreck it has already made;—here the trunk of a tree—there the body of a dead bullock—and in the centre of the stream the remaining portion of the bridge fast giving way, the unhappy family gathered upon it, with arms outstretched for help. Help is at hand. Fearlessly the deliverer urges on the boat nearer and still nearer to the object that he seeks; his risk is imminent, but his brave heart never trembles.

The third picture shows us that the rescue has been effected. Amid the floating ice-blocks the brave man steers his boat, at the near end of which sits the old man, wan, pale, ghastly; his children are clinging to him with the tenacity of despair; the young hero is exerting himself to the utmost, and his figure is displayed to advantage by the position which he occupies;—the artist has thrown wonderful energy into this composition; the anatomy of the strong, muscular frame is boldly and accurately represented. The boat is nearing the shore, where the group of citizens may be noticed; the governor occupies the principal place, and the evident excitement of the crowd is well exhibited; most of them are pressing forward, while some have climbed the neighbouring walls, and are looking on the brave man's struggle. Already they hail him as a hero, a conqueror—and caps are waved, and shouts are raised, as the boat draws near.

The fourth picture concludes the story. The bark has touched the shore. The emotion of the citizens, their joy at the rescue, is evident enough; the family rescued from their perilous position form an interesting and touching group, as with clasped hands and on bended knees they pour forth their gratitude. The governor and the brave hero form the principal objects in the design; the first is stooping forward and offering the bag of gold to the young man, who is steadily refusing it; with significance he points to the rescued group, as if he said, "This is reward enough, I seek no other recompence, my guerdon is their happiness; what gold can be compared with that?" Skillfully the artist has represented the sunshine, bright and beautiful, falling on the group; elsewhere the clouds are dark and murky, but now the storm is over, and the beams of light fall cheerfully on the brave deliverer.

Maurice Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1779. His family came from Hungary, and had been driven from their old home to escape the persecution that raged there against the Protestants. Not till he was twenty years old did Retzsch apply himself to the study of painting; but he disliked all restraint and would have preferred following the bent of his genius as a hunter in the woods and as a student of nature in solitude.

"He was, however, persuaded to enter the Academy at Dresden in 1798, and after submitting awfully to the irksome drudgery of copying, to acquire the mechanical part of painting, he began to exhibit his talent and genius as an original and poetic artist. The works of his illustrious countrymen Schiller and Goethe acted on his mind like inspiration, and with a kindred spirit he embodied their wild and wonderful descriptions in form and substance."



THE GOVERNOR OFFERING A REWARD FOR THE RESCUE OF THE FAMILY.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE BRAVE MAN GUIDING HIS BOAT TO THE RESCUE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE RESCUED FAMILY NEARING THE SHORE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE BRAVE MAN REFUSING THE OFFERED REWARD.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN society is divided pretty much in this way:—first come the noblesse, made up partly of those who claim descent from the old boyards, or landholders, and stand on the high ground of ancient lineage, and partly of the parvenus, like our law lords, who have been ennobled for years of faithful performance of their duty in the public service. Between these and the serfs, however, there comes a large class, which we altogether lose sight of in thinking and speaking about Russia, composed of government officials, toiling desperately in the hope of one day obtaining a patent of nobility, and cheating and taking bribes in order to accumulate a fortune sufficient to support the looked-for honour; of the merchants and traders who are daily advancing in wealth and importance, and who, under the present emperor, have been placed in possession of many new privileges; and, last of all, the shopkeepers, whose interests are almost identified with those of the merchants. Below all these, at the very base of the social system, lie the serfs; and even here we find many shades of distinction, which, in a paper like this, it would be impossible to enumerate. But, despite the petty rivalries, prejudices, and antipathies by which the various classes are naturally animated, one idea has of late years pervaded the whole mass, and now exercises a powerful influence upon the foreign politics of the state—the idea of Muscovite nationality, as something original in itself, separate and distinct from all the other nationalities of Europe. It is this sentiment which has always lived in the heart of the great body of the people, notwithstanding the efforts of the sovereign to assimilate them to the rest of Europe, and which has produced Russian literature such as we now find it.

Before the time of Peter the Great, it is hardly necessary to say that no literature, any more than art, or science, or manufacture, or in fact anything beyond the very rudiments of civilisation, existed in Russia. He found the whole nation in a state of barbarism; but he found them in possession of a noble language, rich but simple, pompous but energetic, passionate but dignified, containing a splendid family of verbs, which have the singular power, unknown to any other modern language, of expressing by a single word, and without the help of any auxiliary, the nicest shades of distinction in either state or action,—of changing the substantives in verbs, and of heightening or lowering infinitesimally the force of all expressions by a whole army of augmentative or diminutive particles. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is the eldest daughter of the old Slavonic, and the one which has most faithfully adhered to the original type. In the tenth century, John the exarch of Bulgaria applied the Greek method of John Damascenus to its grammatical organisation. Some of the Russians, however, claim for their idiom a still more remote origin, and state that the two monks Cyrillus and Methodius invented the Slave alphabet in the seventh century of the Christian era. This agrees with the opinion of the great Slave scholar, Safarjik, who ascribes the origin of the principal Slavonic dialects to the period comprised between the end of the fifth and the commencement of the tenth century. The oldest written monument of the Russian language is the testament of Vladimir Monomachus; after him comes a monk named Nestor, the most ancient chronicler of Russia; the only traces of literature to be found between his time and that of the Czar Peter are the popular songs and ballads, and some fragments of an epic poem, entitled "The Exploits of the Army of Jegor II., the Son of Oleg." It was out of these that the Russian language, such as it exists at the present day, and such as we have described it, arose. It was spoken over a larger extent of territory than any other, whether of ancient or modern times. It was the tongue of the boyard as well as of his serfs,—was heard in the castle halls, as well as in the rude *isba* or cabin of the ploughman.

In Peter's time nothing that was of home growth received much encouragement. Foreign manners, foreign manufactures, foreign costume, foreign houses, were sedulously copied

under his direction. He was the architect of the first European city which had appeared in his dominions. His great aim was to bring Russia within the pale of civilisation, and entitle her to take rank amongst the great powers of the continent. We know with what success his efforts were crowned. But in one department they were near doing Russia a fatal and all but irretrievable injury. They struck a deadly blow at her literature. Foreign artificers may promote industry and teach the arts of civilisation, and foreign discipline might organise an effective army; but nothing save native efforts and native genius can create a literature. This must assuredly be an endogenous plant. Its growth must be from within outwards. Any attempts to engraft upon it the productions of other climes and races destroy its vigour and produce sickly deformity. France, as the nation which then, as now, possessed the largest influence and most extended relations upon the continent, stepped into the sphere which was now opened up to her, and under Catharine the Great, particularly, all the productions of Russian intellect were cast in a Parisian mould. Every mark of nationality disappeared from them. Except Lomonossow, the poor fisherman of Archangel, and the Prince Cantemir, celebrated for his satires, no Muscovite author of the eighteenth century published anything racy of his native soil, which was not spoiled by French airs and graces. The literary circle which Catharine the Great gathered round her at the Hermitage was made up of foreigners, or denationalised natives, who sought to hide their origin, and forget the barbarism out of which they had just emerged, by close imitation of French customs, the adoption of the French language, and the discussion of all the questions of literature or philosophy which then agitated the Parisian salons. Any books which appeared were feeble imitations of French authors, the court wits cracked French jokes, sang French songs, and read French novels and memoirs, and abandoned their native language to the lower orders and the country gentry. A poem, recounting the glories of Peter the Great, by Keraskoff, entitled the "Petreid," appeared during this period, but it bore an unmistakable resemblance to Voltaire's "Henriade." No traces of Muscovite literature were to be found, save in the old songs and romances, which the peasants sang or recited during the long nights of winter around the firesides in their cabins.

This state of things subsisted without change until the campaign of 1812 led the Russian army into the heart of France. Thousands of the youth of all classes served in the ranks or bore commissions in it, for the war against Napoleon had become a holy war; and thousands more followed in the wake of the conquerors. Once in Paris, a new world was opened up to them. The prodigious intellectual activity, the freedom, the excitement, the enterprise, the bustle and unflinching energy, and above all, the bold and prominent outlines of character which marked the notions of the west, surprised and astonished them. Their sovereign, Alexander, was not the man to put a curb on their inquiries, or check their aspirations. On the contrary, he rather encouraged them. He was enthusiastic, high-souled, and magnanimous beyond the measure usually allotted to sovereigns, and it was well known that he dreamt of a state of things in Russia in which the rights of humanity should be duly respected, and the principle of equality before the law be fully recognised. As a natural consequence of all this, the peace was the commencement in Russia of an era of prodigious intellectual activity. The various social and political questions which then occupied the attention of statesmen in France and England, were discussed with almost equal freedom at St. Petersburg. Unhappily, this excitement bore bitter fruits. Alexander died in November, 1825, and in the following month a conspiracy, which had been long organised, and had for its object the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, broke out and was promptly suppressed. The Emperor Nicholas inaugurated his reign by hanging five of the ringleaders, and sending the rest to Siberia or the mines. Beyond this, the affair seemed to have little effect upon the mass of the people; but the youth who had imbibed the new doctrines, saw at once the error

their chiefs had committed in resorting to brute force, and that the true course for the progressionist party to follow was to create and foster a national literature, and make it ray of the soil, as the first step towards the civilisation and elevation of the masses, and the diffusion of sound notions of liberty and government. For this they, as a matter of course, threw aside German and French—then the language of the court and of polite society—and went straight to the old Russ. They found it divided into two branches; one pure, but spoken by the common people, preserving all its imagery, its metaphorical forms of expression and stately dignity; the other gallicised and germanised, clipped and pruned and debased by foreign intermixture, in order to adopt it to the requirements of town gossip and of trade. The former they at once selected as their weapon, and fortunately for them they were not debarred from the perusal of such works as appeared upon various questions of social and political interest in France, and Germany, and England. Russia has, in the matter of books, always been in advance of Italy and even of some parts of Germany. There was no "Index Expurgatorius" at St. Petersburg; most books that might be read in London might have been read there also. The national language and literature about this time, thanks to the efforts of a few gifted individuals, began to occupy the attention of the nobility, and became subjects of interest in the salons of the capital. The movement had eventually set in in the right direction. All that was wanted was a man of genius to represent it, to watch over and direct it, who should in short be the gauge to test its rapidity and strength. This man appeared in the person of Paul Pouchkina, a scion of one of the oldest families of the empire. While a pupil at the military school, he devoted every hour he could snatch from severe studies to the secret and enraptured perusal of Voltaire and Goethe. While yet a boy his poetical effusions had excited attention in St. Petersburg, and intercourse with some of the literary men of the day who frequented his father's house developed his talent into precocious activity. He entered upon life, proud, fiercely independent, impetuous to the verge of ferocity, gloomy in temperament, and almost barbaric in his passions. His productions, after the assumption of the virile robe, were chiefly lyrical odes upon the triumphs of the Russian arms, and upon the ancient glories of the nation. His fierceness and independence growing with his strength, he at last launched forth into an impassioned eulogy upon liberty, and a fervid appeal to the emperor to lead the people to its destiny along the paths of freedom. The great military Colossus was not the man to be moved by appeals of this sort. Pouchkina was ordered to the Caucasus. This, which his friends looked upon as a severe blow, was, in reality, the very thing needed for the full development of his genius. The splendid scenes of nature amongst which he now found himself, the grandeur of the mountains, the awful solitude of the valleys, the wild rocky glens, the gloomy forests, and the foaming waterfalls of the ancient Chersonese, and the perfection of physical beauty, the native freedom and picturesqueness of manners which he found prevailing amongst the tribes against whom his sword was drawn, were sources of rich and varied inspiration. Some of his poems written here have a charming air of local originality, if we may use the phrase. "The Fountain of Bakhtisarai," suggested by seeing the palace of one of the old Tartar Khans in ruins; "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," founded upon one of those romantic episodes which the Russian war in that region is ever displaying; "The Gipsies," portraying life amongst some of these wild tribes upon the plains of Eastern Asia—all contain a rich vein of poetry, are full of pictures of passing beauty, and yet they only give us a glimpse of the materials which in that land of wonders wait but the poet's or the painter's hand to rise into gems of art.

He returned to St. Petersburg from exile in 1821, and was Employed by the emperor Nicholas to write a history of Peter the Great. This work he never executed; but the researches which he undertook in the national records when preparing for it led him to a mine of romantic incident, from which he

drew materials for some novels, portraying the national manners and modes of thought with a master hand. They were as striking and as original as his poems. Unhappily, Pouchkina's unbridled temper led him to resort frequently to duelling as a means of deciding his quarrels; and in one of these combats, carried on in a spirit of barbaric ferocity on his part, he was killed at the early age of thirty-eight years.

He was the creator of Russian literature. He marked out its course; he gave it an aim and a standing; he infused originality into it; he showed the youth of the country what a rich, boundless store of materials, of energy, genius, and ambition to work upon, lay in the manners of their countrymen, in the scenery of their native land, in the incidents of their every-day life, and in the national archives. He did not labour in vain. If his death revealed the full height of his greatness, it revealed also the extent to which he had provided for filling up the void left by his departure. At the period when he entered upon his career, literature was exclusively the domain of the higher classes; but before he died, it had worked its way lower down in the social scale, and by the side of this aristocratic literature there grew up another, the chiefs and prophets of which belonged to the middle classes, the government officials, and professional men. All it wanted to enable it to swamp, or rather absorb, the other was, a little encouragement and support. This, luckily, it was enabled to secure. The minister of public instruction in Russia at that time, Count Oubaroff, an able and enlightened man, gave the plebeian students every facility for competing with their more fortunate rivals. Very soon the whole energies of the rising band of young writers who began to spring up were directed towards one object—the production of a Russian Encyclopædia—which was, in every sense of the word, a great national work, civilising in its tendencies and influence. The volumes, as they appeared, had a wider circulation than any literary work which before appeared in Russia. They reached the old Muscovite towns of the interior, and made them for the first time participants in the movement which was going on in the capital. Unhappily, owing to the misunderstandings between the conductors, it was never carried to a completion. Previously to the appearance of the "Encyclopædia," a "Literary Gazette" had been carried on, exclusively devoted to literature and art, but this being confined to a very small circle of readers, the "Reading Library" was started upon a more popular basis, and although at first ably conducted, rapidly degenerated into a mere collection of translations from French and English. The best of all these literary periodicals, and one which exists in full vigour at the present moment, is the "Contemporary," edited by Peter Pletneff, the rector of the University of St. Petersburg, and member of the Russian Academy. It is the leading organ of the *Panslavist* party, whose war cry is the union of all peoples of Slavonic origin under one head, meaning of course the czar for the time being. Many of its contributors belong to the highest class of nobles.

Political literature, such as we see in our newspapers and reviews, we need hardly say, does not exist in Russia, as no observations upon any act of the government are ever for a moment permitted. Anything, however, which asserts the claims of Russia to a wider dominion, and advocates the policy of aggression, is winked at by the authorities. Historical essays, written to show the right of Russia to the possession of Poland and other countries, have at various times appeared; and very recently a drama, entitled the "Revisor," ridiculing the follies and stupidity of the provincial administration, received the direct sanction of the emperor. The latest production of the Russian press is a poem by Apollo Maikoff entitled "The Two Destinies," which paints in glowing colours the glories of the future still in store for Russia, and points out the duties of her youth with great energy and freedom of language; and to the surprise of every one, the censure has made no objection. This would be a good sign if this zeal pointed to any nobler aim than armed aggression. Still, if the seeds of free thought are once sown, wisdom is sure, in the long run, to grow out of them.

MOSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CLUB-MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE manner in which a connected chain appears to be kept up between the different families of created beings, animate, and inanimate, which inhabit this earth, is a circumstance so remarkable, that few thinking minds can have failed to observe it. There are, indeed, distinctive marks which separate race from race, but there are also distinctive resemblances which unite them, linking one to another in a regular gradation from the highest to the lowest. Thus we find it among

next, both above and below it in the scale of creation, it is not easy, when we speak of allied tribes, to know exactly where to draw a line, which to take, and which to leave. We have spoken of mosses and lichens as in close affinity to each other, and we must now name two other tribes which claim relationship with them both, one of them standing higher, the other lower in the scale.

The first of these, the Club-Mosses, or *Lycopodiaceæ*, "pre-



Fig. 1. *Lycopodium Crevatum*—Wolf's-claw or Stag's-horn Moss.



Fig. 2. Spiral Filaments, or Elaters of Hepaticæ.

plants; we descend step by step from the mighty cedar which stretches out its arms in Lebanon, to the mildew which overspreads a mouldy crust; and although, on comparing these two objects, we find little of similarity between them, yet in each step of our descent we invariably perceive a something which connects the one with the other, and discover no break in the chain, no step which does not lead to the next, until we find ourselves at the outer limits of vegetable organisation.

One order being thus allied to another, one class to the

cede" the mosses, and form the link between them and the ferns. The second, the "Scale-Mosses" and "Liverworts," or *Hepaticæ*, follow the mosses, and unite them in brotherhood with both the Lichens and the Alge; there being species in this tribe which partake largely of the nature and structure of both those orders.

The organisation of the *Lycopodiaceæ*, or Club-Mosses, will be found well worthy the attention of those who delight in looking into the minutiae of creation, and desire to find subjects

for praise and adoration of the Great Creator in the works which he has made. The order contains but two families, the Club-Mosses and the *Isaetes*, or Quill-Worts.

cuticle, for the admission of air to the cellular tissue of the plant, and are for the most part narrow and taper-pointed. The stems are frequently twelve or thirteen feet in length, and in some species raise themselves into an erect position and become woody; thus approximating to the character of some Coniferae. In the coal strata are found some curious fossilised



Fig. 3. *Lycopodium Annotinum*—Interrupted Club-Moss.



Fig. 4.—The Pear-shaped Scale-Moss.

remains of gigantic Lycopodiaceæ, which are called *Lepidodendra*, or scaly trees, from the mode of the arrangement of their leaves. These seem to establish the connection between the two groups—the Club-Mosses and the Coniferae. The fructification of this group consists of a short spike, formed by a



Fig. 5.—The Dwarf Scale-Moss.

The Club-Mosses have a tough, persistent stem, beset with hard short leaves. There are no veins in their leaves, which are, however, furnished with large stomata, or apertures in the

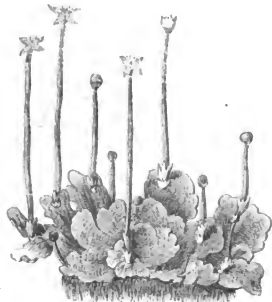


Fig. 6.—The Broad-leaved Scale-Moss.

prolongation of the branch, round which are clustered number of two-valved capsules. These are sometimes of two kinds; one containing a mass of fine powdery granules, the other, including only three or four roundish, fleshy bodies, is very much larger size than the granules. Both these kinds of

capsule lie among the hair-pointed leaves of the head, one in the bosom of each leaf, and inclosed in pale yellow cases. Whether both these kinds, the powder and the spores, have alike the power of reproducing their species seems as yet not to be determined, and botanists differ as to which of them is to be considered as the seed. Lindley tells us, that the larger bodies are the reproducing organs; Decandolle thinks that the one fertilises the other; but nothing seems clearly ascertained on the subject. It is certain, however, that the powder is endued with a curious inflammable property, and is used in making the Chaldee fire, and has also been employed in making artificial lightning at the theatres.

Lycopodium Elatium (fig. 1), the "Wolf's-claw" or "Stag's-horn Moss," is the only species that can be said to be common in England, but that may be found on most elevated moors and heaths. It is found on Hampstead and Hounslow Heaths, and in other London localities. In Wales, Scotland, and the lake countries, and in other mountainous districts, it is abundant, but in Ireland less frequent. The roots of this species are not deeply infixed into the earth, but they run matting themselves together just under the surface, serving thus to bind the soil, and prevent it from crumbling away. The stem is prostrate, frequently branched; the branches slightly raised at first, and then becoming procumbent; these branches thus run sometimes for ten or twelve yards from a centre. The branches are covered with narrow, flat, smooth leaves, the edges of which are slightly toothed and hair-tipped. These leaves do not fall off, but are evergreen and persistent. When about to form fruit there are thrown out from various parts of the branches spikes clothed with leaves, longer, narrower, and of a paler green than those which beset the original stem; these branches are crowned with pale sulphur-coloured heads, something like catkins, usually two on each stem in pairs, but in some cases three will start from the same point. On these spikes are the two kinds of fruit which we have described. The capsules which contain them are in this species kidney-shaped, perfectly sessile, and situated at the base of the bracts. Each is two-valved, and full of either spores or powder.

Lycopodium anatum, the "Interrupted Club-Moss" (fig. 3), is another very interesting species of this genus, of rare occurrence in the British Isles, but common in Norway, Sweden, and in North America. The roots of this species are tough, wiry, and tortuous, the stem creeping, very strong, and with a deeply-indentured and striped surface. It sends out at intervals branches from one to three or four inches apart, in an erect position; these increase annually, the growth of each year being marked by the altered length and direction of the leaves. These upright branches sometimes divide again, and when fertile, which is not always the case, the spike is usually on the sixth or seventh joint of the branch. When mature, the branches become prone, throw out roots, and send up erect branches as before. The branches are clothed throughout with linear leaves very acutely pointed, and with minute serratures at the edges. The front spike is oblong, and seated on the point of the branch in this species, being entirely devoid of the peduncle or foot-stalk on which the spike of *L. elatum* is elevated. The leaves, or bracts, in the spikes are nearly round, yet pointed at the apex, and in the axil of each is placed a large conspicuous veniform capsule, which, when ripe, opens transversely, and sheds numerous minute sulphur-coloured seeds.

Lycopodium Alpinum, the "Savin-leaved Club-Moss," is more common than the last-named species; it is a pretty plant, its foliage of a brighter green than any other of its congeners, and in summer the young shoots have a blue tint. After the escape of the seeds, the spikes bend into a semicircular form, and the bracts become reflexed. Sir W. Hooker tells us that it is much used in Iceland as a dye for woollen cloths. He says, "a vast heap of *Lycopodium Alpinum*, lying before the priest's house, drew my attention, and on inquiring, I found that it was used for the purpose of giving their wadmal a yellow dye, which is done by merely boiling the cloth in water with a quantity of the *Lycopodium*, and some leaves of

Vaccinium uliginosum (the Bog Whortleberry). The colour imparted by this process, to judge from some cloth shown me, was a pale and pleasant, though not a brilliant, yellow." Wadmal is the woollen cloth usually worn by the Icelanders. Sir W. Hooker tells us that this species of Club-Moss is the badge of the Clan Macrae.

The "Marsh Club-Moss" (*L. inundatum*) is a rather insignificant species which springs up on heaths and commons, especially where the turf has been pared; and neither that nor the "Prickly Club-Moss" (*L. selaginoides*) must receive much of our attention, though of the latter we must just notice that this species produces the double sort of fructification which we have named in our account of *L. elatum*. The upper capsules contain the minute pollen-like granules, the lower larger grains almost equal in size to the seeds of some flowering plants.

The "Fir Club-Moss" (*L. selago*) is the last species on our list. This ascends the summits of our highest mountains, and is also found on the level of the sea. It has been considered as possessing many extraordinary medical properties, but seems an unsafe remedy to meddle with, as, if too much is used, it induces convulsions. There is a curious species of *Lycopodium* mentioned by Dr. Carpenter as inhabiting Peru, which he says is liable to be entirely dried up when deprived of water for some time. "It then folds in its leaves and contracts its roots, so as to form a ball, which, apparently quite devoid of animation, is driven about hither and thither by the wind. As soon, however, as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves, which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation."

The "Quill-Wort" (*Isaetes lacustris*) is the only other genus comprised under the order Lycopodiaceae. This is a little plant confined to mountain lakes, and there is but one species in the genus. It has a tuberous root about the size of a hazel-nut, from which depend tubular white fibres; the leaves are also tubular and rise from the point of the root without any foot-stalk. They are of a bright green, and very brittle. The fruit is very curious, consisting of capsules about the size of swan-shot, imbedded in the very substance of the base of each leaf. Newman says, the Quill-Wort "clothes the bottoms of deep and still waters with a perennial verdure." It is found in the little lakes which abound among the Snowdon range. It is said that Dillenius waded into the waters of Llanberis to get it, and Newman glories in the fun of his exploit. "The imagination of a botanist," says he, "delights to picture the Sherardian professor in this interesting situation: his shoes with their enormous silver buckles, and his grey-ribbed hose, are seen reposing on the strand; his important bag-wig, and his formidable military hat sharply looped on three several sides, adorn his learned head; the ample skirts of his coat are gathered on one arm, whilst the other grasps his gold-headed cane wherewith to uproot the brittle *Calamaria*." Surely the nymphs and naiads of the lake must have been a little surprised at such an intrusion on their watery pastures!

Such is the structure and character of the tribe which appears to connect the mosses with the ferns.

The Liverworts, of which we have next to give some account, come lower in the scale of organisation; they are much varied in size, appearance, and structure, and some of them are of exceeding beauty. They muster under their banner some genera which closely resemble true mosses; others which are nearer the structure of lichens; and again others which link them with the Algae, Jungermannia, Marchantia, Trigonium, and a few other less noticeable genera, are all of this tribe; but they differ so widely from each other that we shall scarcely from their appearance be led to place them in the same order. The similarity of their organs of fructification shows, however, that they must all be considered as belonging to the order Hepaticae, and we proceed to give a brief notice of a few of the most interesting genera.

The *Jungermannia*, or Scale-Mosses, so named from Louis Jungermann, a German botanist, are of a very peculiar and exquisitely delicate structure. The whole substance of the

plant is loosely cellular, so much so that, although most of the species are exceedingly minute, the beautiful reticulation of the leaves may often be detected by the naked eye. The herbage consists of a variously dilated frond, frequently naked, but more often covered with small leaf-like appendages. These are often divided, but never truly nerved, and might more properly be considered as dilations of the frond.

The Scale-Mosses may be considered as divided into two classes: the foliaceous, or those which have the appearance of separate leaves; and the frondose, or those which consist of lobed fronds or thalli.

The former of these divisions is composed of minute plants, which by an unaccustomed eye might be taken for true mosses, amongst which, in many instances, they are found growing. These are widely spread over the ground on banks and trunks of trees, or other positions in shady woods; some are found on moist Alpine moors, frequenting the beds of torrents, or growing in boggy places, along the edges of springs, or rivulets, whilst we find some species spread out on clay and exposed heaths, exhibiting their pretty purple or bronze foliage where nothing else will grow.

The second, or frondose, division of this tribe is chiefly confined to semi-aquatic positions: they are larger, their leafy parts, or fronds, are thicker, broader, and of a different texture from the foliaceous kinds, and some of them are slimy to the touch; but there are one or two of this division, namely, the "Forked," and the "Downy Scale-Mosses," which grow on stones, trunks of trees, and on shady limestone rocks.

The fruit of this last genus is a theca or capsule which rises from a tubular leaf or cluster of leaves called the Perichætium, and is usually borne on a seta or fruit stalk. The theca lies involved in this protecting sheath until it is mature enough to make its appearance in the world; the perichætium then opens at the top, and the little theca, unlike the modest little mosses which never lift their young heads to the light without the covering of their calyptra or veil, suddenly starts up, leaving that organ attached to the point at which it originally grew, and displays itself unveiled to the eye which may be sharp enough to detect its diminutive beauties. This theca is four-valved, in shape much like those of mosses, but it has no lid, and no central column round which the spores assemble; instead of this it is furnished with some very curious spiral filaments with which the spores are associated (fig. 2). It is in the possession of these spring-like organs alone that the different families which class under the general name of Hepaticæ resemble each other, but these are common to the Jungermanniæ, the Marchantiæ, and all the rest of the genera which the order comprises. These organs consist of double spiral threads, somewhat like the tracheæ or spiral air-vessels in plants, only more elastic. They are contained in the same case with the spores and curled up among them, and when the capsule is mature, spring up with a sudden jerk like a jack-in-a-box, and scatter the spores which are around them in all directions. So sensitive are these elaters that even breathing on them will set them in motion after the spores have escaped. The Scale-Mosses chiefly differ from true mosses in the permanent attachment of the calyptra of which we spoke above, and in having no lid or operculum, and no columella. The tubular form of the sheath and the presence of the spiral filaments, just described, constitute the other distinguishing features of the genus. Besides the normal fructification, the Jungermanniæ possess a second kind of reproductive organ by means of which the species are often propagated; these are called gemmæ, and consist of minute roundish, or oblong bodies, variously situated, sometimes in the axil of the leaf, at others on its margin, and clustered together in the form of little bells.

The colour of the Scale-Mosses varies through all the shades of green into brown, yellowish, dusky purple, and bronze. The theca is usually black, or deep purple, or dark brown, although occasionally it is nearly transparent.

The seta or fruit-stalk is in most cases semi-transparent and as delicately reticulated as the other parts of the plant.

Our example, the Pear-shaped Scale-Moss (*J. turbinata*, fig. 4.) shows this very beautifully. This species is one which is frequent in moist shady spots in limestone districts, and we have selected it as illustrative of the highly cellular structure of plants of this tribe. *J. pusilla* (fig. 5), the Dwarf Scale-Moss, is given for the purpose of exhibiting the beautiful form of its folded sheath or perichætium. The plant is of a tender green, the capsule brown, and the edges of the bell-shaped sheath of a delicate pink. This is given, as are all the other Scale Mosses of which we present drawings, as they appear when magnified to about six times the natural size.

Sowerby says, in speaking of mosses, that which may with equal truth be said of the tribes which at present engage our attention: "It is chiefly in the economy of nature that we must look for the utility of these little plants, that she has fashioned with so much care, and for the reproduction and dissemination of which she has invented so beautiful and complicated an apparatus as that described above, though they are destined for the most part to flourish where no human eye beholds that beauty, no intelligence, save her own, can calculate the necessity and advantage of their existence. Their ministry is pursued in concert with other families lower in the scale of vegetable being; the smaller species assisting in the production of soil upon newly formed lands, clothing with verdure the most barren spots, and gradually fitting them for the support of the higher order of plants; while the larger are occupied in no small degree in the production of land itself, especially the aquatic kinds, which fix themselves upon the surface of lakes and stagnant waters, already interlaced with the slender stems of the *Charæ-Confezæe*, and plants of similar habit, gradually converting the liquid plain into a partially solid one, on which eventually grasses, rushes, &c., are capable of growing; thus are formed morasses, which, by a further progress of vegetation, become at length fertile meadows. While thus slowly operating to increase the extent of the habitable world, their influence directly and indirectly affects in various ways, but more frequently, perhaps, unseen and unsuspected, the welfare and interest of those who are too apt to despise their apparent insignificance, and too proud to stoop to the examination of their surpassing beauty." Of the species which render their feeble aid in thus converting water into land, are some of the little frondose Scale-Mosses, and also some of the other tribes of the hepaticæ. The Broad-leaved Scale-Moss (*J. Eppihilla*, fig. 6), which is depicted of the natural size, is one of these. It is frequent on moist heaths, and in damp woods, and thickets, especially by the sides of wells and rivulets. The Slippery Scale-Moss (*J. Pinguis*) is another of this description.

We next come to the family *Marchantiæ*, named from Nicholas Marchant, a noted botanist. It is a pretty and singular tribe, its trivial name, liverwort, being derived from a fancied resemblance to the human liver; this resemblance was supposed to indicate some special virtue in the plant, as connected with that organ, and in olden time it was considered a specific for jaundice and other such disorders. The Marchantiæ grow on earth or the bark of trees in damp places, spreading over the ground in the form of a green incrustation, from the lower surface of which root-fibres are developed. This crust or thallus is entirely composed of cellular tissue, the cells of the outer layer being closer in texture than the rest, and forming a thick leathery cuticle, in which are large stomata. The fruit consists of a head of spore-cases, radiating from a central disk called the "shield," like the spokes of a wheel. The head is mounted on a long stalk springing from a bell-shaped sheath, which starts from the surface of the frond or thallus, usually at the margin. The spore-cases or thecae open by irregular fissures, either four or eight in number. Besides this normal fruit, gemmæ, or detached buds, of quite a different structure, are found on these plants. These are small leafy bodies which spontaneously separate from the parent plant, and when mature are washed out by the rain, and carried abundantly to new localities, where they spring up and grow very rapidly. The form of the thallus or fronds of the mar-

chantia is thus quaintly described by the good old herbalist Gerard:—"Liverwort is a kinde of mosse which spreadeth itself abroad upon the ground, having many uneven or crumpled leaves lying over one another, as the scales of fishes

The other example given (fig. 7) is of the Star-headed Liverwort (*M. polymorpha*), a species even more common than the conical.

Of the other genera which the order *hepaticeæ* comprises



Fig. 7.—Star-headed Liverwort.

do; greene above, browne underneath." These fronds are variously lobed, their colour is a living green, and when broadly spread over a damp bank or the wall of a fountain or reservoir of water, they form a beautiful object. The Germans have the same name for the tribe as ourselves, and call it *leberkraut*. The Conical Liverwort (fig. 8) is common. It is

we shall say but little, as they are few and, in comparison, insignificant.

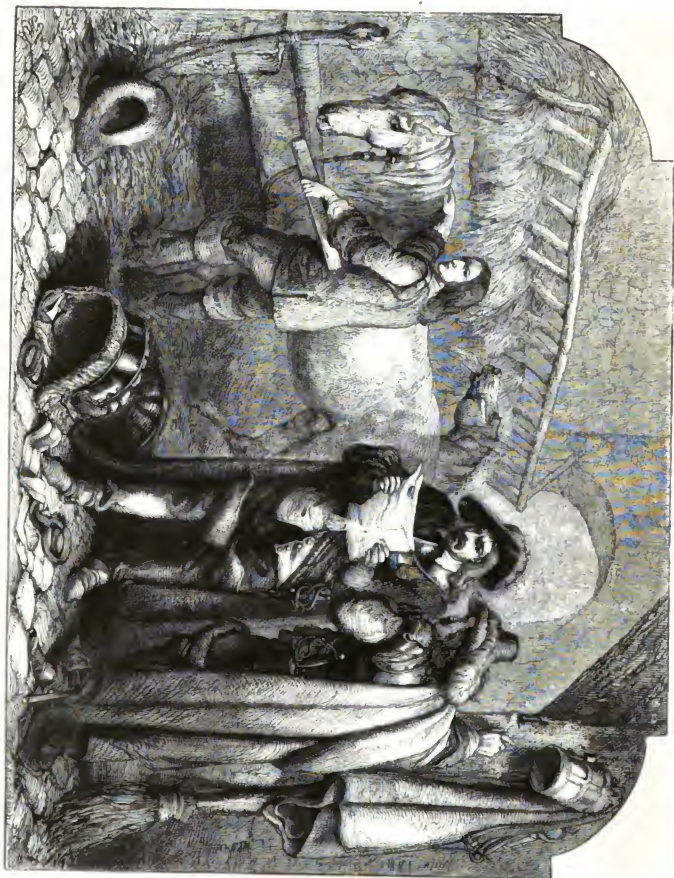
Targionia hypophylla at first sight resembles a marchantia, but differs in its fructification, which is globose and nearly buried in the margin of the frond; and this, with *anthocerus punctatus*, *spharocarpus terrestris*, and a few species of a



Fig. 8.—Conical Liverwort.

of a yellowish-green tinged with brown; the peduncle, or fruit-stalk, is white touched with pink, and fleshy. It springs from a concave disk, usually situated in the marginal clefts of the fronds. The sporules are large, of a dark olive hue.

little tribe called *riccia*,—on which, as they are for the most part little known and not of much general interest, we shall not enter particularly,—complete the number of the genera contained in this order.



CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES II. AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER X.

THE morning that succeeded the events that we have last recorded, found the Venetian general again in his apartment at Palestrina, as vigilant and as self-composed as if he had, during the hurried repose of the few preceding hours, slept away all recollection of the exciting scene of the past midnight. But, in truth, it was not so. The deep responsibility which he had taken upon himself in contradicting the wishes of so many of those whose power in the state was too formidable to be thought lightly of, weighed heavily upon his mind—but the effect of that weight upon a mind such as Zeno's was not to crush but to concentrate its energies. It is, indeed, the nature of bold, brave spirits to be resalient under pressure; and so his mind rose up to the emergency—calm, self-reliant, and circumspect. That he had other dangers to cope with besides those of the Venetian council, recent events admonished him. That a traitorous intercommunication was carried on between the Genoese and Recanatì he had ascertained, and though he had proofs of the enemy having more than once obtained early intelligence of his own movements, he had not by the utmost vigilance been as yet able to discover the means by which that intelligence had been transmitted. At length the circumstance of the Italian condottiere having more than once volunteered to keep the night-watch out of his turn, aroused the suspicion of Zeno, and knowing that upon the night just past he had made the same arrangement, the general took the measures we have already seen in withdrawing Recanatì from the redoubt and sending Checco in his place.

And now Zeno sat in his apartment, tranquilly awaiting the arrival of the English knight, whom he had ordered to attend in person and report to him what had taken place during the night-watch. Punctual to the appointed time, the sound of the knight's steps was heard outside, and in another moment the Englishman stood before the general.

"Ben venuto, capitano," said Zeno, in return for the knight's salute, "how passed your watch last night? Hast aught to report?"

"So please your excellency, not much—at least, not much that I set any count on."

"Didst see nothing?"

"Nothing, in good faith, for, as your excellency knows, there was no moon, and the stars gave only light enough to show themselves by."

"Well, what didst hear? for I know well thou didst not close thine ears, good sir knight."

"That did I not, and yet, I might as well have done so, for aught they served me; save the whirr of a bird's wing that swept by in the dark, there was not a sound to waken a young fawn. And so, when the morning broke, our watch ceded, and we were relieved. As I marched away my men, I found at my feet this quarrel. How it came there, or when, I know not. It might have been there before our watch began, as it was then too dark to notice any object. Be that as it may, I have brought it to your excellency. If I have any skill in the fashion of bolts, this one was shot from a Genoese cross-bow."

Zeno took the bolt from the Englishman and examined it carefully from its square iron head down to the end of the shaft, and then said,

"It is as thou sayest, Sir William. A Genoese quarrel, truly, aye, and of no common kind. He had a cunning hand who wrought it. Yet am I much deceived in thee, sir knight, if thou understandest for what sort of warfare it was formed."

The English captain looked somewhat astonished, but made no reply. Zeno continued,

"Come, I said I would not trust thee by halves. What ho! Alexis!"

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At the call of Zeno the Greek lad entered.

"Look at this quarrel, good youth, and say hast thou seen such an one lately, and where?"

The lad took the bolt, looked at it for a moment keenly, and then turned an inquiring glance from his master to the knight.

"Nay, fear not to speak thy thoughts freely," said Zeno, understanding the youth's hesitation; "here is none that is not true."

"Such another as this saw I last night in the hands of Sir Roberto di Recanatì; I know it by the thickness of the shaft. Have I your leave, noble signore, to see how it is put together?"

"Twas for that I called thee; proceed."

Alexis examined the weapon carefully throughout, and at length discovered that the shaft was divided longitudinally into two equal portions; but so skilfully and close did the edges fit together, that the line of junction seemed exactly like other lines drawn down the shaft. For a time the Greek was unsuccessful in his endeavours to divide the parts; at length, in examining where the wood was inserted into the iron head, he smiled, and then turning the head round with a firm grasp, he screwed it off the shaft and separated the parts of the latter, which revolved round a hidden pivot at the bottom. The secret was now apparent—the shaft had been hollowed out, and within it lay rolled up a scroll. This Alexis took out and handed to his master. The latter opened it, and perceived that it was covered with writing.

"So," said he, after a moment's pause, "so then we have at last discovered Recanatì's courier. Look you, Sir Checco, this is the bird whose wing whirled by you last night."

"By the faith of a true knight, I begin to think it is so, noble signore. Fool that I was, to take it for an owl."

"Aye, 'twas a great mistake; thou seest now it is a messenger dove. Well, let us see what tidings it bears."

The general now applied himself to decyphering the writing.

"Ha!" said he, "this requires to be well considered upon." And he sat down, and in a moment was absorbed in the perusal of the missive.

"With your permission, excellenza," said the Englishman, "I think it would be well that I should retire for the present."

"Thou art right, my good Checco; it may be as well that I have a moment in solitude to look to this matter."

The knight moved towards the door, but Zeno arrested him for a moment.

"This document," said he, "gives me the plainest proof of Recanatì's treason: and to a true knight like thee, a traitor is odious."

"As hell," said Checco, with unwonted energy.

"Then may I count on thy help to foil the traitor and the treason?"

"That may you, general. I swear to you, by the faith of a knight and an English gentleman."

"Farewell, then, for the present; I may want thee again ere long."

And so Sir William Cheke withdrew, and left the general of the Venetians to his meditation.

It was later than was his wont, when Zeno appeared amongst the troops; for he passed much of the morning in consideration of what the secret billet disclosed to him. The cause of the disorders in the Venetian camp was now clearly understood; the proffers of the Genoese to Recanatì, the exorbitant demands of the condottiere, which the besieged at Chioggia were not yet prepared to comply with, nor in a condition wholly to reject;—all this he learned, and, knowing it, he was now prepared to baffle and to counterplot. But he learned still more: he learned that the Genoese were daily becoming more and more straitened in their provisions, and

dispirited as to the issue of the siege; that the Genoese admiral sought by every means to induce Zeno to hazard an assault, and for that purpose entreated Recanati to excite throughout the troops a feeling of discontent and impatience at their present life of inaction. All this satisfied Zeno that the course which he had adopted was the most judicious, and he was now more than ever determined to persevere in it.

Time passed on, week succeeded week, and still the forces of Venice blocked up the Genoese at Chioggia by land and sea. In vain did the latter endeavour, by sallying beyond the walls, to draw the besiegers from their position. In vain did the sentinels from the walls, and the mariners from the galleys, endeavour, by taunting shouts and accusations of sloth and cowardice, to goad or shame the Venetians to offensive operations. Chafed they did indeed and burn at the ribald challenges, and fain would they have accepted them; but the strong will and unyielding determination of Zeno controlled them as with a chain of iron, and none dared infringe the rigid rules of discipline which he had established. And so time passed on, and began to work its terrible effects upon the Genoese. Their privations increased, for no supplies of food could reach them, so skillfully had Zeno and Pisani taken their measures. In vain did Francesco Carrara attempt to succour the besieged by conveying provisions to them down the Brenta; for the passages of the river had been blocked up by the Venetians, and the fleet of the Genoese admiral Muraffo could not break through the barriers at Brondolo. Terms of capitulation were offered by the besieged, by which they sought for nothing more than that their troops and flotilla should be suffered to pass unmolested from Chioggia. But the terms were haughtily rejected by Venice, who now felt that the question was no longer whether Chioggia should be retaken from the enemy, but whether that enemy should fall utterly and unconditionally into the hands of their ancient foes. And thus were the Genoese reduced well nigh to the extremity of despair. No alternative remained save to perish of hunger within the walls, or to make a final effort to escape even through the midst of their enemies. The latter course was determined upon; for it had, at least, one advantage over the former, that it presented the possibility of escape.

It was now somewhere about the middle of the month of July. The shadows of night were just beginning to melt away before the gray light of the early dawn, and the outstretched waters of the Adriatic were just becoming visible to the eyes of those who then looked with strained vision to the seaward from the ramparts of the fortifications at Palestrina. These were three persons, who were seated upon the summit of a solitary and distant tower, which flanked the south-western angle of the fort; and whilst they were themselves hidden from observation, they could command a view both outwards along the sea and westward towards the besieged city. One alone there was, within whose ken those lonely watchers must have come, and yet, if he detected their presence, he did not appear to take any notice of them; for he marched to and fro on his watch along the rampart—that stalwart bowman—and though he never looked towards the tower, his sharp eye scanned keenly every other object through the gloaming, and as he came to the end of his short march he invariably stopped, and assumed for a moment the attitude of one attent and listening, and then he would turn back on his way, and in a very low, pleasant chant, sing some ditty of his far-away home.

"Art thou well assured, Alexis," said one of the three persons on the tower, "that thou didst replace the quarrel unseen by any?"

"I will certify that no eye could see me from beyond the redoubt, for I stole along under its cover."

"And I, noble general," said the third person, "will vouch that none could have passed from the fort; I will answer for the vigilance and the fidelity of yon stout Bowman Hodge, with my life."

"Tis well," said Zeno. "Listen, then, my right trusty

Checco, and thou shalt learn what work our open enemies and our treacherous allies are carving out for us to-day. Thou must know, then, that we have discovered from the last missive from the enemy—which Alexis intercepted and has just replaced where Recanati will find it ere sunrise—we have discovered, I say, that the Genoese have for some days past been preparing a number of rafts, for which purpose they have demolished many of the houses in the town—with this fleet they propose to leave the city, and, if possible, to effect a junction with the fleet of Muraffo that lies, as you see, yonder," and he pointed out eastward where the hulls of the Genoese galleys were now dimly visible.

"It seems to me, so please you," said Checco, "but a wild scheme and a hopeless."

"I know not that," replied Zeno.

"They can scarcely leave the city before they will be perceived," rejoined Checco, "and once discovered their fate is inevitable."

"And yet they have taken their measures well, and might very possibly have succeeded, were I not informed of their design. In the first place, the rafts will scarcely rise above the water, and so might for a time be unnoticed; but besides that, they have taken good care that we shall have abundance of other matters to divert our attention from Chioggia. The Admiral Muraffo's fleet is to bear down upon Palestrina; that will engage the Venetian armament and Pisani; and then, lest I should look about me too pryingly from sheer idleness, my worthy ally Recanati has undertaken to excite a tumult amongst the mercenaries, so as to give me something to do—What think you of that, good Sir William? Is it not a knightly and a right skilful plot withal?"

"By the holy rood," said the Englishman, in a low and solemn tone, "he is no true knight, but a foul disgrace to the order; the fellow should have his spurs hacked off his heels by the provost-marshal. Thank heaven, he comes not from merry England!"

Zeno smiled, and after a moment resumed—"Well, then, I would now show thee wherein thou shalt aid me to-day. I mean, as usual, to take my rounds of the camp, but I wish not to excite any suspicion by having an unwonted number of attendants. Nevertheless, as I have reason to fear some sudden outbreak, it behoves me to have assistance nigh at hand. I would, therefore, that some score or two of thy trusty bowmen should hold themselves in readiness. Thou shalt thyself remain with them apart while I take with me some one of thy fellows whom thou canst trust, who at a secret signal from me can summon you to my aid. Hast such a one amongst your archers?"

"That have I i' faith, and more than one—but here is Hodge o' the Hill, as his comrades call him, as true as steel and as tough as yew tree. Your excellency may put your life in his hands."

"Good: let him be with me when I leave the fort. And now to your quarters, good sir knight, as secretly as you may. Alexis, then, must to the flotilla without delay. See the admiral privately; inform him of the designs of the besieged; and bid him watch for the signal between them and Muraffo, and hold himself in readiness for action."

The three men then separated, and each went his own way. The gray twilight grew red as the sun drew nearer to the horizon, and Hodge o' the Hill, ere his watch terminated, stood still for a minute and took a sharp leisurely survey all around him. All was still as through the night, save that, as his eye turned westward, he perceived the figure of a man strolling carelessly towards the western redoubt. Had Hodge been blessed with an extraordinary power of vision, or known as much as his worthy captain, he would have had no difficulty in pronouncing who the man was that, as he reached the redoubt, stooped down and took up something from the ground; but Hodge's eyes were just those of a good archer, that can hit the white in the target nine times out of ten, and so he did not recognise Recanati; but he resumed his march and his carol till he was relieved from his watch.

It was not many hours after the scene that we have just detailed, that the Venetian general, as was his wont, passed from his quarters in the fort, with his personal staff around him, and proceeded through the fortifications and the camp upon his round of inspection. As we have already stated, the troops of the republic consisted, in addition to their own soldiery, of a very motley collection of men of all nations; and as each band of free companions was commanded by his own chief, who rendered generally but as little obedience as he could to the generalissimo, one can readily understand how difficult was the task of preserving a paramount authority and enforcing unanimity of action and subordination of all to the one head.

Zeno had already proceeded through the domestic troops; next he visited the quarters of the English archers; beyond these were a body of adventurers, chiefly German; while the extremity of the camp was occupied by the band of Italian mercenaries under Roberto di Recanatì. As the general approached the quarters of the Italians, his attention was attracted by loud angry words, as of men in high dispute, and passing on to the spot whence the noise proceeded, he discovered the big German man-at-arms, to whom we formerly introduced our readers, standing like a huge boar at bay, foaming with rage and defiance, while two or three of Recanatì's lancers, with hands upon their half-drawn swords, were preparing to assail him. In a moment the combatants were arrested, and Zeno sternly demanded the cause of this unseemly broil.

"This German devil," said one of the Italians, "would defraud us of what we have won from him. And when we sought to get our own, he began to show his teeth, and bristle up like a wild boar, as he is. And then we were going to seize him, and pull out his tusks."

"Der teufel," roared the German; "ye did not play me fair; ye have stript me of every zeechin, and what more would ye have? Besides, noble general, they have cheated me, and played with false dice."

The Italians were instantly seized and searched, when, even as the German had stated, two sets of dice were found upon the person of one of them; one of these sets was evidently loaded.

"Take these sharpers," said Zeno, turning to his attendants, "bind them, and disarm them. We shall hand them to the provost-marshal as we return."

"We demand to be brought before our own capitano," said one of the men.

"On," said Zeno, motioning with his hand; and he proceeded to enter the quarters of the Italian mercenaries.

The sight of three of their comrades bound and guarded, was calculated to excite the passions of Recanatì's troops, already but too well prepared for a mutinous outbreak by the wily schemes of their chief. Quick as the flame when the wind blows upon it, the intelligence ran from one end of the troops to the other, and Recanatì himself was not the last to hear it. He saw at once how an occurrence of this nature would conspire with his present plans, and he hastened to watch and mould it to his purposes. Pale and self-composed, with his thin lips compressed, as was his wont, the subtle condottiere stood before the Venetian generalissimo.

"If it please your excellency," said Recanatì, in a calm voice, "I would desire to know how it is that three of my soldiers are under arrest without my knowledge? I should humbly hope that my authority is sufficient to maintain the discipline of my own troops. I claim these men at your hands. If they have in aught transgressed, I shall see to it. Who charges them?"

Zeno's eye kindled up with a sudden fire, and he was about to reply angrily, but in a moment he seemed to have mastered his emotion, and he said, "You say well, sir capitano, and I am willing to have your aid in looking into this matter. Yonder German charges that these men have cheated him at play, and here are false dice found upon them. What say you?"

"We say, capitano," said one of the men, a demi-Recanatì, "that if they be false dice we knew not of it. And though we did," said another, speaking loudly, looking boldly towards the whole band, who were now collected to witness the scene—"and if we did, what then? One can't be blamed for trying to eke out his fortunes and save himself from starving, when he has got half rations and short pay."

"Ha!" cried Zeno, "this is not a matter of breach of discipline for you to deal with, Sir Recanatì, but a mutiny which concerns the state, and we shall reserve it. Lead on."

But the spirit of revolt was now fully awakened. At first, one or two hardier than the rest cried out, "They say true—they say true—we must have more rations—we must have better pay."

Then the tumult increased and spread from the Italian mercenaries to the German and other condottieri, till at length the whole camp poured forth its soldiery in a wild, disorderly state, with such arms as they could snatch up in their haste, and all thronged to the quarters of the Italians, and joined in the cry—"double rations! double pay!"

It was a moment that might well try the fortitude of the coolest man—the courage of the bravest. But Zeno was cool and brave as ever man was, and he was besides forewarned of his position and prepared to meet it. When Recanatì had first approached Zeno, the latter placed his hand on his sword-hilt, and Hodge o' the Hill quietly disappeared from the scene. And now as the cries and the tumult became louder and more frequent, and the soldiers pressed closer upon the general and his little band, with their insolent demands which each moment assumed more and more the appearance of threats, a shout was heard from behind:

"Ha! St. George—St. George for merry England!"

For a moment the clamour of the mutineers was hushed, and all eyes were turned towards the direction where Sir William Cheke led briskly on two companies of the merry bowmen fully accoutred. Then from the other side came a sound as of feet and the cheer of soldiers, and now the cry was "Viva San Marco! Viva la Signoria!" and a strong body of the troops of the republic were seen hurrying forward so as to take the other flank of the insurgents.

It was quite manifest now to Recanatì that by some means which he could not devise, Zeno was prepared for any sudden mutiny. The wily condottiere therefore held aloof and took care apparently to be engaged in suppressing the outbreak of the soldiery. And, in truth, these latter became speedily sensible that they were taken at a disadvantage, and the more timid began to fall back and leave the more violent spirits to keep up the cry for pay and rations. And now Zeno seized the first pause when the cries ceased for a moment. With the fearless resolution, for which he was celebrated, he pushed boldly amongst the discontented throng, who felt their boldness rebuked by his noble spirit, and fell back to make way for him. The Venetian general well understood the temper of the troops about him, and took advantage of the moment of indecision to bring them again under authority. To some he appealed as those with whom he had shared many dangers and many victories; others he exhorted as men who should not sully their reputation as faithful allies and true soldiers. Here he upbraided sharp and sternly—there he promised that any real cause of grievance should be redressed, and he reminded all how he had lavished his own private means to the last florin that he might support the troops and meet the engagements of the republic. These efforts soon began to produce the desired effect, and some were even heard to cry, "Viva Zeno—Viva el generalissimo!" At this moment Zeno pointed with his outstretched hand towards Chioggia. All turned to gaze in the direction, when, to their surprise, they beheld one of the most singular spectacles that could be well imagined. Upon the lagunes appeared a number of rafts composed of the timbers of houses and other such materials, the strangest and rudest flotilla which despair ever induced men to hazard a naval engagement in, slowly bearing downwards.

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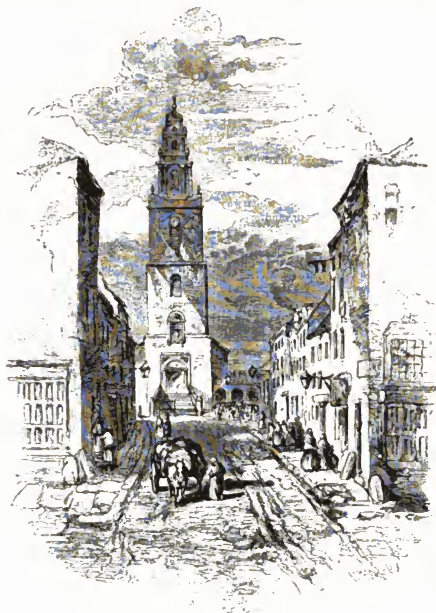
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CORK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

the "natives" denominate it, as the head-quarters of Irishry, in it, for it has for many a day and until the sudden growth of not the only commercial town in to be derived from *Corough* or

Curky, an Irish word, meaning morass or swamp, as the site was formerly a cluster of marshy islands, often overflowed by the river Lee. Its identity with that of the well-known bottle-stopping wood, has furnished materials for a great variety of jokes, some of which Croker has recorded amongst graver matter. One is told of Foote, who, on being asked, at a

length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it!" The river was not made navigable in the south channel till 1670, and about that time, the town, which, till then, was but a receptacle for provisions from the surrounding country, began to improve rapidly. The eastern marshes, on which the best part of Cork now stands, were drained, and a bowling green and pleasure gardens established upon them; but these were destroyed by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke), in 1690, when besieging the place. The fortifications gradually decayed from this time forward, and were replaced by useful buildings; canals were arched over, the marshy islands united with one another, and the



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

convivial entertainment given by an Irish nobleman, if he had ever been at Cork, replied, "No, my lord, but I have seen a good many drawings of it this evening;" another of Curran, who, apologising to a foppish companion for wearing a shabby coat, on his return in the packet from England to Ireland, said—"I always make it a point to go to sea in a *Cork jacket*."

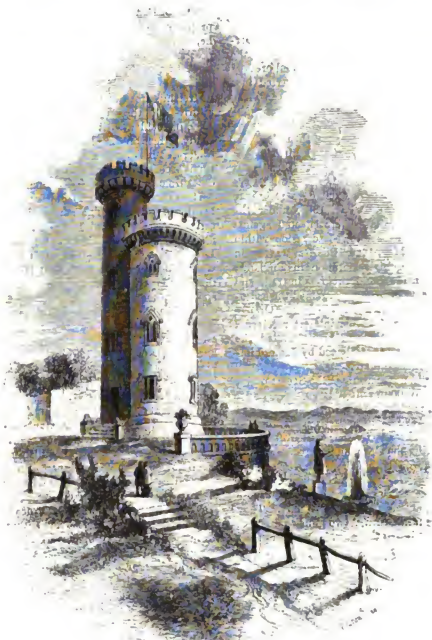
In the year 1600, Cork consisted of but one street, like any Irish village of the present day, and was thus described by Camden. "Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing round about it, and running between, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in

city assumed its present appearance, which fully entitles it to the praises its inhabitants bestow on it. But it was a long while before it became celebrated for its gaiety. Lord Orrery, in writing to Dean Swift in 1736, drew a woful picture of its dulness, a description which would now-a-days, we think, be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry. "The butchers," says he, "are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are *in statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place; materials for a letter

are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth."

To enliven the place a little, a theatre was opened in 1760 by Spronger Barry, and the first night of the performance was signalled by a very uncommon occurrence. There had been an execution that morning for robbery, and the body of the culprit, after hanging for the usual length of time, was cut down and delivered to his friends. One of the actors, named Glover, having a taste for surgery, and fancying the man was not dead, used means to restore animation, and succeeded. Patrick Redmond, for such was the name of the hapless wight, having indulged rather freely in whisky on the same

rison with Cork as regards the number of the historical reminiscences connected with it. Limerick boasts itself the "city of the violated treaty;" Derry, "the maiden city," as having sustained the ever-memorable siege, which Orangemen, in their cups, to this day celebrate with jubilation; but for a real city of broils, and tumults, and wars, and rumours of wars, and changes, and revolutions, give us Cork. It was here that Perkin Warbeck, the personator of the murdered Duke of York, first made his appearance upon the scene; and the first who saluted him king was John Watley, a wealthy Cork citizen, afterwards mayor; and when the impostor had been baffled in England, baffled in Scotland,



THE MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, CORK.

evening, in honour of his restoration, went to the theatre, and on seeing Glover, rushed on the stage, to the terror of the audience, and thanked him publicly in the most uproarious manner. Even at this period Cork was famed for its handsome women, who made their appearance in the height of the mode, though London was then at a fortnight's distance, and Paris beyond reach of all persons of moderate expectations. There were assemblies held once a fortnight, and smaller ones weekly, called *drums*, for admission to which a trifling charge was made, and the company sang, danced, walked, or played cards, without restraint.

No town in Ireland, Dublin alone excepted, will bear compa-

and baffled in France, hither he returned to recruit his failing fortunes, and hence he hurried to his doom in London. This business caused Cork for the first time to feel the effects of royal displeasure. Henry VII. deprived it of its charter, but soon restored it, however. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cork was a thriving place, but, strange to say, the citizens all intermarried with one another, for the simple and cogent reason, that the whole of the surrounding country being in possession of the Irish clans, who treated the townspeople as *Sassenachs*, the latter never dared to show their noses outside the walls, much less go abroad for the purpose of making love. During the great wars of Hugh

O'Neill, in Elizabeth's reign, the inhabitants of all creeds, Catholic as well as Protestant, continued faithful to England; but when James I. succeeded to the throne, they became insubordinate and dissatisfied, being unwilling to be ruled by a Scotsman. The Catholic party broke out into open rebellion, and signified their abhorrence of the new dynasty by burning all the bibles and prayer-books they could lay their hands upon. Lord Mountjoy, however, put an end to the tumult on his arrival in May, 1603, and hanged the ringleaders. In the revolution of 1641, Cork adhered to the royal cause, even after it had become desperate; but as soon as Cromwell made his appearance before it, it speedily surrendered, terrified by the "crowning mercies" which that personage declared Providence had bestowed on the republican arms in other quarters. On this occasion, Oliver, probably for the first time in his stern, rigid, and sanctimonious life, was pleased to be facetious. But the joke he perpetrated was grim, severe, and sarcastic, as became the witticisms of a general of the Commonwealth. He had ordered the church bells to be all taken down and converted into siege artillery. The clergy remonstrated, as did also the citizens. He simply remarked in reply; "that since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to make *canons* (canons) of them."

Prince Rupert proclaimed Charles II. at Cork in 1649, but Admiral Blake appearing in the harbour at the head of a large fleet, the inhabitants were over-awed, and would have remained quiet, if they had not been excited to resistance by the instigation of Lord Broghill. In 1656, under the parliamentary *régime*, very severe laws were enacted against the Catholics, none of whom were allowed to reside within the walls. On the 18th of May, 1660, Charles was again proclaimed, eleven days before his restoration in England; and during his reign, Cork made rapid progress in trade and commerce, and the Catholics once more regained the ascendancy in the city. Consequently, when William of Orange landed, it declared for James, and in his interest received a garrison of Irish troops, and his adherents maltreated the Protestants, in which they were countenanced by James himself, when he made his appearance there.

The battle of the Boyne did not discourage the Stuart party, and they still held out, till William sent a large force, under the Duke of Marlborough, to reduce the town. He arrived in the harbour in September, 1690, and the garrison surrendered a week afterwards. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., was killed during the siege, and there were many romantic displays of valour on both sides. One of these is worth recording. The besiegers, having seized the cathedral, posted two files of musketeers in the steeple, for the purpose of galling the garrison of an old fort with their fire. They succeeded so well, that the latter turned two guns against the church, and the steeple soon began to totter. The men in the tower got frightened, and were preparing to go down, in spite of the remonstrances of their officer, Lieutenant Horace Townsend, when he kicked away the ladder by which they had ascended, and thus cut off all means of escape. His gallantry met with its reward, for next day the fort surrendered.

Some slight ebullitions of Jacobite feeling in 1715, and again in 1745, are the only political incidents worthy of notice which have since taken place.

Rich as Cork is in historical reminiscences, in literary and artistic associations it is probably still richer, if we may be allowed to include the county with the city. Who does not know that it was in the latter that the gentle author of the "Faerie Queene" lived, and loved, and laboured, and died in the night from his burning homestead at Kilmolan, with the yells of Tyrone's kerns ringing in his ears; thus paying the penalty of his Saxou origin, and being in no way respected for his poetical abilities, which the clans were but ill prepared to appreciate? His "View of the State of Ireland," composed in his retreat at Cork, is a faithful description of the country at that period, and abounds in acute observations, and sound criticisms on the men and manners of

the time. Three books, at least, of the "Faerie Queene" were written in the same romantic retreat, and here, too, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, the "courtier, scholar, and soldier," and one of the warmest of his friends. Raleigh had been commissioned in 1580, in the army that was sent to repress the rebellious Earl of Desmond, who was aided by Spanish and Italian auxiliaries, and, during the summer of 1581, being left in command of the Queen's forces by the Earl of Ormond, lay in the woods about Lismore, and in the neighbourhood of Cork, carrying on a partisan warfare with the insurgents, and occasionally residing at Cork. It was at the close of these troubles that Spenser came to Ireland, having been presented by Elizabeth with three thousand and twenty-eight acres of the lands of the unfortunate Desmond in the county of Cork, but on condition that he should reside on his property. When Raleigh returned from his American voyage, he, too, took a part in the "Munster Plantation," by taking possession, under royal letters patent, of twelve thousand acres of the conquered territory. The house in which he resided, and the garden in which he first planted the potato in Ireland, are still shown to the visitor at Youghal. On his return from the expedition against Spain and Portugal in 1589, he paid a visit to his estates, and saw Spenser in his shady retreat on the pleasant banks of the Mulla. The poet celebrated his friend's return by the poem entitled "Colin Clout's come Home Again," the dedication of which he dates from "his house at Kilmolan."

It was in Cork that Penn, the great William Penn, first became a quaker. The new society made their appearance there about 1655, and Penn, having attended one of their meetings, was so struck by the homily preached by Thomas Lowe upon the theme—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," that he adopted the broad brims and straight collars on the spot.

He did not escape the persecutions with which all dissenters were visited at that day. He was arrested in 1667 with several others, and carried before the mayor, who, however, knowing his father's influence in England, offered to liberate him, if he gave a bond for his future good behaviour. Penn, however, being of opinion that he could behave himself sufficiently well to satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men without any bond at all, sturdily refused, and was thereupon committed to gaol. A manly letter addressed to Lord Orrery procured his release, but eighteen of his companions in misfortune were left to languish in confinement. During his imprisonment, John Exham, another quaker, an enthusiastic disseminator of the new doctrine, and an old soldier of Cromwell's army, walked through the streets, clothed in sackcloth, and with ashes on his head, preaching repentance and amendment of life. The authorities, considering, we presume, that these things were not so necessary as Exham imagined, shut him up also, for a long period, but could not damp his ardour. He lived till 1720, when he was ninety years of age, and whenever he found himself at liberty, persevered in his old course.

A host of other celebrities have in later times made their appearance in Cork. Barry, Butts, Grogan, and Cavanagh Murphy, in the fine arts, and Boyle, the famous Earl of Cork, in science, would alone be sufficient to render the place illustrious. The writers who, in the columns of the *Nation*, in 1843 and 1844, poured forth so rich a stream of ballad poetry, and shed lustre on the follies of the O'Connellite agitation, received some of their most ardent and gifted recruits from the banks of the Lee. And the city too was well beloved by the witty, the humorous, the polished, and well-read Father Prout, the parish priest of Watergrasshill. This is a little village, in the midst of bogs and brakes, and dells, on the coast-road from Dublin to Cork, and if we mistake not—for it is now a long time since we travelled it—the last stage before the end of the journey. Stages are now done away with; even Bianconi's cars—those capacious vehicles which in the olden time swept the tourist through the south of Ireland—are steadily receding before the mighty railway engine, and

Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine." He belonged to the old school of parish priests, who will never more be seen in Ireland, but who differed from many of their successors in being polished and travelled gentlemen, well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! Father Prout was the last of them, and in him Cork lost a son who, in all his wanderings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object—an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers—came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the belfry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, "Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeple," full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honour. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote entire. A few stanzas, however, will serve our purpose:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He is a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labours at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, "May God give you strength to keep your resolution;" at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labours. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, is barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. The monument, of which we furnish an engraving, was erected in his honour by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin Church.

THE ART OF TURNING.

In a previous article on Turning, an intimation was given of an intention to recur to the subject on another occasion. The promise then made we now redeem. The lathe in its primitive and more complex but completer form we have already presented to the reader; the chucks and gouges we likewise exhibited; how to use the gouge, and how to work the lathe, we now proceed to tell.

For turning a cylinder, or anything of a cylindrical form, by the lathe, the piece of wood chosen should be first reduced to something resembling the shape intended, roughly hewn into the proposed form; the wood should then be attached to the centres or points of the puppets, being firmly wedged into its right place. The cord is then adjusted to the wheel, and the rest for the tool so arranged that the gouge may be easily employed. The workman then presses the treadle, communicating a regular rotary motion to the wood, and firmly holding the tool with both hands (fig. 1), commences the operation. Slowly moving the gouge upon the rest as the wood turns upon its axis, every part of the article is attacked; this must be done with the greatest care and attention. Various tools must be employed; now the circular gouge, now that with a straight edge, according as the nature of the work requires, finer and more delicate tools being used as the work approaches

completion. The dimension of the article must be carefully tested, for which purpose callipers are used. The operation is completed by the workman's employing a chisel of a peculiar form, which removes the remaining imperfections. The article is polished sometimes with glass paper, sometimes with fine sawdust. The last application of the gouge is made by holding the tool either as *a* or *b* (fig. 2). The latter position is generally considered the best. The whole process is remarkably simple, and no less remarkable for its accuracy; by no other means could the manufacture of a circular article be so exactly and so easily effected (fig. 3).

The callipers, called by the French *maître à danser*, represented by fig. 4, are used for ascertaining the exact measurement of the article to be turned, and frequently applied during the process so as to prevent any error in the operation. In turning boxes, box-lids, and indeed in all the various departments of the art, they are peculiarly useful.

Boxes and box-lids are generally turned from one piece of wood; the exactness necessary is thus preserved with but little trouble. *a* *b* represents the lid of a box, *c* the box itself, the accurate dimensions of each being carefully taken by the callipers.

The method of turning a ball is shown in figs. 5 and 6. A



FIG. 1.—METHOD OF HOLDING THE GOUGE.



FIG. 2.—VARIOUS METHODS OF APPLYING THE CHISEL.



FIG. 3.—POSITION OF THE GOUGE ON THE REST.

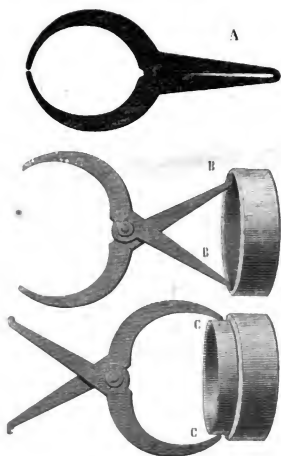


FIG. 4.—CALLIPERS.



FIG. 5.

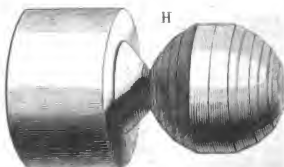
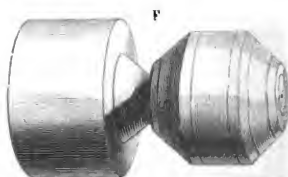
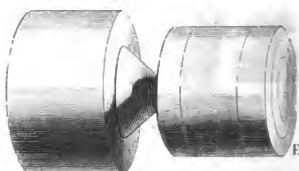


FIG. 6.—TURNING A BALL.

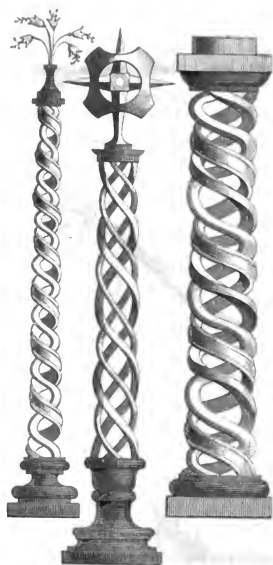


FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

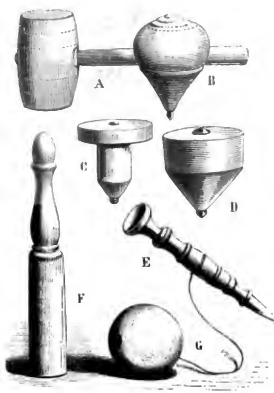


FIG 9.

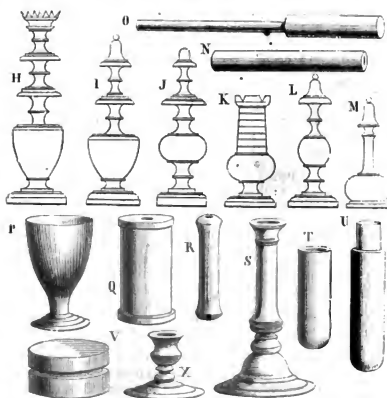


FIG. 10.

VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF TURNERY.

cylindrical piece of wood is taken, say two inches thick and three inches long, and placed in the lathe (fig. 5, A), or fixed to the ordinary mandril (b) or (c); the lathe is then set in motion, and, by the careful use of the gouge, the wood gradually assumes the varied forms seen in fig. 6, x, z, n. The utmost and closest attention is requisite during the process.

There are various modifications of this beautiful art, and to some of the varieties the name ornamental turning is applied. This includes spiral turning, eccentric turning, rosette turning, epicycloidal turning, and elliptic turning. Each of these requires certain peculiarities in the construction of the lathe. In eccentric turning, for instance, a solid circular plate is fixed to the mandril of the lathe. Two guides are fixed on the surface of the plate, forming a dove-tailed slide for another plate, which is moved by a screw connected with the under plate. The upper plate has on it a circular-toothed plate, which is capable of being revolved upon its centre, but is retained in any desired position by a catch which falls between the teeth, and is held by a spring. A screw, similar to that on the mandril, is fixed on the centre of this wheel, and to this is chucked the work which is to be turned. The result is obvious; the first plate moves concentrically with the spindle of the lathe; but the slide, with its circular plate, can be moved so that the work revolves with any degree of eccentricity required.

Rose-engine turning is beautifully adapted for ornamental purposes, and among workers in gold, silver, and gilt work it has been very generally in use. And yet, though so often applied, and used for so many purposes, there are few who thoroughly understand the machine by which it is effected. Who invented the rose-engine no one knows; the French lay claim to be its originators, and they were without doubt expert in the use of it before it was known in England. There was indeed a machine answering to the description of the rose-engine in England about the time of Sir Isaac Newton, yet it was but little known and scarcely appreciated. An unsteady lathe, which in revolving produces an irregular

circle, is a rude approach to the rose-engine, and may very possibly have furnished the first hint for its invention.

A writer on this subject says, "In plain cylindrical turning the motion of the slide is so adjusted in relation to the motion of the article operated upon, that the cutter carried by the slide shall not move over a space greater than the breadth of the point in the time that the article makes one revolution. In screw turning, the cutter is made again to travel over a space as much greater than the breadth of its point, during one revolution of the spindle, as the pitch of the screw requires. The requisite changes in the motion are effected by changing the wheels on the ends of the main spindle and the leading screw."

In geometric turning, the work revolves on the lathe, and the eccentric cutter, after the fashion of the drill-stock, is driven by a band in connexion with the mandril. An almost endless variety of curious and beautiful, and, in some instances, most complicated curves, may be produced by the means. The geometric chuck is described as an eccentric with the addition of an arrangement for giving motion to the work upon the chuck, and independent of the mandril; fixed to the head-stock, and concentric with the mandril, is a toothed wheel, which, as the chuck revolves, drives another and smaller wheel on its under surface; this latter is connected with another toothed wheel, which causes the click-plate and work to revolve.

A description of the various adaptations of the lathe, the useful machines and tools lately invented, and the simple and efficient methods of conducting the work, would require larger space than can be devoted to it here. We have endeavoured only to present some interesting engravings as specimens of what the art can effect, and by what means it accomplishes the beautiful result.

Group of Objects, figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10.—A, a mallet; B, a top; C, a cornice; D, a whip-top; E, a cup and ball; F, a pin-case; G, a ball; H, I, J, K, L, M, chess-men; N, O, a pop-gun; P, an egg-cup; Q, N, silk-winders; S, a candlestick; T, U, a pencil-case; V, a box; X, a bed-room candlestick.

CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

The reader of history must be dull indeed if he do not learn, in the language of the poet, that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If we look back upon the history of England, we shall see how with reference to most of her rulers this might be said. It is true, only one king became insane—only one was driven to die an exile in a foreign land—only one lost his life at the scaffold; but even those to whom such terrible catastrophes did not occur, could, we doubt not, bear testimony to the fact, that grief and sorrow are to be met with in the palace of the king as well as in the hut of the peasant. Placed above their fellows, princes rarely hear the voice of truth; they are surrounded by needy parasites and dependent courtiers; the struggle for life, which is such a bracing exercise to others, they know nothing of. They have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for, higher than the position they have already obtained. If a crowned head has not real cares, it has imaginary ones. The only merry monarch we read of in our history was Charles II., and his was the merriment of the sensualist and the fool.

But the usurper—the man who works his way upwards to a throne—has greater troubles still. On every side he has foes. Every moment he expects to be dragged down from his high eminence. It is the necessity of his position that he must be suspicious—that he must have recourse to espionage—that he must be keen at plotting himself, and detecting the plots of others. In this respect there is a great resemblance between the great Cromwell and the great Napoleon.

The Blue Boar in Holborn is famed as the scene of one of Cromwell's clever exploits in this character. In Morrice's

"Life of Lord Orrery" we have the account as it came from Cromwell's lips. Morrice writes:—

"One time, when Lord Boylill, and Cromwell, and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king; and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore, we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the

saddle; but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse, saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search there all that went in and out there; and as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, &c. Upon this, added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forth, resolved his ruin.'"

In those troublous times, somehow or other, Cromwell always had the best of it. Fortune was ever on his side. At one time we read how his Highness, accompanied by his secretary, Thurloe, drove his own coach in Hyde-park, "to which there were harnessed six fine horses that had been sent him as a present by the Count of Oldenburgh." He accordingly put Thurloe in the coach, and himself mounted the box. "For some time he drove very well, but, by and by, using the whip a little too violently, the horses set off at full speed. The postillion, endeavouring to hold them in, was thrown, and soon after Cromwell himself was precipitated from the box and fell upon the pole, and from thence to the ground. His foot got entangled with the harness, and he was carried along a good way, during which a pistol went off in his pocket." And yet, strange to say, Cromwell received little or no injury; while Secretary Thurloe, writing to Mr. Pell, says, "since which time I have kept my chamber, and been under so much disposition of body that I have not been able to write unto you." Cromwell was continually made the subject of plots, and yet this man, who had upset a government and dethroned a king, actually died peacefully at Hampton Court. No sooner does Cromwell become Lord Protector than we hear of an Anabaptist plot, got up by "a certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist leveller persuasion, with a colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powell." Then we have a royalist plot hatched at the Ship tavern, in the Old Bailey, kept by Mr. Thomas Armps. "Eleven truculent, rather threadbare persons," says Carlyle, "sitting over small drink there, on the Tuesday night, considering how the Protector might be assassinated. Poor broken royalist men—Nayler's old captains most of them, or such like; with their steeple hats, worn very brown, and jack boots slit, and projects that cannot be executed." Then at Easter of the same year there comes from the court of Charles II., at Paris, a proclamation drawn up, it is said, by Secretary Clarendon, setting forth that, "Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over these kingdoms," the rightful claimant "hereby gives free leave to any man whomsoever by pistol, sword, poison, or any other means, to destroy the life of the said Cromwell, wherein he will do an act acceptable to God and good men." The pro-

clamation further promises, "on the faith of a Christian king," to the perpetrator and his heirs a reward of five hundred pounds per annum for ever, and the honour of knighthood; and "if he is a soldier, the office of a colonel, with such other honourable employment as may render him capable of attaining to further preferment corresponding to his merit." On every side danger surrounded Cromwell: he might well organise a system of espionage the most extraordinary in his own or even in later times. Oldmixon gives us illustrations of this system. "Thurloe was wont to tell that he was commanded by Cromwell to go at a certain hour to Gray's Inn, and at such a place deliver a bill of £20,000 to a man he should find walking in such a habit and posture as he described him; which, accordingly, Thurloe did, and never knew, to the day of his death, either the person or the occasion. At another time, the Protector coming late at night into Thurloe's office, which he kept in the last staircase in Lincoln's Inn towards Holborn, that has a way down into the garden, made on purpose for Cromwell's coming to him unobserved, the Protector began to discourse with his secretary about an affair of the last importance, but seeing Morland, one of the clerks, afterwards Sir Samuel Morland, was in the office, whom he had not seen before though he pretended to be asleep upon his desk, and fearing he might have overheard them, he drew out a dagger which he always carried under his coat, and was going to dispatch Morland on the spot, if Thurloe had not with great entreaties prevailed upon him to desist, assuring him Morland had sat up two nights together, and was fast asleep." Well might Cromwell be thus cautious and crafty—on every side he was surrounded by spies. There was no need for him to exclaim with Buckingham,—

"Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw
Intending deep suspicion."

Cromwell was "the deep tragedian." He was harassed not by imaginary fears, but potent facts. There were traitors in his body-guard, traitors at Whitehall, traitors wherever he sat down or rose up. Muskets and daggers were ever pointed at his life. Killing had been declared no murder against him; and a pamphlet with that terrible title had been circulated in England by thousands, and had embittered days and nights with the thought that each moment was to prove his last. Bates says: "Cromwell had neither rest nor security since the last great combination of royalists and republicans against him. He was never at ease. In the day time his looks were intent upon new and unusual spectacles. He took particular notice of the carriage, manners, habit, and language of all strangers, especially if they seemed joyful. He never stirred abroad but with strong guards, wearing armour underneath his clothes, and offensive weapons, as a sword, falchion, and several pistols; never coming back by the straight public road, or the same way, nor never posting but with great speed. How many locks and keys he had for the doors of his house! Seldom he slept more than three nights together in the same chamber, nor in any that had not two or three back doors, guards being set at all of them." Need we remind the reader that these precautions must be ever the terrible necessity of men who wade through the storms and bloodshed of civil war to a crown? Sir Thomas More tells us of Richard III., after the murder of his nephews: "His eyes whirled about, his hand ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one ever ready to strike again. He took ill rest at nights; troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes started up, leaped out of bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed." Here, however, the parallel stops. Richard was a usurper for evil ends, Cromwell for glorious ones. And in a succeeding age, when a Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, when vice was almost a passport to the royal favour, when Charles pocketed with complacency the pay of France, the nation may have turned with regret to the memory of him who gave England peace at home, and made her glorious and great abroad.

THE FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

THE ancient kingdom of Grenada is one of the most mountainous and picturesque regions in all Spain. Green, beautiful valleys, lofty hills denuded of verdure, whose summits seem to reach the clouds, a sky intensely blue, castles built in Moorish days on craggy heights like eagles' nests—all combine to make this country the most magnificent and attractive in the whole extent of Spanish territory. In some parts the rocks present the appearance of an immense amphitheatre, in others that of a gigantic staircase—mountains piled on mountains, with a winding road amid their threatening defiles, a road which here

time, when the Moors were in possession of the castle, and the banner of the crescent waved from its summit, Queen Isabella resolved to take the place by storm; how the Arab commander, well knowing the impregnability of his position, laughed in derision as he saw the Christians afar off; how the troops of Isabella became dispirited as they strove in vain to reach the eyrie-citadel; but how, when their ardour was fading away, the holy Virgin herself appeared and led them on, how a road, unknown before, stretched itself out at their approaching footsteps, and made the way clear and acces-



FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

and there dwindles away into a narrow mule track, edged by a deep abyss, which one needs to pass under the guidance of a skilful muleteer. The fortress of Lucca is situated in the very heart of the mountain district. It occupies a high and conspicuous position. Glorious memories are awakened by a glimpse of its dismantled walls—stories of fierce war and tender love—of gallant deeds of arms which put to shame all modern Spanish heroism. There is a strange old legend connected with the castle, which the muleteer is well-nigh certain to relate as soon as he obtains a listener—how once upon a

sible to the very gates of the castle; how the Arab leader, when he saw the miracle, mounted his horse and fled, but alas! for him, fell over a precipice, and man and beast were dashed to pieces. In confirmation of the story the muleteer points out the miraculous road, a strange circuitous path that looks like a ribbon carelessly thrown down; draws attention to the strange marks, which may be taken for the impression of a horse's hoofs, on the side of a deep gulf; and leads the traveller to the ruined tower itself, that strange old remnant of the past, a fitting locality for the legend.



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